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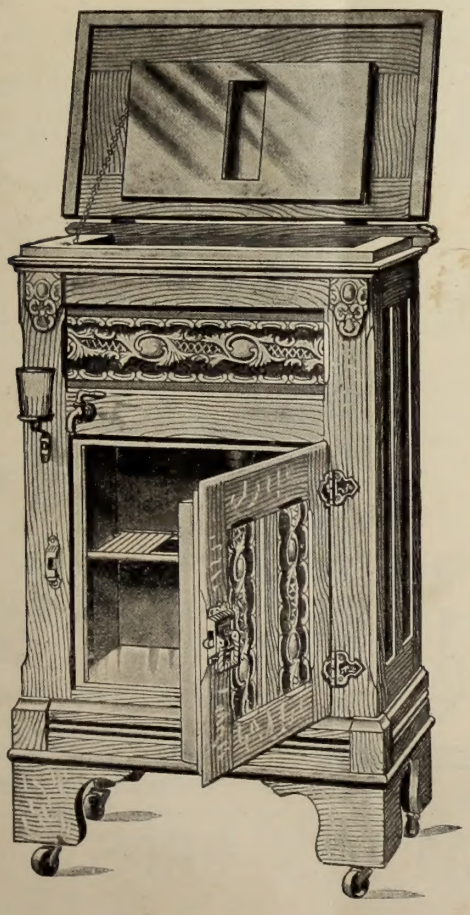
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Town Talk

THE LEADING WEEKLY.

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OUR OPINION

The Grand Jury Should Investigate

The Board of Public Works has been severely criticised on several occasions for incompetency, extravagance and indolence, and now there is a prospect of that department of the city government being investigated by the Grand Jury with a view of finding a substantial peg on which to hang criminal charges. The other day one E. J. Brannan, superintendent of sewer construction, awarded a contract for supplying sewer brick, to the firm of Gray Brothers, and ignored the lower bid of the City Street Improvement Company. He decided that Gray Brothers' bricks were of a superior quality, but this is denied by the officers of the City Street Improvement Company who incidentally remark that they always deliver ten hundred brick as a thousand. The facts of the case warrant the suspicion that there is something rotten in the Department of Public Works. If the members of the Commission are drawing big salaries for looking wise the public should be informed of the fact. Evidently those distinguished engineers do not think it worth their while to pass upon important contracts. They assign that duty to a subordinate, who, in this case, happened to be a bricklayer, and a political partner of Mr. Pin Head McCarthy, the howling agitator of the Civil Service Commission. And here are a few facts for the Grand Jury to ponder. Pin Head McCarty, the mentor and sponsor of E. J. Brannan, is the intimate friend of Mr. Harry Gray of the firm of Gray Brothers. Some time ago when the teamsters of San Francisco were on a strike, Harry Gray, an employer of teamsters, was holding secret conferences with Pin Head McCarthy, the pseudo friend of the workingman. The object of those conferences was to devise ways and means of defeating the strikers. Perhaps a thorough investigation of the brick contract would lead to some interesting revelations. Here is a chance for the Grand Jury to distinguish itself. It is an eloquent commentary on the inefficiency of the Board of Public Works if Bricklayer Brannan is vested with the power of awarding public contracts to the highest bidders.

Jordan's Wise Suggestion

David Starr Jordan's suggestion that Hawaii be annexed to California, as a Congressional district, should receive the approval of everybody who feels that the natives of the Islands have been grievously wronged by this country. Under a Territorial government the Missionary Party manages to exercise certain powers which it would not enjoy if the Islands were admitted into California statehood. And as we became possessed of that territory through deceit and trickery it should be our aim to make all possible reparation. Our Hawaiian correspondent pointed, out last week, that Governor Dole and his adherents precipitated annexation in the interest of the sugar ring, and that finding that they could not control the legislature as well as the Judicial and Executive departments they started out to manufacture a sentiment in America against the natives, in furtherance of a conspiracy to have them deprived of the elective franchise. That conspiracy is now in process of development, but it cannot be successful. The Missionaries, as Dole and his fellow conspirators are called, will continue, however, to stir up political strife in the Islands. They have sympathizers and friends in this country, and their pull at Washington is quite vigorous. Through that pull they have secured all the fat judicial and executive offices. The Supreme Court of Hawaii is a Missionary Court, but the Missionaries are not satisfied; they want the legislature too. If the islands became a part of California, the political difficulties would be ended.

The Appeal of the Hawaiians

The suggested annexation of Hawaii to California is a matter of such political magnitude that nobody need expect it to be acted upon without protracted deliberation. Meanwhile no effort should be spared to secure to the people of Hawaii their rights. And to that end it is essential that heed be paid to the Memorial addressed to the President of the United States by the legislature. Only brief reference has been made to that Memorial by the American press, but it is worthy of attention for it is a dignified and eloquent document and bespeaks that spirit of country-love which imbues its authors, and which impelled them to cry out against the injustice of the predatory rich, who are intent upon ruling the islands and the people to whom they belong by right of heritage, with all the greed and lust of rapacious conquerors. It is unlikely that a legislature which formulated such a Memorial as the one addressed to President McKinley, could be so lacking in intelligence and morality as

If you have not dined at Techau Tavern you have not been in Frisco

Governor Dole and and his co-conspirators would have us believe. This is one of the opening paragraphs:

We cannot allow to pass unchallenged the imputation of unfaithfulness to the high trust placed in us by our constituents, which is contained in the reply of the Governor. This is the first Legislature of these islands elected under manhood suffrage and educational qualifications for electors. Heretofore the voting privilege has been hedged about with property-qualifications. But by the liberality of the American people in the Organic Act our rights as men were recognized. We do not wish to build up here class privileges by preventing a majority of the sons of the soil from taking an active part in the affairs of State. Under the provisional government and the Republic this rule did not prevail.

And then follow explanations of the failure of the Legislature to transact business with great speed. The majority of the members had but little experience in the actual work of legislation and such as did have "were handicapped with a line of thought and action based on the restricted conditions of the past. Many came to their duties prejudiced against the Governor on his record for the previous seven years.

The Governor either utterly failed to comprehend the changes in government contemplated by the terms of the Organic Act or ignored them in his message to the Legislature, proposing in their stead dual conditions, not only thoroughly un-American in principle, but entirely misleading as well, resulting in confusion of mind to a large number of our membership. The Governor throughout the session now closing, has studiously maintained an attitude of hostility to the Legislature. Its proceedings have been marred and the temper of its members ruffled by a flat refusal on his part to yield to them information concerning the proceedings of his executive council, including its records, which contained the legislation of that body during the period following the raising of the American flag on August 12, 1898, much of which legislation was enacted in secret session and gave special privileges, exchanges of public lands, etc., detrimental to the future of this community, agreements of a character that would repudiate and trample upon the progressive spirit of our time. The combination of these circumstances, we submit, will readily account for the absence of substantial results in the work of the earlier part of the session. * * * Will we be called less than human in that we spent our first hours of official life in trying to break down the class distinctions in which an oligarchy had entrenched itself, an oligarchy which ignores the conditions contemplated by the Organic Act. We have no aim but to reach the same freedom enjoyed by every man who looks to our starry flag as the token of his liberty.

In conclusion the President is appealed to "as the Chief Executive of our common country for relief which is denied us here by the one who asperses our characters and impugns our motives." It is charged that he (Dole) is seeking to perpetuate that centralization of power and government which existed in the islands prior to their annexation. The natives object. They want a government of the people and by the people, and they ask that they be allowed further time to legislate, and that unless Dole is willing to heed a suggestion to that end that he be removed from his high office on the ground that he has "subverted the principles of American government to the service of a class instead of for the good of the whole people." And we suggest that the Major has procrastinated long enough. The people of Hawaii have rights which he is bound to respect.

Meddling in Women's Affairs

In attempting to dictate to the ladies of his congregation in the matter of dispensing with hats or bonnets during service, the Rev. Hirst of Omaha is apt to find himself deprived of the pleasure of having a congregation to preach to at all. It is not necessary to go into the question of Scripture texts nor age-long traditions and usage to establish the matter of precedent and authority for it is a subject which will be disposed of by the women themselves, and that most probably by the simple expedient of remaining at home or seeking some other place of worship. The Rev. Hirst affects to act in the interest of Christian modesty and to deprecate and discourage vanity and display in the House of the Lord, but it is safe to say that the vanity he seeks to eliminate from the members of his congregation has found lodgment within himself. The custom of removing headgear at the theatre and other places of amusement and entertainment is based on common sense and the law of equal rights, and the woman who heretofore obstructed the view of those behind her by nodding plumes and masses of flowers and foliage finds that she is in turn benefited when those in front of her have complied with the dictates of law and courtesy. In public entertainments of any kind, it is an essential part of the program that the audience shall be able to see as well as to hear, and no one has the right to so comport himself, in dress or manner, as to interfere with the enjoyment of another. A preacher is not under any obligation to exalt himself above his congregation for any purpose than to enable them to hear his words more distinctly, and he ought to be able to deliver his message without factitious aids. If the women of the church don their best bib and tucker when they attend the service, it should be interpreted as a mark of respect, and not seized upon as an occasion for caviling. Some of these clerical critics of women's attire show that they have little appreciation or understanding of the subject, and their attention might with greater profit be applied to a study of the Scripture. It is common and customary to make complimentary allusions to the neat print frocks and sunbonnets of the by-gone generations, but the much belauded garments were in their day as expensive and as fashionable as the customs of our own times, and were worn with as much pride by their owners as are the tailor-mades and silks of the present age. The ante-Revolutionary foremothers wore their best to meetin' just as their descendants do, and they resented criticism in much the same spirit. No man who has not worn the garb of the other sex is in a position to declare that this or that article is either unnecessary, uncomfortable or injurious, and the outcry in most instances is as absurd as it is uncalled for.

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We have all listened, time, time and again, to the hysterical outbursts against feathers, and yet the preponderance of the feathers are those of the common barnyard fowl variously manipulated. Another unfailing topic is the corset, which is evidently taken to be identical with that rigid shield of almost solid metal worn by both sexes in the days of the godly Puritans, and yet, if statistics are to be relied upon, the corset steel ought to come in a good second to the mother's Bible or sweetheart's locket as a deflector of the too well aimed bullet. In fact, the whole subject of women's costume is one that may be safely left to those whom it most concerns. The modern tendency amongst the clergy of the different denominations to turn their churches into vaudeville houses and their pulpits into stages upon which to give character sketches and impersonations, is doing far more to bring religious services into discredit than the manners of the congregations. The question of why the men do not attend church is as yet unanswered to the satisfaction of the clergy. Is it wise to offer discouragement to the women also? If there are to be no attendants, there will hardly be a warrant for paying salaries and maintaining structures.

The Saunterer

Making Bancroft "History" Again

I see by the eastern papers that Hubert Howe Bancroft is making one of his periodical dips into the public prints as the "Macaulay of the West." Bancroft himself has emblazoned so many "wealthy citizens" on his "Tapestries of Fame" at from three dollars a line to a lump sum in thousands, that he knows better than any one else how to go about such business. Like the first vague hints thrown out in the newspapers by the Bulls to give evidence that something is "doing," these "write ups" regarding Hubert Howe Bancroft and his "forty years of busy life compiling thirty-nine volumes of history of the Pacific States," usually presage his raid on some State or university for the sale of his Valencia street collection. The last time he had himself interviewed about his "life's work" he tried to sell the collection to our legislature. Failing in that he tried an Eastern university, but with no better success. Bancroft still says it cost him over a million dollars, but then he always did hold his figures high, even for transforming very ordinary citizens into "Famous Founders of the Commonwealth." To one who knows how richly Bancroft "worked" this coast it is exquisitely relishing to read these Eastern interviews and hear him prate in his easy, consequential way of "the courage he displayed in this labor of love, in the lonely literary field out west." But the task was the vital expression of a compelling agency, and hero as he was he buckled to it—for the hundreds of thousands of dollars there were in it.

The Historian at Work

To the sympathizing interviewer who innocently asked, "Were you lonely in your great life's work?" the mighty historian replied from his top-lofty perch, "I never have experienced loneliness in my labors. I have been lonely for my work, not in it. Once engaged, all else was forgotten." Bancroft was right. Any one would admit it who ever visited the Valencia street history mill in the days of its pristine glory and saw the dozen hacks there grinding out the Records of the Pacific Coast and working their own cold shinbones to make the "Footprints on the Sands of Time" for rich and influential citizens who had paid extra subscriptions to become "Builders of the Commonwealth." This "Macaulay of the West" used to come around occasionally and shake up the mill and history smiths and get a line on how the footsteps were pattering on old Time's sands. Like the master, up-to-date historian that he was, he knew better than to waste his time around such a den when he could go down town and sandbag old and wealthy citizens into the Realm of Fame at several thousand dollars a whack. Bancroft never had his peer in this line of business. Newspapers and publishers of "Men We Know," "Famous People" and such like press rot have tried to imitate him, but Bancroft made his thousands where they scratched up dollars.

His Bunco Game

The "Builders of the Commonwealth" finally dumped this Macaulay of the West on a laughing, gibing world out here. In working up this scheme he picked out a list of prominent Californians and assessed them from three to ten thousand dollars each to give them seats among the mighty and send them down to future ages as the Builders of this Commonwealth. It was Bancroft's scheme of making his history and it paid. It happened, however, that there were a lot of ordinary, every-day, rich scrubs among the lot who had as much to do with Building the Commonwealth as an apprentice bricklayer working on the new Crocker building. The shrewd Bancroft counted on their vanity to pay a stiff price to have their names enrolled in the handsome volume he promised them and as usual he counted wisely. The newspapers, however, got wind of the scheme and guyed

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the "Builders of the Commonwealth" so unmercifully that most of them withdrew their subscriptions and the scheme fell through. The "Macaulay of the West" quit this unappreciative State in disgust and went East to ply his literary trade and manufacture his line of history.

He succeeded capitally. His first masterpiece was entitled something like "Millionaires I Have Met" and he captured Vanderbilt, Astor, Gould and a lot of others for from five thousand to ten thousand dollars each. All he ever gave them was a handsome engraving with several pages of flub-dub adulation, all done up in edition de luxe. It was beautiful to look at and above all it was history, regular gilt-edge Bancroft history, though the title might more properly have been, "Gudgeons I Have Met." To those who know him Bancroft may not be the "Macaulay of the West," but he certainly sandbagged more money out of the West under the guise of an historian than Macaulay ever could have done; all of which shows he is up-to-date in his line of literary business. As for his library, he has some very rare and some very valuable books and manuscripts in his collection, together with a great quantity of rubbish. It is not worth a million dollars or anywhere near that sum. If it is preserved a man of brains will come along some day and write a good history of the Pacific States from it, but he won't need thirty-nine volumes, as Bancroft did, to tell his story. But probably that will be because he won't stuff his pages with the doughty deeds and biographies of citizens who paid so much a line to help make such history.

The Absent-Minded Poet

Despite his rheumatism and his years, the good poet Joaquin Miller is still arduous. A short time ago the poet gave one of his Alaskan lectures before a little country audience and afterwards was invited to the home of one of his audience for a reception tendered him. During the whole evening the poet held the boards as prime star. It was clearly a case of "He's it; he's satisfied." At length the pleasure of "it" began to pall, and Mr. Miller, after having selected a pretty face, made up to it and carried it away to the conservatory. There he began telling that pretty face about how cold it was in the north, and incidentally punctuating his tale with the pretty speeches for which he has long been famous. At length the poet's ardor went into his tongue, and it became so cold in the north that he began feeling it in the conservatory. His imagination made him shiver and he was obliged to nestle nearer for the sake of warmth. Then, all wrapped up in his story, he carelessly took her hand.

"It was so cold in the north, my dear girl," he began, piteously.

Coyly, she withdrew her hand and then stood up.

"Don't, Grandpa," she murmured, "some one may see you."

The poet left the house without his coat or cane.

Where They Come In Bunches

A gentleman in the diplomatic service writes me a good story from Paris about a luncheon party given a few weeks ago in honor of Prince Radolin, the German Ambassador. The conversation turned on the subject of the frequency of morganatic marriages among the nobility of the German Empire, and the Landgrave of Hesse remarked, "Well we may make blunders in the matrimonial line but we know how to propitiate our elders, for we give so many soldiers to the Fatherland that they cannot but shut their eyes to our failings. Our specialty is the providing of twins and our martial sovereigns beam on them wherever they come from." It was then recalled that his mother bore his father five children including two pairs of twins, and that after the Grand Duke himself married a lady-in-waiting she hurried to present him with triplets—all boys. It was also recalled that the various Princes of Battenberg came into the world in sets of twins, that the chief of them all was Duke Friedrich Carl, who married morganatically. His wife twice gave him boy twins, and then such a number of children that he shut up in the prisons of his little capital half his insolent subjects who persisted in calling the Ducal Palace the "rabbit-hutch."

Concerning the Coronation

My London correspondent writes that nobody has been able to ascertain from the King the date of the coronation.

People of great social prominence have tried to draw him out in vain, and many American swells have written over for information on the subject but Edward has flatly declined to fix the date. I have learned however, that the ceremonial observed during all the Coronations since the middle of the eighteenth century has been studied for precedents. It is generally believed that it will be a most gorgeous ceremony. Without being sure of the date, or whether the King may prescribe new dates, many Peers are already polishing up their coronets, not a few of which are somewhat dilapidated having been recovered from pawn-shops. Some of them look as though they had done service in comic operas, fake stones having been substituted for the original pearls and rubies. The King, it is said, will wear the crown that was specially made for Queen Victoria. It weighs just under two pounds, and is estimated to be worth one million and a half dollars. It is almost covered by precious stones, including thirteen hundred and sixty-three brilliant diamonds and twelve hundred and seventy three rose diamonds. The head-band which is of gold has a row of one hundred and twenty-nine pearls along its lower edge and one hundred and twelve along its upper. In the front of the crown gleams a Maltese cross, having in its centre the most famous known ruby. It was given to Edward the Black Prince, son of Edward III, by Pedro, King of Castile, after the battle of Najera in 1367. It shone in the helmet of Henry V at Agincourt.

Since his accession the King has never visited the Travellers', White's or the Marlborough clubs. It is said that he does not do so because of the restraint his presence would put upon the members, who could not sit without his permission, and who would be greatly embarrassed if on walking into the smoking room with hat on head, cigar in mouth, and stick in hand, they suddenly found themselves face to face with their King.

"Old English" style of engraving increases in favor, not only for calling cards but for invitations as well. Messrs. Cooper & Co., the Art Stationers, make a specialty of this style.

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The Only Man

Ho Yo, the Chinese Consul, recalls as one of the most pleasing incidents of his diplomatic career, a dinner given by the ladies of the White House in honor of Mrs. McKinley, several years ago. He was the only man present. His sister, the wife of the Chinese Ambassador, was among the invited, and as she cannot speak English he was permitted to attend as her interpreter. He relates that the ladies were exquisitely gowned and ablaze with jewels, and that the novelty of being the only man among so many beautiful women was quite exhilarating.

The Missionary Spirit

An "old time resident" of Honolulu has written to me to assure me of his approval of my condemnation of the greedy scions of the missionaries "that swallowed the island" as he expresses it. "The spirit of the original missionaries" he writes, "is still abroad in the land. Nearly all the Courts are presided over by 'missionary judges' and they never lose an opportunity to fatten the purse of the hungry cleric. The latter usually wanders in just before Court opens, and then the Judge announces that it is proper that the divine blessing be invoked upon the proceedings that are about to ensue. 'Brother So-and-So' he adds, 'will please etc.,' and later on he enters upon the minutes a court order allowing the minister ten dollars for his prayer. It's a soft snap for the cleric. It was a missionary court that passed upon the validity of King Kalakaua's will. The King left two wills in one of which was a bequest of twenty-five thousand dollars to the American Board of Foreign Missions. That was the one the Court admitted to probate."

What The Rev. St. George Fears

At the coming General Assembly of the Episcopal church in this city, there is going to be a very warm discussion of the proposition to prohibit the re-marriage of people who have been divorced. Some of the most prominent members of the Episcopal church belong to families that have good reason to favor the re-marriage of people who have been divorced, and although the clergy are not in favor of remarriage, it appears that they have not full swing in matters of church discipline. According to the Rev. Howard B. St. George, of All Saints Cathedral, Milwaukee, if the clergy and the laymen fail to concur on the proposed amendment to the divorce canon it will be lost. And in discussing the matter the Rev. St. George reveals a queer state of affairs in the Episcopal church. He says, for instance, that J. Pierpont Morgan is at the head of the New York lay delegation and that his personal influence against the measure will be considerable. "But most opposition," he says, "will come from the Vanderbilts and Belmonts. The Vanderbilts are members of St. Thomas' church, the leading fashionable church of New York city and are all members of our board of missions."

A Menace to San Francisco Morals

What a remarkable confession this clergyman has made! He virtually says that the church must contend against the great influence of that powerful reorganizer, J. Pierpont Morgan, and of the Vanderbilts and Belmonts. Mr. Morgan, it appears, is a sort of Boss Croker in the Episcopal church. He probably aspires to be an Episcopal Pope, and to control the morals of the congregations while dictating as to the discipline to be enforced. He is to dominate a big delegation in a convention claiming authority from God. This organizer of billion-dollar trusts is to determine what a church of God shall do in a matter of morals and faith. If what the Rev. St. George says is true we should hope for the sake of the morals of this city that the General Assembly would be held somewhere beyond the State border. It is not pleasant to see religion brought into dispute in the manner threatened. The spectacle of a Morgan bossing a church convention would not be edifying. And what a terrible object lesson would be given this community if the Vanderbilts and Belmonts, the promoters of the greatest social scandals that New York has ever seen, should come out here and defeat in a church convention a measure designed to correct that domestic looseness which they have exploited in the smart set of Gotham.

An Inharmonious Choir

The pretty church of Notre Dame des Victoires has been in the throes of internal revolution for some time, and all because of the choir. Church choirs are proverbially inharmonious and the Notre Dame choir is no exception to the rule. The soprano is said to be a lady of fine vocal ability but of a disposition so far from angelic that she has the organist and the rest of the quartet by the ears half the time. Senor Martinez, who was up to a recent date the church's organist, was lately asked to resign his position. The reason of this is said to be a desire to retrench in expenses, a cheaper organist having been secured. Senor Martinez managed to get along well with the fiery soprano, for though he is a Spaniard he has a singularly lamblike temperament. What the quartet will do without him to act as mediator in their disputes is what the congregation is wondering. It is expected there will be other changes in the choir soon.

Will They Take?

I have seen but a few of our local leaders in feminine fashions wearing the stockless bodice and shirtwaist, though the style, I hear, is raging very fiercely in the East. It came direct from Paris. The style appeals to the working woman because of its comfort, and to the plump woman of leisure for the same reason. However, neither will adopt the low-cut collar until some great fashion oracle akes it them mode. If they wait for Mrs. Joe Tobin and Mrs. Augustus Taylor to espouse the mode I fear they will wait forever, for both these leaders of fashion pride

The nicest lunch in the city is served at Westerfeld's, 1035 Market street, between Sixth and Seventh.

CROWN LUNCH ROOM

219 Montgomery Street

Opp. Mills Building

themselves on the height of their stocks. Both have long, slim Ellen Beach Yaw throats and I believe could discount the nine-inch throat said to be owned by Consuela, Duchess of Marlborough. If Mrs. Charles Raoul-Duval were here she would soon have all society wearing low collars and the possessors of pretty throats would rejoice thereat. Beatrice Tobin always had a penchant for low collars and she followed her fancy even when fashion dictated otherwise. I should not be a bit surprised to learn that it was she that brought the low collar into vogue in Paris.

A Limelight Heroine

So Kuhne Beveridge has managed to get herself before the public eye again! Her name, along with several pictures of her engaging self, is in the daily papers this week as a sequel to Kuhne's confession that she was engaged to the unfortunate Adalbert Hay, who lost his life recently by falling out of a window. The last time Kuhne got her name into the papers was when it was announced that Jim Blaine, Jr., was to be married again. Kuhne was once engaged to young Blaine, it appeared, and of course she figured in the newspaper accounts of his rose-hued career. When the Beveridges lived in San Francisco, it was one of Kuhne's most pleasing duties to pose for the camera. She was a genius at posing and the gallery of a Post street photographer contains any number of copies of her in conventional and classic poses. If she had not gone in for art herself, she could have become famous as a model. Her pliant figure—at least when she was a young girl, one cannot say how it is now that she has gained in flesh—was able to fall into all sorts of graceful, artistic positions.

Retrospective

I remember her very well as a little girl in short dresses when she and her sister Ray with their mother came to this city about twelve years ago. It was shortly after her mother's divorce from Governor Beveridge. Mrs. Beveridge opened up those much discussed dressmaking parlors in an old fashioned house in Geary street and tried to get the very fashionable work of the city. She tried likewise a great many things without success and ended by marrying the younger son of some Australian nobleman. Von Wrede at that time held an humble position; what it was has never quite been proved. However, his dignity did not suffer by it, and his name served to add weight to what became one of the most charming bohemian menages in town. All the while the little girls were being taught music, dancing, fencing, painting—everything in short but the conventional three R's. Kuhne gave promise of being a beautiful woman; her sister was frail and slight. It was a hard life for all of them for it was a desperate struggle, without means, to live up to the life they had enjoyed before the divorce.

One of the Bohemian club men that formed the circle vibrating about the Von Wrede salon said that Kuhne would have made a good sculptor if she had not been so enamored of the stage. Her idea was to become an actress. She never studied conscientiously the details of either art. The episode of a marriage with Charles Coghlan was a sequel to one of her wanderings into stage life. There is no doubt whatever, though, that through all her ups and downs and struggles since she and her mother planned her career in the Geary street house, Kuhne has succeeded in doing one thing—keeping in the public eye.

Though one of the dailies made the assertion that Baron Von Wrede had been taken to the bosom of his family, and he and his brilliant wife were now living in Germany, this must be an error. For the last letters received in this city from Baroness von Wrede were written from Cape Town. Von Wrede was then in Johannesburg, and Ray was with her mother. Returned travelers from South Africa say that the little blacksmith has developed into a striking beauty and is the idol of the Army and Navy men at Cape Town.

Was Gerry Jilted?

According to the latest secrets revealed by the tea cups, "Bob" Gerry of New York was the favorite candidate of the Oelrichs family in the race for the fair Lily's hand. They thought he had better and steadier qualities outside his social and financial standings. Lily Oelrichs is a girl of healthy character and she saw to it that her heart's interests were not neglected in the family discussions. "Bob" Gerry got wind of the engagement and sailed for Europe the day before it was announced. Up to the very last he and Miss Oelrichs were the jolliest of comrades. Two days before he embarked they spent the whole of the afternoon together. Mounted on two spirited horses they raced each other up and down the sands along Naragansett bay.

Dissatisfaction in Bohemia

The Pacific-Union club has been swelling its membership lately. And strange to relate, nearly all the new members are paying dues at the Bohemian club. The fact is that there is considerable dissatisfaction in the Bohemian club, and that the Bohemian element is seeking a more congenial environment at the Pacific-Union. Some years ago the members of the Bohemian club regarded the Pacific-Union as the home of the frozen rich. It was composed largely of millionaires and prosperous merchants who sat around and discussed real estate and the wheat market. It was supposed that the Pacific-Union was dominated by the commercial element, but within recent years the commercial element has been growing very strong in the Bohemian club. Hence it was that Tom McCaleb made a great hit at the Bohemian club some time ago.

A Good Spring Tonic—Wm. Williams & Sons V. V. O. Scotch Whisky

WM. WILLIAMS & SONS
(LTD.) OF ABERDEEN.
V V O
Scotch Whisky
Importers - MACONDRAY & CO.

when he buttoned up his raglan one day and shudderingly remarked: "I'm going up to the Pacific-Union club to get away from the commercial element."

The Cause of the Trouble

The dissatisfaction in Bohemia is in a measure due to the fact that a bottle of claret is no longer served with the dinner. Until recently dinner, including a bottle of claret or sauterne, was served for a dollar; now there is an extra charge for the wet goods. Some of the real Bohemians who never eat till six o'clock say that they are being discriminated against. "Under the present rule," they say, "the commercial element gets a dollar lunch for fifty cents, and eats dinner at home, and we come round in the evening and get a fifty-cent dinner for a dollar." As a consequence those that cannot afford to join the Pacific-Union club eat dinner at some one of the French restaurants.

Edith Stubbs' Marriage

I have it on the best authority that the marriage of Miss Edith Stubbs and Mr. Parker, the young Chicago newspaper man, has been definitely fixed for next October. This happily cuts to a few short months an engagement which promised to be indefinite on account of the lack of funds to provide the regulation flower-clad cottage or even the more prosaic flat. Of course, J. C. Stubbs might have come to the rescue at any moment and solved the problem, but he wanted to see the young folks do a little preliminary figuring themselves. Mr. Parker comes of an excellent old New Orleans family. He is a fine fellow of good address, lots of pluck, self-respect and industry and, spurred on by the lovely girl who had promised to become his wife, he cut out a great pace for himself. But he had more than the ordinary man's difficulties to contend with. When his father died in New Orleans he took upon himself the support of his mother and sister. Soon after this he came to California to better his condition. Under such conditions he met Edith Stubbs and the romance of their lives began. Of course the great railroad manager saw the way love's wind was blowing, but knowing young Parker's excellent history and character, he quietly let the anxious fellow show what he could do. The progress satisfied him. But now that Mr. Stubbs himself has made such a stride in railroad circles, the aspect of family affairs has completely changed. Miss Edith's friends surmise that pater has concluded to let the Stubbs sun of fortune blaze on everything and everybody connected with the Stubbs household. Accordingly the young folks will come in for a share of the Stubbs prosperity.

They say that General Manager Stubbs may not have as interesting a time overlooking Harriman's interests as he did those of Parker's, but he certainly will have a livelier one. And so the marriage is definitely settled for this year, just as Edith Stubbs always quietly said it would be. There is meat for thought in this marriage for the Stubbs girls are great friends of the Huntington household. Both families of girls are well poised, healthy minded, unaffected and thoroughly American. Hearts and not titles or position will rule every time with them. Elizabeth Huntington is abroad and safely running the gauntlet of fortune hunters. Last month she was doing Italy and having a delightful time. In a letter she gaily proclaims that the Counts are all safe so far. There are four daughters in the Stubbs family; Edith, whose engagement is just announced; Helen, who busies herself in philanthropic work and teaches a kindergarten; Mamie, who is in delicate health, and Beulah.

The name is a guaranty of its purity—Jesse Moore Whiskey is always right.

Stetson and the Hoot Mons

The white dove of Peace that had roosted on the ridgepole of the San Rafael golfers' clubhouse for ever so long squawked dismally the other day and flew to the woods. Lawyer E. Gray Stetson made it squawk. Mr. Stetson's protracted quarrel with his neighbors, the Hoot Mons, originated in the club's caddies preferring Stetson's pullets to the eighth commandment. This was followed by the fencing in with barbed wire of two putting greens that had been inadvertently laid out within the boundaries of the Toyon ranch. Later, an acrimonious correspondence was exchanged between the belligerents anent several of Mr. Stetson's blue-ribbon alderneys that had wandered on to the links in search of golf balls, which they regarded as a new variety of fungus, and were finally corraled by the caddies in a water bunker. The club threatened legal proceedings to replevin the balls and Mr. Stetson is alleged to have retorted that he would sue the club for exposing his kine to appendicitis.

The Mutilated Acacias

Trees this time, and not live stock, have occasioned a renewal of hostilities. Having beautified his grounds with many choice specimens, Mr. Stetson transferred the scene of his arboricultural efforts to the highway and set out a double row of stately acacias. One day recently, Mr. Frank Johnson was lofting a stymie or downing a high ball—authorities differ concerning this important point—when his eye caught a vista of greenery which interfered, in his opinion, with a proper application of the rules of golf to the work in hand, and he expressed himself on the subject in unexpurgated kailyard. Two days later, while driving to the railway station, Mr. Stetson rubbed his glasses and then his eyes, for lo! his cherished acacias had been hacked down in the night to the dimensions of fence posts. Mr. Johnson says that he has an alibi in cold storage and Mr. Stetson is busily engaged in drafting a memorial to the Board of Supervisors.

Dividend Notices

OFFICE of the Hibernia Savings and Loan Society, corner Market, McAllister and Jones streets, San Francisco, June 28 1901—At a regular meeting of the board of directors of this society, held this day, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one eighth (3 1-8) per cent per annum on all deposits for the six months ending June 30, 1901, free from all taxes, and payable on and after July 1, 1901
ROBERT J. TOBIN, Secretary.

DIVIDEND Notice—Security Savings Bank, 222 Montgomery street, Mills building. For the half year ending June 29, 1901, dividend on term deposits at the rate of three and six-tenths (3 6-10) per cent per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of three (3) per cent per annum, free of taxes will be payable on and after July 1, 1901
S. L. ABBOT, JR., Secretary.

THE CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION, No. 222 Sansome street, has declared for the year ending June 30, 1901, a dividend of 5 per cent per annum on all deposits, payable on and after July 1st.
WM. CORBIN, Secretary.

Back to His First Love

Fred S. Myrtle, President of the Press club, has resigned the chief deputyship in the Recorder's office to become a member of the *Bulletin* staff once more. Usually it doesn't take a newspaperman long to tire of a political job, and Myrtle is no exception. He chafed at his desk in the City Hall all the time that he was there, and his confreres in the *Bulletin* office gladly welcomed him back. The newspaper business has charms that soothe the bohemian's breast, and in addition to being a clever reporter Mr. Myrtle is one of the most enthusiastic of the dwellers in that gay realm where the motto is:

Let the world slide,
Let the world go;
A fig for care
And a fig for woe.

In view of the prodigal Myrtle's return to his journalistic roof-tree I should suggest that the Press club arrange some sort of a calf-killing ceremonial.

That High Priest of Bohemia, the late Dan O'Connell, poet and bon vivant, is to have a monument of some kind erected to his memory in Sausalito, that suburban retreat where he spent many of his dreamy days and rollicking nights. Some of his old companions of the Bohemian club gave birth to the idea. I believe Charley Peters started the subscription list and that young Aitken is to do the sculpturing.

The Darlings Abroad

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Darling, who have been in Stuttgart for some time past,intend leaving for Lucerne during the early part of summer. Later they are going to Russia, Norway and Sweden on a yachting trip. It will be the initial voyage of the *Princess Victoria Louise* which is a ship rather than a yacht and can carry two hundred. The Darlings expect to return home in the fall.

The Latest Hoffman Story

Speculation is still rife as to the whereabouts of May Hoffman. Some time ago the story was published that she had separated from her clerical lover, and then it was rumored that she had returned home and was living at her mother's home in San Rafael. But nothing authoritative on the subject of her whereabouts has been gleaned from relatives or intimate friends. The latest report that has come to my ears is that there has been no separation of the lovers, but that on the contrary they are patiently waiting for Mrs. Johnson to obtain her divorce, it being their intention to marry as soon as the recreant cleric is restored to freedom.

Mayor Phelan's Retirement

Mayor James D. Phelan has made positive announcement of his intention to retire from politics when his term of office is ended and to take a trip to Europe. The Mayor, however, is not surfeited with politics. He hopes to achieve a United States Senatorship. That is his all-absorbing ambition which he has nursed for many years, and I should not be surprised to see him wearing the toga some day. The Senate is the millionaires' club, and Mayor Phelan is a millionaire. Occasionally a Steve White achieves the honor but Mayor Phelan is not a Steve White. He has ability but lacks personal magnetism, and it was White's magnetism, combined with a capacity for making warm, personal friends that won for him the toga. White was always willing to make sacrifices for his friends, and he was as generous of heart as Mayor Phelan is of purse. He was never alert to take advantage of a rival for his own political aggrandizement. He was an exceptional man, and his election to the Senate was an exceptional case for it was accomplished without bribery.

His Vaulting Ambition

Mayor Phelan has outlined a sensible policy for himself. The public will begin to appreciate the services which he has rendered after his successors have had a whack at municipal politics. Therefore he should give them a chance. They will realize that with all his faults he was not devoid of virtues. Whatever may be said of him, it will be found that his ideas about municipal government were fairly well founded. An era of corruption at the City Hall will fill people with disgust and then they will recall the somewhat clean administration of Phelan, and forget all about those peccadilloes that were born of a vaulting ambition. Greater men than Phelan were afflicted with the insidious disease. Some of the greatest statesmen in the world's history were so foolish as to entertain a too keen appreciation of their own cunning. If Phelan could have banished the toga from his mind's eye he would have been a better Mayor and a more successful political leader. And yet he has done the public no grievous wrong. He has merely failed to come up to expectations in some things, but those that idealized him should not complain now that they have been disillusioned. If he is not such a big man as they thought he was they should remember that he is not of his own design. They should be thankful for small favors and to Phelan they are indebted for many large ones. Some day their gratitnde will assert itself and then,perhaps, they will agree that he should go to the Senate, providing he is willing to loosen up.

The Fairs Off to Europe

The Charles L. Fairs started for the East last Wednesday en route to Carlsbad, where they intend to take the waters for a few months. Upon their re-

The "Artistic" Bow—a new thing in fine silk patterns, at 25 cents each will be appreciated for its value when seen. Can be had at Lewison's the Leaders—Gents Furnishers, 953 Market street between 5th and 6th. The busiest block in San Francisco.



JESSE MOORE
A A
WHISKEY

BEST ON EARTH

turn to this country they may spend a short time in New York, where Mrs. Fair owns a handsome residence which she bought a few years ago. It is kept open from one end of the year to the other and is occupied by a housekeeper and a few servants. The Fairs have no intention of deserting San Francisco, however. They intend to make this their permanent home. Charley Fair has assumed the responsibility of managing the Fair estate, and his plans involve the expenditure of a great deal of money. Business men that have had dealings with him say that he has inherited all the financial ability of his father, and that he is destined to augment the fortune over which there has been such a bitter contest.

After the Ball

(Mater) You waltzed with him twice?
(Filia) Well: I found him so pressing;
Don't you think he is nice?
(Mater) You waltzed with him twice
After all the advice
I gave you while dressing?
(Filia) (Picks up Mater's dance card.)
You danced with him twice:
(Mater) Well:—*I* found him *so* pressing.

Aftermath of the Wedding

Not for a long time have I heard such sharp comments as those called forth by the snobbish and vulgar display of wealth at the Scott-Martin wedding. The particular piece of impropriety that has made a blue book record for itself was Henry Scott's answer to the sentiment, "A man's best friend is his mother-in-law"—"When you're in need of money I hope you'll go to her and borrow it"—and the groom's thoughtless retort, as he sprang up brandishing a fistful of bright greenbacks, "Oh, we've got enough, I guess." Over the whole affair there was an ostentatiousness and glaring display of dollars. Even the papers fell into line by quoting the cost of the wedding breakfast, carriages, flowers and wedding presents. But the act topping everything was the above vulgar vaudeville exhibit of some of the principals. It quite upset the poise of several iron-hided old timers who thought themselves inured to anything that could happen at a Blingum wedding or hottime festivity. Despite the fulsome press notices the wedding did not compare in any degree with the quiet splendor of the Taylor-Hopkins nuptials. Mrs. George Morse is not the only one by any means who took occasion to express her opinion of Mrs. Henry T. Scott by declining an invitation to the wedding.

I am told that the affair intensified if anything the already widening breach between the families of Irving M. Scott and Henry T. The wives of these brothers have excellent reasons for exhibiting only the most cold and formal greetings in public. It is their interests in the big ship building business that keep the brothers within hailing distance of each other. Mrs. Smith, the only daughter of Irving M., didn't sit at the bride's table at the wedding, though Mrs. Will Taylor, Mrs. Gus Taylor and other young married women did.

W. S. TOWNSEND
Manufacturer of California Glace Fruits and Candies. Salesroom. 639 Market street, Palace Hotel Building, San Francisco, Cal.

The Story of a Snubbing

Early last week it was rumored that certain people had not been invited to the Scott-Martin nuptials on account of their being involved in a recent scandal of considerable magnitude. As nearly everybody who ever attended a function at Blingum was invited to the wedding, the reported omission of the courtesy naturally excited much comment. But the rumor was without foundation for the people who were said to have been snubbed were "among those present." Nevertheless the rumor was in circulation long enough to revive some very unsavory Blingum gossip. The snubbing of Mrs. Deacon at Blingum was recalled and it was suggested that if it were deemed expedient to snub someone at the Scott-Martin wedding the disagreeable office should have been assigned to somebody who did not reside in a glass house. It is really shocking to listen to the gossip that comes to my ears from the holy of holies of our swell suburban retreat. It is indeed surprising that that smart club has not long since been rent asunder, for it appears that the members are most sceptical on the subject of platonic affection, and are constrained to give a romantic coloring to an affair which had for a motif nothing more serious, perhaps, than mere sympathetic interest.

Miss Dillon Was Absent

Since the wedding I have heard surprise expressed over the absence therefrom of Katherine Dillon. Those that keep en rapport with social affairs say she was not invited, and that the supposition is that Mrs. Scott was not quite sure whether Miss Dillon had received the cachet which entitled her to all the rights and privileges of the gilded herd. And yet, as the gossips suggest, when Miss Dillon made her social splurge about a year ago the branding iron of the pretentious elect was put upon her, and shortly afterward Mrs. Walter Martin—who was then Miss Mary Scott—was her guest at a luncheon. Why, then, should the Scotts shy at her name on the occasion of the wedding? Over a year ago she was given entree to the most exclusive circles, and she is generally regarded as one of the most charming belles in the Four Hundred. But the fact that she was not at the wedding should not be accepted as prima facie evidence of her not having been invited. It would be just as reasonable to assume that she looked up pedigree in England and concluded that a Scott wedding was not quite swell enough for her. As a matter of fact I am possessed of authoritative information to the effect that Miss Dillon was invited and didn't care to go. So once again I must silence the gossips. There is generally more than one way of accounting for a person's absence from a social function. Hermann Oelrichs, the heir by marriage to the Fair estate, was not there but he was invited. I have heard that he did

MOORE'S
Poison Oak Remedy

Cures Poison Oak and all Skin Diseases. It has been used successfully for the last twenty years and thousands will testify to its curative quality. It is a specific for Poison Oak. AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

not go because he thought it was too windy at Blingum. Is it possible that Mr. Oelrichs is develop¡nto a hot-house plant?

Why He Was Sore

While on the subject of the uninvited I am reminded of the story of the heart-ache caused by the failure of a certain Federal Court official to get an invitation to one of the June weddings. And he had good reason to be sore. It appears that he and his wife gave a luncheon to some friends some weeks before the wedding. Among the invited were the parents of the betrothed girl. They suggested that they should like to see their daughter and her fiance at the luncheon. The requisite invitations were accordingly extended, and the host and hostess naturally expected reciprocity. But they were not invited to the wedding, and the Court official made no concealment of his indignation.

"Why," he exclaimed, "those two people cost me fully twenty-five dollars extra at the luncheon."

Those Scott Bills

The whole story of the hospitality of the Scotts has not yet been told. And at the risk of growing wearisome on the subject, I am constrained to advert to it once more. Everybody knows that the Scotts charged to the Citizen's Committee the expense of entertaining President and Mrs. McKinley at the Scott home, but the cost of that entertainment has not been hitherto divulged. All the bills having been sent in they are now public property, and they are large enough to astound the average citizen. In justice to the Scotts it may be well to state that, when it was decided by the President and his wife to partake of the hospitality of the ship-builder who has made a fortune out of the United States government, it was resolved by the Citizens' Committee to relieve his burdens somewhat by appropriating one thousand dollars to defray expenses at the Scott home. When the stay of the visitors was extended a week an extra thousand was appropriated, and the committee also guaranteed the payment of all bills for carriage hire at the office of the United Carriage company.

The Caterer Was Generous

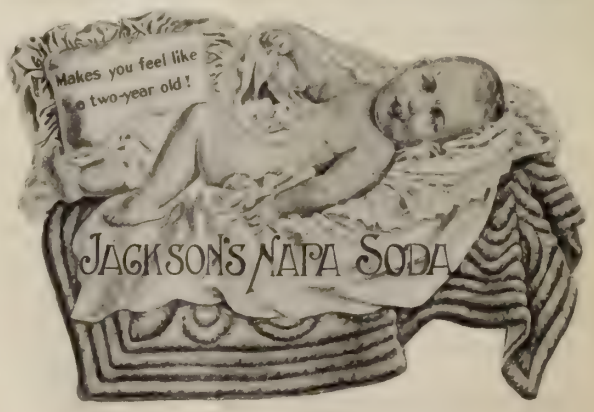
When the bills came in the members of the committee were speechless. The caterer's bill alone was thirty-four hundred dollars. It was presented by the same man who supplied the wedding breakfast at Blingum. In view of the fact that Mrs. McKinley was sick and didn't eat much, it must be inferred that the President is somewhat of a gourmet, and that Lucullan feasts were quite common during those two weeks. Though Henry Scott O. K.'d the bill, the members of the committee, after their first gasp of amazement, suggested a cut, and the generous caterer made a reduction of five hundred dollars at one fell swoop. And then came the laundry bill I do not like to suspect the Scotts of putting any of their soiled linen into the bag, but it is hard for me to account for a bill of four hundred dollars for washing, done in a fortnight for one household even with a Sovereign in the party. The committee had scarcely recovered from the second shock when in came a third bill O. K.'d by Mr. Scott. It was for nine hundred dollars for hack hire, in addition to the bill of the United Carriage company. If the President of these United States should ever decide to spend a month at the Scott residence the citizens of San Francisco would be threatened with bankruptcy.

Ackerman the Financier

The deal in Equitable gas by which the plant of the corporation was sold to an Eastern syndicate was a great surprise to many of the stockholders. They are now doing considerable guessing as to what the deal means, for Charley Ackerman, the astute organizer and promoter, failed to take them into his confidence. Mr. Ackerman is not addicted to the habit of reposing confidence in others. As soon as the deal was consummated he took a train for New York, and he failed to tip his most intimate friends as to the purpose of his trip. There are not a few who suspect, however, that the plant of the Equitable Gas company has been purchased by the San Francisco Gas and Electric Light company. And they suggest that it was in consequence of the prospect of the recent deal that the stock of the latter corporation recently began to go up. It was supposed that the stockholders of the Equitable company were safeguarded against a sale to the old corporation, but there is always a way of beating the devil around the stump, and in this instance the Eastern syndicate probably served the purpose.

He Generally Gets the Money

Charley Ackerman, the organizer of the Equitable company, is one of the shrewdest manipulators on this coast, but he does his work so quietly that he has never attracted much attention. By profession he is an attorney of the firm of Naphtaly, Friedenrich & Ackerman, but the practice of law is only a side issue with him. He has organized many corporations in his time, and, in the parlance of the sporting world, "he generally gets the money." So well established is his reputation for "getting the money," that Equitable stock hovered around four dollars for a long time when it should have gone far above that figure. The business has been clearing eight thousand dollars a month with Charley Ackerman as President of the corporation and none of the wise people cared to touch the stock.



His Past Achievements

They recalled the fact that Charley Ackerman organized the old American District Messenger service, the Chutes company, a Filter company, an Electric light company and several other enterprises that never seemed to make anybody rich. It was even impossible to ascertain whether Ackerman was acquiring wealth, but there is no likelihood of his ever becoming a pauper. He organized the Equitable company about three years ago in conjunction with a Dr. Chisholm, who had invented a new process for making gas out of wind or something worthless for gas manufacturing purposes, but it was a good thing to boom stock with and Ackerman urged all his friends and relatives to buy and they did buy. Later on the Chisholm process was abandoned, and the Equitable company began making gas in the usual way. It soon became a dangerous competitor of the old company, and hence the suspicion that the Eastern buyers are merely representatives of Mr. Crockett and his confreres. The offer of six and a half a share has been a tempting one to people who have been doing a deal of worrying for a few years and who expected a dividend two weeks ago. And many of them have been congratulating themselves over the opportunity to sell. Others, however, have concluded to hold on despite the suggestion that perhaps the Eastern men may come out and levy an assessment of ten dollars a share to improve the plant. How interesting it would be to know how much the astute Mr. Ackerman is going to clean up on the deal!

The Man of the Hour

Having won the English Derby, Mr. William C. Whitney is now talked of as much in London as in New York. Mr. Whitney is a remarkable man. He is easily the foremost American. He is a leader in financial circles, in society and in politics and he lately made a tremendous name for himself as a sportsman. In addition to capturing the Derby he recently won three races in one day in England, bought a half interest in the best thought of colt of the day, and is looking ahead and planning for the best equipped stable in the world. Mr. Whitney was the second American to win the Derby, the first being Pierre Lorillard in 1881. Like Robert Bonner of old he is a true lover of horseflesh, and when his horses are entered he never hesitates in telling a friend what he thinks of their chances.

His Career

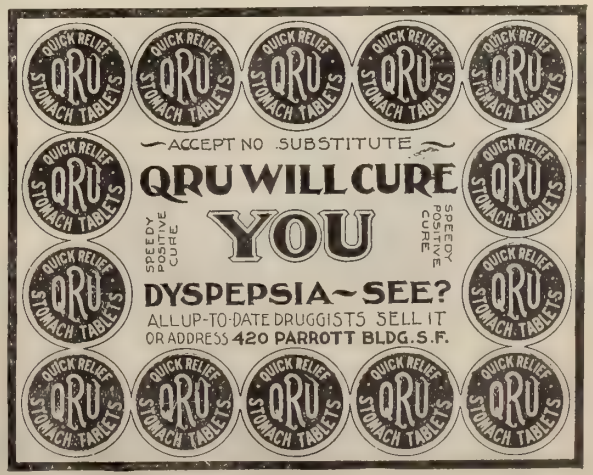
Some years ago Mr. Whitney was urged to stand for the President's nomination, and he has been regarded as an available man ever since. With the phenomenal luck which he has always enjoyed, and with his immense popularity he would surely make a great run. Though he is sixty years of age he looks twenty years younger, a circumstance probably due to the fact that he never worries. Public affairs are his recreation, politics his amusement, horseflesh his hobby. He first came into national prominence as Secretary of the Navy under Cleveland. It was then that he reorganized the navy and put it upon the basis which enabled the United States to make the splendid showing in the Spanish war. His greatest financial feat was the seizing and holding of the Metropolitan Tramways in New York.

His Marriage

Mr. Whitney's first lucky stroke was his marriage to Miss Payne, daughter of Senator Payne, of Standard Oil fame. With her he received a large fortune. When she died he remained a widower some years, and then fell in love with Miss May, who had been the fiancee of James Gordon Bennett, the eccentric proprietor of the New York *Herald*. She was a beautiful and cultured woman and when they were married they entered enthusiastically into the social whirl. A palatial mansion was erected in Fifth avenue at a cost of one million dollars, and its decorations cost almost that much more. They went in for yachting and all sorts of social diversions until one day Mrs. Whitney met with a tragic accident. While riding with a party of friends she came to a tunnel bridge, and being absorbed in conversation she did not bend her head. She received a blow on the side of the head and her neck was fractured. She lived only a short time.

A Sensational Oil Discovery

The guests of the Flagstaff Inn at Bolinas were treated to a short-lived oil flurry on Sunday last. It was the lazy hour after luncheon and everybody was gathered on the rear veranda which overhangs the bay, when the attention of Mr. John Parkin was attracted to a peculiar iridescence spreading over the unrippled surface of the back-water. Now, Parkin was a mining engineer before he screwed the five-carat solitaire of a suburban boniface into his expansive shirt front. Seizing a fish pole from an astonished guest, he attached his handkerchief to the hook and lowered it gently to the water. Then he sniffed it and exclaimed, "Oil!" A syndicate was organized forthwith to exploit the find and for the remainder of the day everybody talked derricks, casings and pumping plants. That evening at the dinner table, while Parkin was still holding forth upon the attractive theme, Mary the domestic who had been listening, goggle-eyed, suddenly interjected: "Begorra, Mr. Parkins, that's no ile well! That's where meself washed them thirty-seven lamps iv yours this blessed Sunda' marnin'!"



Necessity For Caution

In view of the fact that among the leaders of our smart set are an ex-milliner who learned her trade in London, an ex-nurse-girl who was receiving wages when she inherited her fortune, and others who were also of quite humble station in the days agone, it seems exceedingly strange that there should be any discussion of the possibility of an erstwhile lady's maid who is now the wife of a millionaire, being received in society. It is all right to flatter ourselves that we have an aristocracy, but it is dangerous to become too punctilious in drawing the line round the holy of holies. The leader of tonight's cotillon may be selling waffles in Nome before the season is over.

The romance is through;
Their engagement has ended.
But what could *she* do,
For his dollars were few?
He knew *other* girls too—
Though she was his intended.
The romance is through;
Their engagement has ended.

Graham Was Docked

Tell it not in Gath, nor publish it in the sheets of Askelon. The which, being interpreted, means let it not be whispered in the ears of the Blingum set nor made a jest among the Knights of the Round Table at the Bohemian club. Donald de Villemil Graham has had his salary docked. He no longer holds high revelry upon the princely income of one hundred and fifty dollars a month, but is forced to eke out a miserable existence upon one hundred and twenty-five dollars. Ever since the election of William A. Deane to the post of County Clerk the once popular singer has occupied a desk in the office as register clerk or copying clerk or deputy or something or other. At any rate, his salary was one hundred and fifty dollars per month. The why and wherefore of his being there may be traced to Graham's close friendship with the De Youngs, who kindly interceded with Mr. Deane in behalf of the singer. For awhile it was the surprise of the office to see the way in which Graham took off his coat and buckled to business. Deane was pleased with him, he was affable to his social inferiors in the office and all went well.

Consequently, it came as a thunderclap when one fine day the County Clerk took twenty-five dollars a month from Graham's salary and put it on to that of another man. The aristocratic features of the famous baritone deepened in their already ruddy hue. "Ha, ha!" he cried, "an enemy hath done this. I will away to the prince of the genii and to a dungeon will I consign the rash one."

So the prince of the genii—Mr. De Young—appealed to Deane for an explanation. The County Clerk explained that he had increased a better man's salary. He went on to say that Mr. Graham was not behaving quite so well as formerly. He had been guilty of insubordination and other crimes. An investigation was ordered and two things were proved. First, that on one occasion, only one man being at the filing desk and the supply of revenue stamps having run short, the clerk turned to a table whereat Graham and several others were sitting and said: "Will one of you fellows please get some revenue stamps? I'm out and I can't leave the desk." One man started up to go, whereupon the Bohemian club man interfered, saying: "Don't you fellows be messenger boys for those so and sos." Second, it was shown that Graham was in the habit of taking his overcoat and leaving in a hurry every evening twenty minutes before closing time, the alleged reason being that he desired to avoid being seen in company with hoi polloi who stream down the corridors as the clock strikes five.

The result of the investigation is that Graham's salary remains fixed at one hundred and twenty-five dollars, a difference of twenty-five dollars a month, or eighty-three and one-third cents per day. The singer who could charm a Paderewski cannot lure a Deane from the stern path of duty.



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MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA,
is the best known Resort in the world and withal the most popular. Uniformity of climate the year round and all the luxuries known to us are to be found there.
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There are many golf courses; there are many hotels; but there is only one DEL MONTE. One may travel many, many miles; he may find in his journey, golf courses; but not such a place to golf and after golfing such a place to dream. Equally true is this for all of the other out-of door amusements. Not for a day, but for the whole year round. Tennis, Polo, Hot Salt Water or Surf Bathing. The famous drives for seventeen miles along by the ocean shore. Hunting, fishing, boating, wheeling. In fact the Hotel Del Monte and its environment is an every-day in-the-year delight. . . . . .

Song—To California

Oh Lady fair.
With wind-blown hair,
Around whose neck is hung
A chain ablaze
With diamond days
All on the seasons strung!

Oh Lady fair
Beyond compare,
Thy matchless, gem-like days
Make the heart sing,
My soul give wing—
How shall I sing thy praise?

An if't be true
That one day, you
Your jewels will displace,
And keeping Lent
With garments rent
And misty, rain-drenched face,

Repine for One—
Thy lord, the Sun
With softly grieving eyes—
Thou'lt still for me
My heart's queen be—
In whom all beauty lies!

—Frances Wilson.

The Ideal and the Real!

"Come!"

The sleeper opened her eyes, every sense sharpened, every faculty alert. The moonlight lay in patches on the floor, and a faint scent of roses came in through the open window.

"Come!"

No voice had spoken, yet she felt the low, tense summons as clearly as if the word had been whispered in her ear. She rose noiselessly and crossed the room to the window.

The night was of a stillness! The moon-washed trees and flowers were held under some breathless enchantment. Not a leaf quivered, not a bird twittered in its sleep, not an insect shrilled. It was like the hush that precedes the Elevation of the Host at Mass, when the music ceases, awe-stricken, and every head is bowed in adoration.

She thought of the colors beyond violet, the sweet high notes to which the human ear is deaf, and her spirit tugged to free itself from the heaviness of the flesh—the flesh which has eyes to see and sees not, and ears to hear and hears not. The silence about her throbbed with excitement and expectation as if some world drama were about to be enacted and Nature was laying a warning finger upon her lips. Though she could not see or hear it she felt the approach of the mystery which held the world hushed and eager.

Were the unseen ones trying to communicate with her? She strained her ears to listen. Her breath came quickly. Was she upon the very verge of the great secret which no mortal had ever learned?

She stood motionless, every nerve vibrating with the maddening beauty of the night, and the consciousness of the thronging, invisible shapes about her to which her eyes were sealed. An ineffable anguish fell athwart her spirit.

The golden days of her youth passed before her, the days before she had become placid and resigned, the days when she lived with a wild prodigality of joy and suffering. The old revolt stirred her pulses, the old belief in Life's infinite possibilities rose in her heart and she dropped down upon her knees by the window as the old dreams came trooping back like bright-eyed maidens with garlanded heads!

What beautiful, beautiful days they were! How triumphantly she had gone her way, how confidently she had watched for the Prince Charming, how—

From the adjoining room came a long, low rumbling sound which suggested a hippopotamus nosing about the jungle at midnight. A shudder of disgust passed over her and she rose quickly to her feet.

The night wind stirred the leaves. A tree-toad lifted up its voice. The spell was broken.

—The Impressionist.

A Misnomer

I ought to be cool, as my name implies,
Alas! I'm a melting man.
The sun shines hot, direct from the skies—
And I am a baseball fan.

The Umpire.

A Momentous Question

I am flat broke today;
Will I have money tomorrow?
I have bills I must pay—
So my creditors say;
And for them in a way
I feel something of sorrow.
For I don't know a soul
From whom I can borrow.
I am flat broke today
Will I have money tomorrow?

—The Spendthrift

Society women are fortifying themselves for the summer campaign with Wm. Williams & Sons V. V. O. Scotch Whisky.

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EXTRA DRY

The Great Leader of Champagnes. Importations in 1900, 119,441 cases, being 79,293 cases more than any other brand, is a record never before approached.

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Of Such is Sacrifice

Brown came up to the Cape to take a Government position. He had a wife in San Francisco and three boys, aged three, five and seven. Kate wept a good deal when the gangplank was pulled up, and she could scarcely wave a last goodbye to her husband, her eyes were so blinded with tears.

But she knew it was for the best. Brown had gone all to pieces these last two years. He was a good fellow and a favorite with the boys. Then his profession kept him out nights—he was a night telegraph operator—and to obtain sleep in the daytime he had found it necessary to resort to drugs. When the war broke out, he went to the Philippines. But that was worse. The drink and drug habits gained on him in the tropics, and he had returned home more broken up than when he went away.

So Kate welcomed the chance that was offered him to go north.

"You'll be all right, darling, when you put miles between you and the boys," she said, "and I and the kids can get along somehow."

They had been getting along somehow for four years, but Kate was optimistic in her ideas and was always hoping for a change for the better. She set herself to work to learn stenography, and a friend got her a place that brought her a small but steady salary. With this, she said she could manage until Brown "struck it rich."

Brown was also of a sanguine temperament, and predicted great things of what he would do in Nome.

* * * * *

"There's a letter for you in the Post Office," said Briggs

"Let it stay awhile," said Brown, "it will keep."

"But it is from Home," answered Briggs.

To disregard a letter from Home meant treason, to Briggs. But Briggs was a bachelor. He had come up to Nome to make money so that he could marry a little girl he had loved for some years. And he considered letters from Home as rosy visions from Paradise.

"Come down the street with me," said Brown, "I'll treat."

But Briggs did not feel like going, and he stayed behind. Briggs and Brown bunked together, and were friends after a fashion. Only Briggs was different; Brown said he lacked the elements of a good fellow.

* * * *

Brown and the girl with red hair led the dance. They were celebrating a holiday at Nome, and Americans of convivial temperament were enjoying themselves in their own way.

The girl with red hair had come up on the same steamer with Brown and they had struck up a friendship. Brown said she reminded him of his sister. But he did not act towards her as if she were his sister

The dance ended in a fight. They usually did, but this was worse than usual. Brown fell a victim to a promiscuous shooting and got a ball in his chest. The wound was not vital, but it might have been if one of the dancers had not been a physician. He was there, on the spot, and he extracted the ball which had ploughed its way nearly through Brown's body. Brown lay in a tent alongside the dance hall for a month. The girl with red hair proved a devoted nurse.

And Brown forgot that he had once compared her to his sister. She was a good girl, though.

After he got well, however, he did not bunk with Briggs any more.

* * * *

"Brown, there are six letters posted up for you!"

They had ceased the free delivery that had been instituted by the Post Office authorities and if you did not go for your mail within a reasonable limit of time, it was advertised. Then, if not called for, the letters were returned to the senders.

This was the first time Briggs had seen Brown in four months. Briggs looked startled at the change in his friend.

"What are you doing now, Brown? They told me at the office you had left."

"Oh, yes, got something better now. That was too damned slow."

Brown did not explain what the something better was. His clothes were seedy, his eyes dull and his shaking hands betrayed nervousness.

"Well, go and get your letters. They are from Home, you know."

At the end of the week, Brown had not gone for the letters, so Briggs took it upon himself to act as his friend's agent.

He would not have interfered in the matter, which did not concern him, only that the girl he was exiled from was a friend of Kate Brown's. And she had written to Briggs to keep an eye on Brown.

"Kate is working herself to death for the children, and even saving something so she can add to what her husband brings home, and perhaps build a little house across the bay or out in Richmond," she wrote. "I hope Mr. Brown is not killing himself with work. Kate is afraid he is ill, as he hasn't written for some months."

Briggs was afraid Brown was killing himself, but not with work. To accomplish his sweetheart's desire, he carried Brown's letters to him that night.

He had some difficulty in finding whom he sought. He went to several saloons before he found a trace of Brown, and that was only a hint of his whereabouts.

"Guess he's over at the Excelsior dance hall," was the suggestion, "usually he takes the tickets there, or mixes the drinks."

So this was what Brown had fallen to, a University graduate, one of the most accurate telegraph operators in the United States, a man whose education and talents fitted him for any position in life. Well, perhaps the letters would woo him back to the better life.

Briggs entered the Excelsior, for he had not found Brown at the door.

"Look for him at the bar," said a lounger who heard Briggs' question.

The revelry was at its height and Briggs clumsily knocked into many dancers as he forced his way to the bar.

"Ah, have one with me," said the object of his search, "see what an expert I am in mixing cocktails."

But Briggs, who was too honest a nature to be gifted with tact, hurried to his errand.

"I thought you'd like your letters," he said, "from Home, you know, six of 'em. So I got them at the office and brought them up myself."

A red-haired girl who was just then urging her partner to "have another" turned fiercely upon Brown.

"Give 'em to me," she said, taking the letters from Briggs' hand before he could prevent her.

"Come on, see the fine bonfire I'll make," she added, and threw the six letters into the stove. Then she looked about her for applause, which came in a wild gust of laughter.

Briggs looked for Brown's angry remonstrance. Instead, the man he had formerly bunked with smiled, apologetically. Briggs raised his eyebrows, interrogatively indicating the girl with red hair.

Brown nodded.

"Yes, that's about it," he said.

And Briggs wondered in a half-shocked surprise, as he turned away, what he should write to the girl at home. He wished he had kept out of it all. —*The Exile.*

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Dramatic World

Theatres in South America

There is the greatest difference in the world between a North and South American audience, says a recently returned traveler from south of the Isthmus. South American audiences are peculiarly sensitive to the good and bad points of a performance. They will almost go wild over a great artist, but show their disapproval by hisses. The ladies promenade in the lobbies during the entr'actes, as men do here, and as our women also did during the Grau grand opera season. They chat with each other and criticise the performance. Soldiers are on duty at the theatres of the republic and those of the empire. It will be remembered that one of the Presidents of Montevideo was shot through the head in the theatre and this has made the Montevideans guard carefully against similar performances. Every night before the opening of the door a body of one hundred soldiers files up and after the performance begins they are distributed throughout the house. Fifteen members of the fire brigade appear and are placed mostly on the stage to guard against fire. All the scenery is painted on paper, done in Italy and very beautiful. It can be shipped more easily than canvas scenery—you can carry a dozen palaces in your trunk and still have room for a tuxedo and white tie—and can be easily replaced if damaged or destroyed. It is pasted on canvas afterward but is, of course, very inflammable.

La Sybil Again

According to a Paris paper of date June twelfth, just received, Sybil Sanderson's reappearance at the Opera-Comique in "Phryne" was a triumph. The journal in question says: "Parisians had been so often told that marriage had deprived them of their favorite singer, who for several years delighted both their eyes and their ears, that last night's reappearance was in the nature of a triumph. It proves, among other things, that a great cantatrice cannot long remain away from the stage. The role of Phryne in M. Massenet's work, which Madame Sybil Sanderson created, calls for the enchantment of voice and beauty, airy grace, clever acting, tasteful dress. All these things Madame Sybil Sanderson incarnated last night. The *Matin's* critic admits that the rather perilous task upon which she ventured was triumphantly carried out: 'From the moment of her appearance on the stage her radiant beauty won half the battle, and when her first notes rang out the audience realized that she had lost none of the charm which she exercised in former days. Emotion dulled her voice and gesture for awhile, but that was to be expected. The one point certain is that Madame Sybil Sanderson proved fully equal to her part, and that the public gave this ever-beautiful singer the most courteous and the most cordial welcome.' The *Figaro* says: 'The theatre was literally crammed, and the public, composed mostly of subscribers, repeatedly gave vent to its enthusiasm. 'Phryne' was rendered in incomparable fashion.'"

Some one has invented an apt phrase to describe the full houses which have greeted the first performances of the host of dramatized novels which have been presented during the last season. It is said that they have achieved "a success of curiosity."

Attractions Next Week

"The Babes in the Wood" opened Sunday evening at the Tivoli, and judging from the exuberance with which it was received is good for an extended run at the popular house. Ferris Hartman has put together an immensely amusing potpourri of "good stuff," not a musical number or a gag of which but is clever and up-to-date. He and Cashman are the tramps, and their make-ups and songs are all good. Annie Myers and Edward Webb are the babes who are abducted by the tramps, and they are as great a success in these parts as they were in "The Toy Maker." Alf Wheelan shines in a character part. Maude Williams sings two well selected songs. Bernice Holmes is the Lady Macasser of the production. Arthur Cunningham sings "Will o the Wisp" in his usual fine style, and Tom Guise is clever as the school-director. The chorus looks stunning as bathers, fairies, and children. The Babes is no doubt good till the regular season of grand opera opens.

AMUSEMENTS

★TIVOLI★ Curtain Rises at 8 p. m. sharp

Sceond Week—Monday, July 8th

The Glittering Extravaganza Success

"BABES IN THE WOOD"

Book by Ferris Hartman

Filled with the Latest in Song and Fun. Agleam with Color and Shapeliness. A Fund of Merry Wit for Everybody.

Evenings at 8 Matinee Saturday at 2

Popular Prices, 25 and 50 cents Telephone, Bush 9

Orpheum

O'Farrell between Stockton and Powell Streets.

Week Commencing Sunday Matinee, July 7th

Arran and Alice. Gilbert and Goldie. Irving Jones. Clayton White Marie Stuart & Co. Prosper Troupe. Emily Lytton. Chas. Bowser & Co. Bimm, Bomm, Brrr. La Moyne Brothers. Biograph.

Reserved Seats, 25c; Balcony, 10c; Opera Chairs and Box Seats, 50c.
Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday
Special Matinee Thursday, Fourth of July

GRAND OPERA HOUSE Telephone, Main 532.
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MATINEES TODAY AND TOMORROW
Last Two Nights of

"THE ONLY WAY"

Commencing Monday Evening Next
T. DANIEL FRAWLEY
Presents William Gillette's Famous War Drama

"SECRET SERVICE"

With the Strongest Company Ever Seen at Popular Prices

PRICES: 10c, 15c, 25c, 50c. 75c. Good Orchestra Seat All Matinees 25c
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COLUMBIA THE LEADING THEATER

Third Week of the big spectacle begins next Monday.

CHARLES FROHMAN'S

Colossal production from the Garden Theatre by arrangement with David Belasco. Paul M. Potter's Drama founded on Ouida's Novel.

"Under Two Flags"

—WITH—

Blanche Bates as "Cigarette"

Alcazar

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as Lady Teazle

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There is nothing in the world more delightful than a drink of good whiskey—and Jesse Moore is good whiskey.

The Orpheum promises another good bill for next week. Arras and Alice, who have been brought from Europe specially for this engagement, have the greatest novelty act in vaudeville. Gilbert and Goldie are two fun makers who need no introduction. They are always worth while. Irving Jones is a clever monologuist. He is the author of a number of popular songs and one of the best known figures in the New York amusement world. Clayton White and Marie Stuart, and Emily Lytton and Charles Bowser will present new sketches and the biograph will have a number of pictures never before presented. Among the holdovers will be the Prosper troupe, Bimm, Bomm, Brrr and La Moyne brothers.

Today and tomorrow at the Grand Opera House will be seen the final four performances of T. Daniel Frawley's production of "The Only Way." Very large attendance has been the rule throughout the week. For the week beginning Monday night, Mr. Frawley will present William Gillette's famous war play, "Secret Service," which was given last season with such marked success. It has often been said by competent critics that "Secret Service" is the best military drama ever written, and also the most skilfully constructed play of any character ever turned out by any American author. Mr. Frawley's performance in the leading role of Gillette's stirring work is one which has been received with favor wherever seen. Mary Van Buren will rejoin the company in the character of Edith Varney, the opposite role to Captain Thorne, played by Mr. Frawley. E. J. Morgan will have the part of Benton Arrelsford, originated by Campbell Gollan. Theodore Roberts will be General Nelson Randolph. A complete scenic accoutrement will be provided.

Next week promises to be the most interesting one of Miss Florence Roberts' entire season. She will make her first appearance as Lady Teazle in Sheridan's comedy, "The School For Scandal," a play which has not been seen here for some time. Lady Teazle has ever been a favorite role of all the greatest stars since the eighteenth century, and will probably continue so. A great deal of interest is awakened among theatre-goers in consequence of Miss Roberts' essayal of the role and her many admirers predict a brilliant success for her. Barton Hill, who has directed this play for some of the most noted artists, has the presentation under his able supervision. He himself will play his old character of Peter Teazle. The costumes will be especially beautiful, having been made exclusively for this production. During the run of "Sapho" the scenic artist, Mr. Edward Williams, has had a splendid opportunity for preparing some magnificent pictures of the homes of the eighteenth century aristocracy. There will be a strong cast.

The third week of the prosperous run now being enjoyed by Charles Frohman's elaborate production of "Under Two Flags" will begin next Monday night at the Columbia The playhouse has held capacity testing audiences ever since this attraction was first offered and from present appearances there will be no empty seats while the big spectacle is kept on the boards. The next attraction for the Columbia will be the sweet singer Chauncey Olcott who will appear in his newest Irish comedy success "Garrett O'Magh." Olcott will bring his entire production direct to this city from New York where it was seen during a five months' run.

Juliet Crosby is to strengthen the cast at the Central next week, appearing as Rachel in "Held by the Enemy." Miss Crosby is one of the cleverest actresses we have here.

—*The Playgoer*

Don't fail to ask at any Dellicatessen, Grocery or Market for

ALLADIO ROYAL CREAM CHEESE

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JOE NEGRO } PROP'S.

N. B. The President and Mrs. McKinley recently acknowledged with cordial thanks the receipt of a package of the Alladio Royal Cream Cheese which is the most delicious article in the market.

Perfect cooking, good music, polite and attentive service make the Techau Tavern the most popular place in town.

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Don't buy cheap shoes for economy's sake
There's no money saved in poor shoe leather
Good shoes are the only sensible kind
They're the only kind that fit right
They're the only kind to wear
And you must go to a good store for a good shoe
Don't go by looks,
Don't take a chance.
Come where you KNOW you're safe

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This stylish Collar can be obtained in the various heights indicated in the above cut at

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San Francisco

The Brand "Silver" is a guarantee as to quality

Peroxide

A poet sang of his love one day—
That she was fair as the flowers of May:
All this with a fond insistence.
Which proves that all is not what it seems,
For she was formerly dark as dyspeptic dreams—
In a not long past existence.
But who could expect the poet to know
Of the shades in hair, that may come and go
Through a chemical assistance?
—*R. H. Ross.*

All's Well that Ends Well

A Disconsolate Widow, while suffering from a Broken Heart occasioned by the Death of her Husband, sought Consolation by Perusing a Religious Journal.

Becoming Bored at length by the Pious Editor's abuse of Opposing Sects, she turned to the Advertising Columns, where by a Fortunate Chance, she Learned of Seventy-two Diseases easily Cured by a single Bottle of Incomparable Patent Medicine.

Thinking it might Cure a Broken Heart, she Answered the Advertisement, Enclosing One Dollar as a Guarantee of Good Faith.

By Return Mail she received a Bottle, Plainly wrapped, the Contents of Which she Took according to Directions.

* * * * * * * *

The Cure was so Complete, and her Gratitude so Great, that the Disconsolate Widow sent a Glowing Testimonial to the Manufacturers of the Incomparable Patent Medicine.

Enclosed in the letter, was a Clipping from a Daily Paper, stating that the Wedding of the Disconsolate Widow and the Tired Drug Clerk was one of the Social Events of the Season. —*The Fabler.*

Slain

There are sad, sad things in life, I wis,
And one of them is the farewell kiss
Of love, on the lips that have thrilled with bliss,
From a soft caress.
But worse it is to gaze on the dust
Of the fragile thing that men call trust,
While the bitter truth is upon us thrust
That Faith is dead.
For who can replace the gathered rose
Upon its stem, or who re-close
The full-blown flower of Faith in those
We love and trust?
A knife in the heart were a kinder fate,
Than friendship's eyes all full of hate;
And to know that nothing we can state
Will bring Faith back.
And the saddest thing in the world of men
That ever can come to you is when
You look in the face of a treasured friend,
And see Faith die.
—*Jessie Juliet Knox.*

At the Buffalo Exposition the visitors guard against sickness by draughts of Chapin & Gore's Old Reserve Whiskey.

Certificate of Copartnership

We certify that we constitute a partnership transacting business in this city. Its principal place of business is at 87-93 Fremont street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. Its name is "Alex Heins Belting Company."

The names and respective places of residence of all its members are signed hereto.

IDA HEINS, City of San Francisco.
ALOIS WILLIAM, " "

Dated, June 29, 1901.

Duly acknowledged before me on the 29th day of June, 1901. A. K DAGGETT, Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

(Endorsed.)

Filed in the office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 3rd day of July, 1901.

WM. A. DEANE, County Clerk.
By E. M. Thompson, Deputy Clerk.

HENRY I. KOWALSKY, Attorney for Alex Heins Belting Company.

Notice of Dissolution

Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing between IDA HEINS, ALOIS WILLIAM and C. H. KAUL, under the firm name of ALEX HEINS BELTING CO., has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. All debts owing to said partnership are to be received and paid by and to said Ida Heins and Alois William and all demands on said partnership are to be presented to them.

Dated the 29th day of June A. D. 1901.

IDA HEINS.
ALOIS WILLIAM
C. H. KAUL

H. L. DAVIS J. W. DAVIS
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The Automobile

The new supply of energy recently infused in the Automobile club is already bearing fruit and the organization is beginning to have all the earmarks of a social and a financial success. The first meeting of the new Board of Governors was held last Thursday night and I am happy to be able to state that it was by far the most business like affair the club has yet succeeded in pulling off. If the present gait is kept up throughout the tenure of the new administration, there will be no further need to worry over the future of the Automobile Club of California. One of the acts of the new board that was strictly in accord with the sentiments of this department was the prompt removal of the club rooms from the Parrott building to 415 Montgomery street. The admittance of women to membership was another wise move from a financial standpoint although the wisdom of it might be questioned from several other points of view. However, this is a matter that will take care of itself for the present and I will forbear discussing it until some other time. At any rate women are now admitted to the club upon an equal footing with the men. While they have an equal right to participate in the business of the organization it is questionble whether they will avail themselves of it or not. It is in the social functions of the club where the feminine members will shine.

The initiation fee of fifteen dollars was again suspended, this time until the first of October. Dues were fixed at two dollars and fifty cents per month for members owning automobiles and for non-owners the rate was placed at one dollar, the latter to go under the same class as non-resident members. The definition of a non-resident member was summed up as one residing more than twenty miles from San Francisco. For instance, members residing in Oakland, Alameda and Berkeley, San Leandro and San Mateo will come in for full dues, as they should.

The solution of the club run problem was partially solved by a compromise. Some of the board argued in favor of having all vehicles start together on the runs under the leadership of the president, while others favored an entirely different plan, to allow the automobilists to participate in the run separately or together as they saw fit but all meeting at a certain rendezvous at an appointed hour, say for dinner or lunch or for a social chat. To all intents and purposes the latter plan was practically adopted although upon the face of it the action would appear otherwise. It was decided that the committee on runs, consisting of Messrs Baird, L'Hommedieu and Dr. Rothchild, shall set a time and a place for the start of each run, also a time and place for the rendezvous, which means that the members can go as they please, so long as they meet at the rendezvous at the designated hour. The old method of conducting runs has lately come up for very severe criticism among the Eastern automobile clubs and it is only a question of a short while when the rendezvous method will entirely replace the old style. The principal objection that has been raised to the latter is the dust and dirt with which all but the leading vehicles are enveloped when all start together and follow the pace set by a leader. In the future, runs are to be held at least once a month.

Colonel Cotten, the Mobile agent for Oakland, has apparently determined to capture San Jose, no matter what the cost. He opened a branch there this week, under the management of Orlando Stevens, the world famous bicycle rider, who is now a resident of San Jose. The Colonel sent down his star demonstrator to show San Joseans just how an automobile should be run, temporary headquarters being taken at San Jose's swell hostelry, the Vendome. The first thing that McKnight did upon arriving in the new field was to knock spots off the Coast mile record. Although everything was done according to Hoyle the event did not create the stir that was expected and the San Jose public seemed inclined to look upon the figures with considerable doubt. Over a specially selected and officially surveyed course on the Monterey road, McKnight covered a mile in one minute and twelve seconds. The watches were in the hands of experienced timers so that the figures given are undoubtedly correct, as much so as an event of that sort can be correctly timed. The machine carried nearly seven hundred pounds of steam and went through the trial without a hitch. If McKnight is anxious to break records let him tackle the mark of 1:34 4-5 made by Arnold and Rockett on the San Jose horse track with a Locomobile. That will afford a better and a truer comparison than a straightaway performance. —*The Automobiler.*



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Music World

The Church of St. Mary the Virgin has been lengthened, bringing the altar about ninety feet from the choir. The English mass will be sung at 11 a. m. next Sunday. At Vespers, 4 p. m., the *O Salutaris* and *Tantum Ergo* will be from Handel, specially by the organist and director, John Haraden Pratt, F. C. M., for organ, choir and cornet.

Apropos Miss Helen Heath

I have just heard of a very substantial compliment paid to a rising young vocalist of this city in the person of Miss Helen Heath of the Von Meyerinck School of Music. It seems that the first idea of Peter Allen in regard to his new opera was to produce it here, then in Oakland and surrounding towns, gradually working his way East with it. His company, dancers and all, was to be selected from talent right here and Miss Heath was to be his prima donna engaged professionally and retained for the Eastern tour. He was attracted by Miss Heath's artistic performance of "Hansel and Gretel" performed at a local hall with Miss Mae Cullen and decided then and there that she was just the one he needed for his heroine. Mr. Allen's plans have been altered since then and he has decided to take his opera East and try to dispose of it there, but the compliment to Miss Heath is none the less a compliment for that and one which should greatly encourage the young lady in her work toward a professional career.

Enid Brandt's Repertory

Little Enid Brandt and her mother, Mrs Noah Brandt, have returned after a month's stay in St. Helena, where Enid has been taking an entire rest from her studies. The improvement in her playing within the past six months following her concerts has been simply phenomenal, and can only be thoroughly appreciated when she plays the Concert Stuck of Weber, Opus 79, with orchestral accompaniment. It is thirty pages in length and she plays it entirely from memory. Several prominent musicians after hearing this composition played by Enid, have assured me that it is the most marvelous achievement they have ever heard from a child of eight and a half years. She plays it without any alterations, in perfect tempo, and it could hardly be credited without a hearing. She has also added Fantasie Impromptu in C Minor, and several other difficult selections from Bach, Chaminade and Schumann. Enid will probably appear again in November, a year from the date of her last concerts, and one can then judge of her progress. She has had some splendid offers to concertize in the South, and also to go as far as New York, but owing to her extreme youth her parents have declined for the present, preferring to keep her at studies. At present she is still enjoying her vacation.

Notes from Sacramento

"'Blossom' Wilsey, the charming youngest of the Wilsey garden of girls"—writes my Capital correspondent—"who when Blossom was a baby used to entertain so lavishly in the old home at Sixteenth and H streets, is soon to be married to Judge Peter Shields. Judge Shields is a man who has for his years reached an enviable position in life and is one of the cleverest of our lawyers; he is a brother of Mrs. Walter Longbottom the contralto, now of San Francisco. Carolee Wilsey, who from infancy has been called Blossom, early developed a talent for music and under the tuition of Hugo Mansfeldt in a surprisingly short time became one of his star pupils."

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STATEMENT.

OF THE

CONDITION AND VALUE

OF THE

ASSETS AND LIABILITIES

OF

THE HIBERNIA

Savings and Loan Society, a Corporation,

And where said Assets are situated, dated June 30, 1901.

ASSETS.

1—Promissory Notes and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is $22,743,530 60

The condition of said Promissory Notes and debts is as follows: They are all existing contracts) owned by said Corporation, and are payable to it at its office, which is situated at the corner of Market, McAllister and Jones streets, in the City and county of San Francisco, State of California, and the payment thereof is secured by First Mortgages on Real Estate within this State and the States of Oregon and Washington. Said Promissory Notes are kept and held by said Corporation at its said office, which is its principal place of business, and said Notes and debts are there situated.

2—Promissory Notes and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is 302,500 00

The condition of said Promissory Notes and debts is as follows: They are all existing Contracts, owned by said Corporation and are payable to it at its office, which is situated as aforesaid, and the payment thereof is secured by "Northern Railway Company of California 5 per cent Bonds," Southern Pacific Railroad Company of California 6 per cent Bonds," "San Francisco and San Joaquin Valley Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds," Market Street Railway Company First Consolidated Mortgage 5 per cent Gold Bonds," "Park and Cliff House Railway Company 6 per cent Bonds," "Los Angeles Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds," "Spring Valley Water Works First Mortgage 6 per cent Bonds," "Spring Valley Water Works Second Mortgage 4 per cent Bonds," and "Pacific Gas Improvement Company First Mortgage 4 per cent Bonds," the market value of all said Bonds being $352,130.00. Said Notes are kept and held by said Corporation at its said office, and said Notes and Bonds are there situated.

3—Bonds of the United States, the actual value of which is..... 21,063,680 17

The condition of said Bonds is as follows: They belong to said Corporation, and are kept and held by it in its own vaults and are there situated. They are "Registered 4 per cent of 1907 ($18,000,000 00) and 4 per cent of 1925 ($1,000,000 00) and 3 per cent of 1908 ($500,000 00) United States Bonds," and are payable only to the order of said Corporation.

4—Miscellaneous Bonds, the actual value of which is.. 4,003,943 49

The condition of said Bonds is as follows: They belong to said Corporation, and are kept and held by it in its own vaults, and are there situated. They are "Market street Cable Railway Company 6 per cent Bonds ($999,000 00)," "Market Street Railway Company First Consolidated Mortgage 5 per cent Bonds ($339,000 00)," "Sutter Street Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds ($150,000 00)," "Powell Street Railway Company 6 per cent Bonds ($50,000 00)," "The Omnibus Cable Company 6 per cent Bonds ($82,000 00)," "Presidio and Ferries Railroad Company 6 per cent Bonds ($25,000 00)," "Northern Railway Company of California 6 per cent Bonds ($545,000 00)," "San Francisco and North Pacific Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds ($364,000 00)," Spring Valley Water Works First Mortgage 6 per cent Bonds ($78,000 00)," "Spring Valley Water Works Second Mortgage 4 per cent Bonds ($462,000 00)," "Spring Valley Water Works Third Mortgage 4 per cent Bonds ($533,000 00)" and "City of San Luis Obispo 5 per cent Bonds ($22,500 30)."

5—Interest on Miscellaneous Bonds accrued to July 1, 1901 ..... 260,637 26

6—(a) Real Estate situated in the City and County of San Francisco ($590,362 55), and in the Counties of Santa Clara ($260,338 57), Alameda ($160,206 61) and San Mateo (29,-312 96), in this State, the actual value of which is 1,040,220 69

(b) The land and building in which said Corporation keeps its said office, the actual value of which is..... 569,841 99

The condition of said Real Estate is that it belongs to said Corporation and part of it is productive.

7—Cash in United States Gold and Silver Coin belonging to said Corporation, and in its possession, and situated at its said office, Actual value 2,027,247 31

Total Assets..... $52,011,601 51

LIABILITIES.

1—Said corporation owes Deposits amounting to and the actual value of which is $48,910,081 86

The condition of said Deposits is that they are payable only out of said Assets and are fully secured thereby.

2—Reserve Fund, Actual Value 3,101,519 65

Total Liabilities..... $52,011,601 51

The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society,
By JAMES R. KELLY, President.
The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society,
By ROBERT J. TOBIN, Secretary.

State of California, } ss.
City and County of San Francisco. }

JAMES R. KELLY and ROBERT J. TOBIN, being each separately duly sworn, each for himself, says: That said JAMES R. KELLY is President, and that said ROBERT J. TOBIN is Secretary of THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, the Corporation above mentioned, and that the foregoing statement is true.

JAMES R. KELLY, President.
ROBERT J. TOBIN, Secretary.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 1st day of July, 1901.

GEO. T. KNOX, Notary Public,
In and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

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Notes From Abroad

Under date of June sixth, Roma writes from London: "Max Hirschfeld arrived today from Berlin, his native town from which he has been absent eighteen years. He returns to New York on Saturday's steamer to begin rehearsals for the new opera, 'The Chaperones' by Frederick Ranken and Isidore Witmark. His own lovely opera, 'Au Clair de la Lune' is on the list for this summer's season in New Orleans. Isidore Witmark is here in town attending to his publishing interests. What energetic boys the Witmarks are. They have just bought a five-story building in Shaftesbury avenue, having it re-decorated and made into the smartest offices in all London. Isidore's opera had its copyright production a few weeks since at St. George's hall in Langham place. There were twenty-eight principals in the cast, all of whom were managed by Johnnie Nash; Frank Perley, however, will be the American manager and Julian Mitchell the producer.

"Boxes at Covent Garden were selling last night (Melba's first appearance thus far), for twenty guineas and upwards; boxes of strawberries at Covent Garden market are selling at the same figure—only, pence instead of guineas! By the way, the 'Max Elliott' referred to by Blanche Partington in recent *Call* musical notes is not a 'he;' she is Mrs. Granville Ellis, a Boston woman who has written for the Boston *Herald* for years. Max likes to stretch a thing a bit in the American girl's favor for she, herself, has had a big battle to fight. At the time, there was a lot of powder and fire. There are no flowers allowed to be passed over the footlights in the London theatres; in the provinces, it is different. Imagine how a Prima would feel to see flowers given to the chorus girls, whose Johnnies had put the money into the show!

"Whom should I run into in the lobby of the Apollo theatre but Marie Barnard, now Mrs. Russak! Her new home is at 16 Park Lane, one of the swellest streets in London, and she's as handsome as ever, beautifully gowned, gorgeously jeweled and looks as happy as a queen.

"Eugene Cowles has left 'The Fortune Teller' and the people, realizing it is to close, are giving a very slack performance. Musgrove is expected daily to settle their differences. Sigmund Beel is giving his concert this afternoon in the new Bechstein hall. The widow and daughter of the late Congressman Hilborn of East Oakland arrived here from the Orient a few weeks ago; they are traveling around the world and Grace has picked up some very sweet national songs, singing them to the accompaniment of each native musical instrument."

Miss Grace Carroll, who has recently returned from study of the voice with New York teachers, is preparing to give a recital on September fourth. Her accompanist is to be Miss Ethel Bates. Grace Carroll is a sister of Lena Carroll-Nicholson and both are well known and popular contraltos.

The Music Critic.

VOCAL

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He was the one.
He toyed with the sciences.
In Chemic appliances
Worked he contrivances
Simple as fun.
He spoke before women; he
Did the Byronic
With poor sweet de Remini;
Talked of "Love's tonic."
And while he air-castled
And women were dazzled
His trousers grew frazzled
And bagged at the knee.
Did he pause to go through them,
Or think to renew them,
Or sew, stick or glue them?
No, never; not he.
Now, clothes make the man, and
The century canon
Reads, "Bow down to Mammon,
Get hold of the pelf."
So, feeling a goner
And getting forlorner
He hired a street corner
And talked of—Himself.
That failed like the other
And then, O my brother,
One morning another
Immortal took wing.
On the board which the city
Stuck up out of pity,
This mystical ditty
Was carved, which I sing:

When you start as a bluffer
Don't look like a duffer;
If you do you will suffer
My erudite youth.
Take up this dead design
'Grave o'er my head a sign:
A good patent medicine
's better than truth.

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La Femme, par Les Hommes

"The mistake of many women is to return sentiment for gallantry."—*Juoy.*

"What a fool is he who says to a woman, Will you? Don't you know, simpleton, that they always pretend not to be willing?"—*A. Bougeart.*

"A woman who throws herself at a man's head will soon find her place at his feet."*L. Desnoyers.*

"A lamp is lit in woman's eye,
That souls, else lost on earth, remember angels by."—*Willis.*

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"Men serve women kneeling—when they get on their feet, they go away."—*Thackeray.*

"Thou dost complain of woman for changing from one to another? Censure her not, for she seeks one who will constant remain."—*Goethe.*

The Gleaner.

World of Letters

A Colonial Story

We are living in the shadow of the Colonial romance. In "His Great Self" Marion Harland has chosen an earlier period than the favorite Revolutionary one, and her story is a quiet domestic tale free from the smoke of gunpowder and the clash of arms. It is the history of beautiful Evelyn Byrd of Westover, Virginia. Mrs. Harland has adhered closely to facts, and her description of the historic Westover mansion and grounds is accurate. In those days a plantation was a principality, and the master of such was a man whose will was not to be thwarted. That Colonel Byrd saw fit to exercise his paternal rights by interfering in Evelyn's love affair was quite in accord with the spirit of the times in which he lived. From this material Mrs. Harland has constructed a pretty tale of womanly devotion and manly chivalry. That the ending should be sad is a pity, but life and not the author is responsible for that. There is some good character painting in the book, notably the second wife of Colonel Byrd, a grande dame and a notable housewife. "Madame Byrd's still-room was a long, low-ceiled apartment in the left wing of the house. Two windows overlooked the river; a wide-mouthed fire-place at one end was fitted up with cranes and pot-hooks, for here pickling, preserving and potting were done under Madame's supervision. The products of her skill crowded cupboards that reached from floor to ceiling on one side of the room, and were protected by locked glass doors. The front wall was lined with open shelves filled with empty jars and gallipots awaiting their contents. At that early epoch of Virginia housewifery the mistress appreciated the necessity of keeping delicacies, particularly sweets, under lock and key. Madame's key-basket was never two feet away from her, night or day. When she went abroad or to church, she locked it up in her wardrobe and carried the key of the wardrobe in her pocket.

"A table ten feet long and three in width was in the middle of the floor. The deal top, white from assiduous scourings, was half concealed by a fair linen cloth, on which the harvest of rose leaves was piled. Madame, enveloped in a snowy apron, the ruffled bib touching her rounded chin, was taking these up singly and dropping them into a big jar beside her, the mouth being on a level with the table-top. Mrs. Carter, at her ease in a rocking-chair, surveyed the process in amused admiration.

"'I have mine in by the peck,' she confessed.

"'What is worth doing at all is worthy of well doing,' rejoined the hostess, pithily superior.

"'But there are *millions* of them, dear Madame Byrd. It must require an eternity to take them up one by one.'

"'Eternity as well as time is most wisely spent in the right performance of duty,' rebuked the flippant criticism.'"

Equally graphic and charming are the descriptions of the dinners, cotillons and hunts of the stately colonial days. Colonel William Byrd was one of the most celebrated of early Virginian worthies. He was the owner of the largest library in that part of America, and employed his learning and industry in the compilation of records and tracts, valuable in the history of the colony. "His Great Self" ought to be one of the most popular of the season's books, not only from the interest of its story but as a vivid and delightful picture of manners. It is one of the Lippincott' sseries of Select Novels.

Edith Wharton's first long novel, "The Valley of Decision" is about to be brought out by the Scribners'.

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A Peculiar Ruling

Pearson's publication, the *Lady's Magazine* is in a somewhat similar position to that in which the *Cosmopolitan* found itself in connection with the serial publication of Tolstoi's "Resurrection." Pearson's paid to Hall Caine the sum of two thousand pounds sterling for the right to publish his novel "The Eternal City," in serial installments, but no installment was forthcoming in the June number of the *Lady's Magazine*, for the reason that the publishers considered the matter to be of such a character that they would not place it before their readers, and it is essential to the understanding on the story that it should appear as written. As there was a guarantee that there would be nothing unfit for the readers of the *Lady's Magazine* when the arrangement was entered upon, Pearson will sue the novelist for a return of the money. Like the Walker-Tolstoi suit, this is probably the first and the last that will be heard of the affair. Hall Caine and Marie Corelli are credited with getting more free advertising than any other authors living, and as it is always the inducement to a popular demand for any book to have a hint go abroad that it is not all it ought to be, it is not unlikely that Caine can afford to refund the whole two thousand pounds to Pearson and still come out a good bit ahead on the deal.

Maurice Hewlett's next novel will concern itself with Mary, Queen of Scots. It is expected that the book will soon be ready for publication, but Hewlett is not a speedy writer, or at least not a speedy publisher for these days.

Literary London is reported to be bewailing the fact that the biography of Robert Louis Stevenson, which was to have been written by Sidney Colvin, has been handed over to Grahame Balfour, a cousin of the dead author. There is nothing new in this bit of information, except the statement of the literary grief, for it was given out some time ago that Mr. Colvin had relinquished the work because of lack of time. The latest announcement, previous to this, was that Mr. Colvin found himself less occupied than he had anticipated, so that he would prepare a biography, or some similar work, in addition to the one to be undertaken by Balfour. Robert Louis Stevenson was a prolific writer, but he appears to have proved an inexhaustible mine for those who write about people who write books.

Margaret Horton Potter's third book, "The House de Mailly," published by the Lippincotts of Philadelphia, went into its second edition within a fortnight of its appearance. Edward Townsend's "Days Like These" has given a similar account of itself.

E. L. Voynich, the author of that noted book, "The Gadfly," and whose latest novel, "Jack Raymond," is one of the books of the hour, is Mrs. not Mr. She was Ethel Lillian Boole and is of Irish birth, though of English parentage. Neither is her husband a Siberian exile, as has been stated.

—*The Bookworm.*

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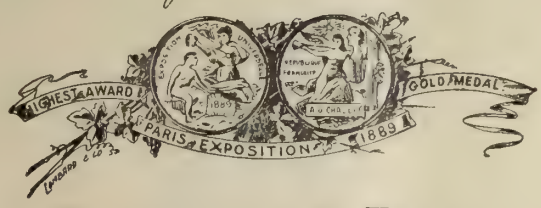
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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

ALENA SPIER, Plaintiff
vs.
HARRY SPIER, Defendant

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

Harry Spier, Defendant. You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's Wilful Neglect also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 5th day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and one.

WM. A. DEANE, Clerk.

[SEAL] By Joseph Riordan, Deputy Clerk.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

Department No. 2

T. J. CROWLEY, Plaintiff
vs.
MATHEW M. GRENNAN AND AMELIA JANE H. GRENNAN, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in the office of the Clerk of said City and County of San Francisco

CULLINAN AND HICKEY,
Attorneys for Plaintiff
567 & 568 Parrott Building, San Francisco, Cal.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

Mathew M. Grennan and Amelia Jane H. Grennan, Defendants. You are hereby directed to appear, and answer the Complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, within ten days after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the Complaint, as arising upon contract, or he will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this twenty-second day of June, A. D 1901.

WM. A. DEANE, Clerk.

[SEAL] By E. M. Thompson, Deputy Clerk.

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P. BOLAND
Administrator of the estate of Thomas Barber, deceased.

M. C. HASSETT,
Attorney for said Administrator.
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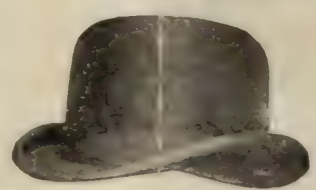
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San Francisco, July 13, 1901

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OUR OPINION

Why He Objected to Wu

The Rev. Dr. Burnfield, pastor of the North Presbyterian church, is another one of those queer individuals whose connection with the ministry excites surprise. When we encounter a cleric of the Burnfield type we wonder what enemy of God ever induced him to believe that the ministry was his vocation. Several weeks ago Wu Ting-Fang, the Chinese minister, was invited to deliver the Fourth of July oration in Philadelphia, and thereupon the Rev. Dr. Burnfield, for lack of a more sensational theme, arose in his pulpit and in terms insulting to China's representative, proclaimed his dissatisfaction with the committee's choice of an orator. Wu Ting-Fang happens to be an ardent believer in Confucianism, and hence he is not in good standing in the Presbyterian church, but as a believer in religious freedom we are constrained to dissent from the Rev. Dr. Burnfield's views regarding the unfitness of Mr. Ting-Fang as a Fourth of July spellbinder. The Chinese minister is a cultured gentleman who has won the esteem of the people of this country by his learning and by his sentiments on international topics. The Rev. Dr. Burnfield objected to him because "he is a cynic," and because "he sizes up the character of the Americans for their own edification and then mockingly shows how inferior they are to his own celestials." No better reasons, in our opinion, could be urged for his selection. We have become weary of listening to the spread-eagle platitudes of the regulation fire-cracker orator. No man should be more welcome than the one who can point out our faults and our shams and our shortcomings, and who has the grace to do so without offending our vanity. Dr. Burnfield says that China is behind the times, and that Minister Wu knows nothing about liberty. He represents Chinese idolatry. "If we must have a foreigner," he said, "let us have, for instance, the Ambassador from such a Republic as France or the representative from England." He might have added, "and if we must have a Minister let us have a Presbyterian minister." How inconsistent to object to the representative of China, and recommend the ambassador from the tottering republic which is going into senile decay! and as for the representative of England—well he may know more about liberty than Minister Wu, but surely he doesn't care to preach about it with South African affairs so fresh in his memory. Dr. Burnfield concluded with an appeal to his congregation not to attend the Fourth of July exercises. What a disagreeable chap he is!

The Wrong Kind of Education

Still another case of "kleptomania" in college is reported, from the University of Nebraska, where a young lady of eighteen has been detected in purloining books from her fellow students. "Physicians think she is morally irresponsible." There is something over-ripe, not to say rotten, in an educational system which takes pupils through the dead languages, higher mathematics and a smattering of all the ologies under the sun, and leaves them at the end of the passage without the elemental virtue of common honesty. These reports of thefts amongst students are now of almost daily occurrence, and invariably the excuse of mental incompetence is brought forward. How does it happen that boys and girls capable of taking up a college course have not been put under some form of discipline that would have given them a notion of the rights of property, and if they are actually so deficient in capacity, why are they in colleges and universities instead of in reform schools? We have grown all too well accustomed to classing college students by themselves and overlooking their acts of lawlessness against the communities which are heavily taxed to supply them with an education which few of them appeciate, because of a mouldy tradition that college graduates elevate the general standing of the community and add something to the sum total of the world's good. When colleges were fewer in the land and their attendants were something in the nature of a picked body studying for some definite career, there was some excuse for the attitude of tolerance towards them. College men were, in the early years of the century, mere boys in years, scarcely older than the average high school attendant of today, but at the present stage of the world they are men, often past their quarter century, and in any other situation in life they would be held strictly to both private and public account for their "pranks." The girl student who at eighteen or twenty-one is "morally irresponsible" when she helps herself to the gauds of her more wealthy fellow students usually shows no lack of acumen in disposing of her spoil and applying the proceeds to the betterment of her own wardrobe. The housemaid who under similar circumstances is even suspected of dishonesty is apt to find herself, if not actually imprisoned, at least

turned out without a character, which is virtually the same as being deprived of a means of earning her living. It is about time that some of these new-fangled theories were dropped and the world turned back to the old doctrine of personal responsibility and strict accounting. There can be no possible good from educating those who lack the essential elements upon which all education is founded. If we have amongst us a considerable number of the so-called better classes of truth and integrity, there is need not for higher education, in order that they may fit themselves for places of responsibility, but places of restraint where they may occupy themselves with useful manual labor. Industrial schools fit the case better than universities. There are thieves enough manufactured out of unfortunate environment every day. There is no necessity for setting up colleges to improve the brand.

The Reading Habit

President Gilman of the Johns Hopkins University complains that "We" read too much. "It is a kind of craze that has got hold of the people. It is a dangerous habit, like a stimulant. * * It is quite time that we establish a professorship of what to read and how to read. Let us read less and think more." There is nothing particularly new in President Gilman's arraignment. It has been made in substantially the same words by one and another, ever since reading was looked upon in any other light than the necessary equipment of a churchman. Charles Lamb quotes from Lord Foppington in "The Relapse," as an introduction to his own "Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading." "To mind the inside of a book is to entertain one's self with the forced product of another man's brains. Now I think a man of quality and breeding may be much amused with the natural sprouts of his own," to which the gentle Elia adds, "An ingenious acquaintance of my own was so much struck with this bright sally of his Lordship's that he has left off reading altogether, to the great improvement of his originality. At the hazard of losing some credit on this head, I must confess that I dedicate no inconsiderable portion of my time to other people's thoughts. I dream away my life in others' speculations. I love to lose myself in other men's minds. When I am not walking, I am reading. I cannot sit and think. Books think for me." Henri Peine Du Bois says, "An old monk at Pascagoula said to me one day, 'You lose a great deal of time learning from books things that the Lord will tell you in an instant if he wishes.' I know now that he was right. It is a great error to read books instead of brooks, lakes, rivers, the trees and the clouds." The evils of reading, like many, if not all other ills, are largely relative, and the question may often be resolved into one of what else one should or could be doing, if not reading. A woman of abundant leisure and few occupations is not worse employed while poring over the latest popular novel than she would have been a few years earlier in her lifetime in killing time with the busy idleness of endless fancy work and gossip. Growing girls are at least no worse off in company with the sentimental heroine of a popular book than in strolling about the streets with companions of their own age, ogling or being ogled. Theoretically, workers of both sexes should spend their spare time after work hours in "improving themselves," but practically they are doing well to relax mental effort, and rest, even if the rest takes the form of reading. It is not that we read too much, but that there is too much trash at hand to be read, and the fault of this is to be laid directly at the door of the present form of schooling, erroneously called education. The idiotic attempts that are made to interest the kids of the kindergarten in "Literature" are enough to make them forswear forever, anything but stories pure and simple, and the manner in which everything is minced and chopped and strained and peptonized, lest it should prove too much for their mental digestion is enough to make literary dyspeptics of the whole race. The progress by which a love of good reading is sought to be inculcated is very much the same as that by which an older generation was taught to read—by endless repetitions of meaningless a-b ab, e-b eb, etc. until the final height was reached by the persevering pupil, goaded to the same perseverance by a plentiful application of the birch rod, and the whole magnificent vista of "i-s is, i-t it, a-n an, o-x ox," was outspread and the unfortunate infant, of whom Kipling's "Black Sheep" is a type, resolved never to read at all, since he could see neither rhyme, reason nor entertainment in such dull and meaningless exercise. We have too many books which are but poor attempts to do again something that has already been done well enough. Too many histories are mere compilations and condensations of older and better works. Biographies no longer stick to their subject, but waste half their bulk in aimless chitterings over apochryphal traditions. The historical romance usurps the field, and the romance which is quite as reliable, so far as facts go, crowds close on its heels. The books which are written down to children's supposed mental capacity are perhaps more to blame than any other cause for the lack of mental backbone which seems to be characteristic of the day. When there was no distinct branch of children's literature, and the little people who cared for reading had to take what they could find, it was not uncommon for boys and girls of nine and ten years to read Shakespeare, Milton, Scott, or any other author nothing daunted by a few hard words which they soon learned to interpret correctly enough, and to spell as well. It was the typical Sunday school book of half a century ago which did more harm than anything of its day in the matter of vitiating taste. The Sunday-school library was established long before any other form of free library, and the Sunday-school book was a thing sui generis. It was

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there that religious doctrine and church history were turned into spoon-meat and fed in morsels, or handed out in the shape of adulterated sugar plums. It was there that the taste for these unsubstantial goodies was fostered, and despite the pulpit thunders against the novel and novel readers, it was the Sunday-school library that educated the race of readers who are actuated by no other motive than idle curiosity as to whether "he" got "her" or "she" got "him," as the one goal of all their reading. It is useless to counsel the public to read nothing but the classics, to go back to Chaucer and Spenser, and to take up the Latin and Greek epics before reading modern authors, and it is equally useless to counsel only scientific or historical reading. We must live in our own time. Man was not made to read books, but books to be read by man. The effect of any system of reading depends upon the mind of the reader. Don Quixote became a victim of his over-zeal in romance, just as the small boy suffers from the dime novel. Women of the last generation patterned themselves after the weak and flabby heroines of their day, and languished and fainted according to rule. It was quite recently advanced as a defense in a case of murder that the female defendant had been dominated by the heroine of one of Marie Corelli's lurid romances. It is obvious that the generality of people need some system of selection in regard to reading matter, but how is it to be prescribed? Have we any one class capable of selecting for any other? Who can extract pleasure or profit from books read because "they ought to be?" Who goes conscientiously through any list of the Hundred Best Books which some one has described as the books every one ought to read and no one does? Where is the use in trying to make a brain of Duchess capacity regale itself on "Vanity Fair," and is there any task under the heavens more hopeless than preaching the beauties of sentimental poetry to a mind essentially prosaic and four-square? Something can be done in the way of cultivating taste, but the first essential to that end is that there be some taste, or if not, that good taste be implanted, and the next is that weeds and brambles shall have no opportunity to over-run and choke out the seedling growth. With a circulating library at every door, and children of twelve years given full swing in the selection of their own reading matter, this is not easily accomplished. Obviously the time is not far distant when something must be done to limit the quality of the product of the press but it is not clear by what means any authoritative body capable of performing this duty is to be formed. It cannot be selected from among the writers, nor, judging by the experience of the Boston Library Committee, from the readers, even though they be a select body. Neither the press nor the pulpit will do, nor is it precisely the task for Congress or the State Legislatures.

The Saunterer

To Wed in Honolulu

An heiress to the Hihn millions is preparing to go to Honolulu to marry a hotel clerk. There is nothing strange about that for the Hihns with all their wealth are a very simple and unostentatious family. While the founder of the fortune lives they will probably never attempt to break into society, for they are all kept too busy adding to the cash in hand to think of social dissipations. And that, by the way, was perhaps the reason why "Billy" Cope, the ex-husband of the lady who is about to remarry, according to my Santa Cruz correspondent, severed his connection with the family. "Billy" Cope married Katie Hihn, the eldest of the three daughters of F. A. Hihn, many years ago. He was then in the hardware business in Santa Cruz, but being unsuccessful he sold out and became manager of the Hihn Company at a small salary. He drudged along for some years with no prospect of outliving his father-in-law, and so one day he left for Oregon and later on his wife sued for and obtained a divorce.

The Hihn Girls

Mrs Cope's fiance is F.M. Smith, who was formerly clerk of the St. George hotel in Santa Cruz, and who is now employed in a similar capacity in Honolulu. The marriage is to take place in October. Another daughter, Tessie, is married to George Reddy, who was also a hotel clerk, and the third daughter, Aggie, caused a flutter in Santa Cruz social circles about a year ago when, after being admitted to the bar in this city, she procured a license to marry Charles Younger, an attorney of the seaside city. The marriage never took place, however. They explained that they obtained the license for a lark to surprise their friends. But there is a prospect of their engagement being announced some day. That the thrift of old Hihn, if not his fortune, has been inherited by his children is evident from their close application to business, and from an incident in connection with Mrs. Cope's preparations for departure. She owns a residence in Santa Cruz which she decided to rent, but before doing so she gave it a thorough cleaning, and she hired no one to do the work. Even the scrubbing she did herself.

His Business Methods

F. A. Hihn is a multi-millionaire but he has never figured prominently in financial circles. He owns considerable business property in this city and when any of it is in need of repair he sends his car-

If you have not dined at Techau Tavern you have not been in Frisco

THE STANDARD FOR CHAMPAGNE QUALITY IS

POMMERY & GRENO

THE WORLD OVER.

penters and plumbers and painters up from Santa Cruz to do the work. He owns half the county of Santa Cruz, but most of his interests are at Capitola to which he has deflected the summer traffic much to the disgust of the people of the once popular sea-side town. He owns all of Capitola including the hotel and cottages which he built with lumber from his own lumber mill, and he controls the few stores that get the patronage of the summer visitors. Some time ago the owners of the electric street railroad in Santa Cruz contemplated tapping Capitola for the summer trade, but they found that they could not reach that point without a right-of-way from Hihn, and that they could not obtain.

How He Obtained the Fortune

Like Jay Gould, Hihn started in life as a peddler. It was in that capacity that he first visited Santa Cruz about the year 1850. He opened a store there for his wife, who was a milliner, and they did a lucrative business with the Mexicans and Spaniards. The big tract of land which covers half the county and which he now owns was formerly the Castro ranch. The owner of it bequeathed it to the Catholic church and Hihn was engaged by the disinherited relatives to break the will. He made a contract by which he was to obtain half the land if the will was broken and he then hired the lawyers. They won the case and Hihn secured half the tract under his contract and the other half by foreclosing mortgages on it.

"What was the real reason Mr. De Russey De Vere Swell's salary was docked?" asked the Civil Service Commissioner.

"Well, I'll tell you," answered the Janitor, "he would wear a clean collar every day."

Will the Widow Live There?

The great show-place at Monterey this year appears to be the castle on the cliff projected by Hugh Tevis, and which its conceiver will never occupy. Groups of sight-seers continually hover in the vicinity of the stone dwelling on the cliff, which is practically inaccessible owing to the huge boulder against which it leans. It is as gloomy as a state prison. Many thousands of dollars were expended in its furnishing, and it is sad to see all this splendor without any owner, as it were. The young widow has not indicated whether she will ever reside in the castle by the sea, and those who know her best say that she never will. There are too many sad memories connected with the place. Monterey people remember seeing Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Tevis driving daily to the stone castle, superintending its furnishing and decoration. They speak of the happiness depicted on the bridegroom's features, and the joyous, childlike delight taken in everything by the young bride. All this gives a romantic tinge to the residence, which naturally interests sight-seers.

Correcting a Misapprehension

After reading the interview with Mrs. George Morse, niece of President William McKinley of Washington, D. C., and mother of Marjorie McKinley Morse, who just missed being the Baby McKee of the present Administration, I feel that I owe that lady an apology. From that interview it appears that she is not ambitious of social honors: that she is of a retiring, unostentatious nature, cares not a tinker's imprecation for Blingum or the 400 and loves the quiet solitude of her own little circle. Evidently I have misjudged her. I was misled by the dailies. I am now convinced that Mrs. Morse has a double who impersonated the niece of the President during McKinley's visit to this city. She gave her pictures to the dailies, and supplied the papers with numerous items regarding herself and family. She sent a floral piece to the meeting of the alumnae of Irving Institute, with a note stating that the flowers graced her table that morning when President William McKinley dined with her, and she did other things equally ridiculous. But now I am glad to know that the genuine Mrs. Morse was not the one that craved notoriety, and kept herself in the limelight. I have no inclination to write up people who have not made public characters of themselves. Moreover, I can pardon the inconsistency of Mrs. Morse in being interviewed on the subject of her own reluctance to mingle in society's herd.

The Reason Why

My esteemed contemporary Madame La Bavarde, who is now the acknowledged oracle of the swagger swim, takes me to task for commenting on Scott hospitality. She explains that the Scotts charged the citizens of San Francisco with the cost of entertaining the McKinleys, because they did not wish to put the visitors under obligations, and for the additional reason that the President and his wife were guests of the city and not of any individuals. I have never understood that a host considered that his guests were under obligations of any sort. The true host prefers to have his guests believe that they honor him by their presence and by accepting his hospitality. But whatever view may be taken I cannot help marveling at those bills. I have looked into the matter and I have learned that thirty-four hundred dollars, the amount of the caterer's bill, is sufficient to supply the food consumed in one of our first-class hotels for a whole month. And as for the laundry bill—well, it is too much of a task to estimate the number of pieces of soiled linen that can be washed for four hundred dollars.

Anticipating Present-Buyers

And now comes another story anent the wedding. It deals with the presents. Mother and daughter visited Shreve's some weeks ago, and arranged matters for the convenience of those who desired to contribute the customary token. Various articles were selected and set aside to be chosen by prospective purchasers. If you visited the store you were asked how much you desired to spend. If about ten dollars were the limit

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you were shown the articles on the ten dollar table, and you had the satisfaction of knowing that any article you selected would be suitable to the bride. And you could go as low or high as you pleased. And thus were precautions taken against becoming the recipient of more than one article of the same kind.

Is It Really Off?

With what degree of truth I am unable to say, the report is current that the engagement of Miss Elita Redding and young Gee is broken off. The fiance of Mr. and Mrs. Al Redding's charming daughter is in Denver, where he is now engaged in business, and it is said that the betrothal is completely off. Miss Redding is such a young girl that this news gives little surprise. She had not formally made her debut when the engagement was made known, and her friends hastened to bestow upon her the cups and saucers that always follow such announcements.

"What a charming, refine l young girl," said the man at the ball.

"She smokes cigarettes," said Sherlock Holmes.

"How do you know?"

"I saw her having a pair of gloves fitted this A. M., and her right forefinger betrayed the secret."

The Return of Mrs. Myers

After a long absence from her native city, Mrs. Leo M. Myers has come to visit her old home, relatives and friends. As Martha Shainwald she was one of the most popular girls in the Jewish smart set. She belonged to the Fruit and Flower Mission, and went in for both charity and society with an enthusiasm that was infectious. Her intimate friend in those days was Millie Greenebaum. It was a big surprise to her friends when Martha Shainwald announced her engagement, and she did it in such a novel way that the surprise was intensified. On a certain morning, the other girls were rung up by 'phone and asked to an informal tea at Martha's apartments at the Colonial. Upon their arrival they were introduced to Mr. Leo Myers, and were told that he was their hostess' fiance. The betrothal was of a romantic nature and was the sequel to a sea voyage. They met on the *Alameda*, when Miss Shainwald was returning from a ten months' tour of China, Japan and Australia. Mr. Myers is a native of Auckland, New Zealand, a barrister who is also largely interested in mining. He is a member of the Johannesburg and Auckland Stock Exchanges and represents a European mining syndicate as well. He has seen military service in his own country and has done some good fighting against the Boers. Mrs. Myers is a sister of Herman Shainwald, of Shainwald, Buckbee & Co. She is a very clever young woman and at one time had a literary ambition. She wrote dramatic criticisms for a local weekly, her knowledge of the drama extending over a wide period and well-fitting her for the task. The Shainwalds were members of the Hayman syndicate that controlled the Baldwin theatre interests.

"Old English" style of engraving increases in favor, not only for calling cards but for invitations as well. Messrs. Cooper & Co., the Art Stationers, make a specialty of this style.

A Lot With a History

One of the sites mentioned as suitable for the new Public Library is the lot bounded by Fillmore, Scott, Sutter and Post streets where once stood the ill-fated Crystal Palace. Unless it has been otherwise disposed of, this lot belongs to the estate of old Butler, one of the city's first settlers and the progenitor of Miss Emma Butler, one of the pretty girls of the smart set. The Crystal Palace was built upon this lot at a great expense, by a local amusement syndicate. It was designed to be a Crystal Palace such as the historic one of London, all of glass and with beautiful grounds about it. But it was not a success, and the project was abandoned. The buildings fell into decay and were finally destroyed by fire.

"Well, how did the new dandruff cure go?" asked the druggist.

"Too well," answered the purchaser of the patent cure.

"Why, didn't it remove the dandruff?"

"Yes, and my hair as well."

His scalp was as clean as a billiard ball.

The Bohemian club's midsummer high jinks will be pulled off on August third. Many new features are being worked up for the celebration. Dr. Arnold is to sire the high jinks. Billy Hopkins, Tom Rickard and Charlie Field constitute the executive committee of the affair.

Paul Neumann in Bohemia

In Robert Howe Fletcher's "Annals of the Bohemian Club," the name of the late Paul Neumann naturally appears many times. Mr. Neumann was one of the club's earliest members and he always took a genuine interest in its affairs. From the "Annals" I take the following story of "How Neumann Secured Harmony:"

Mr. Josselyn, at this period (1880) of the Club's career, played a prominent part in its affairs. Being a man of strong and determined opinions on every subject which came up for debate, he maintained his convictions with a heat, vigor and persistency that made him a formidable antagonist. He was one of the directors when Mr. Paul Neumann was President, and during the course of the administration, developed a hostility to several of Neumann's pet schemes. But Mr. Neumann, who was at this time State Senator, was as bland and sweet as possible in the face of this antagonism. Finally, one night when the session had been particularly long, and the room warm, Mr. Josselyn fell asleep, whereupon Mr. Neumann, noticing the fact, quietly called up the first of the obnoxious measures and declaring that it would be a pity to awaken his dear friend Josselyn, cast his vote for him in the affirmative. He then brought up in succession all of the other contested points, and voted Josselyn "aye" on each of them, with such success that when that gentleman was aroused at the final adjournment, he found that all of the measures he had antagonized were passed, and that he was on record in favor of them. Nor would the Board's sense of humor permit, when Mr. Josselyn demanded it, a reconsideration.

CROWN LUNCH ROOM

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Earl Russell's Divorce

The world's attention is being directed toward the incongruities and anomalies of our laws on marriage and divorce through the trial of the famous Earl Russell case now going on before the House of Lords. It will be remembered Earl Russell passed through here with Mrs. Summerville just before he took her to Lake Tahoe and Reno where their escapade ended in the marriage which brought about his arrest and all the present trouble. The case will be a memorable one: outside of exhibiting to the world the foolishness of our divorce laws there is a chance that in England it may lead to the abrogation of that relic of hereditary privilege, the right of a peer to be tried by his peers, that is by the House of Lords. The mode of procedure in such cases has been greatly modified of late years. For instance, when Lord Russell appeared before the bar last week, he made many obeisances in advancing. Formerly it was the custom to approach the bar in a crawling position, on hands and feet. But Earl Russell did not sink to his knees till he reached the Lord High Chancellor, who, when the proper time came, told him to rise. The proceedings were private. The last time this question of trial by one's peers was raised was some fifty years ago when Lord Cardigan was charged with fighting a duel and shooting Captain Tuckett. He was acquitted on a technicality, and the outcome was generally regarded as a miscarriage of justice.

With his honored name and his retrospect of quasi-matrimonial relations and adventures, the Earl is an object lesson of the deterioration of the titled class. During the last three years there has been a series of discreditable litigations in which he has been mixed up. Nine months after his marriage Countess Russell instituted proceedings for divorce, but the earl was acquitted of alleged acts of cruelty. Subsequently she brought suit for restitution of conjugal rights and the earl obtained judicial separation on the ground that she was guilty of legal cruelty in making criminal charges against him. The lower court decided in his favor; the Court of Appeal dismissed both petitions and its judgment was sustained on appeal to the House of Lords Meanwhile the earl had sued his mother-in-law, Lady Selina Scott, for criminal libel and she was convicted and sent to prison. Later on, Countess Russell appeared in a provincial theatre, in "The Runaway Girl." She was performing in a London music hall when Earl Russell wired to the *Times* from Reno, Nevada, the advertisement of his marriage to Mrs Summerville, after both of them had obtained American divorces. Altogether the hearing of the case is going to drag a time honored name deeper in the mire and impair to a degree the prestige of the privileged class. Incidentally we'll learn what the House of Lords thinks of our easy ways of marrying and divorcing.

Pertinent Court Gossip

Some day a big scandal may bob up in the Superior court of this city, and all because of the practice of certain judges in feathering the nests of favorites. When a judge is called upon to appoint a Receiver he usually appoints a friend to the job, or else the man that is appointed selects for his attorney either the individual who made the judge's fight in the convention or the chap that was in partnership with him before his election to the bench. There is, perhaps, nothing essentially wrong in such a practice, for, as the judges usually explain, there is a responsibility attaching to the Court in such matters and they therefore desire to be represented by the people in whom they have confidence. But it happens not infrequently that the Receiver or his attorney gets an exceptionally liberal allowance for services rendered, and then the lawyers in the case wink knowingly at one another. Sometimes the law's delays grow exceedingly wearisome to the litigants who have to pay the fees of the Receiver and his attorney, and if either job is held by a friend of the court, the people whose money is involved become somewhat suspicious. They wonder whether the judge is delaying the proceedings in the interest of his friend whose fees are accumulating as time passes.

A Few Instances

Hence the gossip that one hears in legal circles. I heard a story the other day, of a case in which both plaintiff and defendant had agreed upon a plan of terminating the suit, but the judge, who was a friend of the attorney for the Receiver,was reluctant to make the assignment according to the wishes of the litigants. He insisted that the wishes of the Receiver should be consulted. The attorneys couldn't understand what interest the Receiver had in the matter, other than that of the fixing of his fees. They were so indignant that there was some talk about calling the attention of the court in bank to the matter. I heard of another case in which the attorneys for the party to the action who wanted a Receiver appointed against the wishes of his adversary, went off and hired an ex-partner of the Judge as associate counsel and got what they wanted. Everything may have been perfectly regular, but there was room for comment, and disappointed attorneys are usually suspicious. I should suggest that the ex-partner of a judge always try his cases in some other court. As there are twelve departments of the Court it is easy for a lawyer to refrain from embarrassing his friend.

"Young Millions reminds me of a cabbage."
"Why, is he so fresh?"
"No, but he so easily loses his head."

In Miss Beveridge's Defense

A slip of the pen last week made me tangle up the facts as to Kuhne Beveridge's parentage, and as usual, when an error appears in these columns, which

A clean house means clean carpets; phone South 250 for City Steam Carpet Beating Works and you will be satisfied, Geo H. Stevens, Mgr.

H. L. Davis J. W. Davis
W. D Fennimore

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317-319 KEARNY ST. Bet. Bush and Pine

I am proud to say is seldom, one of my readers hastens to call my attention to the matter. In this instance my correspondent conceals his identity, a circumstance that I regret, because his action in rushing to the defense of the clever but reckless young woman is evidence of a gallant spirit which is not a characteristic of the anonymous letter writer. I assume that the writer is a man, because women seldom bother themselves about defending one of their own sex Notwithstanding his concealment of his identity, however, I shall publish his letter because his only unpleasant comments and views are with regard to myself. I plead not guilty, however, to "biting the calves of the Blingum Snobocracy." I prefer a less highly seasoned flesh. And as for giving pain to the father and grandfather of Miss Beveridge, I cannot understand why they should be pained to be reminded that they are the progenitors of such a young woman as my correspondent represents her to be. She is undoubtedly a genius, and as eccentric as the average genius. And I am quite sure that my paragraphs pained her less than they did my anonymous correspondent.

Kuhne, the Genius

This is his letter:

San Francisco, July 10, 1901.

My Dear Saunterer:

Do not, I beg of you, live so literally up to your name. It's really too bad that you should mar the cleverness of your usual social pen-walks by making Kuhne Beveridge the daughter of her grandfather, when by stopping a bit, or going straight at the facts you could have learned that the much retrospected young lady is the daughter of Mr. Phil Beveridge, a son of the venerable John L. Beveridge, formerly Governor of Illinois. Of course it may add piquancy to the stew you—and other genial Saunterers—delight to keep the bright young girl in, to make her the daughter of a Governor. I happen to number among the few quiet, modest and refined men I call friends in California, not only the rugged old war horse Governor Beveridge, who is undoubtedly pained by the flippant use of his grandchild's name, but her father—who must be also pained by the ghoul-like parade of an unhappy past, as well as a daughter's present sorrow. The girl is not entirely responsible for the "limelight heroine," habit, so hard to get over after a few youthful years in this grandiloquent city. She has achieved fame, and carried California into the realms of art. If she also possessed the beauty and wit to become engaged to the sons of two Secretaries of State, let that not be hurled at her with the scathing satire of a Saunterer's pen—just because she made a "pleasing duty" of the camera fashion then—as now—the prevailing one in San Francisco. After all it is something if she has "kept herself in the public eye" and not the nostrils. Be kind, my good old rambling friend—incidentally accurate—and when you have climbed those heights to which your genius for pricking the bladders of Blingum entitles you, let no one remember when you were the scribbling offspring of a wit-shop and had to fling ink upon the name of one artist whose robes have been white in many lands, and who might now be a bride of the day, but for young Hay's death.

Possibly your error in making her the sister of her father may be small excuse for my intrusion, in fact it's my second grievance. The first is, it pains me to see you snapping at the heels of success, when I do so thoroughly enjoy your biting the calves of the Blingum snobocracy. If I were in society, I would part my name in the middle and ask you not to print it—but expect you to. As I am not, and do not fear the oblivion of a waste paper death will take chances on your believing me A Jay.

Batchelder at Home Again

Willard J. Batchelder, the popular teacher of vocalism, has just returned from New York city, where he spent some months in making an exhaustive study of the Curtis method of voice-culture. He received special personal instruction from Dr. Holbrook Curtis. The success of the method in the East has been phenomenal. It has been taken up by such artists as Nellie Melba, Jean de Rezske and other principals of the Metropolitan opera company. The method is said to be particularly adapted to the building up of voices strained and weakened from overwork. Mr. Batchelder, in common with other vocal teachers of the city, had heard much of the method and its working for some years and lately his desire for an investigation became so strong that one fine day he packed up and left for New York on a trip wherein business and pleasure were combined. He saw all there was to see and has returned with a store of learning which he hopes to turn to profit in the near future.

"Music is the food of love," sighed the poet as he listened to the strains of "Salome."

"That's all you know about it," observed the man about town, "champagne and a bird are more like it."

A New Attic

The numerous friends of "Benny" Benjamin, the genial sporting man of the *Chronicle*, will be rejoiced to hear that he contemplates reorganizing the "Attic." The name will recall many evenings of wholesome fun and frolic wherein leading devotees of the Thespian art enjoyed prominent participation. The first set of rooms bearing the name was located on the corner of Kearny and Clay streets, the very borders of Chinatown and therefore full of a subtle interest to the uninitiated. "Bertie" Hunt of the *Chronicle* was Benjamin's partner in the rooms, which were tastefully decorated in true bohemian style, and there true bohemian revelry was held. Leading actors and actresses sipped their punch in those rooms, and "Benny" can boast of having received the most beautiful women on the American stage. Mary Mannering, Maxine Elliott, Mary Van Buren aired their graces there; the rich tones of the d'Arville rang over the dilapidated roofs hard by; Hamilton Hill woke up the echoes with the "Holy City"; George Fuller Golden revived reminiscences of his friend Casey. Millionaires visited the rooms; likewise several society favorites. Of a sudden, however, the owner of the rooms turned up from Honolulu and the "Attic" was at an end. Recently Benjamin conceived the idea of reviving the "Attic." The location selected is not far from the old one, being at the corner of Montgomery and Merchant streets. His mind is divided between current events in the sporting world and the decoration of his rooms. He has interviewed decorators and has reached the conclusion that red and green should be the prevailing colors. It will not be long before processions of gaily attired Thespians will be seen escaping from stage doors and making their way toward the Latin quarter in the silent watches of the night.

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Another Cultured Hero

Let not the suave and cultured hero who paid an unheralded visit to the Hammond residence in Jackson street last week take unto himself everlasting credit for a sublime piece of daring, or be swayed too much by the gaudy press notices he has received, thus bringing himself to believe that culture in crime is his own exclusive prerogative. There are others—at least one more. This rival in the art of jeune siecle pillaging surpasses the Hammond guest in point of interest for the reason that he has not been guilty of that commonplace subterfuge—wearing a mask. Just now the hero of this brief narrative—or villain, as you please—is out of the city, traveling through Europe. He is probably visiting the noted centres of the old country in the hope of cultivating his voice, which has thrilled many a congregation here and opened many a door to him.

The Boarding School Romance

It all came about at Miss West's fashionable boarding school in Van Ness avenue. Miss West has always permitted the young ladies in her care to receive young men callers, on Friday evenings, and it was upon one of these chosen nights, not long ago, that a popular youth, lionized because of his peerless voice, paid his respects to Miss Lola Davis, a young lady boarder. The young man had been properly presented—there is no question as to that. His first few calls, in fact, were all that they should have been, and he was able to grace some of the plush furniture in the main drawing room while talking of little nothings in the presence of the accustomed chaperon, until the appointed hour of ten o'clock, when in obedience to the iron-clad rule of the school he bowed himself out. Miss Davis received the young man frequently, and formal acquaintanceship ripened to friendship. The youth had a penchant for recounting some of his thrilling escapades "with the boys," but neither Miss Davis nor the other buds who received with her, gathered from his recitations the tip that their guest was a very wild young man. But they found it out.

The Robbery

In an enthusiastic moment, when jesting ran high one evening, the youth borrowed from Miss Davis a valuable diamond ring. She did not get it back that evening, but it is not uncommon for boarding school girls to farm out their jewels temporarily with the college men who are paying their addresses, and the young man with the sweet voice wore the ring for a long time. Then it disappeared. He called less frequently, but each time had some plausible story to tell about the ring, and it was about the time that Miss Davis was growing uneasy that the climax came. One evening she hurried down to dinner to announce that while absent from her room someone had ascended a fire escape, entered a window, and stolen all her jewels. There was consternation, of course, and the matter was quietly placed in the hands of detectives. The robbery was the one topic at the school, but every young lady in the building was pledged to secrecy.

The "Artistic" Bow—a new thing in fine silk patterns, at 25 cents each will be appreciated for its value when seen. Can be had at Lewison's the Leaders—Gents Furnishers, 953 Market street between 5th and 6th. The busiest block in San Francisco.

The Recovery

One evening the young man with the voice returned. He prefaced a long recital of woes to Miss Davis with another story of wild adventure. He told of having passed the school one night just in time to see a sailor descending the fire escape that led to Miss Davis' room, and that, suspecting he was a burglar, there had been nothing for it but to attack the man. There had been a sharp scuffle betweeen the sweet singer and the rough sailor somewhere out in Van Ness avenue in the stilly night, and then the sailor had broken away and fled, leaving the heroic youth bleeding and alone upon the sidewalk. Of course he did not report the matter to the school. Not he. That would have given them all undue alarm. He had repaired to the water front region and scoured the grog shops and stalls until, after weeks of weary searching, he had found the villainous sailor. Again there had been a sharp struggle—and this time the youth obtained a half-Nelson on the scoundrel and brought him to time. It took lots of threatening to induce the sailor to confess but at last he had weakened and said he had pawned the jewels.

"And I made him redeem some of them," concluded the hero. "I have brought you back the pawn tickets for the rest."

There was no one to say him nay to his gallery play. He was thanked, and particularly since he had restored the diamond ring that had first melted to oblivion Miss Davis rejoiced. Would she redeem the rest of the jewels? Only too gladly. Not until the dread hour of ten rolled around that night and the musical young man made his way toward the door, did the reactionary reasoning commence. Then, just as the big portals were swinging to it happened to occur to Miss Davis to inquire:

"But how did you know when you saw the sailor on the fire escape, that he had come from my room?"

One of those charitable north winds that always loaf down Van Ness avenue in time to rescue something or somebody, drowned the answer—and the young man went to Europe. Do you blame him?

In Manila's Smart Set

From my Manila correspondent I learn that one of the Afong girls, Martha, is managing a wing of the smart set at Dajupan. Her marriage with Lieutenant Dougherty was a notable affair. When he was detailed to the Philippines she accompanied him there and has done graceful work, not only to lighten their lives in that monotonous sphere, but to make their



JESSE MOORE

A A

WHISKEY

BEST ON EARTH

home the headquarters of the social life of the place. They live in a quaint cottage on the Passig river. Mrs. Dougherty has exercised the liveliest skill in decorating it with airy, bizarre effects. So frequent are the trips of friends across the river to Aloha cottage that a fine boat had to be chartered and kept in use to accommodate the merry crowds. A sister of Mrs. Dougherty, the wife of Judge Humphreys of Honolulu, came to this city with her husband, and they are now journeying Eastward.

Representatives of the Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar Company are just back from Maui, Hawaii, where they attended the exercises to commemorate the laying of the corner stone of what will be the biggest sugar mill on earth, at Spreckelsville. Its capacity is five hundred tons a day. H. P. Baldwin had charge of the affair.

Cupid, Hymen and the U. S. Treasury

"The last time there was a mint deficit here," said a dowager society woman, "one of our society girls got a husband by it." She referred to Sheda Torbert. The expert sent out by the Government to help count the cash was Valentine Snyder. Mr. Shyder was lionized somewhat by society and when he went back East he carried the image in his heart of pretty Sheda Torbert, daughter of Charles Torbert's widow and a niece of Mrs. John F. Swift. Their engagement came next and a speedy marriage. The Snyders now live in New York, and when the youngest girl, Mollie, went to visit her sister she also became engaged and quickly married, to a New York man, Mr. Underwood Kirkpatrick. Both the sisters are rare beauties, Sheda, a blonde, and Mollie brown-eyed and brunette. The third, and eldest sister, is Mrs. James Fearon, whose home is in Shanghai.

First Clubman: Judge Blank is lying at the point of death.

Second Clubman: Which is but another illustration of the ruling passion.

Carnegie and the Restaurateur

Now that Andrew Carnegie has offered to send a little of his money to this city we will no doubt begin to regard him with more than usual interest. He has been giving away his millions so rapidly, that we are likely to conclude that he has no heirs. But he has. There is a certain young lady, a daughter of Mr. Carnegie, who has managed to escape the attention of the daily newspapers. The supposition is that she has been amply provided for. She is now in her Scottish home at Skibo with her mother and aunt. With all his great wealth Mr. Carnegie has found that there is one thing that money cannot do. Adjoining his splendid mansion in Fifth avenue, is one of the oldest restaurants in New York. He has offered to buy the property at three times its value, but the proprietor declines to sell on any terms whatever. So the baffled millionaire has sought to hide the obnoxious building by planting lofty trees just inside his own boundary.

Society women are fortifying themselves for the summer campaign with Wm. Williams & Sons V. V. O. Scotch Whisky.

His Rise to Affluence

George Palmer, the chief of the *Journal–American–Examiner* art department, is on a visit to this city. Mr. Palmer is now one of the highest salaried men on the Hearst pay-roll. Mr. Hearst found him in the old *Examiner* editorial rooms in Sacramento street in the eighties. Hearst had just come out from Harvard intent upon carving out his journalistic career, and revolutionizing the newspaper business. Clarence Greathouse, the attorney, who afterward became an Oriental diplomat, was then managing editor of the paper which was costing George Hearst about five thousand dollars a month, that being about the amount of the monthly deficit. Palmer was a young man who had shortly before quit a seafaring life to become the amanuensis of Editor Greathouse. There were no typewriters in those days, and Greathouse was too lazy to write his daily morning leader. Palmer whiled away the days loafing in the etching room of a neighboring mechanic who prepared the crude newspaper "cuts" of those days. Slowly he discovered that he knew something about art. About the time that young Hearst took charge of the paper, Palmer improvised an etching plant in the *Examiner's* Sacramento street rookery. He soon attracted the attention of the young Napoleon, who sent him East to perfect himself in newspaper art work. Now he draws a salary of ten thousand a year and sports a yacht. Yet he has never achieved his ambition, that of being a water front reporter on a big daily.

Mr. Palmer found his wife in a charming San Francisco girl, Jennie Burke, the second daughter of the late Judge Ethelbert Burke and a niece of ex-United States Senator Cornelius Cole. Their marriage occurred several years ago and they have two children, a little boy and girl. Mrs. Palmer and the children lately returned to New York from a trip abroad which included a visit to her husband's relatives in England.

A New Meddlesome Society

Mrs. John Pettee, president, and A. Kowalski, assistant secretary of the Universal Service society, sent me a communication this week, requesting announcement of the fact that they have just "opened the society with the desire to benefit ill-used and helpless children, to help and protect young and wayward girls, and to assist in all cases of distress; also to guard against cruelty to animals." Those are worthy purposes, but I am always fearful of the tendencies of the officers of such organizations. They meddle too much, as a rule, in the affairs of other people, and the injustice that they frequently inflict is seldom balanced by the good they accomplish I am in favor of suppressing all such organizations.

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The Irrepressible Dorothy

So, Dorothy Studebaker is back in town again and is really seeking a divorce this time. Well, Dorothy, you are a peach and no mistake. Scott McKeown was a ne'er-do-well, thoughtless lad, but the blame is not altogether on his side. You knew very well what he was when you married him and you were his willing partner in all the orgies that followed. So long as the money lasted it was all right, but you little thought that the bottom of the sack would be reached so soon. It must have been a shock to you, that morning in Los Angeles, when the sheriff's officers came to the door and your youthful husband, roused from heavy slumber, said, calmly: "I guess we're gone." You made some pretty speeches about that time, Dorothy, about clinging to your life's mate and fighting his battles for him. You were going on the vaudeville stage, for you had undoubted talent in that line, and you would earn money enough for both. At the same time, you well knew that when you stepped on the Orpheum boards for the first time it was with the firm intention of carving a way out for yourself in the world, having all there was in it in the way of fun and leaving your husband of a year to do as he dampleased. And how calm and self-possessed you were, Dorothy, when you made your first appearance! One would have thought you were an old hand on the boards.

She Has Gone the Pace

Your friends stuck to you, too, Dorothy, and they bought boxes whenever you appeared and applauded your grit and determination. It was a kind of shock when you concluded to go on tour as a sort of professional partner of a young man with a pleasing voice and a fetching way of using it in such melodies as "Honey, just play in your own back yard;" a shock I say, but, as the wise ones reflected, the stage is the stage after all. So now you are in town again, Dorothy, and you are going to air your matrimonial woes in the divorce court so that you may rightly wear your maiden name again and announce yourself as once more open to offers. But you have gone the pace, Dorothy, this short while. Your face is not what it was, nor is your form. Your complexion shows the strain of all it has been subjected to since you blossomed forth into the world; you are not what you were. You are careless, too, and the raglan of which a morning paper spoke is not of the latest or best. You had better return home, Dorothy, and try to imbue yourself with some of life's purpose. A short life and a merry one is all very well, but you were not brought up that way.

Father and Son

Anent the illness of Rudolph Spreckels the rumor is again current that there is a prospect of a reconciliation between the young man and his aged parents. The rumor has been in circulation several times. The estrangement between Claus Spreckels and his sons is a matter that has occasioned a deal of comment, and while there are many people that sympathize with the young men, those that are familiar with the circumstances, feel that the sons gave their father just cause for anger. Nevertheless there would be rejoicing among the friends of the family if a reconciliation were had. I have heard it said that Rudolph Spreckels has sought a reconciliation and was repulsed. The story is a pathetic one. It is the story of a repentant son asking to be restored to the love of an aged and unbending parent who believes that he was cruelly wronged by ungrateful children.

The Son's Message

It is a story of much human interest and is suggestive of a chapter out of a mediaeval tale, one of those tales of a stern and unrelenting sire, filled with a sense of the duty a child owes to a parent, and unwilling ever to forgive an aspersion upon his honor, even though the rash offender be of his own flesh and blood. It is a story of peculiar interest in this community where the whole Spreckels family is beloved for the good its members has done. According to my informant, when Claus Spreckels was ill some time ago, Rudolph visited the Spreckels mansion and sought to reach the bedside of his father. The servant to whom he handed his card gazed at it in wonder at the same time declaring that nobody could see the sick man.

"He is my father," young Spreckels is reported to have said, "please take my card."

The servant obeyed, and returned with the announcement that the sick man could not be seen. Fearing that perhaps it might have been assumed that he was not inspired solely by his affection for his parents, he subsequently sent word to them that he was willing to waive all claims to his share in the estate. But the reconciliation has not been effected.

"Mrs. Flirty Modish boasts that she can make a fool of any man," said Mrs. Dowager Gossip, as she sipped iced tea on the veranda at Del Monte.

"Well, she failed in one instance," responded Mrs. Out-of-Date, vigorously fanning herself.

Mrs. Gossip moved her chair up closer to the other, expecting to be regaled with a delicious tale of romantic flavor.

"The man was her own husband," added Mrs. Out-of-Date, "he was one when he married her."

Tenor Roberts in Town

Reginald Roberts, primo-tenor of the Castle Square opera company of New York, came to town the other day to visit his friend Arthur Cunningham of the Tivoli. At the request of Robert Lloyd, choirmaster of the Central Methodist church, he will sing there Sunday evening. Roberts is recognized as one of the best light opera tenors in the country.

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Barnes vs. Rowell

A Fresno doctor named Rowell stands between General W. H. L. Barnes and the Tokio mission. If the Californian delegation could be induced to withdraw its support from Rowell, Barnes could get the job, but as the General is a polished man of rare ability and exceptionally well qualified to enter the diplomatic service there is considerable doubt about his being appointed. It seems strange that there should be any hesitancy on the part of the President but there is. The practice of medicine in a rural burg may fit a man for the diplomatic service, especially when it is the kind of service that McKinley seems to expect, but I hope that in this instance the President will ignore the politicians of the Californian delegation who are more concerned about their political interests than those of the country abroad.

It is the woman without tact who always remarks the absence of this quality in others.

Victoria's Private Life Laid Bare

According to my London correspondent, one of the most sedate and discreet of England's magazines has caused a big sensation by publishing an article on Queen Victoria containing many allusions to incidents in her private life. A good deal of private family history is revealed by the writer, and it is of a character which should have rendered it distasteful to the usually discreet editor. King Edward was furious and when one of the dailies mentioned a certain Court lady as the author of it, he summoned her to Marlborough House and demanded to know if the report was true. She most emphatically denied the authorship. It has since been suggested that as the article is so pregnant with details, and yet touches not upon the phase of Queen Victoria's dealings with her children, it may have been written by one of her numerous connections by marriage. There are several of them that have considerable literary talent, and it would not be unreasonable to suspect one of them of having accepted the large check which must have been paid for what is regarded as a remarkable contribution to the history of the late reign. Princess Henry of Battenburg has written several charming fairy tales. Princess Christian is a correspondent whose letters are filled with sarcastic comments on people and events, and it is well known that Empress Frederick has compiled memoires which threaten to convulse England and Germany after her death. Princess Charles of Denmark wields a graceful pen which has involved her in trouble in Copenhagen, and the Duke of Albany is quite a poet.

Nearly a Tragedy

What might have been a serious accident occurred at the Tivoli on Tuesday night, but I have seen no comment on the incident in any of the dailies. General Shafter was in a box listening with interest to the music of "The Babes in the Woods." In a moment of enthusiasm he leaned too heavily on the brass railing which broke beneath his weight. If his companions had not reached to the rescue, the late Commander of the Department of the Pacific would have been precipitated upon the audience beneath, and would have sustained serious injury. This accident serves to point two morals: one, to General Shafter, to reduce his avoirdupois; the other, to the Tivoli management, to strengthen its box railings, for General Shafter may again forget that he is not in a hammock.

Self-Expatriation of Searles

A resident of this city who recently returned from England informs me that Edward Searles, the Boston decorator who inherited the Hopkins fortune, has followed the example of William Waldorf Astor. He has established a residence in England, and has become a subject of the King. Searles, it will be remembered, married the widow of the railroad magnate. She was many years his senior, and she did not live long after the marriage. She bequeathed the fortune to Searles, and then followed a contest prosecuted by Timothy Hopkins with whom a settlement was made. Searles gave the Hopkins Institute of Art to us so that public sentiment would not be all on the other side.

The Man With the Hoe has reached the topmost height of distinction and now ranks with the five cent cigar. It is the name of one of the nickel monthlies.

The Major's Opinion

Major Wilson, U. S. A. doesn't think much of the professional zeal of the feminine pedagogues who have joined in the hegira to Manila. It was last Sunday, on the up train from Del Monte, that Major Wilson, apropos of the *Grant's* passenger list, made a rash hazard as to the real purpose of the wholesale storming of the Philippine Islands by the army of school-teachers. His remarks were presumably addressed to Mrs. Minor, who will shortly leave for Manila to join her husband, Dr. Minor, formerly of the San Francisco barracks but for a year past on duty in the Philippines. But the Major's tone, the loud accents of one accustomed to command attention, was far from inaudible to the car's other occupants, and his words were to this effect:

"Have you ever read 'To Have and to Hold?'"

His vis-a-vis' answer was unheard but was doubtless affirmative.

"Well, you remember the passage referring to the women sent out from England to America, poor slaves to be allotted as wives to the settlers? These teachers going out to the Islands remind me of that passage. Going out for husbands — am I not right?"

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A Bank Clerk a Lord

The fact revealed in Monday's despatches that Albert Fairfax, a clerk in the New York banking house of Baring, Magoun & Co., has commissioned Clarence Gary, a Gotham lawyer, to present his claim to the right to sit in the House of Lords of Great Britain, has again revived reminiscences of the tenth Lord Fairfax, well known in California where he lived for years. Young Fairfax is a son of the eleventh baron of Fairfax, of Maryland. Neither the Maryland baron nor the Californian through whose death he inherited his title ever cared to claim his rights in England. But the son of the Marylander is willing to be seated in the House of Lords. The despatches state:

> Fairfax's petition was referred to Lord Pauncefote, who supervised the taking of testimony bearing on the claim of the New York bank clerk. There is no opposition presented to Lord Pauncefote; but as Lord Fairfax is an American citizen he will be required to take out naturalization papers for Great Britain. Being a Scottish title, the new American peer will be compelled to go over to Scotland and secure the consent of the other thirty-six Scottish peers at Holyrood Castle, because only by their vote can he be admitted to the House of Lords at London. The King cannot receive him until after the Scottish Lords have passed on his title.

The Lineage of the Fairfaxes

I have before written of the Californian Lord Fairfax, at the time of the death of the eleventh baron of the line. The Fairfaxes have a line which in the quality of its azure goes beyond that of British royalty. The family motto is "Fare fac," that is "Say do;" translated into understandable English it means "What I say, I will do." With this motto there is little doubt that the twelfth baron will gain his seat in the House of Lords. There were Fairfaxes who fought in the earliest crusades, and Fairfaxes famous in literature and at the the courts of Kings. Robert Fairfax was a famous composer of glees and madrigals who flourished in the fifteenth century. Edward Fairfax was a descendant of this Robert, the Edward who made the translation of Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered" into such beautiful English verse that King James called it "the finest poem in the English language." This version of "Jerusalem Delivered" is the one still in general use today.

In the sixteenth century the Fairfaxes were ennobled, having before that been but knights and lords of the manor of Deaton in Yorkshire. Ferdinand, the first baron, married the daughter of Lord Mulgrove. It was their son, Lord Thomas Fairfax, who became prominent under Oliver Cromwell and who assisted in the downfall of Charles I. He was identified with the Puritans, and in history one reads of his gallant actions particularly on the fields of Marston Moor and Naseby. It was he who captured Oxford, and he who conducted the negotiations that secured the purchase of the King from the Scottish army for one million dollars. But Lord Thomas Fairfax would not vote for the death of his sovereign and was absent at the trial. When Cromwell died, he became one of the adherents of Charles II.

At the Buffalo Exposition the visitors guard against sickness by draughts of Chapin & Gore's Old Reserve Whiskey.

Lord Fairfax in America

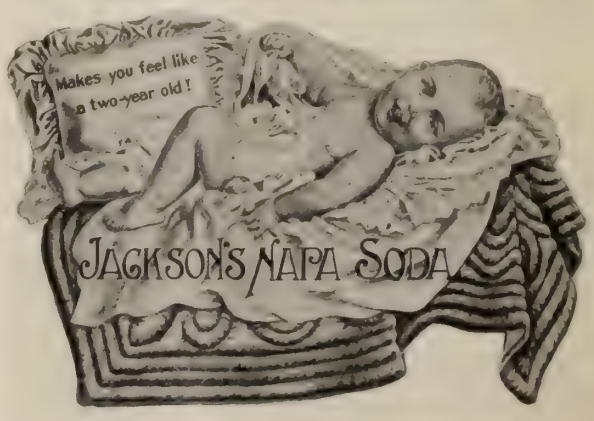
It was the grandson of this Lord Thomas who founded the American family of Fairfaxes. His father was ceded a great property in Virginia by the King, and disappointed in a love affair he left England and came to America. He was the hero of Thackeray's "Henry Esmond" and in "The Virginians" again figure two of the Fairfax name. George Washington was often entertained by Lord Fairfax at Greenway Court, and surveyed a portion of the estate for its owner. Lord Thomas Fairfax was a Tory, but was nevertheless greatly beloved by the Americans, who respected his property during the entire war. Sallie Fairfax, one of the baron's grandchildren, has been the heroine of more than one magazine story.

The Californian Lord Fairfax

A grandson of this Lord Thomas Fairfax was "Charlie" Fairfax as he is best remembered by those of his Californian friends who still survive. He came to California from Virginia in 1849, and lived in Grass Valley, where in 1854 he was made clerk of the Supreme court. In 1868 he went to the Democratic national convention as a delegate and it was in 1869 that he died, in Baltimore as the result of a wound received in this State a twelvemonth before. As it is only recently that I wrote a page of reminiscences of this delightful character, a gentleman "sans peur et sans reproche," I shall not recapitulate. The old Fort Ross estate belonged to Charlie Fairfax's widow, but their own hospitable home, at Fairfax, at the tenth Lord Fairfax's death was the property of the Wrights. Greenway Court in Virginia passed out of the original owner's hands after the Civil war period, and the home of Albert Fairfax, who desires to be seated in the British House of Lords, has always been in Maryland.

A Distinguished Woman Coming

Mrs. Alice Meynell is coming to this city in the fall to spend some months in the hope of improving her health. She is well known in England as a writer, and Thomas Hardy has pronounced her the best woman talker in England. She is a sister of Elizabeth Thompson, the artist, who painted "The Roll Call" and is now the wife of General Sir William Butler who was withdrawn from the chief command of the British forces in South Africa when he warned the British Government that the conquest of the Boers



was not to be so easy and profitable as some of the party in favor of the war thought.

Bohemia Will Miss Him

Dr. H. J. Stewart was the guest of honor at a dinner given at the Bohemian club on Monday evening. The occasion was partially in the nature of a welcome home after Dr. Stewart's musical triumphs at the Buffalo Exposition and partly as a farewell, for he will leave in September for Boston to assume the position of organist of Trinity church in that city. I cannot think of anybody in Bohemia who will be more greatly missed than Dr. Stewart. He is not the only musical member in the club, but he is the most versatile composer on the club roll. At the various jinks, when a musical setting has been needed for this or that song, Dr. Stewart has never been found lacking when called upon for the frame. Instead of adapting old melodies, he composes new ones and thus gives a value to the bits of song that they would not otherwise possess. I could run over the names of any number of fine compositions that owe their being to Stewart's talent. His oratorio, "The Nativity," would probably rank as his greatest work, but there are certain parts of his comic opera scores, "Bluff King Hal," "His Majesty" and "The Conspirators," that also command critical approbation.

While it is not my province to discuss musical matters, the departure of Dr. Stewart certainly calls for more than passing comment. Since he came hither from England, I do not recall the exact number of years ago, he has made himself one of us. He took the choir direction of the Church of the Advent and made the music at that little sanctuary a prominent feature. He introduced the canticles, as sung in the cathedrals of England, into the service, and made other innovations. As organist of Trinity church and the Temple he did much for their choirs. Afterwards exchanging organs with the late Louis Schmidt, Dr. Stewart took the First Unitarian. He raised the standard of musical culture by giving organ recitals, at which frequently admission was free.

His late wife was also an accomplished musician, and was a charming hostess. When the Stewarts lived in California street, near St. Paul's, they used to entertain delightfully. After Mrs. Stewart's death, her husband became a harder worker than ever and his hospitalities were chiefly confined to his men friends. Now that his daughter Frances has grown up and is of an eligible age for society, her father will likely resume his old open house. Only it will be in Boston, not in San Francisco.

Hot After the Country Club

That acrimonious dispute between the O. L. Shafter Estate and the members of the Country club over the possession of certain houses and improvements at the hunting lodge in Bear valley has at last culminated in a lawsuit and a San Rafael Solomon has been called upon to settle the matter. It's safe to say that he'll never he able to do so in a manner satisfactory to both parties. It is painful to listen to the manager of the Shafter Estate narrate how the house and barn were maliciously, wilfully, wantonly etc., etc., etc., torn down, destroyed and effaced from the earth by members of the Country club and then to read over the list of defendants responsible for all this wicked, wilful, wanton destruction, costing some fifteen hundred dollars. The list includes such reverend graybeards, prudent legislators and cautious millionaires as Claus Spreckels, Mayor Phelan, George Crocker, James L. Flood, W. G. Irwin, Herman Oelrichs, J. D. Grant, Downey Harvey, Robert Oxnard, E. S. Pillsbury, F. W. Sharon, J. J. Moore and R. H. Sprague. It reads like a committee appointed by the Pacific-Union club to build the Panama canal or draft measures for taking up and floating the Chinese indemnity fund, rather than a bunch of roysterers who tore down the barn and house on the Shafter property.

Of course this list of "leading citizens" didn't have anything to do with the destruction of the property. The responsible parties are the petty officers of the club who were running the lodge in Bear valley at the time notice was served on the club to vacate its quarters. Behind it all is a bit of animosity because Lawyer Dickinson and his "Sporting club" succeeded in capturing the lease of the Shafter estate for hunting purposes over the heads of the Country club. The latter club had enjoyed the lease ten years, had improved the property as a hunt resort and generally regarded themselves as safe in the place till the march of improvement should drive the game farther countryward. It is this warm feeling between certain members of the club and the managers of the Shafter estate that is going to develop some delicious charges when the case comes up in court for hearing. Some of the Shafter people talk of being willing to let the judgment for fifteen hundred dollars damages go up in "hot air" just for the privilege of grilling these same Country club members on the witness stand.

Masterson's Wedding Trip

Ask Harry Masterson to tell you something of his bridal trip to Mexico, and you are apt to go pricing the heaviest texture of crepe at the White House. Mr.

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Masterson is a thrifty lumberman who lives at the Crocker in the winter and who is somewhat of a practical joker. So is Paul Kellogg. Masterson went to Mexico to buy lumber, and was accompanied by Mrs. Masterson. When they sailed a host of friends, with Kellogg in the vanguard, were on hand to speed the parting friends. The gray matter that swirls and eddies under the Kellogg chapeau evolved the original scheme of showering Mr. and Mrs. Masterson with rice just as the steamer backed off the dock. They had been married for several years, but the passengers did not know that and they smiled indulgently upon what they supposed were bride and groom. Masterson did not relish the idea of traveling as a newly married man, and he was for backing up the boat and making Kellogg come aboard and square him with the passengers, but the captain was in a hurry. When Masterson came back, he vowed revenge.

"If you knew what I passed through on that boat," he said, to Kellogg, "you would take to the timbers."

And Kellogg did so. He rented the ark *Columbia* at Belvedere and went into hiding there.

Thereupon Masterson engaged a cottage at Belvedere where he can sit in the long, dreamy gloaming and watch Kellogg on his tub in the bay. Meanwhile Kellogg is sitting out the summer in the stern sheets of his rented craft and wondering what is going to happen next. The coroners of two counties are watching the deadlock as well.

A Hunt Club Divinity

The bewitching Miss Jeffreys, with her coquettish toilettes, Gainsborough hats, Delsartean posings and perfect equestrianship, has succeeded in turning the heads of all the male members of the San Rafael Hunt club, although I have not observed that the ladies participate to any noticeable extent in the general incense-burning. At the recent meet newspaper men were importuned to give Miss Jeffreys a good send-off. The smaller fry, "sans hair, sans teeth, sans every thing," pestered the pressmen of their acquaintance with like requests. With so much inspired enthusiasm in the atmosphere, little wonder is it, if the newspaper accounts of the meet slopped over! As a matter of fact, it was tame—almost as tame as Wardy McAllister.

That Mysterious Papa

But Miss Jeffreys in her jaunty habit, mounted on her trim sorrel, Daisy, presented a charming picture and Colonel Halton of the Hotel Rafael, who is acting temporarily in loco parentis to the fair equestrienne, was nearly swept off his feet by the flood of congratulations and inquiries. These latter, propounded by the ladies, bein entendu, are somewhat direct and may be summarized thus: "Who is Miss Jeffreys?" The Colonel's invariable answer is that the paternal Jeffreys has gone to the Klondike and the Colonel manages to convey by tone and gesture that Jeffreys pere is a bosom friend of his and is worth untold millions. Jack Crooks will have it however, that he knows Pop —that Pop wears whiskers and lives in Oakland; says that everybody who lives in Oakland wears whiskers and that he discriminates this particular Oaklander, because his whiskers are a trifle more mildewed. Judge McAllister, on the other hand, contends that Papa dwells in Chicago and makes "wubbah weels." When two such admirable Crichtons differ, who shall decide? Somebody has suggested that perhaps papa's "wheels" are cunningly decked out with alternating red and black numbered spaces and that in his Klondike bank, the checks are multi-colored—surely the suggestion of a wag. It is certain, however, that Miss Jeffreys is a most charming girl, and that she is the hit of the season at San Rafael.

They clinked their glasses raised on high
  And wished each other joy—
She was "the apple of his eye"
  And he her "onliest boy."
Just where the bird lay sizzling
  Amid the bottles cold,
A bill of mighty magnitude
  Reposed—the story old.
The waiter stood impatiently
  Within the curtained door
And gazed upon the litter that
  Was strewn upon the floor.
"Shay, can y'pay th' bill?" then lisped
  The maid of thrice bleached tint.
"Oh—can I? Shay—that goes each day.
  I'm workin' in the Mint."



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There are many golf courses; there are many hotels; but there is only one DEL MONTE. One may travel many, many miles; he may find in his journey, golf courses; but not such a place to golf and after golfing such a place to dream. Equally true is this for all of the other out-of door amusements. Not for a day, but for the whole year round. Tennis, Polo, Hot Salt Water or Surf Bathing. The famous drives for seventeen miles along by the ocean shore. Hunting, fishing, boating, wheeling. In fact the Hotel Del Monte and its environment is an every-day in-the-year delight. . . . . .

An Idyl of Harmony Hall

Scene: Harmony Hall, the meeting place of the Immaculate Amalgamated Association of Republican Reformers. Hall filled with men who wear an "office wanted" look.

At one end of hall is a raised platform, on which is grouped many of San Francisco's leading office chasers. Cheering at end of hall followed by decided commotion. Enter Ex-Chief Wheeze and others bearing Abe Reuf on their shoulders. Advancing toward the platform they sing:

Oh, we are reformers good and true;
The elusive job we all pursue;
Not for glory's sake, but for revenue;
And we now will show you the proof
Of the glorious things in store for you,
When you get in line with his retinue;
By placing on view, and presenting to you
The great Mr. Abraham Reuf.

Chorus by Job Chasers:

Oh, Abe's a reformer, tried and true;
Observe his strenuous way:
He's not out for glory—but revenue—
Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!

Reuf climbs on platform, and, after waiting for the applause to subside sings:

Your reception kind, I will bear in mind
When the jobs are passed about;
For we'll win I say, on election day,
Of that there can be no doubt.
Then, to Democrats in the city's pay,
In a gentle, kind and effective way—
We'll apply the ax—to their great dismay,
We will throw the rascals out.

Office chasers cheer vociferously, and beating time with their feet sing:

And the jobs that these unhung villains hold,
Shall be ours without delay;
And the "graft" will be as in days of old,
Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!

While waiting for the commotion to subside, Reuf mops his forehead with a handkerchief, He continues:

With *me* as a leader, you cannot lose;
On *that* you can safely bet your shoes:
If your eyes are such you can see one inch,
You can readily see it's the biggest cinch
That ever you ran across.
For I'm posted in all of the knavish tricks,
That are played in the game called politics,
And I'm noted afar, for my ways upright.
Which is one of the reasons I'm here tonight
As your self appointed Boss.

He seats himself in the centre of the platform. Glances suspicously at his neighbors and removes his watch and chain from his vest, transferring it to his trousers pocket, which he fastens carefully with a safety pin. The office chasers break into hearty applause. Amid the wildest enthusiasm, they march around the hall singing:

Oh, we will all Abe's counsel heed;
And on election day
The Democrats will lose their jobs,
And what is worse—their pay:
Which we will get, to their regret,
Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!

Prominent office chasers, and leading citizens on platform rise and to slow music advance, and facing the assembly, sing:

Blessed they say, are the pure in heart;
We are men who lead godly lives.
We never take things that are nailed *too* tight,
And we *none* of us beat our wives.
Our digestion is good, and our conscience clear,
In spite of the knavish tricks
That on men we play, who are in our way,
But—that is good politics.

Voice from rear of hall:

Concerning what are good politics,
It's ignorance we are in.

Reformers, in chorus:

The answer is easy—good politics
Are the methods we use that win.

Enter Dan Burns, wearing the Koh-i-Noor diamond, smoking a dollar cigar, and carrying a heavy sack. He attempts to climb on the stage among the celebrities, but they head him off, singing:

Oh, who is this man with colossal nerve,
Who would break into our charmed lot?
We're reformers true—so it's up to you—
So tell us—how much have you got?

Dan produces a handful of twenties which he scatters around the room. Wild scramble and commotion ensues. As it quiets down Dan sings:

I am "Colonel Dan,"—I'm a man who can
Your pockets with gold all line:
I'm the richest "Boss" you could run across;
What belongs to my friends is mine.
Several months have passed, since I met you last,
But you see I have now got back;
I am here to mix in your politics
For—I am the man with the sack.

He proceeds to scatter another handful of gold about the room. Reformers, office chasers and others greet enthusiastically and removing Abe Reuf from the seat of honor on the platform install Burns therein.

They sing:

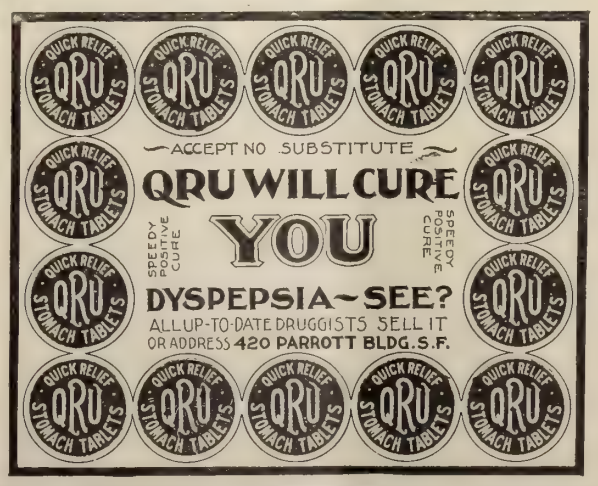
To Colonel Mazuma low we bow;
We're glad to see you back:
And to show it now, we'll tell you how
We love the man with the sack.
The man with a pull and a bank account—
Who all of our bills will pay;
We can eat and drink, on him we think:
Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!

They place Burns on their shoulders and march around the hall, he continuing to scatter gold from the sack. Reuf makes his escape from a rear window. Kelly, Crimmins and the various "wings" of the Republican party appear and share in the proceeds of "Colonel Mazuma's" prodigality. They join hands and sing:

Oh, a leader rich, is an article which
To us has been long denied.
But we've got him at last, and our troubles are past,
And our party is "pacified."
For we here tonight, will all unite
On Dan and his strenuous way;
We have thrown Reuf out, which is wise no doubt—
Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!

Love feast—general embracing etc.

R. H. Ross.



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Trusts and combinations do not affect Jesse Moore Whiskey. Its fame is established, its quality is the finest and it is always the best.

The Two Satchels

Montemar had just taken a seat in a first-class coach. He had placed in the package box a hand satchel, the latest creation from the Magazin du Louvre. With his traveling cloak over his knees and with his cap pulled down over his eyes he was thinking, and thinking hard.

"This is a great thing, to go away from Paris, in the midst of winter. But I cannot do otherwise than respond to the call of my old friend the Duchesse of Arcole. She wishes to present me to Madame Montmirail, a widow, very rich and still handsome. The Duchesse insists that I ought to marry her, and perhaps she may be right. I am tired of the follies of youth and now it is time to settle down. I do not wish to be a sort of love-lorn wandering Jew. Nothing is worth as much to me as tranquility. To smoke a rich cigar before the chimney fire at the side of an amiable wife is the height of my ambition."

The train was about to leave, when a lady, elegantly gowned, wrapped in a handsome cloak of priceless fur and with her face covered by a thick black veil, entered the same compartment. The newcomer placed in the package box an infinity of parcels and having room for no more she placed on the seat in front of her a hand satchel, the latest creation of the Louvre. She then seated herself opposite Montemar. She wrapped herself in her traveling wrap; as the train started, she closed her eyes and seemed lost in deep thought.

"God knows if I commit folly in going to Arcole. The widow that marries again is not worthy of being a widow, as some one has said, I do not know who. What sort of an opinion would be formed of a woman who, having been dragged with great labor from a well into which she had fallen, should ask of the law the right to precipitate herself into it a second time? Notwithstanding that, there are moments in which the solitude of blessed singleness is insupportable and *then* one misses a husband. What a pleasure to lean on his arm! What an advantage in society and at the theatres!"

Little by little her thoughts became more vague and the ideas less distinct. The wheels of the cars continued their monotonous song. Montemar, in the meanwhile, inaugurated a bass which harmonized perfectly with the soprano snore of the lady.

Suddenly, the train stopped and hearing the name of the station both travelers awoke, and in haste collected their bags and their packages, jumped to the platform and, half asleep, found their way to the omnibus for Arcole.

"If it should be she," thought Montemar.

"If it should be he," said Madame Moutmirail to herself.

There was no one who could have introduced them and the night being sufficiently dark they fell to examining one another. It was best to await daylight in order not to venture upon an embarassing explanation. Both resumed their uninterrupted sleep.

"If by chance it is he," thought she, "he will see that I am not a coquette and that I do not give attention to unknown men."

"If it is she," thought Montemar, "she will see that I am a serious man and that I do not look for occasions for gallantry."

After these reflections, the two travelers continued the duet of snores which mingled musically with the noise of the little bells of the two magnificent mares that were galloping vigorously along drawing the carriage to the castle. It was one o'clock in the morning when they arrived at Arcole. All had retired with the exception of a sleepy waiting maid and servant man, awaiting their arrival in the antechamber, who accompanied the lady and gentleman to their respective rooms.

Once Madame Moutmirail was alone she opened her handbag and cried out in terror. It was not hers! She had taken the wrong one. What an adventure! Dominated by curiosity she examined the contents of the grip. There were besides various articles of clothing, a box of cough medicine, another of invigorating pills and a bottle of iron tonic. There was a letter from a certain Kathryn who claimed twenty louis in very aggressive terms. There were also several portraits of women who were very scantily dressed. Undoubtedly that was Montemar's satchel.

"And I was going to marry such a scamp," exclaimed Madame Moutmirail in accents of terror.

Montemar, after having dismissed the servant, opened his handbag and found with great surprise, several boxes of

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Good shoes are the only sensible kind
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They're the only kind to wear
And you must go to a good store for a good shoe
Don't go by looks,
Don't take a chance,
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rouge, pomades, patent nostrums and "wrinkle removers," a hair dye and finally, everything that is sold to hide the ravages of time in the human countenance. On following up his investigations Montemar was almost prostrated on the discovery of a magnificent set of false teeth and a hair cloth and wire effigy of a feature of the female form divine.

"And I was going to marry that monument of antiquity," he exclaimed.

The following day at early dawn, Montemar, unseen and as a man who flees, descended the stairs of the castle and hurried into the coach he had called for on waking. At the station he met a lady who came in breathless and with her face hidden by a triple veil.

"Excuse me, sir, did you not take my satchel by chance?"

"And you, Madame, have you not made the same mistake?"

Without a word a mutual exchange was made. The two travelers saluted with a slight movement of the head and while one entered a coach near the locomotive the other entered a rear compartment.

As there is a Providence for the drunkard, so also is there one for old coquettes and for the young man whose life has been undermined by a continued performance in the sowing of wild oats. *The Farceur.*

Dramatic World

There's a very clever little singer and dancer at Fischer's this week—Alice Wren. She appears in a turn with one Lynton, also a singer and dancer. Miss Wren is pretty and has a nimble pair of legs, a graceful figure and lots of chic.

Attractions Next Week

The Orpheum's new bill will be a strong one. Chavalier Enrico Mario Scognamillo is a famous 'cellist. Etta Butler, fresh from her wonderful successes in New York, will appear for one week only. This will be Miss Butler's last appearance in vaudeville. Her next public appearance will be in the East as the star attraction in a big production. Dunn Brothers are acrobats and Charles Leonard Fletcher is a monologuist with original methods. The holdovers will be Prosper Troupe, Gilbert and Goldie, Arras and Alice, Irving Jones and the biograph.

T. Daniel Frawley and his company at the Grand will give the two concluding performances of "Secret Service" today and tomorrow. A splendid cast, and fine production of William Gillette's best military play have served to draw crowds which have taxed the capacity of this enormous



SALASSA
In Grand Opera at the Tivoli

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"THE COUNTRY GIRL"
—Only Matinee—Saturday—
Seats on sale six days in advance Prices, 15, 25, 35, 50c.

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Fourth and Last Week
Begins Next Monday
CHARLES FROHMAN'S great production by arrangement with David Belasco
"Under Two Flags"
Paul M. Potter's Drama founded on Ouida's Novel
—WITH—
Blanche Bates as "Cigarette"
Last time Saturday Night July 20
July 22—Chauncey Olcott in "Garret O'Magh"

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GRAND OPERA HOUSE CO. Lessee.
MATINEES TODAY AND TOMORROW
Last Two Nights of
"SECRET SERVICE"
Beginning Monday Evening Next T. DANIEL FRAWLEY
Will Present Cecil Raleigh and Henry Hamilton's Great Melodrama
"THE WHITE HEATHER"
First Production of the Play in this city
A Great Cast, Including Every Member of the Frawley Co.
Popular Prices: 10, 15c, 25, 50, 75c. Good Orchestra Seat all Matinees 25c.
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Orpheum

O'Farrell between Stockton and Powell Streets.
Week Commencing Sunday Matinee, July 14th
Enrico Mario Scognamillo Etta Butler Damm Bros.
Chas. Leonard Fletcher Prosper Troupe Gilbert and Goldie
Arras and Alice Irving Jones The Biograph
Reserved Seats, 25c; Balcony, 10c; Opera Chairs and Box Seats, 50c.
Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday

★TIVOLI★

Curtain Rises at 8 p. m. sharp
Evenings at 8 Matinee Saturday at 2
Third Big Week—Monday, July 15th
The Glittering Mid-Summer Show
"BABES IN THE WOOD"
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It is doing the Banner Business
Loaded with Attractive Songs and Funny Dialogue
Announcement Extraordinary!
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P. ALLADIO, JOE NEGRO } PROP'S.

N. B.—The President and Mrs. McKinley recently acknowledged with cordial thanks the receipt of a package of the Alladio Royal Cream Cheese which is the most delicious article in the market.

Perfect cooking, good music, polite and attentive service make the Techau Tavern the most popular place in town.



COLLAMARINI
At the Tivoli during the Grand Opera Season

theatre. The attraction announced for the week beginning Monday evening is a production of "The White Heather," a spectacular scenic melodrama by Cecil Raleigh and Henry Hamilton, authors of "The Sporting Duchess," "The Price of Peace," "The Great Ruby," and other plays of a similar nature, all of which have scored tremendous successes. "The White Heather," like all of Raleigh and Hamilton's creations, received its first production at the Drury Lane theatre, London, where it achieved an immediate triumph. It was shortly afterwards brought out at the Academy of Music, in New York, under the management of Charles Frohman, where its London success was promptly duplicated. Mr. Frawley's presentation of the piece at the Grand promises to be fully equal in every respect to the London and New York productions. A complete scenic equipment has been provided for the play which calls for a mounting of the most elaborate character. The cast will embrace the full strength of Mr. Frawley's company, including Harrington Reynolds, who will be seen for the first time this season.

Florence Roberts, supported by White Whittlesey and the full strength of the Alcazar stock, will usher in the eighth week of her brilliant season with "The Country Girl." Miss Roberts scored such a success last season in the role of Peggy that little can be said in praise of her rendition that the average theatre-goer is not aware of. White Whittlesey will be seen in his original role of Dick Belville, in which he supported Miss Ada Rehan in her recent tour through this country. "The Country Girl" will receive the same beautiful and careful production that proved to be a feature of last season's presentations. Like "The School for Scandal," this comedy requires elaborate costuming. The cast will include George Webster as Squire Moody, White Whittlesey as Dick Belville, Edwin Emery as Ned Harcourt, Lucius Henderson as Sparkish, Frank Bacon as Old Will, Agnes Ranken as Alithea and Marie Howe as Lucy.

"The Babes in the Wood" is the strong attraction at the Tivoli, and it will undoubtedly continue to draw well till the season of grand opera commences. The house has been unable to hold the people that have wished to get a glimpse of the Babes on Saturday and Sunday nights, and those in attendance have thoroughly endorsed the new extravaganza. For the coming week some new topics will be added to the large stock, and the piece will be kept up to date as regards local allusions and jokes. Several of the cast will have new songs for the second edition. The season of grand opera will open on Monday evening, July twenty-ninth.

Physicians would not recommend Jesse Moore Whiskey if they did not know it to be the best in the market.

There is no sign of losing interest in "Under Two Flags" at the Columbia. At no period in local theatricals has a production been known to fill a theatre to capacity for four weeks in the summer time as is the present case. "Under Two Flags" will enter upon its fourth and final week next Monday. The close of the engagement will be Saturday night, July twentieth. The final matinee of "Under Two Flags" will take place next Saturday. Following the present engagement, on the evening of Monday, July twenty-second, will come the representative Irish comedian, Chauncey Olcott, in his latest success "Garret O'Magh," as played by him for over five months in New York. Olcott will be surrounded here by the same splendid company that appeared with him in the East and all the elaborate scenic effects will be brought here intact to be utilized to the same excellent advantage as at the metropolis. The advance sale of seats for the engagement will commence next Thursday. *The Playgoer*

Certificate of Copartnership

We certify that we constitute a partnership transacting business in this city. Its principal place of business is at 87-93 Fremont street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. Its name is "Alex Heins Belting Company."

The names and respective places of residence of all its members are signed hereto.

IDA HEINS, City of San Francisco.
ALOIS WILLIAM, " "

Dated, June 29, 1901.

Duly acknowledged before me on the 29th day of June, 1901, A. K DAGGETT, Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

(Endorsed.)

Filed in the office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 3rd day of July, 1901.

WM. A. DEANE, County Clerk.
By E. M. Thompson, Deputy Clerk.

HENRY I. KOWALSKY, Attorney for Alex Heins Belting Company.

Notice of Dissolution

Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing between IDA HEINS, ALOIS WILLIAM and C. H. KAUL, under the firm name of ALEX HEINS BELTING CO., has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. All debts owing to said partnership are to be received and paid by and to said Ida Heins and Alois William and all demands on said partnership are to be presented to them.

Dated the 29th day of June A. D. 1901.

IDA HEINS.
ALOIS WILLIAM.
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The proper place to go for lunch or dinner is Westerfeld's 1035 Market between Sixth and Seventh streets. 6

When Woman Unbends

Once upon a time there lived a Man and a Woman.

They met in the usual Society way at a Dinner. Afterward, they met Again, at other Dinners; also at Balls, Smalls and Earlies, and other Functions.

In time, as they met so Frequently, a sort of Friendly Feeling grew out of the Mutual Interest inspired by Sights of Each Other. And the Man fell in Love.

The Woman, who was one of those Stoves with Marble Tops of which Max O'Rell has written, was not so Interested at first in the Man as he was in Her. She was not a Novice at Flirtation, but her Heart had never been touched and therefore her Flirtations had never passed beyond the Word stage.

The Man, as his Love increased, gradually succeeded in awaking a Certain Amount of interest in the Woman. He sent her Flowers and Candies and Other Things, and these Pleased her Vanity.

One night, after a Dinner where they had Much Champagne, they found themselves a deux in the Conservatory. The Woman was less Marble than usual, and the Man Kissed her. She did not kiss back —perhaps she did not Know How—but she did not Resist.

There were other Kisses after that, and the Woman responded. She began to love the Man with all her Heart. She unbent her Pride, and was quite Charming and Lovable. The Marble Top was no longer in evidence.

And the Man began to Tire of the Game, as Men usually do. He found that after all this marble Woman was just like the Others. He went no more to Dinners and Balls where he might meet her, and she Missed him.

If she had been Sapho, she would have Followed Him Up, and visited him in his own Apartments. She would have made herself Necessary to his Life.

But she was only an ordinary, conventional Society Woman and she could not Step out of her Sphere.

And so they went their Two Ways, he to Probe the Hearts of other Women, and she perhaps to become a Coquette.

Which is but a proof of the fact that the woman who unbends can no longer hope to hold the admiration of a man.

THE CYNIC.

To anyone having the slightest aptitude for things mechanical, the study of an automobile soon becomes an absorbing passion. The more successful operators are those who are not above donning overalls and jumper and making a thorough study of their machines from the ground up.

A Wail

Tell me not in joyful accents,
That you will be married soon;
That another's got before me,
And has won the priceless boon!
Here I've knelt at your pedestal
For three long years—yes, it's three—
While my heart is worn to tatters,
And I'm bagging at the knee!

THE REJECTED.



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Answer to Correspondent:

The following letter explains itself:

EDITOR TOWN TALK,

Can you answer in your valuable paper if possible the following questions?

How old and how tall is Mr. Edwin T. Emery of the Alcazar theatre and what was the first part he played in San Francisco?

By answering the above you will oblige a constant reader,

A. K. MARCY.

Mr. Emery is twenty-five years of age; five feet eight and one-half inches in height; his first part in San Francisco was Vinicius in "Quo Vadis."

Music World

Next Sunday, Miss Edith Hanks will substitute for Mrs. Wilburne, the contralto at St. Mary the Virgin, corner Steiner and Union streets. She will sing "Abide with Me" by Liddle at vespers, 4 p. m. Mr. Chester W. Rosekrans has accepted the position of tenor. He will sing an Ave Verum by Millard for the morning offertory.

Retrospective

I have just learned that when Sembrich was here, a sacred concert was planned in which the "Stabat Mater" was to be performed and her manager telephoned to Cecilia Decker-Cox asking her to do the contralto solos. Sembrich's throat trouble, as we all know, cut out all her plans and the concert was not given.

Mr. and Mrs. Noah Brandt will resume their classes on August first.

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IT WILL MAKE FORTUNES FOR INVESTORS

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Grand Opera at the Tivoli

That the season of grand opera to be shortly inaugurated at the Tivoli will be on a higher plane than any hitherto given at that house seems to be a possibility, judging from the array of talent secured, and the fact that several operas that have never been heard there will be given. According to the managerial statement, every effort has been made to make the coming season a success. Twenty-three years of successful opera is a record easily the first in this country. The management announces the following list of artists, some of whom have been heard at the Tivoli, and part being new operas. Linda Montanari, the delightful soprano, made her San Francisco debut with the Del Conti company in "La Boheme," "Manon," and other works at the California and the Baldwin. While here she firmly established herself as an artist of the first rank. Guisseppe Agostini, who appeared with the same organization, is one of the best tenors now before the public. He comes to the local house with a reputation for grand opera work that once heard is always remembered. He has been spending some months in Italy, and his voice is said to have increased in power and brilliancy. Agusto Dado is the basso who was heard here with Madame Sembrich. His voice is a heavy, deep bass, and he is a finished actor. His first appearance in the country was with Colonel Mapleson, and he created a fine impression in New York. With the Metropolitan company two seasons later he duplicated his success, and then went on tour of the German cities with Sembrich. He is said to be perhaps the best interpreter of the part of Mephistofele, in Boito's renowned opera of the same name, now upon the stage. Madame Carusi, late harpist of the Metropolitan company, has been especially engaged for the season. She enjoys the reputation of being the finest performer on the harp in this country, and her last appearance was with the New York Philharmonic society. She will be a feature of the orchestral end of the performance. Salassa, who is beyond question the most popular singer that ever appeared in this city, is returning from Italy to join the Tivoli forces. Everybody remembers his Iago, his Valentine, his great singing of the prologue in "Pagliacci" and in fact all his virile impersonations. Collamarini, of Carmen fame, is in the city and no doubt the same reception awaits her in this great role that was accorded her last year. Tenor Russo is here, too, and will be heard in his favorite parts. Nicolini, he of the useful bass voice and sturdy action, is also on his way to America, again to assume his place in the Tivoli company, and Vittoria Repetto the brilliant soprano, has been re-engaged. Her delightful singing in "Mignon," "Rigoletto" and kindred works won her many admirers last year, and her execution is a marvel of delicacy and decision. Ferrari, the baritone, is on the roster, and so is Castelano, the tenor who appeared to such good advantage last season in "Aida," "Othello," and other great works. Signorina Barbareschi is a strong type of the true dramatic soprano. She essayed several parts last summer with marked success, doing particularly well in "Giaconda." Lia Politini, the contralto, is to appear in her best interpretations. The management

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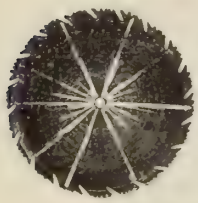
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has found an able musical director in Paul Steindorff. His work during his short stay at this house has won him many friends, and the season of grand opera will find him as much at home as the comic term has done. He is thorough and conscientious, and his knowledge of the works of the composers of grand opera, added to his skill as a director, places him in the front rank of interpreters of the music of the masters. The chorus has been carefully selected, none but good and well trained voices being admitted. The choral part of the performance will be better than ever before. Among the new productions promised are Giordano's "Fedora" and "Andrea Chenier," and Boito's "Mephistofele." The season opens on Monday, July twenty-ninth. The operas presented the opening week are to be Verdi's "Aida," and "Rigoletto."

Sig. Fachutar, the well known mandolinist and Director of the Fachutar Mandolin School and Orchestra, has closed his studio for the summer season and will reopen September first.

A Young Composer

Young Albert Elkus of Sacramento has of late finished some compositions for the piano among which is a setting for Tennyson's "Home They Brought her Warrior Dead" from "The Princess." He is engaged at present on a piano sonata and a song cycle built on "The Lady of Shalott" by Tennyson. Young Mr. Elkus last winter gave a recital of some of his compositions before the Sorosis club of this city, which brought him much commendation and encouragement. He is already well known as a pianist of great ability.

The Pacific Grove Summer School of Music has entered on its third season with more than ordinary success. A concert has been given by the faculty, Mary Weaver McCauley soprano, Ethel Kathryn Holladay violinist, Minnie Alice Tuck Mus. B. pianist, Milton L. Lawrence tenor, and James Hamilton Howe Mus. B. pianist and director, assisted by Miss Naoma Alfrey reader, of Chicago. A recital was also given on July third by Miss Holladay violinist, Mrs. Howe contralto, and Mr. Howe pianist.

The annual recital of the piano pupils of Miss Gertrude Gerrish was given on Tuesday evening, July second at Steinway hall, Sacramento, with a fine program and large attendance.

Roscoe Warren Lucy, solo pianist, is having much success this season in concert tours throughout the State with the Knickerbocker quartet.

Signor Fachutar, the mandolin and guitar orchestral director, is enjoying a vacation that will cover a tour of the State. *The Music Critic.*

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World of Letters

Sonnets to a Wife

No volume of verse that has been put forth of late years has attracted such general attention, and so reached the heart of its readers, as Ernest McGaffey's "Sonnets to a Wife." The secret of the hold these poems have gained is the fact that they appeal alike to the thinking public and to the domestic hearth. They are alive with the thoughts of a real soul-poet, who in these sonnets expresses feelings that thousands of ungifted ones recognize as kindred to their own thoughts which they are not themselves able to put into words. I read the sonnets in the St. Louis *Mirror*, and not then knowing the author, or that they were hereafter to appear in book form, clipped several of them for my scrapbook. Others I passed on to friends who could appreciate them and who, in turn, passed them on to others. There are seventy of the sonnets, the first being "Life at its Best" and the last "Shadows" The twentieth sonnet when they appeared in the *Mirror* was "At the Window;" in the volume "Reserve" is substituted. These are a few of the sonnets and I wish it were possible to quote more of them, but space does not permit:

JEALOUSY

If to be jealous is to hope to gain
  Your every longing—make all other men
  As misty to your memory as when
The shadows slip across a window-pane;
If to be jealous is to wish to reign
  Your one true lover, chide me once again.
  Call me as jealous as Othello then
And all your chiding will be given in vain.

For I am one who cannot hide my thought
  And curb my tongue and make my cheek a liar;
The tissue of my nature was not wrought
  Of lifeless clay, devoid of Pagan fire,
And long in storm and anguish have I sought
  And now have found, at last, my Heart's Desire.

COMPANIONSHIP

The sense of comradeship which now we feel
  Grew slowly, as an oak does, and as strong.
  For now to one another we belong
In all that makes a man and woman leal;
Our lives are linked as firm as welded steel.
  And in our thoughts sweet harmonies do throng
  Like half-remembered echoes of a song,
As days and nights above our pathway wheel.

So do the perfume and th· joy of days
  Live with us and the season's sway dispute
Spring, Summer, Autumn, they may go their ways,
  And bring nor bud, nor blossom an it suit;
Yet what reck we, beside the wintry fire,
Sitting alone, I and my Heart's Desire?

TO MY WIFE

I as an actor, have played well my part,
  Not showing how the sons of men I scorn;
  Those shriveled, greedy souls who crave the corn
The oil and wine, the treasures of the mart;
Deep in my soul I burn the flame for Art,
  As one who was a lyric poet born,
  As one who leads a singer's hope forlorn
Yet with unshrinking and unconquered heart.

I can exist on what a Spartan can·
  Endure as granite; smile when friends do fail;
  Face poverty, and see the years grow stale
Or bide my time with any sort of man.
  Full in the teeth of Fate I fling the glove—
  Come age, come death, while I have you, my love!

TO THE WOMAN

To lead, not drive him, is the wiser plan,
  For tactfulnsss will tame him all the years,
  And tenderness, not tyranny, he fears,
For men were ever but a stubborn clan;
And long ago, since first the world began,
  And stars rose dimly in the primal spheres,
  A little wit, diplomacy and tears, –
What havoc have they wrought with every man!

So shall you conquer as the gentle rain,
  Soothing his vanity to gain your ends,
  Moulding his wishes till they meet your own;
That as a child his confidence you gain,
  For still to flattery his heart unbends,—
  Only a child, a little larger grown.

TO THE MAN

If you a woman would desire to hold,
  Faithful and true and guided by your will,
  Be sure no art, nor flattery's fine skill
Shall e'er deceive her, nor will gifts or gold;
By love alone her spirit is controlled.
  This is her law, her Deity, until
  The light falls pale upon her forehead still,
The red lips ashen and the heart grown cold.

So shall you woo her if you wish to win
  Her heart and soul, to wear her like a flower,
To drain her kisses and keep back her tears;
Filling with love the space she lingers in;
  Making her dream of you each passing hour,
With utter longing through the iron years.

There is a series of nature sonnets that might worthily be placed in a section by themselves—"In the Fields," "On the Hills," "Recollections," "Alone," "In Idle Hours." "By Moonlight," "Apple Trees," "In the Woods," "Midsummer", "Water Lilies," "Morning," "On a Country Road" and one or two others that depict similar scenes. Mr. McGaffey is master of this form of verse. But it is not the mere mechanism of the sonnets that wins attention; it is the harmony between the sentiment and its

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expression. William Marion Reedy, editor of the *Mirror*, writes the Foreword, and in it he says, "The poet is sincere with himself." That is the secret of the hold the verses take upon both intellect and heart.

The volume, bound as it is in white, is rather too dainty for common handling. I would suggest that an edition be published in a dark linen cover, that the book's outward purity may not suffer through the wear and tear it is sure to undergo. As a volume of verse for domestic reading, to be taken up at any time and to sweeten prosaic occupation, Ernest McGaffey's "Sonnets to a Wife" will find their noblest mission.

Leigh Irvine's Novel

I have received a copy of Leigh H. Irvine's "An Affair in the South Seas," which shall be treated to a more extended review later on. It promises to have a wide sale, as its plot is original and the treatment clever. The fact that it is published on royalty by T. Fisher Unwin of London seems to prove there is something in it. Mr. Irvine is well known in local newspaper circles. Payot, Upham & Co. are the local issuers of the work.

"What Women Like in Men" is the title of an article in the July *Cosmopolitan*. It is given out as the work of a very well known author who uses the nom de plume of Rafford Pyke, but as all the world knows that Rafford Pyke is Harry Thurston Peck, best known from his connection with the *Bookman*, it is hard to see the necessity for any disguise. Literature has long since ceased to be regarded as a questionable occupation, and the necessity for concealing one's vocation or avocation when it was connected in any way with writing for publication is so old-fashioned a prejudice that there appears to be no reason for the use of a pen name. It is true that there are hundreds of instances to be enumerated as precedents, but in these democratic days, the custom appears to be a survival, for critics no longer use their office as a shield behind which to shelter themselves while they stab their enemies with vitriol-steeped pens. Some one has said that Professor Peck is the sublimation of the mutual admiration society. As Rafford Pyke he takes occasion to commend the writings and opinions of Harry Thurston Peck, while Harry Thurston Peck is equally appreciative of his contemporary, Rafford Pyke.

The London publisher, Mr. Sampson, is discussing the advisability of collecting the best articles produced by the "heavy" reviews, to be republished in a separate magazine for the benefit of those who either cannot afford to take all the reviews, or do not not care for so many separate ones, when each will probably contain not more than one or two really good things, together with an unproportional amount of padding. It is not likely that the idea would meet the same "popular" approbation as *Tid-bits*, or collections made up solely of fiction, but there are enough readers, especially those who live out of town, and for that matter, out of the Kingdom, who ought to appreciate such a publication. Some arrangement with authors and original publishers would be necessary, but that ought to be easily arranged. *The Bookworm*

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ALENA SPIER, Plaintiff
vs.
HARRY SPIER, Defendant

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

Harry Spier, Defendant. You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's Wilful Neglect also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which willmore fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 5th day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and one.

WM. A. DEANE, Clerk.

[SEAL] By Joseph Riordan, Deputy Clerk.

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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

Department No. 2

T. J. CROWLEY, Plaintiff
vs.
MATHEW M. GRENNAN AND AMELIA JANE H. GRENNAN, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in the office of the Clerk of said City and County of San Francisco

CULLINAN AND HICKEY,
Attorneys for Plaintiff
567 & 568 Parrott Building, San Francisco, Cal.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

Mathew M. Crennan and Amelia Jane H. Grennan, Defendants. You are hereby directed to appear, and answer the Complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, within ten days after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the Complaint, as arising upon contract, or he will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this twenty-second day of June, A. D. 1901.

WM. A. DEANE, Clerk.

[SEAL] By E. M. Thompson, Deputy Clerk.

Notice to Creditors

Estate of THOMAS BARBER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, P. Boland, Administrator of the Estate of Thomas Barber deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the neeessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at his place of business No. 238 Montgomery street, San Francisco the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

P. BOLAND
Administrator of the estate of Thomas Barber, deceased.

M. C. HASSETT,
Attorney for said Administrator.
308-10-12 Phelan Building, San Francisco.

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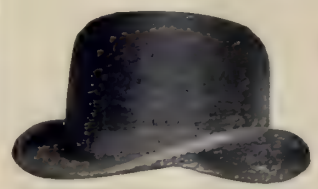
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THE LEADING WEEKLY.

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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, July 20, 1901

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OUR OPINION

The Way of the Politician

In sentencing Peter McGlade, the forger, to the penitentiary, the other day, Judge Burnett remarked that he could not help being impressed by the apparent insensibility of the young man at the bar to the gravity of his offense. "Such an attitude," said the judge, "is regrettable in the face of wrong-doing, and makes it impossible to construe on the part of the defendant a penitent conscience. I regret that it is the disposition among young men of the country in these days to condone offenses against the law, especially of the class of which the defendant stands convicted. They seem to glorify those who do those things forgetting the lessons of their forefathers, and by their approval implied, of acts against the law, encouraging doers of wrong—martyrizing them, as it were." Judge Burnett is a resident of Santa Rosa. If he belonged to the judiciary of this city he would not have been impressed by the apparent insensibility of the young man at the bar. He would be so accustomed to that sort of thing among young men of the McGlade class that he would have been surprised if his attitude had been different. McGlade is not an ordinary criminal. He is a professional politician. He received his professional training among men who are accustomed to regarding lightly the misappropriation of public funds. In their opinion malfeasance in office is wrong, merely because it is prohibited. He who practices it without detection is looked upon as a successful exponent of a fine art worthy of commendation. He has seen the successful practitioner hailed as a reformer, nominated for high office, and when defeated appointed to a position of trust by an official who poses as a purifier of politics. He has seen crooked supervisors, who accepted five-dollar bribes, live down their reputation within a few years, and then receive appointment to the foremanship of grand juries. He knew of other supervisors who would take anything from a ham to a sack of coal for their vote, who were ranked among the city's prominent cits after the expiration of their term of office, and who were later on mentioned in the newspapers as leading candidates for other jobs. In view of Pete McGlade's familiarity with the history of crime at the City Hall, and his knowledge of the fact that crookedness in politics seldom goes unrewarded there should be no occasion for surprise at his nonchalance during his trial for a felony. It is doubtful whether he yet fully realizes that he was guilty of an infraction of the penal code. If ignorance were an excuse for crime he could probably prove that he was in that blissful state.

Our Petition to Carnegie

San Francisco has seemingly wakened to the absurdity of the spectacle she presents in her attitude of beggary in soliciting a donation from Andrew Carnegie, and it is to be hoped that before the matter is finally disposed of a reconsideration will make plain the advisability of withdrawing the petition for assistance. This is not a poor and struggling community, but a wealthy and growing metropolis, amply able to provide for all its wants, and moreover, even were it otherwise, there was no occasion to solicit alms from one upon whom we have established no claim. Aside from other considerations, an immense library is by no means so desirable a possession as some of our loud-spoken citizens would have us believe. An enormous collection of books housed under a single roof is far more apt to be a detriment than an advantage to the real student, and an expensive building in the business quarter, which can be pointed out to the casual sojourner, is more apt to become a convenient place of meeting than anything else. It is only necessary to call attention to the conditions which existed in the Mechanics' Library a few years back, when the ladies' reading room was the rendezvous of a flock of chattering magpies who monopolized the chairs and gathered up all the magazines and hid them under their skirts and wraps, munched confectionery and fruit, and conducted themselves generally after the manner of well-dressed nuisances, though there was reason to doubt if any of them ever contributed a farthing toward the maintenance of the institution. The amount of red tape necessary to be unwound in any institution of the magnitude of the proposed Jumbo concern is enough in itself to defeat its usefulness, and the proposal to unite all the city libraries in this one scheme is one that cannot meet encouragement or favor from any real book lover. The Mercantile Library is an ideal place for the student and scholar and the small price asked for the privileges of membership is more than compensated for by the comfort and quiet, and easy access of books and magazines, and it will be cause for regret should it ever pass out of existence. The average patron of the average library is intent only on getting the latest

popular favorite before it is pushed aside by some newer aspirant for the doubtful honor of being the best seller, and though it is not Mr. Carnegie's desire to foster this particular type of love for reading, in the end that is what his beneficence will accomplish. Some years ago it was practically impossible to obtain anything else from our Free Library for the simple reason that the attendants then in charge knew nothing else. They did not know where to look, or what amounts to the same thing, would not trouble themselves to look for anything but fiction, and the natural result was that the average reader followed the line of least resistance, while those who wanted something besides novels became discouraged and either gave up the effort or went elsewhere. San Francisco has libraries enough. It would be more to the purpose if the best of them received more liberal patronage, and if we must assume the mendicant attitude, there are millionaires plenty who made their pile in California and could better be called upon than a stranger to hand us a dole of alms.

The Keller-Barker Case

The case of the Rev. Mr. Keller has started a somewhat bitter controversy in Eastern newspaper and church circles. The Rev. Mr. Keller is the minister who was shot and blinded by an indignant husband, the latter believing that his wife had been outraged by the cleric. The minister's assailant was tried and convicted of the crime of assault with intent to commit murder, and Keller's friends have accepted the verdict as a vindication of the clergyman who has asserted his innocence from the beginning. But, in view of the fact that the court would not permit the woman's story to be told on the trial of her husband, the acceptance of the verdict as a vindication of the minister appears to be unwarranted. Mr. Barker, the defendant, was tried for an assault to commit murder, and his only defense was that he was laboring under great excitement, but the cause of that excitement was not explained to the jury. A slight reference was made to the wife's story, but the jury was instructed by the court to ignore that reference. This is the way they try such cases in New Jersey, and that is the proper way. If the case were tried in San Francisco the grief-stricken woman would have been called to the witness stand and she would have told all the details of the horrible assault, of her resistance and of her being overpowered. And then the jury would have learned how the sense of her terrible wrong crazed her until she communicated the story to her husband who thereupon proceeded to take the law into his own hands. And even though the story were highly improbable the defendant would not be convicted. It was shown in the Barker case that the defendant shot the clergyman, and that the shooting was not done in self-defense. The question of the guilt or innocence of the Rev. Mr. Keller was not adjudicated. The alleged assault upon Mrs. Barker was not in issue and therefore the clergyman was not vindicated by a verdict which dealt with the matter of an apparently unprovoked shooting. All the jury was permitted to know was that the Rev. Mr. Keller had done no physical injury to Barker. Surely the church with which the Rev. Mr. Keller is connected should not be satisfied with what his friends claim to be a vindication. Mrs. Barker may have lied or she may have been laboring under an hallucination. Such cases are not rare. Moreover her story is a plausible one. There are circumstances that appear to corroborate it. No church should be willing to denounce her upon the strength of the verdict against her husband. She is entitled to the same consideration as the minister. Why should she be charged with deliberate untruthfulness with intent to injure the reputation of an innocent man? If she has been wronged she has suffered enough. If she has sinned against the clergyman she should be punished. The Rev. Mr. Keller should court investigation instead of claiming a vindication which is by no means apparent.

What Women Should Expect

The opinion of Judge York to the effect that wives should do their share as bread winners is the simple, natural, logical outcome of the "new woman" movement and should be hailed with joy by the members of the shrieking sisterhood. They have clamored long and loud for equality with the other sex, and now that it is granted them it is to be hoped that they will like it. Since marriage has come to be regarded as a contract dissolvable almost at will and sentiment has all but disappeared from the relationship, it is difficult to discover on what grounds the wife can claim exemption from her share of the mutual obligation, and since women flatly refuse, in so many cases, to assume either the responsibility of home making or the bearing and rearing of children they can hardly expect to be kept solely for the purpose of ornament. A woman who is unwilling to carry out the natural obligation of marriage should make no objection to a substitution of duties, and if her husband prefers a life of ease and idleness to one of strenuous effort, she should be broad-minded enough to consider his views and give him the place she herself would be pleased to occupy. Hardly a generation ago it was a disgrace to a man to have it known that his wife added to the income. But men are rapidly fitting themselves to circumstances, and if their wives demand comforts and luxuries beyond their means, they make small objection to letting the ladies gratify their own desires, and as to the children, in this enlightened age, there are few of them, and what there are can be put into kindergartens, and later on, sent to boarding schools to grow up as best they can, without giving any trouble. It is a legal fiction that all persons are equal in the sight of the law, but hitherto there has

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been a decided inclination to favor women. The testimony which would convict a man has been practically ignored in the case of the other sex. It has been stated more than once that when a woman has taken all the law allowed her there was nothing left for the man. Now it appears that for the first time we are to have complete equality. A man is to be entitled to the same consideration in suing his wife for maintenance as has hitherto been granted the wife in bringing the husband to time, and it is not improbable that we shall have frequent instances of this new form of mutual obligation, though the average man will continue to maintain the attitude of chivalry which he has always been expected to assume. It should not seem an impertinent query to ask when a woman deliberately marries a worthless fellow, why she should not be presumed to be both able and willing to assume the responsibilities which she has every reason to know he will not fulfill, and why, having commited an error which she had every opportuntity of avoiding, the law should be called upon to extricate her from her predicament. The statistics of divorce, if differently kept, might reveal the fact that a large number of the dissatisfied ones calmly proceed to make the same mistake a second and even a third time, and that after all, the gist of the grievous complaints is that there has been less of the "beer and skittles" than was expected. The old ecclesiastical marriage service was a solemn contract in which the parties were asked to consider both extremes, "for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer," but the modern notion has been to expect only the better and richer and to make bitter complaint if there were any fluctuations in the marital barometer. Hitherto wives have considered that they had done more than their duty if they provided some of the luxuries they demanded for themselves. Now they may have a try at squaring some of hubby's jewelry and tailor bills instead of indulging in imported bonnets and sealskins.

The Saunterer

Wallace and the Regency

A vacancy will occur in the board of regents of the State University next spring, and speculation as to the probable action of Governor Gage is already rife William T. Wallace is the gentleman whose term is drawing to a close, and there is not much likelihood of his being reappointed. I believe he affects an indifference about the matter but there are old-time politicians who say that his love of public office is such that he has at all times been prepared to take anything from Police Commissioner to Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. Judge Wallace has made many enemies in his time and they are now out for his scalp. Several of them are conspicuous in Republican politics, and are on terms of intimacy with Henry T. Gage, and they will most strenuously protest against the reappointment of the Police Commissioner to the regency.

When Wallace Fell Out With White

But it is thought by some who are familiar with political history that there is no need of a protest to prevent Wallace from succeeding himself. They recall the fact that Governor Gage and the late Senator White were very warm friends, and that White and Wallace were bitter enemies. And thereby hangs a tale of more or less interest. For thirty years, so the story goes, William F. White, the father of Steve White, was the devoted friend of Judge Wallace. He was always behind Wallace in the latter's political fights. He was behind him in the senatorial fights in 1867 and in 1875, and when Steve White came to man's estate he joined his father in his efforts to advance Wallace's political interests. In 1869 Wallace's friends, conspicuous among whom was the elder White, elevated him to the Supreme Court of which he was Chief Justice for ten years. In 1882 they were behind him when he sought the Congressional nomination at San Jose but the opposition to him was strong and effective. Then he began to charge his friends with disloyalty, and thereafter the Whites were excluded from the Wallace social circle.

But Judge Wallace, according to the political gossips, did not content himself with overlooking the Whites socially. Some little while later he was instrumental in securing for Asa Ellis of Los Angeles, the appointment to the position of Internal Revenue Collector. Shortly after his appointment Ellis appointed a sister of Steve White to a clerkship in his office. Wallace was then absent from the city, but on his return he learned of Miss White's appointment, and it is now asserted by his enemies that he demanded her removal. It is even said that strong pressure had to be brought to bear on him to induce him to withdraw the demand. Therefore it is that people who are aware of the friendship that existed between Senator White and Governor Gage say that Wallace must retire from the board of regents.

The Hope-Strong Affair

San Francisco has long enjoyed the reputation of being one of the widest open towns this side of Paris, but fun-lovers of foreign parts will begin to cast a skeptical eye in this direction when they read about

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the Epworth League dividing attention with Lady Hope in the gayest of American cities. It was rather rash for the lady with the fog-horn voice to make this the scene of her illegitimate amour just about the time of the coming of the Epworth Leaguers. Ordinarily we would not have uttered a word of protest, except perhaps, to chide her for coming hither in cog. Our hotel keepers object to being deceived in such matters. And there is really no necessity for cloaking indecency. But we have to make sporadic displays of virtue, and when we are entertaining prominent church people the time is not propitious for a conspicuous exhibition of amorous dalliance with a single man and a married woman in the leading roles.

The newspapers would be entitled to applause for pursuing the nimble lovers around town, chasing them from the tenderloin to the secluded roadside resort, were it not for the fact that they threatened to arouse public sympathy. It is commendable to lash the guilty, but there is a limit to the penalties prescribed by the code. Even adultery is not a capital offense in San Francisco. The authorities have never attempted to repress it. Those that make no attempt to conceal their adulterous acts appear to be less liable to molestation than the ones that court secrecy and are found out. Of such are Lady Hope and her paramour. It should be remembered, however, that infractions of the moral law are a menace to the morality of a community when they are paraded.

The Rule at Marchand's

Some people were greatly surprised to learn, through publication of the details of the Hope-Strong affair, that hotel accommodations are not to be had in Marchand's restaurant. Other French restaurants receive lodgers and boarders by the day, week or month, but nobody has ever been permitted to take a trunk into San Francisco's famous rotisserie. That has always been the rule of the establishment laid down by the original proprietor when he opened the house, back in the fifties. Guests are permitted to occupy rooms there for days and weeks, but not to become permanent lodgers. The supposition is that if a different policy were pursued, guests could not be assured the privacy which is the attractive feature of the house.

Boomerang Newspaper Joke

The Hope-Strong episode at the hotels was the cause of a novel boomerang joke in the local newspaper world. Very late one night when most of the reporters on the three morning dailies were trailing bedward and when the few on watch were on the alert for developments in the sensation the telephone of the *Call* rang out sharply and a husky voice rushed the wire with the startling news that Lady Hope had just been shot and there was the deuce to pay. The "late watch" was sent flying to run down the story only to discover after a swift whirl that the tip was all a hoax and that some rascally rivals across the street must be working a "ha! ha!" So they were. A bunch of jolly rivals who had just quit work were sitting in a nearby cafe and chortling, between smiles, over the "scare" bomb they had dropped over the wires into the *Call* editorial rooms. It happened however that a big piece of Police news—unsuspected by the papers—had really happened at that early morning hour and while the jokers were chortling in their glee, the others gathered it in while trying to run down the shooting of Lady Hope. It was the stabbing affray at the Chutes. And that's how the *Call* succeeded in beating its rivals on that story.

Dimmick's Past

Clerk Dimmick may not have stolen money from the Mint, but the circumstances of his having been a model boy, and of his being a resident of Oakland at the time of his appointment to the political job, appear to be accepted by certain people with worldly experience as prima facie evidence against him. The presumption is certainly against a man who gets into a public office in the metropolis through the medium of Oakland politics. Though Oakland is within easy reach of San Francisco, there is something peculiarly rural about the politicians that hail from there. When they come over to this side of the bay they seem to imagine that everybody in town knows they are here. They are ambitious of a high roller reputation and they like you to know that the salary attached to the job isn't all they depend on for a periodical splurge. Dimmick is a fair sample of the kind of men that become successful politicians in Oakland. He formerly eked out an existence as the agent of a patent match company, and while qualifying himself for a job in the mint he played I. O. U. tags against a nickel-in-the-slot machine for cigars until he owed a bill of a little less than thirty dollars when he took his trade away. The cigar men sold the account for fifteen dollars.

Agriculture at Berkeley

Some time ago Father Crowley, in charge of the Youth's Directory, formulated a proposition to establish a practical school where the homeless boys cared for in this institution could be properly instructed in farm work under conditions which would give them not only an insight into agricultural work, but some chance of becoming attached to the life of a farmer. The plan, as outlined, would not require any extraordinary expenditure, and there is little reason to believe that it would not be the best disposition to make of the boys, since the opposition of the trades unions, taken in connection with the growing use of machinery, leaves little hope that many of them can expect to become mechanics, and without capital they have no chance in the commercial world. The idea of the farm school has apparently met with universal approval, but it would seem that the other requisite—land upon which to establish it, or funds for its maintenance, are not yet forthcoming. At the same time,

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we have an expensive College of Agriculture in connection with the State University, from which at the last commencement there graduated a single student, a woman, who was greeted by her chivalrous male classmates with grins and sneers. What is the matter with some plan for diverting the funds of that institution to Father Crowley's proposed school, and getting some good of the thing? I offer the suggestion with the expectation of evoking a howl from the remotest corners of the State. But Father Crowley conducts a non-sectarian institution. He is a practical man who has done much good work and who would no doubt be a great success if he were a member of the Berkeley faculty as chief of the College of Agriculture. But perhaps he wouldn't care for the job.

Bishop Potter's Dressing Case

From a story going the rounds of the Eastern magazines, I learn that Bishop Potter always travels with a very complete and expensive dressing-case as a part of his luggage. And the story goes that one time the Bishop was a guest at a fashionable woman's home, and she had spread out an elaborate array of silver on his dressing-table. The Bishop has a habit of preferring his own combs and brushes, so he carefully placed all his hostess' silverware in a washstand drawer. His visit concluded, he was at the next place on his circuit when a message came from his former hostess, politely inquiring if he had packed the furnishings of her dressing-table in his own bag by mistake. The Bishop was not angry. He immediately dictated a return message:

"My Dear Madame: You will find your silver in the right hand corner of the washstand drawer."

Sachs-Ach

So Beatrice Sachs is really going to be married! None of her set would believe it at first, for she has always said she did not intend to become engaged for many years to come, that she "cherishes her independence," and all that sort of thing. Several times her name has been coupled with that of some eligible youth, but she has always laughed the rumor into oblivion. Miss Sachs is considered the smartest dressed woman in the set, and this counts for a good deal in a circle containing the best-gowned women in the city. She is a clever girl, reads everything in several languages, and is thoroughly up-to-date. Julius Ach is the happy man who has won the promise of Miss Sachs' hand. He is a brother of Henry Ach, the attorney. Both Miss Sachs and Mr. Ach are tremendously wealthy, so there is no question but that it is a love match. The marriage will likely not take place for some time, as the Achs' are just now in deep mourning, owing to their parent's death.

Ewing-Williams

The marriage of Miss Nellie Ewing and Mr. Thomas Saalsburg Williams, Jr., will take place very soon. Owing to the recent death of Mr. Williams' father, the ceremony is to be celebrated quietly.

At the Buffalo Exposition the visitors guard against sickness by draughts of Chapin & Gore's Old Reserve Whiskey.

Griswold-Faull

When the marriage license of Miss Harriet Griswold and Mr. John A. Faull appeared in Sunday's papers, there was considerable surprise manifested among those who were not in the young people's secret. But the intimate friends of both had known for months of their engagement. The marriage, which will not take place for another month, is the outcome of an acquaintanceship that had extended over many years. The bride is the younger daughter of the late Dr. and Mrs. Griswold and a niece of W. O. Gould. Her sister is Mrs. Fred Mayhew and her cousin Carrie, Mrs. Samuel Tuggle, is quite prominent in society. Jack Faull is a son of the late John A. Faull and a grandson of the pioneer, Dr. Henry Fiske. The Faull family formerly lived in Sutter street, in the large residence next to the Century club, but they afterwards moved to St. Helena.

Another Weir Mitchell Story

Although Dr. S. Weir Mitchell has been and gone, they are still telling stories about him at the clubs. One is so good that it will bear repetition. It seems that Dr. Mitchell was in Paris, and had occasion to consult a nerve specialist. The latter inquired:

"But why did you not consult the greatest living authority on the subject?"

"Who is that?" asked the Philadelphian.

"A countryman of yours, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell of Philadelphia."

That is the kind of compliment that one appreciates.

Of Revolutionary Ancestry

The opening story in the July *Woman's Home Companion* is entitled "When Independence Was the Stake," written by Adele E. Thompson. The hero is Caesar Rodney, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. It is not generally known that three of Caesar Rodney's descendants were residents of San Francisco up to a very recent period. They were school teachers named Gallagher, and were talented girls. Lily, now dead, was a clever artist, while Isabel, now Mrs. Fairbanks, was gifted with a fine voice. She is at present residing in Mendocino county. Gertrude, the youngest, gave considerable promise as a writer. She is now a Mrs. Hall, and also resides out of the city, her home being at Gold Run. These girls were great-great-granddaughters of the Revolutionary hero and were prominent members of the old Advent church in former days.

She was Lonesome

Mrs. J. Francis Anderson of Ben Lomond has been spending some weeks at Capitola. A correspond-

CROWN LUNCH ROOM

219 Montgomery Street

Opp. Mills Building

ent informs me of the fact in the following communication:

Editor *Town Talk:* You no doubt recall the fact that the management of the Hotel Rowardennan in the Santa Cruz mountains, declared some time ago that Hebrew patronage was undesirable. Well, it may interest you to know that we who like to spend the summer in Santa Cruz county are enjoying ourselves this year at Capitola. We have virtually taken possession of the place, and it is so lonesome at Rowardennan that Mrs. J. Francis Anderson has come over to live with us. Funny, isn't it? *A Hebrew.*

Some Sparkling Seattle Gossip

The people of Seattle, writes a correspondent, have been doing a deal of hob-nobbing with people of distinction during the past fortnight. In addition to the members of the Congressional committee on Rivers and Harbors and their families, the city has been visited by two French princes of the house of de Broglie, who are touring the world for pleasure, one German count who represents a New York beer importing house, United States Senator John P. Jones of Nevada, ex-United States Senators Pettigrew, Dorsey and Marion Butler, Congressman Sulzer of New York and numerous other gentlemen of national or international prominence. The statesmen have been most lavishly entertained, for the people of Seattle are great advertisers, and they never lose an opportunity to boom real estate. They fondly hope to make Seattle the leading city of the Coast, and imagine that it is even now a rival of San Francisco. Whenever they hear anybody speak favorably of San Francisco they have a conniption fit. A short time ago Howard V. Sutherland, the poet, sent a copy of his "Jacinta and Other Verses" to a resident of Seattle. It contains a very glowing description of the Bay City. In the May number of the *Dilettante*, a literary magazine of which Seattle boasts, because it is the first evidence of culture which the city has enjoyed, Mr. Sutherland's book was reviewed. Among other things the reviewer said:

"The poet betrays himself. He is undoubtedly engaged in the real estate business. In an eloquent apostrophe to San Francisco he enumerates the resources, the wealth, the brilliant future, as glibly as could an agent of the Chamber of Commerce. On the whole, his rhymes are tuneful, even inspired in spots."

The magazine was sent to Mr. Sutherland, who is now a resident of New York, and the other day the editor of the magazine received a second copy of the poet's book inscribed as follows:

The only lots in which I deal
Are fields of space (which none can steal).
And if I place them in the West—
Well, western lots are always best.
For there, at least, a man can thrive,
While here he's either boiled alive
Or frozen stiff. So here's again
To grey old 'Frisco by the main!
Yours in spots,
Howard V. Sutherland.

New York, July, 1901.

Continuing, my correspondent writes as follows:

The reception committees were selected by the Chamber of Commerce with the view, primarily, of impressing upon the guests the importance of the Federal appropriations this section of the country is asking for, but politically it was dominated by the petty personality of ex-United States Senator John L. Wilson, with a view of impressing upon the entertained the idea that he is a very popular and important political personage here. This probably accounts for the very snobbish and brutal snubbing administered to Mayor Humes on the occasion of a visit to Lake Washington. The committees had arranged to give the visitors a luncheon at the grounds of the Golf club and in order to carry out the plan of slighting the city's chief executive, invited him as a special guest. Upon arriving at the grounds the lunch was served on a table and the members of the local committee saw to it that all of the visitors and themselves were seated at the table and left the mayor to shift for himself. The mayor took his lunch on a stump, after which he bade the visiting congressmen farewell, and not waiting for the boat walked across country half a mile, and took a car back to the city. One of the features of the entertainment provided for the visitors, which the local papers neglected to mention, was a visit to the tenderloin. This visit included a call at the now famous St. Paul and Paris houses, the totem gambling hall, several dance halls and opium joints, and ended at a house of shady reputation where a woman danced for the party in the altogether. The provincial aristocracy of Seattle is in a high state of indignation over the action of an ex-queen of the tenderloin in erecting a handsome residence in Madison avenue, which she intends to occupy. They have requested the city trustees to enjoin her from flaunting her ill-gotten gains in their faces, but the authorities know of no law under which they can take the suggested action. The same swells are sore on a parvenue dancing master who has built a fine home at Eighteenth and Madison avenue and painted it red and green. In the hope of laying the foundation for claims to culture, a University club has been organized here and now it is said that the organizers are real estate sharps who hope to create a market for a piece of property for a club-house site. And lately there has been objection raised to Judge Hanford's membership on the ground that he never saw the inside of a university. He is a Federal judge who has made a record for rendering decisions favorable to corporate interests.

Mrs. Foltz, Editor

The journalistic tendency is strong in the Shortridge family. The latest woman to take up the pen is that gifted woman Mrs. Clara Foltz. It is a somewhat singular coincidence that just as her brother, Charles Shortridge, who has been a journalist all his life, entered the legal profession, she diverted her attention from the law to become a newspaper woman. She has established a monthly magazine, called *Oil Fields and Furnaces.* It is devoted to the oil industry of the Coast and is an interesting twenty-eight page paper of artistic appearance. It is not a stock-booming journal of the character of those that have started and failed since the discovery of oil in this State, but it is devoted to the industry itself, and judging from the first numbers it bids fair to be a success.

Gage Ahead to Date

When the Election Commission "passed the buck" up to the Republican State Central Committee in the strenuous dispute between the Tilden and the

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Bouvier county committees it virtually settled the question. Any tyro in politics can guess the decision. Gage had the naming of most of the State Committee and Tilden carries a Gage banner. Bouvier, Ruef, Savage, Lees, Grove Ayres, and those they represent, have abandoned hope of winning out on that line. In the present condition of affairs any talk of appeal to the courts is all fudge and is simply designed to cover up weakness, gain time and throw dust into the eyes of followers likely to be discouraged by the outlook. The men who so adroitly engineered the bill through the last legislature providing for the present emergency were far too clever to leave any technical loophole whereby the men behind Bouvier's Committee could escape or get back at them. The present situation was foreseen, worked out at all its angles, and every question and likely development provided for.

At present it looks as if the Primary League et alls would have to fight it out with their opponents at the primaries in order to get control of the convention and name the officers or slate they are battling so hard to nominate and support. That is an exceedingly bad outlook for them. Under the present line-up in such a contest the machine would seem to have a walk over. There is no doubt but what the battle up to date has been all Gage. Behind the present contest looms the big fight later on for the control of the State. Gage is after a re-election, but the owners of the two big Republican morning papers don't want him again; he hasn't been sociable, affable and above all agreeable enough for them. Hence their efforts through the Primary League to get a grip on the local machine in order to shake Persimmon-Gage out of the patronage tree where he waxes fat and full of political strength. The recent victory over the Bouvier committee has brought him shovels of congratulations, more elbow exercise than any old town pump ever got and has greatly heartened up his cohorts throughout the State. But Gage is making the mistake of his life. He connot boss the political machine and be Governor too. He is over-reaching himself. He may have a little temporary success, but he will soon sink into the oblivion of a Los Angeles law office. I should not be surprised to see Tom Flint beat him out in the convention, for Flint is popular with the boys. But that is about all there is to Flint.

Sea Lions vs. Politicians

I was very sorry to note from the daily press that the Fish Commissioners contemplate reviving Alex. T. Vogelsang's pet scheme to exterminate the small herds of sea lions which form such an attractive feature of our marine scenery. Our Eastern visitors, no less than our own tots, never tire of watching the uncouth gambols of these ponderous monsters and the sight has for the former the additional merit of absolute novelty, since sea lions do not frequent any part of the Atlantic littoral. Could the Commissioners visit the New York aquarium and see several thousand people from all walks of life straining their eyes in more or less futile efforts to discern the cavortings of two mangy seals in a tank of muddy water, they might perhaps be brought to realize the attractiveness of the display that bounteous nature has provided here, gratis, for our entertainment and which they propose—in the name of science, forsooth!—ruthlessly to destroy. Of course their plea is that sea lions eat fish. All last winter, Vogelsang was wont to inflict upon his long-suffering friends reams of statistics bearing on the alleged Gargantuan appetites of the seal family in general, and of the late Ben Butler's relatives in particular. To hear him talk, Harry Francis, at a Bohemian club fish-dinner, seemed by comparison a dainty and delicate feeder.

A Bas Le Vogelsang!

The answer to all such quasi-scientific twaddle is that the sea lions are worth to us as an attraction ten times what they cost us in fish. We are in a position today to challenge the world to equal San Francisco as a fish-market in variety, excellence, abundance and price. We can afford the luxury of keeping sea lions. Long may they waive! The trouble with Mr. Vogelsang is that his zeal is seldom tempered by discretion, and that he is too fond of experimenting. He has even taken liberties with his own name, which was originally Vogelgesang, and some years ago lopped out the middle "ge." The name as he formerly wrote it was German and meant "the song of the birds"—probably, in his case, small, hot birds and their side-partners, large, cold bots.

Too Much Ladyfriend

A correspondent who recently made the trip through Yosemite sent me the following:

One of the favorite side-trips of the Yosemite tourist involves an overnight stay at the small inn on the summit of Glacier Point. The Washburn brothers, who run this and other hotels on the Wawona route, are not aware of the general inefficiency of the ex-football player who is in charge of the place. Complaints are numerous, but I speak, not from hearsay but from actual experience. On the day of my arrival as one of a party of five, mine host was absent horseback riding with a lady friend, and there was no one to receive us except the already overworked maids. We did not register, and were forced to carry our own baggage up to our rooms. There was not a light about the place, and we nearly broke our necks in the dark stumbling over strange porches and stairways. Boniface did not put in an appearance until somewhere between nine and ten o'clock, and then he devoted himself exclusively to his lady friend, completely ignoring his guests, who had to follow him all over the place in search of necessary information. On the day of our departure we nearly missed the stage, which was compelled to wait while we carried our grips and hampers down stairs again, mine host meanwhile standing by with his hands in the pockets of his knee breeches. Had we been so minded, I believe we could have gone away without paying our bills. This curt fellow discourages people from patronizing the house, telling them weird tales about their hearts and lungs being affected by the altitude. Of course the fewer patrons he has the less he has to occupy his time and interfere with his attentions to his lady friend. The Washburns themselves are models of courtesy and attention to their guests; and it is a pity that their confidence should be abused in such a manner.

A Necessity to Society People

Chiropody and manicuring have become a necessity to the well groomed society lady and gentleman. Mrs. Cole, who is considered the leader in this profession, receives her clients in an attractive little office on the fourth floor of the Parrott building, room 460, where every convenience has been arranged for the patron's comfort. Work is done principally by appointment as she is a very busy little woman.

The Notorious Howe and Humwel

Considerable space was devoted in the despatches, the other day, to the illness of Abe Hummel of the firm of Howe & Hummel, the New York lawyers. Howe & Hummel have received more free advertising than any other firm of lawyers in the United States, and all because of the fact that they enjoy almost exclusive control of the law business of the theatrical profession. Actors and actresses being public characters, their divorces and other troubles excite general interest, and as a consequence their lawyers get a deal of undue prominence. Howe & Hummel have a national reputation, but they are little better than pettifoggers of the bar. Their professional standing is not much higher than that of our police court shysters. They know the ropes of the divorce court and make a specialty of a character of practice that the average high-toned attorney would scorn to be identified with.

Breezy Gossip from Vienna

Emile Steinegger writes me from Vienna that that city is flooded with American products, and with all sorts of devices of American invention. "The other day," he writes, "I went into a store and asked if they had anything that was not invented in America. After a great deal of head-scratching, the salesman produced two queer-looking little corks and laughingly said, 'Das ist halt schwer' (that is something difficult). I was amused to learn that they were patent corks for locking up the mouth of a bottle of any size. You turn the key and the bottle is as tight as you wish. I have sent them to you as you may find them of some use, but I don't believe that they will protect a bottle of good liquor from a thirsty American butler. By the way, Californian canned fruits are handled by the swellest delicatessen shops here."

The Gay Emperor

The same correspondent informs me that Emperor Franz Josef is as gay as ever. "A prominent Viennese took me out," he says, "to see the villa of the Kaiser's mistress—actress Schratt. He calls regularly on her every morning at 6 a. m. and drinks a glass of buttermilk (?) with her. The villa is situated just outside of the park that surrounds the castle at Schonbrunn. My attention was called to a small private door in the garden wall that members of the common herd are not allowed to use. As this door is about ten paces away from the Schratt villa its uses may be easily surmised."

The Two Churchills

In a recent review of "The Crisis" in a leading London magazine, I noticed that the author was confounded with the son of the late Lord Randolph Churchill. The British public has been slow to discover that there are two men with the same name who are both writers. Winston Churchill, the American writer, published his first book about four years ago, and surely the average reader ought to know by this time that the author of "Richard Carvel" is not the same chap that went to South Africa, and wrote accounts of the Boer war for the London press. But the American Churchill has not suffered through the confusion of names, for it is owing to this cause that his books have a larger sale in England than those of any other American novelist.

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The McAllister Memorial

The proposition to erect a monument in honor of Hall McAllister, the most distinguished and best beloved lawyer that ever practiced at the bar of this State, is meeting with generous response. Hall McAllister has been dead many years, but his old confreres still love to talk of him and to tell of his wonderful achievements and of his brilliant forensic efforts. McAllister owed much of his success to his keen wit. An amusing incident in which he figured occurred on an election day near his home. He reached the polling place just in time to find a drunken loafer voting his name. He heard the man give his name as Hall McAllister and in response to the questions of the officer, state that he was a lawyer and that his office was in the Nevada Block. When the vote was entered the man turned and was confronted by the attorney.

"Are you a Democrat?" asks McAllister.

"I am," said the stranger.

"Well, then, I desire to thank you, for I am in a great hurry this morning."

At that moment a police officer who had learned of the deception approached and asked McAllister if he wished to make a charge against the man.

"Certainly not," was the reply. "I guess he voted as intelligently as I would have done."

Wheeler's Brief Argument

The attorneys in the Fair case have become positively careless since they succeeded in knocking out the trust clause affecting the realty, in the Supreme Court. They are now intent upon having it decreed that the personal property valued at eight million dollars, is also free from the provisions of the trust clause. But they argued the matter before Judge Troutt in a lackadaisical sort of way. Charley Wheeler went through his argument in about twenty minutes, and then rushed off to catch a train. Imagine Charley Wheeler disposing of a matter involving, eight million dollars in twenty minutes! Wheeler has never been noted for his brevity. He has been known to spend a whole day trying to elucidate a point in the Supreme Court. Does he give Judge Troutt credit


JESSE MOORE
A A
WHISKEY
BEST ON EARTH

for being able to grasp an intricate law problem in less time than is required by the Supreme Court? Perhaps being a mind reader he knew when he had convinced the judge, and felt that it was useless to proceed further. I assume that he must have been confident of his having convinced the court or else he would have made a more elaborate argument.

A Queer Character Gone

Old George Linden is dead. I suppose every visitor to Boulder Creek has seen Linden Park. It was an absurd little place, yet not without a pathetic interest, for every inch of its elaborate rock-work, arbors and pathways was the work of its eccentric tenant, old George Linden. For some reason the railroad company had given him a life interest in a piece of ground bordering one of the creeks, and this he undertook to beautify after his own fashion and with no sparing of hard work. He has been known to carry large boulders up from the creek bed on his back to construct his rockeries and fences. The place contained many pretty water views, and if properly improved should afford a site for a pleasant summer resort. The old man was something of a character, but was shy with visitors. He had a sort of flute or flageolet made by himself out of the handle of a tin dipper, and upon this he was wont to discourse a weird music of his own composition when he thought no one was listening. It was generally agreed that he had some secret reason for avoiding human companionship, and at times he was known to drink very heavily. The peculiar manner of his death the other day will add to the romantic interest he possessed for the inhabitants and visitors of so prosaic a place as Boulder Creek. He might well figure in the writings of some of our local storysmiths.

John Perry Jr. Blacklisted

Although His Pumpernickelian Pomposity, the Baron Von Schroeder, is across the seas in Germany scrubbing away at his reputation, the black-list which he inaugurated in his hotel when he cast forth the Gilman-Browns for not salaaming to him, seems to retain all its pristine potency. "Grandpa" John Perry, Jr., capitalist, leader in church work, and what is far rarer, a man of kindly heart and genial nature, beloved by young and old, bearing his great age—for he long since passed the Biblical allotment—with almost boyish vivacity, has been accustomed, time out of mind, to spend his summers at the Baron's hostelry. Upon applying for his usual rooms the other day, he was informed that his patronage was not desired. Now, the Patriarch Job, the most patient of men, displayed on a certain occasion, we are told, a slight momentary warmth in the region where his collar would have been, if he had worn one; and Job was some years older than Mr. Perry. Even Job was jarred, so to speak. As for Grandpa—he fairly blazed, and if that famous Gladstonian ruff of his had been made of celluloid, the San Rafael Fire Brigade would have had their hands full. When he regained the power of articulate speech, he demanded an explanation and he received one.

The Reason

Last summer, as my readers will remember, among the guests at the Hotel Rafael was a certain lady, apparently unattached, well-gowned, of distingue appearance, and, as for age, somewhere in the sunny thirties. Rumor had it that she was separated from her husband, a distinguished Boston divine, and had sought our sunny clime for health and relaxation after a too strenuous campaign with Ibsen and the Higher Literary Cult. Now the Baron doesn't know much about Ibsen; but when it comes to relaxation—well, rather! He was lavish in small attentions and there was some inconsequential gossip; but nothing to signify. The lady left the hotel to visit friends and some days later the Baron repaired to his ranch in San Luis Obispo county. Now, by the veriest chance, it happened that the fair Bostonian returned just the day before the Baron made his reappearance and one of the first persons whom she encountered on the veranda was Grandpa Perry.

"My dear, how well you are looking," cried the gallant Patriarch; "and where did you leave the Baron?"

"Sir-r-r! You are most insulting!" Tableau!

It may have been a case of guilty conscience, but at any rate, when the Baron heard the story he fumed Teutonically, and for a time it was feared that he intended to call the old gentleman out.

She Objected to the General

Mrs. Edwin Wildman, who has just returned to New York after a long stay at the Palace hotel, is the little woman who became rather famous in the Philippines owing to an incident in which she figured. General Otis wished to meet her, and a high Navy official undertook to perform the introduction.

"I want you to meet General Otis," he said to Mrs. Wildman.

"But I don't care to meet General Otis," returned the lady, who had heard some gossip that did not please her about the Commander of our army in the Philippines.

However, the introduction came off through the officers of the afore-mentioned high Navy official, but Mrs. Wildman refused to shake hands with the General. Nevertheless, nobody accused her of snobbishness. She is a descendant of Rochambeau and can also boast of her Pilgrim blood. Her husband is Edwin Wildman, brother of the late Rounseville Wildman. Their home is in Ogdensburgh, New York.

The "Artistic" Bow—a new thing in fine silk patterns, at 25 cents each will be appreciated for its value when seen. Can be had at Lewison's the Leaders—Gents Furnishers, 953 Market street between 5th and 6th. The qusiest block in San Francisco.

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A Startling Bit of Gossip

The tea-tabbies are reveling in a delightful bit of conjecture regarding the domiciling of Cupid in the Martin mansion. They are wondering if, after Walter and Peter are successfully mated and housed, the mater will take it into her lively head to venture the sea of matrimony again. Why not? This exciting tidbit has been tossing about the tea-tables for the past fortnight, in fact ever since the advent of the handsome soldier who recently succeeded to the command of this Army post. The two have known each other for years, are old friends, and on one side at least, according to several sapient tea-tabbies, there is certainly no lack of esteem and admiration. Wouldn't it be a funny prank of Dan Cupid if, before he quit the Martin premises, he mated and married every member of the family?

The Gallant General Young

"The army knows no more gallant soldier than the new commander of the Department of California," said a veteran of the Civil war the other day. "I saw a great deal of General Young shortly after his enlistment as a private at the breaking out of the war, and I found him to be one of the most rollicking, dare-devil fellows that ever shouldered a gun." General Young was born in a small village on the Ohio river, below Pittsburg. He enlisted as a private in a Pennsylvania volunteer regiment, and served throughout the struggle between the North and South. He then entered the regular service and spent more than a quarter of a century upon the Western plains, fighting Indians. When the war with Spain broke out, he was a colonel. He was summoned to Washington, made a brigadier-general, and sent to Cuba on the staff of General Shafter. After the surrender of the Spaniards at El Caney he was taken sick with tropical fever. Later on he was assigned to the Department of North Luzon, where he rendered valuable service for nearly two years.

A Local Lord Eldon

When the man who was afterward Lord Eldon was busily winning his way to fame at the English bar, he once presented a very learned argument in an important case. His discourse lasted three days and the learned justices of the Court of King's bench, who listened to it were so much impressed that they predicted a great future for the young man. His points they considered well taken and his position almost unassailable. Imagine their consternation when, on the case being resumed a few days later, the future Lord Eldon appeared prepared to argue the other side! He had been retained in the interim by his former opponents. The justices were aghast, and very properly refused to hear him. Well, another Lord Eldon has cropped up at the San Francisco bar in the person of a man who, although in the sere and yellow of life, still commands respect and attention whenever he appears in court. I refer to Judge C. N. Fox, ex-Justice of the Supreme Court of this State. Judge Fox is retained for the defense in the water right suit of John R. Hite against the Madera Canal and Irrigation company, in which the millionaire mining man is seeking to restrain diversion of the waters of Big Creek, on the south fork of the Merced river. Judge Fox is endeavoring to convince Judge Corcoran of Mariposa that Hite has lost his right of action through twenty-five years' free and uninterrupted adverse user of the water in dispute. What makes his argument particularly interesting is the fact that James F. Peck, of counsel for Hite, in his seven days' opening argument quoted no less than five Supreme Court decisions supposed to have direct bearing upon the question at issue, all of them delivered, written and signed by the learned Judge Fox himself! Of a verity this must be an awkward predicament for a learned lawyer to find himself in. "Once a judge, always a judge," should be the system here, as it is in the tight little isle across the water.

Coffey in Ireland

Speaking of tight little isles, reports are wafted across the ocean to the effect that Probate Judge Coffey is enjoying himself right royally in the Emerald Isle. It is the learned Judge's first trip across the water after a life of patient toil, and he is having such a good time that he finds no time to write. He has the faithful Jere, his nephew, with him, and brief postcards to his remaining nephew, Edward I., who has been left as watchdog over the Judge's chambers at the City Hall, tell of wanderings from place to place, with no such things as newspapers to disturb his rest. This is how the *Freeman's Journal* of June 29th, refers to Judge Coffey on the occasion of his visit to the Fethard Convent schools: "The Right Hon. J. V. Coffey, Judge of the Superior Court of California, was one of Mr. Burke's party. He is an eminent citizen of the United States, where is he honored for his splendid abilities, his wonderful professional knowledge, and, more than all, for his universally-admired integrity. On his way through the schools some of the blue-eyed fairies charmed him, and he was a general favorite."

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PACIFIC COAST AGENTS

Doings at Del Monte

I really do not know what the smart set would do without Del Monte. That delightful resort by the shores of Monterey bay has so entwined itself round the hearts of the boys and the girls that the periodical trips would be sorely missed if anything untoward should occur. Hermann Oelrichs is there now and has been for many weeks. He may be seen on long summer days biking along the roads, full of health and spirits. Meanwhile Mrs. Oelrichs is enjoying herself in Newport. Mayor Phelan, too, has made the place his summer headquarters, and runs down every week-end. He is energetic, too, is our Mayor, and rides and swims with the best of them. Once in a while a party from the hotel makes its way up the hillside behind the old town of Monterey, to where Rollo Peters, of moonlight fame, has a camp pitched in a ravine. Peters is great on Saturday night suppers, with the open woods for the theatre and plenty of amateur talent, both vocal and instrumental. Charlie Dickman is a host in himself on such occasions. There was a party there a few nights ago at which the most prominent figures were a young lady from San Mateo and a young West Virginian of undoubted family and fortune. The little birds will tell secrets, and I heard a good deal about cartloads of American beauties and candy that found their way from the city to a certain suite of apartments at Del Monte each day. Thirty pounds of sweetmeats in one day, I heard, was the record. And the chaperon, usually of the most vigilant and strict, looked smilingly on.

Ancestors While You Wait

A certain aureoled son of Albion, whose habitat is the Pacific Union club, if not the genuine, hall-marked article in British aristocracy, is bound in any event to make himself an excellent, quintuple-plated, Brummagen imitation of it. The younger element in the club long ago christened him "The Teredo"; because of his boring proclivities. Unfortunately for the members he has enjoyed an abundance of spare time since his wife inherited her share of papa's millions and he, in consequence, retired from business, and his capacity along the lines of least resistance has increased so enormously that it is now, contrasted with what it used to be, as a diamond-drill is to a sick mosquito. A small portion of his new-found leisure has been devoted to corresponding with a London genealogical bureau about his pedigree and the remainder to telling his fellow clubmen all about the Heraldry man's marvelous discoveries. As this worthy was liberally rewarded out of old S's hoard at so much per Crusader, he stocked the ex-commercial Briton up with a miscellaneous job lot of noble ancestors that will wall his dining-room from floor to rafter and will extend along the hall plumb out to the front-door, with several left over for the vestibule and butler's pantry. The Teredo has Robber Barons to burn.

Gen. Barnes in a Tight Corner

It is a hoary tradition of the Pacific-Union that nothing that transpires within its icy portals is ever to be breathed to humbler mortals in the outer world; but if a good story were circulated exclusively in that arctic atmosphere, it would be frozen stiff in less than no time. This one shinned down a weather-pipe and got away with only a few frost-bites. General Barnes was reading quietly in the library, when, of a sudden, he became conscious of an access of light and heat and before he fairly realized his peril or could devise a satisfactory plan of escape, this scarlet-polled Britisher had him cornered and had begun his deadly work.

A Tayle of Ye Olden Tyme

"O General! I want—aw—your advice—aw—on a most impawtawnt personal mattah, doncheknow! That Heraldwy-fellah, ye'know, has actually discovered—bah jove!—that I am-aw-entitled to a barony—doncheknow! The fellah wites that I'm descended fwom Simeon de Pontefwact—yas, weally, doncheknow!—cweated a baron in the days of Edward the Confessaw, bah jove! We—the Pontefwacts, ye'know—got into a beastly wumpus at the time of the—aw—waw of the woses—attainted for 'igh tweason, bah jove—and one of us took our pwesent name, doncheknow! yas, weally! Took it fwom our motto: 'Je chappe mon chemin'—doncheknow? It's Norman Fwench, ye'know, and it means"—

"I'll cut my stick!" cried the General, moving towards the door; but the Teredo headed him off.

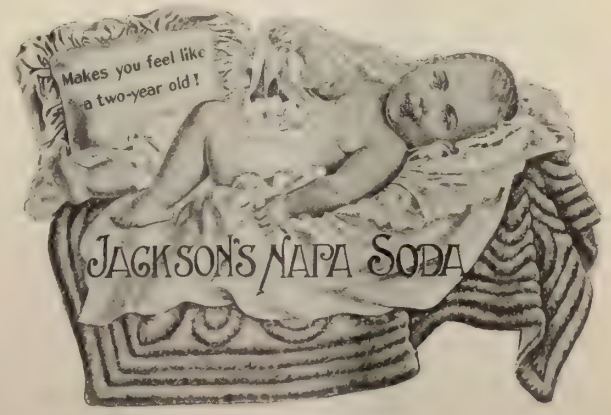
"Oh, no, it doesn't, deah boy; it means, 'I cut my way,' doncheknow! The fellah wites that he's twaced my coat-of-arms and—aw—everything is wegulah, ye'know! I bear on a field argent, thwee papinjays—parwots, ye'know, deah boy; we used to call 'em papinjays in those days, doncheknow!—thwee papinjays pwopah, azure, semes de gouttes d'or—"

"Sounds like a Poodle-Dog dinner," remarked Barnes.

The General's Sage Counsel

"Aw—y-a-a-s! Quite so—aw!—with mantlings of—aw—ermine, ye'know; Now, General, weally oughtn't I to petition the Cwown to westoaw my wights? What would you—do—aw—if you were I, deah boy?"

"If I were you—the which may Heaven forefend!" answered the General in his most solemn, gentlemen-of-the-jury voice; "I would place myself unreservedly in the hands of some great alienist;" and then he fled, leaving the Teredo to hunt up "alienist" in the dictionary.



Artists at Monterey

There is a large array of artists at Monterey this year, and at the next Hopkins exhibition I predict a number of Monterey scenes, sand-dunes, rocks and glimpses of bay. L. P. Latimer has a class of eight with him, among them Mrs. Herrick of Sacramento. Latimer went up into the pine woods for an inspiration last week, and came back with a sketch of a wood scene. He also has two finished sketches of sand-dunes that are interesting studies. Evelyn McCormick is, of course, among the artists at Monterey. C. Chapel Judson has one of the Carmelo cottages. Charlie Dickman, Charlie Peters and Harry Fonda conclude the artistic contingent.

Society in the Mountains

While the various springs seem to be particularly popular this year as outing-places, a large number of the swim find the mountains the best place to brace up after winter and spring dissipation. Up in Placer county many Sacramentans have located themselves. At Alta, over three thousand feet above sea-level, Mrs. McCreery is staying, having leased the Sperry cottage. The lovely home of Mrs. McCreery in Sacramento has, meanwhile, been rented and is occupied as a boarding house. Among Mrs. McCreery's guests for the Fourth of July holidays were W. W. Douglas, Billy Ormsby the Czar of the Capital's smart set, and Miss Etta Birdsall. George Sperry and his sons have been camping near Lake Tahoe. The boys attend Price's school at Alta, this institution by the way having been rented out for the season to a few families from San Francisco among whom the wealthy St. Goars are prominent. The St. Goars have Miss Millicent Cosgrave as one of their guests. I hear they have bought land up in the mountains and will build an eyrie there where they will spend five months every year.

At Ewer's, a small settlement not far from Towle and Alta, are several Oakland and San Francisco families. Mr. Stillman, the Southern Pacific official from Sacramento, has his family located in a mountain cottage. Visiting them is Professor Stillman of Berkeley university.

An Episode of the Fest

Three wise officials of Hoboken town
Once hied to the wooly west,
To garnish the earth with a lovely brown
And transform care to jest:
But they painted too fast and they painted too much,
In applying the first red coat,
And they came to grief—don't it beat the Dutch?
Now they're three wise men in a boat!

J. A. Dudden, the Building Commissioner of the fair city of Hoboken, New Jersey, who has apartments in this city at the Palace hotel, together with a Fire Commissioner and a Police Commissioner from his town, will have something more than a mere record at target practice to carry back with him, when the time comes for him to make tracks for the Atlantic seaboard and tell his townspeople what was "doing" out here. The three dignitaries from Hoboken town set out the other evening to infuse a little fire in their veins by daring to tread the unholy precincts of Chinatown. Later on they visited a tenderloin rotisserie. The Building Commissioner popped corks with the Police Commissioner, and the Fire Commissioner made himself generally pleasant while two gay women added zest to the occasion and jollied things along. When the time for parting came, Building Commissioner Dudden yielded up a fifty dollar bill of the best Hoboken make—and one of the damsels murmured, "Buffalo!" Now, there are no buffaloes in Hoboken—according to the Building Commissioner, the Police Commissioner and the Fire Commissioner—and they agreed that as the caterer's bill was but thirty dollars, they had twenty dollars' change coming. They did not get the change so the three valiant commissioners rushed out upon the sidewalk, flashed gold badges and documents upon Policeman Brady, and when the minion was sufficiently dazzled, returned him to the place of eating and induced him to arrest the feminine guests.

Both damsels were locked up in the city prison and two charges—vagrancy and petty larceny—were placed opposite their name. Meanwhile Officer Brady held Commissioner Dudden's nicely engraved card and the case was assigned to Judge Mogan for trial. There must have been a great difference in the morning, for when Judge Mogan called the case none of the high officials appeared to prosecute and the Court could ascertain but one name—that of Mr. Dudden, Building Commissioner. Attachments at once issued for the three exalted townsmen of fair Hoboken, as the Court was wroth, and it took all the pull that could be stirred up by the Bunde enthusiasts to smother the matter there. And now, in the lexicon of the shooting fest, there is no such word as "Buffalo."

Has Love Failed?

A debutante of La Jeunesse influence—in fact one of the fairest of the season's buds, is in a merry plight over a premature engagement announcement that has gone the rounds and left the wonted trail of speculation in its wake. Early in the week the story went out that Miss Charlotte Field, who is now in the country, was to wed a Mr. Love of whom little seems to be known hereabouts, and the wiseacres who helped the thing along had it that it was a case of "first

Society women are fortifying themselves for the summer campaign with Wm. Williams & Sons V. V. O. Scotch Whisky.

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EXTRA DRY

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sight" and that Mr. Love was round-shouldered from carrying his bankbooks. The daily papers went after the story and brought up short when Miss Field's brother met them with a calm announcement that there was not an atom of truth in the report. Mr. and Mrs. Field are traveling in the East and Miss Charlotte will not return to their home in Pacific avenue until her parents come home. Despite the denials that have followed the rumor about, it is claimed still that the charming Miss Field will be among the early winter brides and that the gossips will have no fault to find with her choice either. One of the good old summer resort romances that we so love to hear about in these unromantic days, is said to be behind it all.

An Historical Home

The Old Capital club of Monterey, of which Mr. H. A. Greene is secretary, has just moved into new quarters, in an adobe building of historical interest. The house was once occupied as headquarters by Commodore Sloat and Commodore Stockton, and afterwards used by the United States army. It was the first capitol of California, under Military Governor-General Reilly. Generals Fremont, Kearny, Sherman, Halleck, Mason, Burton, Hamilton, Couch, Ord, Baldwin, Sulley and others of like prominence were occupants of the building, and not many clubs in the world can boast of a home around which cluster so many historic memories. It was in the Old Capital club's new house that Lieutenant Derby was once quartered, and whence many of John Phoenix's famed stories originated.

Mrs. Cadwalader's Cape

Mrs. Cadwalader, in the company of her son B. L. Cadwalader, who is the secretary of the Board of Public Works, attended the Scott-Martin wedding and has since found occasion to make a few mental notes on the people who attend proud functions. Mrs. Cadwalader wore a valuable cape which was appropriate only for occasions of this sort, and which had therefore been exposed to the critical eye of the observant throng but a few times. On the way to the wedding, the cape was laid aside a moment and it went up in thin air. Mrs. Cadwalader felt sure that the costly garment was "lifted" in the immediate vicinity of the spot where the marriage was celebrated, and therefore wrote the Scotts a very polite letter of inquiry which was at first bluntly acknowledged, and then, when other letters followed, they were ignored. So a frigid blast has blown down the aisle between the Scott-Martin and the Cadwalader factions in society, and cooled the ardor that once marked their social relations.

A Gaining Fad

Locomobiles have become quite the fad among the exclusive set in San Mateo and it is but a question of time when a stable will not be considered complete without its auto. Young Templeton Crocker, the seventeen year old son of the late Colonel Charles Crocker, was the first to set the fashion among the San Mateo aristocracy and his handsome steam carriage was the envy of all beholders. The next to succumb to the facinations of a Locomobile was R. P. Schwerin the president of the Pacific Mail Steamship company and manager of the purchasing and supply department of the Southern Pacific and now his live stock has been relegated to the background. Walter Hobart has likewise caught the fever and is to have the swellest steam rig that money can turn out and it will not be long before he can handle the throttle with the same dexterity that has made him so famous a whip. Brother-in-law Charley Baldwin is already an expert chauffeur possessing a French importation of wondrous power and speed but which has been in the hands of mechanics most of the time since its arrival. The latest to look into the mysteries of stop-cocks, steam gauges and side steering devices is Harry Holbrook of the firm of Holbrook, Merrill and Stetson. At present he is quietly feeling his way along but he is doomed for a certainty, for when once the fever takes hold there is no cure.

No tourist should be without a bottle of Hunter Rye in his grip. It is better than the doctor when you have that tired feeling.



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is the best known Resort in the world and withal the most popular. Uniformity of climate the year round and all the luxuries known to us are to be found there.

W. A. JUNKER, Manager

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There are many golf courses; there are many hotels; but there is only one DEL MONTE. One may travel many, many miles; he may find in his journey, golf courses; but not such a place to golf and after golfing such a place to dream. Equally true is this for all of the other out-of door amusements. Not for a day, but for the whole year round. Tennis, Polo, Hot Salt Water or Surf Bathing. The famous drives for seventeen miles along by the ocean shore. Hunting, fishing, boating, wheeling. In fact the Hotel Del Monte and its environment is an every-day in-the-year delight. . . . . .

A New Way Out

Showing a Novel Use to Which Engagement Gifts were Put by an Impecunious but Clever Young Woman

I

The Parting

Scene One: Miss Tot Jones at home and entertaining Mr. Ted Brown.

Miss Jones: Well, Ted, I don't see why you need look so glum. You know well enough I've been out six seasons, and mamma simply cannot afford to keep me in gowns for another. I've got to get married this summer—it's a foregone conclusion.

Mr. Brown (gloomily): Well, I guess I'd better do it, too. There's that Isaacs girl—slathers of money she's got.

Tot: Ugly as sin.

Ted: But a divine figure.

Tot (sarcastically): Yes, I hear her dot is in six figures.

Ted (rising): Well, that's all there is to it, then. Let's say good-bye, now. Perhaps we may meet, at somebody's dinner or somewhere, next winter.

Tot (with tears in her baby-blue eyes): Don't go yet.

Enter China-boy.

C. B.: Mr. Barnacle Murphy is in the reception room.

Ted (grabbing his hat): Well, good-bye.

Tot (appealingly): Oh, *don't* go—I—I won't accept him.

Ted (as he rushes out of the door): You might just as well.

II

The Betrothals

Notes in Daily Paper:

"The engagement is announced of Miss Tot Jones and Mr. Barnacle Murphy. Miss Jones is one of the handsomest blondes in society and has been a belle in the Southern set for several seasons. It was once rumored that she was to marry young Brown, son of the ex-Confederate general of that name, but the rumor was doubtless only idle gossip. Mr. Murphy is one of the greatest catches of the season, a multi-millionaire with any number of beautiful homes all over the United States. He has a yacht and a string of blooded horses. He has been married twice, and Miss Jones will find herself the step-mother of two grown sons and four daughters."

"At last Miss Leah Isaacs has surrendered her heart and promised her hand, the lucky man being Mr. Edward Sylvester Brown, familiarly known about town as Ted Brown. Miss Isaacs is one of the richest heiresses in California. Mr. Brown has no private fortune but his blood is of the bluest."

III

The Temptation

From the *Weekly Gossip:* "The gifts lavished upon Miss Jones, since her engagement to Mr. Murphy was announced, have been pouring in at a marvelous rate. She has already received six diamond bracelets, a ruby necklace, silverware galore, and all sorts of priceless gems. She will feel like a Princess, when arrayed in all this magnificence."

IV

The Dalliance

From Miss Jones to Mr. Brown:

"Teddy, honey boy,

I can't marry that old thing. He simply sickens me every time I look at him Can't you make a break, and rescue me? Your own, TOTTIE."

Message from Mr. Brown to Miss Jones:

"Don't see how I can shake Isaacs. We might elope, but where's the dough to come from? T."

V

The Crime

A fashionable young woman, heavily veiled, visits a gentleman called Uncle Morris, in his private office. When she goes in, carries a heavy package and looks sad. When she comes out, is minus the package but looks jubilant.

VI

The Deception

Miss Jones is the guest of honor at a garden party given by Mrs. Robinson of Belvedere. Miss Jones makes one of a party that goes out in small boats for a row. Mr. Brown is also of the party. Somehow, the boat containing Miss Jones and Mr. Brown gets out of sight of the others. Some hours later it is discovered floating bottom upward with a hole staved through its bottom. Later a hat is washed ashore, a hat recognized as having been worn by Mr. Brown. Miss Jones' veil and parasol are the next things found. There is no doubt but what both were drowned. The papers chronicle the sad ending of a happy day. Miss Isaacs and Mr. Murphy go into heavy mourning for their lost fiances.

VII

The Curtain

The next day's papers contain news of an equally sensational nature. The day of the garden party a burglar entered the home of Miss Jones and abstracted from her jewel case all the magnificent wedding gifts that had been sent to Mrs. Barnacle Murphy-elect. Detectives were put on the scent of the thief but discovered nothing.

VIII

The Fruition

On the evening of the day of the drowning and the robbery, a fair young woman and an athletic youth might have been seen dining at a small roadside inn in Marin county.

"And now we can be happy," said the young woman.

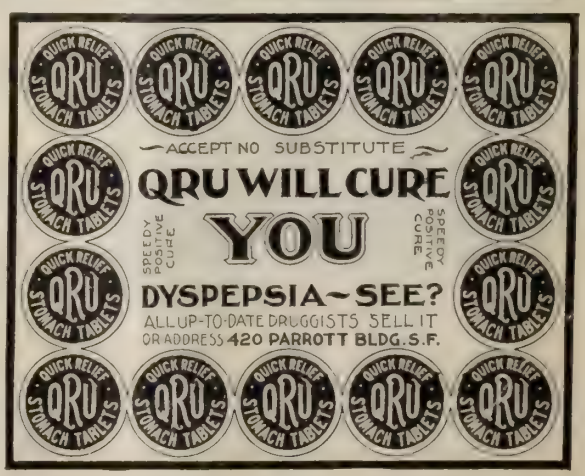
"But what on?" asked her tete-a-tete.

"Why this, of course," and the words were accompanied with a glimpse of piles of gold slumbering in a strong leather hand-bag.

To still his round-eyed wonder she added:

"I'll explain later."

THE JOKER.



A Dream of Childhood

Be still, O, tireless Muse, and let my heart
Dream on awhile;
Let my soul revel in the memories
That used to smile.
While o'er my wearied heart the dream-mist falls,
O, let me lie,
And in my fancy trace the vivid tints
Of youth's far sky.

Now o'er the network of evanished years
Green trails the vine
Of youth, with all the sweetness of its hope,
And trust divine.
So dark and cool the wood; a dreamy place,
For fairies fit;
So green and soft the old moss-covered bank
On which I sit.

Yes, I am here, I surely have not dreamed
Such mockery:
I clasp my hands above my youthful head:
The moments fly.
How near to me the iridescent sky;
'Tis so in youth;
Is it because of childhood's purity,
And innate truth?

So light my heart—no lighter is the dew,
Or thistle-down;
The starry blossoms of the dog-wood tree
Drop gently down.
The tender perfume of the woodland flowers
Caress my sense;
A hazy languor fills the ambient air—
'Tis summer' prescience.

O, Peri glimpse of youth's lost Paradise—
O, tender dream;
Adown the isle of bygone memories
Star-like you gleam.

—Jessie Juliet Knox.

Morning of the fifteenth—"What's the matter with Jagson? He must have had a riotous time yesterday. He looks all broken up."

"Oh, he went out to see the Fall of the Bastile, last night, and was caught under several loads."

It is the King

When a five-cent cigar holds its own as long as the King V has done it speaks well for its merits. Tillmann & Bendel, the largest wholesale house west of the Rockies, and who are the distributors for King V cigar, have such confidence in its merit that they permit their firm name to go on the label. King V is noted for its fine quality and flavor. Its immense sales attest to its popularity.

Sig. Fachutar, the well known mandolinist and Director of the Fachutar Mandolin School and Orchestra, has closed his studio for the summer season and will reopen September first.

"Old English" style of engraving increases in favor not only for calling cards but for invitations as well. Messrs. Cooper & Co., the Art Stationers, make a specialty of this style.

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MONDAY EVENING, JULY 29,
AT 8:15 O'CLOCK

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Summer Blessings

I'm glad the swim is out of town
  Devoutly glad of that!
For I can keep expenses down.
I'm glad the swim is out of town
For I can wear my last year's gown
  And my last summer's hat.
I'm glad the swim is out of town—
  Devoutly glad of that!

—*The Impecune.*

The Disappointed Bride

Once upon a time there lived a Woman, who had been denied by God her Heart's Desire. She longed for Children, and these were not given her.

One day her husband, with whom she had lived happily for Ten Years, died. And, in the course of time, the Woman became tired of Living Alone, and decided that she would take unto herself Another Husband.

So she looked about her for a Man. She wished to be quite sure of attaining her Heart's Desire, and was therefore careful to look only upon men who might Assist her to attain it.

She was an Up-to-Date Clubwoman, and had read "Gallia" and other novels of the day, which discussed such Problems as the one now agitating her own Bosom.

She thereupon said to herself, "My safest solution of the Problem will be to marry a Widower, who is a Father, and who is still in his Prime."

This was not hard to do. She soon found a Man in her Set, whose wife had died two years before, and who was called "papa" by Three Children.

Their attraction being Mutual, they became Engaged and were shortly after made One.

On their wedding trip, one day the Bridegroom remarked to the Bride:

"I am so glad you are not to be Bothered by having to look after the Children."

"Why?" she asked, "don't you know I love the Little Dears?"

"But they are not Yours, you know," he answered, "and nobody would wish to have Other People's Children to take care of."

"But they are Yours," she said tenderly, "they should therefore be as Dear to me as if they were My Own."

"But they are *not* Mine," he replied with a smile, "I thought, of course, you knew that. They were my First Wife's Children. I was her Second Husband."

"And you are not a Father, then?"

"No, we never had any, though we were married Six Years, and both were Very Fond of Children."

Moral: Too much Caution sometimes Defeats its Object. *The Physician.*

The Most Satisfactory Thing

Said Madame Mere, on her way down town, on a shopping excursion: "And now, dearie, what shall I bring you?"

"Bring me along," answered Dearie.

—*The Bonne.*

Why experiment with other brands when you can get Jesse Moore Whiskey at all times and places?

SENSIBLE SHOES

Don't buy cheap shoes for economy's sake
There's no money saved in poor shoe leather
Good shoes are the only sensible kind
They're the only kind that fit right
They're the only kind to wear
And you must go to a good store for a good shoe
Don't go by looks,
Don't take a chance,
Come where you KNOW you're safe

KAUFMANN'S
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832 MARKET STREET, SAN FRANCISCO



This stylish Collar can be obtained in the various heights indicated in the above cut at

Pacific Shirt Co.

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San Francisco

The Brand "Silver" is a guarantee as to quality

Dramatic World

At the Show This Week

COLUMBIA—"Under Two Flags"—Fourth and last week of a play beneath criticism, a charming star and magnificent scenery.

ALCAZAR—"The School for Scandal"—continued by request and a delightful performance.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—"The White Heather"—the Frawleys give a fine production.

TIVOLI—"Babes in the Woods"—last week and still a drawing card.

ORPHEUM—Etta Butler the star.

The Star and the Stock

Blanche Bates should have stayed with the Frawleys. Belasco made Mrs. Leslie Carter; he spoiled Blanche Bates. Who that sees her now as Cigarette but feels regret at the loss of the good stock leading woman in the present star? I can look back and remember any number of successes made by Blanche Bates in the past, before she was a star. Of them all, I cherish the memory of her Sue, in the Bret Harte drama of that name, as her most perfectly rounded out characterization. A writer on the *Call* said the other day that Blanche Bates is a "head" actress and should never act in anything but comedy. I do not quite agree with that, for I have seen her do some good bits of emotional work. But she cannot expect to become a great emotional actress until her own heart is opened to the feelings she wishes to interpret. In this power of swaying an audience, the heart reigns supreme, and the mere head interpreter has no chance whatever. We may admire the latter, but we do not feel those cold chills coursing up and down our spinal column, that attest that our hearts have received a whack. Florence Roberts possesses this quality of thrilling an audience, to a marked degree. Contrast her death scene in "For Bonnie Prince Charlie" with the death of Cigarette in "Under Two Flags." The latter awakes no response in the audience. All around me women were putting on their hats the other night in preparation to rush from the theatre, while at the Alcazar during Miss Roberts' finale not a soul moved, and tears were in the eyes of many. I think it would be the best thing for Blanche Bates if she would go back to a stock company where her talent would find its proper place. She is not yet ready to be a star. The part she is playing now is beneath her, and it does not do to sink one's ideals when one has a future beckoning one on to a possible great height. When you come again, Blanche, don't come as Cigarette.

Grace George will produce three new plays by American authors during her autumn engagement at the Theatre Republic, New York. One is a costume play of romantic fibre, another a society comedy and the third historical in theme. She will also give special performances of "The Country Girl" and other comedies, following the lead of Florence Roberts in this city.

Attractions Next Week

The Orpheum offers one of the best and most varied bills in its history for the coming week. Hugh Stanton and Florence Modena, in Mr. Stanton's successful one-act comedy, "For Reform," come highly praised by the Eastern press and Arnita, a spectacular dancer who has been the latest success of the principal European theatres, will make her first appearance here. Also new to the Pacific Coast are Will H. Murphy and Blanche Nicholls, whose skit, "The Bifurcated Girl," is said to be indescribably funny. People who are looking for something original in vaudeville will find it in this entertaining bit, ending in an optical illusion in which Miss Nicholls appears to cut herself in two "in order," as she explains, "to play two parts." The Three Brooklyns, eccentric musicians and novelty artists, come direct from the Alhambra, London, with an absolutely original

When the bar-keeper sets out Jesse Moore "AA," he gives the customer the best in the house.

AMUSEMENTS

★TIVOLI★ Curtain Rises at 8 p. m. sharp

Evenings at 8 Matinee Saturday at 2

Tonight and Tomorrow Night

Last of the Funny Spectacle

"BABES IN THE WOOD"

Monday July 22nd—Great Revival

"THE TOY MAKER"

Last of the Comic Season - - - - The Greatest Hit of the Year

GRAND OPERA SEASON—Monday July 29th

Seats on Sale Monday, July 22nd

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N. B.—The President and Mrs. McKinley recently acknowledged with cordial thanks the receipt of a package of the Alladio Royal Cream Cheese which is the most delicious article in the market.

act. Ed. F. Reynard, a ventriloquist of renown, will also make his initial bow here, introducing his famous moving figures. Chevalier Scognamilla, the great 'cellist, has created a profound impression in this musical community, and will change his selections. Charles Leonard Fletcher, the really original monologist, the Damm brothers, European acrobats, and the American Biograph, with new moving pictures, will conclude the program.

The modern scenes of "The White Heather" give place next week to the more picturesque and certainly more stirring events of the French Revolution as shown in Steele Mackaye's masterpiece, "Paul Kauvar," which will be the offering of the Frawley company at the Grand. The play is one of strong interest, which begins with the rise of the curtain and holds unflaggingly until its final fall. From a constructive view-point the play is a wonderful piece of mechanism and its literary quality is of the highest order. No period in the kaleidoscopeic history of France combines the fascinating qualities of the picturesque and the stirring in so great a degree as that of the Revolution and it is during this eventful time that the action of "Paul Kauvar" begins and ends. It is a somewhat difficult task to find humor and comedy in time of murder and mob rule, and yet a play unrelieved by these touches is dreary in the extreme. Steele Mackaye was a master in his part and in "Paul Kauvar" he has found space for dainty touches of comedy and light bits of humor which set off and intensify the strong dramatic scenes of this stirring play. The late Robert G. Ingersoll, one of the keenest judges of stage craft of this century, said "Paul Kauvar" was the greatest modern play he had ever seen. An especially elaborate presentation of the play is promised from a scenic point of view, for the sets are all being made from the original models used in the first production of the play by the late Augustin Daly. The cast will be made up from the full strength of this admirable company. E. J. Morgan will play the titular role, while Miss Van Buren will be given her first big opportunity of the present engagement in the part of Diane de Beaumont, the young aristocrat to whom Paul is secretly married. The character is one that calls for emotional work of a high order and is sure to find adequate and forceful interpretation in the hands of this clever young actress. The Duc de Beaumont will be played by Theodore Roberts and Gouroc, the villain, is sure to be forcefully set forth by Harrington Reynolds. John Mason will be the Gen. Delaroche.

Chauncey Olcott, who has such a warm place in the hearts of those who like Irish drama, comes to the Columbia theatre next Monday night for an engagement of two weeks. He brings with him his new comedy, "Garrett O'Magh." The fact that the popular singing comedian will appear in a new role will naturally enhance interest in his advent. It is a romantic part and gives his personality a picturesque aspect, besides affording him an opportunity to do some effective acting. Augustus Pitou is the author of the piece. As in the past, he has kept in mind the advantages of pleasing the eye as well as appealing to the emotions. Hence he has provided four handsome mountings, the several stage pictures being striking. Five new songs will be introduced by Mr. Olcott which made a most pronounced hit in New York during his successful engagement of five months, and he will sing that old favorite, "My Sweet Irish Rose." Columbia futures are Annie Russell in "A Royal Family," Marguerite Sylva in "The Princess Chic" and Margaret Anglin in "Mrs. Dane's Defence."

Next week will be the last of the comic season, and for that week only will be revived the hit of this year, "The Toy Maker." During its seven weeks' run people could not get enough of the quaint piece, and it will undoubtedly be the means of allowing the Tivoli comic opera company to make a grand-stand finish. The same people that made the opera go so well will be seen, and it goes without saying that they will be as welcome as before. The manage-

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Dated, June 29, 1901.

Duly acknowledged before me on the 29th day of June, 1901, A. K DAGGETT, Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

(Endorsed.)

Filed in the office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 3rd day of July, 1901.

WM. A. DEANE, County Clerk.
By E. M. Thompson, Deputy Clerk.

HENRY I. KOWALSKY, Attorney for Alex Heins Belting Company.

Notice of Dissolution

Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing between IDA HEINS, ALOIS WILLIAM and C. H. KAUL, under the firm name of ALEX HEINS BELTING CO., has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. All debts owing to said partnership are to be received and paid by and to said Ida Heins and Alois William and all demands on said partnership are to be presented to them.

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ment has been making great preparations for the season of serious opera, which will commence on July twenty-ninth. The importation of artists is still going on, and numbers are arriving daily. The company will be the best this house has yet offered, and a number of new works will be given. The regular sale of seats for the opening week commences on Monday, July twenty-second, and a big run on the box-office is assured. "Aida" and "Rigoletto" will be heard the first week, on alternate nights, "Aida" leading off on Monday.

Owing to the phenomenal success of Florence Roberts as Lady Teazle in the Alvazar's production of Sheridan's "School for Scandal," it has been found necessary to postpone the production of "The Country Girl," the famous Wycherley comedy, to next week, when it will be given as lavish a presentation as has been given this week's attraction. The cast will include Florence Roberts as Peggy, the country girl, Agnes Ranken at Alithea, Marie Howe as Lucy, White Whittlesey as Dick Bellville, George Webster as Squire Moody, Edwin Emery as Ned Harcourt, Lucius Henderson as Sparkish, and Frank Bacon as Old Will. The favorite drama, "Camille," is announced to follow.

—*The Playgoer*

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Music World

A Sancta Maria, beautifully set to music taken from Himmel's "Urania," was sung with equal beauty last Sunday afternoon at St. Mary the Virgin, corner Steiner and Union streets, by the soprano, Mrs. Wallace Wheaton Briggs. Mrs. Briggs has a very full mezzo-voice, of high range. She will sing Holden's "Nearer My God to Thee" at the offertory tomorrow.

Dr. Stewart's Recital

It is a matter of considerable interest to the world of music-lovers that Dr. H. J. Stewart has announced two organ recitals, before his departure for the East. These recitals will be held at the Mechanics' Pavilion, and the instrument will be the fine new Stanford organ that is to be placed in the chapel of the Palo Alto university. The recitals will occur on next Saturday afternoon, the twenty-seventh and on the Monday evening following. Admission will be twenty-five cents, with no reserved seats.



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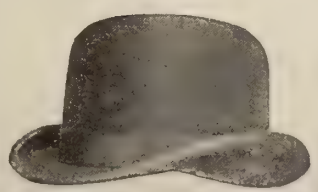
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Richard A. Lucchesi, who has been visiting friends in San Jose, Ben Lomond and in Sonoma county, has just returned, and is ready to resume his work. During his vacation, Sig. Lucchesi composed several vocal and instrumental pieces which will be heard in a concert he is preparing to give in the near future.

Mrs. Arthur Franklin Briggs has returned after a several weeks' visit to the East. While in New York Mrs. Briggs studied with Dr. Holbrook Curtis, the eminent voice and throat specialist. At the same time, she pursued her study of the Curtis method, with Hugh Whitfield Martin; Mr. Martin is one of Dr. Curtis' able exponents.

At St. Dominic's church there will be special music tomorrow evening, under the direction of Franklin Palmer, the organist and choir director. The program will include: Chorus, Ave Verum, (Gounod); tenor solo, St. Paul, (Mendelssohn), Mr. Frank Onslow; contralto solo and chorus, Agnus Dei, (Rossini), Miss Ella V. McCloskey and choir; bass solo, Creation, (Haydn), Mr. J.C. Hughes; tenor solo, The Holy City, (Adam), Mr. D. C. Lawrence; soprano solo and chorus, Inflammatus, (Rossini), Miss Marion Hardon and choir; O Salutaris, (C. M. Dethiet); Adoro Te (Dethier); bass solo and chorus, Tantum Ergo, (Widor), Mr. Walton Webb and choir; organ selections by Mr. Palmer: Sonata op. 108 Fantasie (Rheinberger); organ symphony No. 5 Allegro Vivace (Widor); Traumerei (Schumann); Berceuse (F. Palmer); Marche Solenelle (Mailly.)

Professor Hermann Genss has accepted a call to the Directorship of the Irving Institute Conservatory of Music and will assume charge at the beginning of the new session, August fifth. His specialties are pianoforte, vocal music, theory and harmony.

Professor Joseph Beringer, director of the Beringer Conservatory of Music, informs me that the fall term of the school begins July twenty-second. A number of students have already entered the Conservatory during vacation, and the ensuing season promises to be again an exceptionally busy one.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Campbell have returned from their trip to the Siskiyou mountains and Mrs. Campbell will visit some friends in the country before resuming her work on the first of August.

Miss Bird Friedlander recently made quite a hit at an entertainment at the Capitola hotel. Her singing brought her many compliments from the visitors who were present at the entertainment. It is said that Miss Friedlander has a professional career in view.

The prospectus of the Saturday club of Sacramento just received, shows a greatly augmented membership and a list of programs for the coming year of more than common interest. Among the latter I note for April twelfth a piano recital by Madame Bloomfield Zeisler. Madame Zeisler was enthusiastically received in Sacramento on her previous concert tour to this coast some years ago and won her way into the hearts of the Saturday club members not alone for her artistic performance but for her charming womanly personality.

Mrs. Oscar Mansfeldt has been at St. Helena for the past two weeks convalescing and is expected home by Monday.

The Misses Theresa and Lily Sherwood have just returned from a very successful concert tour in Northern California. They have been filling engagements for the concerts etc., of the Chautauqua assemblies, first at Shasta Retreat, then at Ashland, Oregon. They will spend the remainder of the month at the Hotel Rowardennan, Ben Lomond.

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Madame Rosewald's Return

Madame Julie Rosewald, who is now in Maryland, will return to San Francisco next month and will resume teaching on August fifteenth. The Baltimore *American* of date July eighth contained an interesting interview with Madame Rosewald, in which she gave voice to the sentiment which appears to be no longer considered heresy, that "Music is taught best in America." Among other things she said: "The Americans have a way of doing things that every other nation lacks. It does surprise me that some of our girls are so foolish as to go to Europe for training when they can get better training at home. An American girl goes to Paris or Italy to study. Her teacher sees big money. He says he will take six months to tell just what she will have to do to become a great singer. The six months are up and although the girl has come to study church music the professor says 'Mademoiselle will be a prima donna; she will shine in grand opera.' The silly girl stays and studies three years and goes to the wall. Prima donna is a great word with Frenchmen and Italians. Another thing I object to is men teaching women and women teaching men. There is an octave between their voices. The high 'd' of the man is the low 'd' of the woman. Then the man can never really teach a woman the high notes. And a man loses the low notes with the woman teacher. Of course, when the best vowel of the student is found there may be a relative teaching, but this is not profitable teaching to a student. Every pupil must be studied as well as taught. No two throats and no two noses, chests or mouths are exactly alike. How, then, can any two be trained alike? How nonsensical to adopt a single style of teaching and apply it to all students. It makes them lose their individual tone color. * * * America is behind, in a way, in music. She does not husband her resources. Who ever heard of a subsidy given to a college of music by the American government? Then we are such a busy people over here. The professions attract men and women so today that they do not stop to think of music, even though they have good voices. * * * If this government and people took the same amount of interest in music as the European countries do, America would soon be musical mistress of the world. As it is, New York has better teachers than Italy and in church music she is superior to Paris."

It is a good many years since Madame Rosewald left us for Europe, some time after her husband's death. She will be very warmly welcomed back. A few of her Californian pupils who have attained name and fame are Marie Barna, Carrie Milzner Hamilton, Caro Roma, Anna Miller Wood, Mabelle Gilman, Eleanor Kent and Frank Coffin.

After spending some time at Angel's Camp, Calaveras county, and Ben Lomond, Santa Cruz county, Mr. Samuel Adelstein is spending the remainder of his vacation in the Lake Tahoe region and vicinity visiting Tallac, Glen Alpine Springs, Deer Park Inn and Independence Lake. He will return to the city about the first of August to resume his classes.

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World of Letters

Jack Raymond

To those who read and appreciated "The Gadfly" it was a matter of course to look for another book far above the common mediocre output, from the pen of its author, Mrs. E. L. Voynich, and in "Jack Raymond" there will be no disappointment. It is not a novel in the ordinary interpretation of the word, for the love interest is wanting, unless it be the love of a neglected lad for the mother of his adoption; that of a brother and sister, or of David and Jonathan. Jack is introduced to us as a bad boy, the leader of "The Gang," in all the mischief of the neighborhood, though he is barely ten years old. His mother, an actress, who had died years before leaving Jack and a little sister, was in the eyes of the Cornish villagers, the incarnation of that mythical being, "the Scarlet Woman," and with the drowning of the sailor father the two orphans came into the care of their uncle, the vicar of the parish, a man of narrow views, harsh judgment, crass stupidity, injustice and cruelty, and as Jack phrased it, a secret delight in "seeing something kick." The boy's temperament is one that rebels against restrictions which are needless, and his so-called wickedness is but boyish mischievousness exaggerated as the result of injudicious treatment. Of viciousness there is not a trace, but it is hard to convince one's self that Vicar Raymond is altogether actuated by a desire for the good of his nephew's soul when he makes such haste to put the boy in the worst light before the new doctor, immediately upon his arrival: "It is no use our trying to hide the skeleton in our family cupboard away from you. It has been forced upon your notice against our will. Unhappily, it is not mere childish naughtiness that we have to contend with in my nephew; it is an inherent evil disposition. Jack inherits from his mother a character which seems incapable of reform, its vices are so deeply rooted. Neither persuasion nor firmness has any effect upon him; after years of care and earnest efforts to arouse some glimmering of better feelings, he grows steadily worse and worse." Jack could have been led but not driven, and the only idea of training or government which had penetrated to the mind of his guardian was to drive. Punishment followed until the boy became thoroughly hardened, and accepted a thrashing as a matter of course. "Human beings, especially grown up ones, had hitherto played in his life a singularly small and contemptible part. They were inevitable of course, and sometimes useful; but neither

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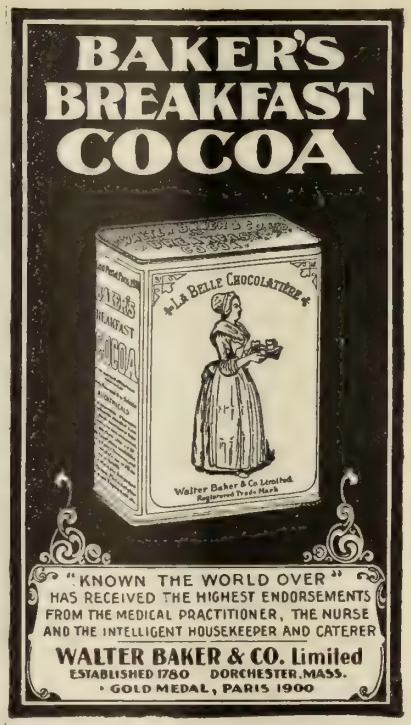
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interesting nor pleasant, and generally much in the way. Within the last three years a new element had been creeping into his relation with the adults of his world; he had begun to see in them natural, as it were, hereditary enemies. Anything brutal or stupid, any petty meanness or fidgety interference on their part seemed a matter of course, coming from creatures by nature illogical, spiteful and incompetent; and his standpoint once having become fixed, many wise and necessary restrictions were lumped together in careless contempt. He never troubled himself about the reasons of a prohibition; if a thing was forbidden it was presumably just because there was no sensible ground of objection to it. Of men and women in any other capacity than that of despised authority he had little knowledge.....As quite a small child he had sat up in his bed in the dark to address, to the big anthropomorphic Thing which he had been taught to worship, a bitter reproach: 'It's not fair. What did you make me for if you were not going to let anybody want me?'" So matters went on till his fourteenth year, when one of the periodic outbreaks of viciousness such as occur in all boys' schools manifested itself, and it was a matter of course not only that all the evil should be laid at the feet of the universal scapegoat, but that evidence to convict should be forthcoming. As a matter of fact, Jack, like other healthy, active lads of his age, had no comprehension of, much less knowledge of what it all meant, none the less he was tortured in order to extort a confession. Stoic that he had become, the boy finally attempts to escape from the room in which he is confined in order to commit suicide, and in his weakened condition he falls and breaks his arm, so that it is necessary to call in medical advice, and in order to prevent a scandal, Jack is sent away to a distant school where, in defending a little foreign boy from imposition, he makes the acquaintance of the child's mother, who practically adopts him and helps him to the development of a strong and useful character. There are few more dramatic passages in modern literature than that of the boy, Jack, still suffering from the combined effect of his beatings and his fall from the window, insisting on choosing the chapter for the evening reading, fixing on the commination service and asking that his lounge should be moved so that under the pretense of shielding his eyes from the light, he could watch the effect of the reading. The final parting between guardian and ward is characteristic. The man still demands the confession: "'I had hoped you would repent and confess at last. Jack, this is the turning point of your life; have you nothing to tell me before you go?' Jack slowly raised his eyes from the floor. 'Yes, one thing.....Whether you send me to a reformatory or not, I suppose I shall live somehow and grow up. You've got Molly here, and I can't take her away from you because you're stronger than I am. When I'm a man I shall be stronger than you; and if you've been unkind to her I shall come back and kill you. As for Spotty (an old dog which had been cruelly used) she's safe enough; I drowned her this morning- That's all; good-bye." Mollie, the little sister, has her own sad history, but it is needless to



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recount the trials of a little girl who had seen her pet kitten killed because she had soiled her frock. Readers who want some frothy, light thing to look over while they lounge in a hammock will not find what they are looking for in "Jack Raymond." As a piece of character drawing and psychological study it is not apt to be duplicated soon, unless by the same author. J. B. Lippincott Company.]

One of the literary stories of the day is told concerning a young writer who has published three books which were kindly received by publishers and public. His fourth venture, which he felt confident was his best, was rejected by his publisher, so he sent it to a second house, a third, and yet a fourth, with the same result. Having gone rigidly over his work without modifying his opinion of it, he sent it to still another publisher, only to have it returned, so he made him a list of twenty-two of the most prominent houses in this country and England, and settled down to a long fight. He exhausted his list in the course of a year and a half, during which time the manuscript had twice been to England, and was on the point of making a new list, when it occurred to him to use the old one again. The second house thereon accepted it, praised it and intimated a willingness to publish others of the same kind. The tale is told as an example of the value of perseverance, for it is vouched for as a bona fide experience, but one commentor says it may only prove that publishers employ more than one reader of manuscripts. It may also prove that popular taste is fickle, and that what would be a doubtful venture at one time may, after the expiration of eighteen months, fall in line with the times. Publishers are in business to make money. Other things being equal they would probably prefer to put forth only the best of books, but other things seldom are equal, and they cannot afford to choose between the good book which will sell by the hundred to appreciative readers, and the popular book which will call for another large edition within the week. People will buy and read only what pleases them, and if that is not supplied, they will do without books.

A novel which is a distinct addition to the language, but which will be appreciated by only the select few is "The Forest Schoolmaster," by Peter Rosegger, translated by Frances E. Skinner, and published serially in the *Critic*.

In these days when the remotest resemblance in name is seized upon to establish a thirty-third degree of cousinship with the illustrious, not to say notorious, there is a refreshing simplicity in the advertisement which appeared recently in a French paper to the effect that M. Emil Zola of Plambeuf, inventor of the spring nippers, notifies the public that he has nothing to do with his namesake, Emil Zola, the writer." It leaves the question open as to whether this is an advertisement of the spring nippers, or an expression of disapproval of the Dreyfus champion.

—*The Bookworm.*

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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

ALENA SPIER, Plaintiff
vs.
HARRY SPIER, Defendant

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

Harry Spier, Defendant. You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's Wilful Neglect also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 5th day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and one.

WM. A. DEANE, Clerk.

[SEAL] By Joseph Riordan, Deputy Clerk.

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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

Department No. 2

T. J. CROWLEY, Plaintiff
vs.
MATHEW M. GRENNAN AND AMELIA JANE H. GRENNAN, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in the office of the Clerk of said City and County of San Francisco

CULLINAN AND HICKEY,
Attorneys for Plaintiff
567 & 568 Parrott Building, San Francisco, Cal.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

Mathew M. Grennan and Amelia Jane H. Grennan, Defendants. You are hereby directed to appear, and answer the Complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, within ten days after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the Complaint, as arising upon contract, or he will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this twenty-second day of June, A. D. 1901.

WM. A. DEANE, Clerk.

[SEAL] By E. M. Thompson, Deputy Clerk.

Notice to Creditors

Estate of THOMAS BARBER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, P. Boland, Administrator of the Estate of Thomas Barber deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the neeessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at his place of business No. 238 Montgomery street, San Francisco the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

P. BOLAND
Administrator of the estate of Thomas Barber, deceased.

M. C. HASSETT,
Attorney for said Administrator.
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San Francisco, July 27, 1901

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OUR OPINION

Pin-Head McCarthy Trapped

Pin-Head McCarthy has again been detected in the act of using his office on the Civil Service Commission to sandbag profit for his unconscionable self: and again his pitiful tricks have put him on exhibit in the pillory of public shame. His last attempt to misuse his office is of a kind with his former contemptible acts. Recently a mill owner asked the Auditor if he could get a young lady appointed to a clerkship in the office. The Auditor replied that he was about to appoint some fifteen extra clerks but as perhaps the Civil Service Commissioner had control of all the places, he could not make any promises. The mill owner then asked: "Would it help matters if I could get the endorsement of Commissioner McCarthy?" The Auditor answered that if Commissioner McCarthy would put his name to an endorsement it WOULD help matters. Instead of putting his name to any writing Slippery McCarthy called personally on the Auditor and asked that the applicant be given work. He promised that there would "be no trouble about it." So his applicant was given a book. Later on the Civil Service Commission—Commissioner McCarthy being conspicuous by his absence—went to the Auditor and demanded the discharge of the fifteen clerks appointed by him, as being without authority and contrary to the rules laid down by the Civil Service. There was no hint that Commissioners Freud and Quinn knew anything of the trick played on them and their office by their scheming and treacherous co-worker, Pin-Head McCarthy. The young woman who had slipped into a job through P. H's misuse of his power of office was discharged along with the others. When cornered to explain his latest graft for working a public office for private gain, Pin-Head McCarthy, like fellows of his kidney, resorted to lame prevarication "When I recommended the young lady," he explained, "I thought she was on the eligible list of the Civil Service." "Then," was the answer, "she was in line for appointment. Why was it necessary for you to exert your special influence?" "Oh, I desired to make it quite plain that my support as a Commissioner would be on her side." "Was any such influence necessary? What do you mean by 'using your influence' as a Commissioner?" "I mean that if there was any way of forcing her appointment to office I would do my best for her. The Auditor tried to get me to put my application in writing but I wasn't going to be caught in a trap." Notwithstanding his wary method he was caught in a trap and he knows it. Can anything exhibit plainer than this affair the obnoxious manner in which Pin-Head McCarthy is abusing his position on the Civil Service Commission? It was a deliberate and cold-blooded attempt to defeat the very object for which his office was created. With this last stamp of his infamy upon him how much longer will the administration stand for the odious record being developed by this graceless political huckster.

Save Our Wild Flowers

It has suddenly been impressed upon the minds of some of the learned savants of England that the wild flowers of that land have almost disappeared. Many of the flowers mentioned in Shakespeare as common, have entirely vanished, and many others are found now in small quantities only and in isolated spots. The immediate result of the publication of this discovery has been a cry of "*Preserve the wild flowers*," and the plan which has been formulated for the accomplishment of this desirable end is to make the study of botany an important one in the school curriculum, and to lead marauding bands of young "botanists" to the haunts of the few remaining species or individuals, in order to study them. "Studying botany" means nothing more nor less than learning to mouth a few polysyllabic scientific words, and tearing up plants by root in order to pull them to pieces and, in a few of the most persevering students, paste perhaps half a dozen specimens into a scrapbook, but of any practical use or value there has not, as yet, been developed a trace. The best possible use that can be made of any knowledge of the habitat of a native wild flower is to keep its whereabouts a profound secret from the professional preserver and his followers. One of the most prolific sources of destruction of the wild flora is the facility for the transportation of city people into suburban neighborhoods on holiday excursions. The armfuls of flowers which load every returning train are not a tithe of the quantities which are picked or torn up by the roots in the course of the day, only to be thrown aside when they become burdensome or lose their freshness. The destruction is both present and future, for the supply of seed for the succeeding season is reduced. A contemporary, in commenting on the situation in England, congratulates itself that "many a year will pass before the wild flowers of California are in danger of extinction," but so far from there being any grounds

for this feeling of complacency, it is high time that some measures were taken to prevent their extinction. One of the most interesting exhibits at the late Floral Congress was the display of native wild flowers, and it was a very sad reminder of our departed glories. It is not many years ago since the Mission hills were resplendent in the springtime with buttercups, poppies, cream cups, wild iris, columbine, and fully a thousand other varieties, but now, a lonesome blossom in a forgotten fence corner is a matter of remark and wonder. If one should care to gather even a modest handful of the more hardy varieties, they could not be found nearer than Ocean View, if even there. Twenty years ago the fields and roadsides of the interior produced flowers which were the admiration and wonder of the Eastern visitor, but they have well nigh disappeared today. We have seen the best of our wild game exterminated, our songbirds disappear, our forests denuded. Effort should be made, before it is too late, to save our wild flowers. A portion of Golden Gate park might be devoted to the purpose. Let the Park Commissioners take up the cause. They could leave no more fitting memorial of their good work than the slopes of the ocean-swept sandhills covered with beautiful California wild flowers. Succeeding generations would rise and bless them.

Test Case in the Strike

Out of the big strike wave now rolling over the country several vital questions regarding the relations of capital and labor are bound to be submitted to the courts for settlement. No appeals have yet been made to the courts in the local strikes but in Milwaukee a sweeping injunction, far outstripping anything on record in its line, has just been issued in a labor case. The case is significant and indicates clearly and forcibly the extreme use to which the "injunction remedy" may be put. The injunction was granted to the Vilter Manufacturing Company and was directed against the International Association of Machinists. It prohibits the strikers "from in any way interfering with the men employed in the Vilter Works, from gathering about the plant, from posting pickets, from combining with tradesmen in order to boycott the Vilter Company, or to refuse to sell supplies to the men employed there and who refuse to quit:" in short, "forbidding the strikers from doing anything that will in any way operate to damage the Vilter company and its employees." The injunction is returnable to the Circuit Court of Milwaukee. It may, of course, be set aside, but if it proves successful it will cut a tremendous influence in labor disturbances of the future. It is a well figured out test case, for though the action is brought in the name of the Vilter Company, it is very well known that behind that concern stands the powerful National Metal Trades Association and that the Vilter Company has simply been selected to act as the plaintiff because the equities existing were greatest in its favor and Milwaukee was considered the best place in the country in which to fight out in the courts this important battle. Out of it all should come a clear definition of that vital question in the contest: How far may labor go in preventing others who wish to work from replacing the strikers? The claim of the right to prevent any from taking employment has been strenuously resisted. It is argued that the right to quit work infers the right to take work with equal freedom; that if employers are subject to the one rule, they should have the benefit of the other. Those who with calm, judicious minds are trying to solve this momentous question insist that men must be left free to follow their pursuits in their own way; that a man's labor is absolutely his own. He may exercise the right by himself or voluntarily surrender a partial control to an organization, if he so wills. But it is his personal right and there must be no compulsion on either side. And therein lies the great question to be settled between the two conflicting sides.

A Custom that Bores

A bit of the literary gossip of the hour concerns a meeting between F. Marion Crawford and Miss Mary E. Wilkins. At the close of a reading which Mr. Crawford gave in Brooklyn some time ago, he was surrounded by the usual circle of admiring womanhood, one of whom had Miss Wilkins in tow. Her presentation was so lame that it is not surprising that it failed of its mission, for all she found to say was:

"And this is Miss Wilkins who writes."

"Writes, eh?" said Crawford, who must be sick unto death of meeting prodigies and would-be world wonders. "That's good—that's good," as he turned to the next in line. As the story is told, it is not quite clear whether it is supposed to be a reflection on Mr. Crawford's lack of knowledge of current literature, or on the comparative obscurity of Miss Wilkins, but either way, it does not affect the points of the compass. What one would like to get at is the reason why the shop is forever hawked in. One cannot take up a magazine or paper and read a dozen lines without running up against a bit of professional advertising. One would suppose that if "the well known" artist, "the celebrated" poet, "the eminent" novelist or "the illustrious" musician had any claim upon these distinctive adjectives there would be no need of the specification, and it ought to be apparent to any one that those who make their subsistence by any trade or profession would be only too thankful to escape from discussing it in detail in their hours of ease. It is a singular fact that though the ethics of the profession are against the idea of advertisement by physicians, one seldom if ever takes up a program of entertainment without finding one or more doctors using a professional title It is little to be wondered at that Americans are slightingly referred to as a nation of shop-keepers, when the shop is forever in evidence. It

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132 KEARNY STREET
THURLOW BLOCK

is not so many years ago that one met with such transferred titles as Mrs. Dr., Mrs. Judge, Mrs. Lawyer, Mrs. Ex-Congressman, and in one happy instance, we had here in San Francisco, a Mrs. Ex-Pay Inspector. The wives of military men appear to appropriate the titles as a matter of course, and in University circles the appellation Mrs. Professor is to be heard. It was one of the mistakes made by the founders of the republic not to have provided for some form of title, which would have been found useful in many ways, not the least of which would have been in preventing the unwarranted use of military designations. Of course there is no means of preventing the writer of an occasional "Letter from the People" from considering himself a well known author, but periodicals of any standing ought to know better than to encourage such foolish vanity. They would save an appreciable amount of space in a year by rigorous editing, to say nothing of the advantage of restoring the proper significance to the words themselves, so that they could mean something when used. The "Miss Wilkins, who writes" might be anyone or no one, and it is quite possible that, given the opportunity to make the discovery for himself, Mr. Crawford would have been well enough pleased but having the matter flung at him in this way, after the thousand or more experiences that he has had, there is no doubt that he conjured up visions of a trunk full of rejected manuscripts to be presented for revision and commendation if he gave any opening, and he was surely not to blame for shutting off the possibility of such a contingency.

The Saunterer

Engaged to a Prince

My Paris correspondent writes me that Miss Lurline Spreckels, the eighteen-year-old daughter of the Gus Spreckels', is engaged to a French Prince. She is to be married this coming winter, and is now on a flying visit here with her mother. After considerable discussion it was decided that this trip should precede the return to Paris. When Mrs. Spreckels took her daughter abroad some months ago, it was for the avowed purpose of completing her musical education and giving her the benefit of Parisian polish. As Lurline is a charming girl with a rare grace of manner the fact that she has captured a scion of royal blood need not be wondered at. She certainly didn't need the six ciphers that form her dot to render her an attractive figure in the American colony in Paris.

How It Happened

When Mrs. Spreckels reached France with her daughter, there followed numbers of modest fetes in which the young Californian figured as the particular attraction, and when Mrs. Spreckels finally selected a splendid retreat in the environments of Paris for their abode, more than passing social interest centred in the household. One of the visitors to the suburban home was the Prince. He had met Miss Spreckels at a theatre and managed to obtain an introduction soon after. He was constancy itself after that, and at the end of four months had won the coveted promise. Being a true Prince, he paid his respects in princely style. It is said that he did not depend on his ability to waste money to gain preference, but that he pressed his suit along the old, old lines, and notwithstanding the lively race, carried off the prize. He is inclined to Art and through this medium of mutual interest and sympathy Cupid was aided in his delightful task. When friends in Paris began to whisper about the engagement it was agreed by the family that nothing regarding the coming nuptials should be given out for some time. Those already in the secret promised to keep it under the roses. The announcement by the family will not come out for some time.

The Bride's Antecedents

Mrs. Gus Spreckels is the brilliant centre of her set in Paris just now. Her gowns are of the most expensive and becoming, and her entertainments recherche to a degree. I often wonder what her own parents would think of all this magnificence. Dore pere was a teamster in fairly good circumstances. The marriage of his daughter Orey and Gus Spreckels was a pure love match. The head of the Spreckels family did not object in the slightest degree to his son's choice. He always told his boys to marry whom they wished so long as the girls were good; his advice was not to consider social or financial position. Orey was an undoubted beauty, as are her two sisters, Mrs. Bond and Mrs. Wooster.

An Early Heart Affair

This is not the first dent in Miss Lurline's heart. Emil Bruguiere played leading role in the other affair and though it was but a school girl crush the young people regarded their symptoms very seriously. Emil Bruguiere Sr. was obviously pleased over his son's good taste in choosing a maiden whose bank account was on a par with her beauty. The young woman's own family did not think this adolescent attachment worthy of consideration and ignored it until Lurline brought down the wrath of the duenna whose eagle eye spied her absence at the fashionable school where she was enrolled as a senior pupil. The pretty truant was discovered at a photograph gallery whither she and young Bruguiere had gone that they might have photographs of each other to exchange, for the European trip was already contemplated by the family. Once the pond was between the young folks, however, the photographs did not serve to kindle the flickering fancy and the affair went a-glimmering even before the advent of the Prince.

Variety is always a feature of the menu at Westerfeld's, 1035 Market street, between Sixth and Seventh. 1

Engraved Wedding Announcements and Invitations

ROBERTSON, 126 Post Street San Francisco

Lurline Spreckels has always been the favorite grandchild of Claus Spreckels. The baths and the trim yacht that bear her name attest her popularity in the family. Although her own father is under the ban of paternal displeasure, she still holds her place in her grandfather's heart. It is generally understood that the Spreckels mansion in Van Ness avenue will be bequeathed to Lurline Spreckels. As it is modeled after a German castle it would be a fitting home for a Princess.

Sin of a Ribbon Corset

An episode that came very nearly proving a most embarrassing situation for a well known capitalist occurred one day last week in a well known ladies' dress goods store in Kearny street. Early in the week he went to the most classical department in the shop and asked to be served with one of their handsomest imported new ribbon corsets. He frankly told the saleswoman that she couldn't furnish him with anything too swell or too beautiful. The saleswoman was particular as to measurement but he was prepared for that ordeal and coloring slightly he produced a slip of paper covered with figures that told the story of a stunningly graceful figure. In due time he was supplied with a wonderful creation in the ribbon corset line and carrying his prize carefully wrapped up he started down in the elevator.

Lo, and behold! who should be waiting at the door but the glowing face and ample form of his spouse. "Why, what are you doing here?" she demanded, in surprise. He was equal to the occasion. "Oh," was the answer, slightly halting at first, "I–I've been upstairs." Then with recovered assurance, "Yes, I've been upstairs to get you a little surprise. I thought it might please you. They looked so pretty I couldn't help buying one for you," and he tucked the small parcel into her hand and started her toward home before she could follow too closely on his trail. Two days later, with a smile on his face his spouse made her way to the same ribbon corset counter. "My husband bought me this corset from you several days ago," she explained, "but just like a man he didn't know what size to ask for and of course took the first corset you handed him. It must be for a girl for it's much too small for me. My size is etc., etc." The saleswoman took the parcel, recognized the filmy creation nestling therein, but never said a word. That's part of her business. In due time the bountifully formed spouse acquired several yards of corded ribbon to wind around her avoirdupois and sailed away beaming. Several days later the discreet saleswoman sold for the second time that rare creation in lace and ribbons to the wary capitalist. Next day she wore a very pretty stick pin. And still she says nothing.

Dorothy McKeown's Chance

The other day at the Palace grill they were telling stories of wonderful sights and someone remarked that bats measuring five feet had just been discovered in Central Africa. "Oh," interjected Dorothy Studebaker McKeown, "that's nothing. I once saw one that reached from here to Los Angeles. It was just after my marriage and my husband paced the distance. I ought to know because I saw him."

And yet there are people who seem to think she can say nothing in her divorce complaint.

Changes on Hearst's Papers

Several interesting items are rippling the surface of the newspaper world. Hearst is reported, on good authority, to have purchased the Minneapolis *Times*. Mr. Haskell, its business manager, has been transferred to New York to take charge of the business end of the *Journal*. On top of this is the rumor that Haskell's father, who is one of the owner's of the Boston *Herald* and until recently the publisher of the Minneapolis *Times*, has bought into the *Journal*. Newspaperdom cannot guess the reason for the change as the latter paper has been paying its way for some time.

A. M. Lawrence, who has been managing the *Chicago American*, has just been ordered to Boston with a corps of men to establish another Hearst daily in that field. It is said that the young Napoleon of the Press plans to attack Pittsburg next.

Willis Thompson, who worked for a time on the *Examiner*, declares that in the near future he is going to start a rival to the Portland *Oregonian*. He claims to have sufficient capital back of him to put in a good plant and keep it going at high enough speed to cut into the *Oregonian's* business. He expects to get around the A. P. franchise and to cover outside territory by having his telegraph service come over the *Examiner's* leased wire as well as by using the latter's special correspondents service. Meanwhile Scott of the *Oregonian* is smilingly oiling up his presses and checking up his short time ad. contracts as usual.

"Commodore" Douglas White is back in town after a year's eventful cruise along the Pacific coast of the Americas on the training ship *Hartford*. He came home overland via New York. A number of interesting articles by him on several of the South American cities he visited have already appeared in the magazines. Miriam Michelson, who has been doing such clever newspaper work on the Philadelphia *North American*, is home on a visit.

Mary French Field, the eldest daughter of the late Eugene Field, poet and humorist, will be married to William C. Engler in Chicago, October sixteenth. The family was not left in the best of circumstances at 'Gene Field's death and Mary Field, being independent and energetic, took the platform to read her

At the Buffalo Exposition the visitors guard against sickness by draughts of Chapin & Gore's Old Reserve Whiskey.

CROWN LUNCH ROOM

219 Montgomery Street

Opp. Mills Building

father's works. Society in New York, Boston, Chicago and the other big Eastern cities made her the fad and she scored a great success with the smart set. Though several wealthy Chicago citizens took it upon themselves to provide a handsome fund for the maintenance of the Field family, Mary Field stuck to her readings to earn all she could. She is scarcely more than twenty years old. Mr Engler is a few years her senior. He is a Maryland man and has only recently moved to Chicago.

Was Prince of Good Fellows

The inevitable woman has cropped up in the will of Pierre Lorillard, the New York millionaire who has just left some seven million in testamentary bequests. Lorillard was known the world over as the "Prince of Good Fellows." Certainly in the period of his social and sporting glory no American approached him in reputation at home and abroad. Curiously enough he bequeathed this woman the spot on earth that brought him the most fame as a sportsman, the great Rancocas stock farm in New Jersey. Mrs. Barnes Allien is her name; she is the daughter of A. S. Barnes, once of A. S. Barnes & Co., publishers, and widow of Louis Allien, who proved a most complaisant husband by leaving his wife at the church door in charge of Mr. Lorillard, who cared for her ever after. It is said by friends of the Lorillards that it was owing to Mr. Lorillard's friendship for Mrs. Allien that Mrs. Lorillard separated from her husband many years ago and refused ever afterward to live with him. Mrs. Allien says that she did not meet Mr. Lorillard until five years after he separated from his wife, but that after she met him she became his friend and adviser and that Mr. Lorillard never undertook anything of importance without consulting her. She accompanied him on his house boat cruises in American waters and frequently went to Europe with him. She was born in Brooklyn about forty-five years ago and was once prominent in fashionable society.

Left His Family for Her

For several years she has spent a part of the summer at the Rancocas farm and last winter she lived there almost altogether. She became greatly attached to the place and it was solely on that account that Mr. Lorillard left it to her. Mr. Lorillard gave her many valuable presents, including a house in New York, so she is very well off. When Mr. Lorillard fell ill while abroad last spring, he telegraphed for Mrs. Allien to come to him. She was then at Rancocas and she sailed by the first steamer. She was with Mr. Lorillard practically all the time from the hour she reached him in Paris until he died. The friendship between the two not only estranged Mr. Lorillard from his wife, but to an extent estranged him from his children. They saw more of him dur- his last illness than they had seen before in years. They are very much annoyed that Mrs. Allien was mentioned in the will. T. Suffern Tailer, a son-in-law of Mr. Lorillard, declares publicly that Mrs. Allien will not be allowed to take Rancocos "because she has no right to it."

Pierre Lorillard would have devised twice the fortune he did had he died ten years ago. No man on the continent lived on such a consistently generous scale as he did. His standard of living was royal. In answer to what he thought a man needed to thoroughly enjoy life he used to say, "a thousand dollars a day—and expenses." He not only argued the socialistic idea that the rich were in duty bound to spend their money but he actually tried his best to live up to that principle. There were few years that he did not live up to his big income. In his day he owned the best horses, the best carriages, the best yachts, cooks, wines and cigars, and his wife was the best gowned and best jeweled woman in New York. He went in to a leader in every form of gentlemanly sport because he believed a gentleman should lead in those lines. Yet with all his plunging he had a marvelous head for business. His tobacco business alone brought him a princely income. In his later years he dropped almost completely out of sight. An incurable disease sapped his good looks and health but it never effectually destroyed his zest for the good things of life. His widow was a famous beauty in her time. After Mrs Allien came into her husband's life she retired quietly to an unpretentious house in New York where she now lives devoting her time to charity. By the will she will receive an income during her life of fifty thousand dollars a year.

Their Visit Here

Miss Lorillard's wedding to T. Suffern Tailer is still remembered in the annals of the New York swim as the "Plug Cut wedding." The Suffern-Tailers visited San Francisco eight years ago, and put up at the Palace They were very much liked here, as they were genial and cordial. They were of the type of good-comrade married couples. Miss Emily Taylor, who is a daughter of the late Colonel Stuart M. Taylor of San Francisco, was to have come out under Lorillard chaperonage in New York this winter. She is a relative, and this fact would have given her an opportunity to be taken right into the smart set. But Pierre Lorillard's death sends the whole family connection into mourning, and the pretty San Franciscan's debut is therefore deferred.

The Hand of Fate

Fate has been uncommonly unkind to Miss Jennie Dunphy. Those who see in her only a charming, beautiful, wealthy young woman with an elegant home and lots of friends, cannot see where fate has been cruel to her. Rather does she seem a favorite of fortune. But twice has death robbed Miss

THE STANDARD FOR CHAMPAGNE QUALITY IS



THE WORLD OVER.

Dunphy of the man she loved. The first time was when Sam Piercy, her brother-in-law, died. She was a very young girl then, but she took her loss heavily for all that. She tried to find oblivion in caring for the orphan daughter of her sister and the actor, little Viola Piercy. It was a love task and she did it well; she took the child abroad, and saw that no detail of her education was neglected. By the time she returned to San Francisco her heart wound had healed. One of her most constant suitors was "Bob" Grayson; finally she yielded to his importunities. She had promised to marry him this fall. Grayson died suddenly last week, while his fiancee was in the mountains. Truly Fate hangs heavily over the heart affairs of the Dunphy heirs.

First the elder daughter died, leaving a little daughter, never to know a mother's love. Then James Dunphy, after an unhappy marital experience, was released from his bond only to find a sadder experience in his second choice. Elida Wilbur, the beautiful girl whom he loved and who loved him, was stricken by a peculiar illness that rendered her unconscious for over a year, and finally ended in her death. It is understood that Mrs. Dunphy was always opposed to her son's second choice, and that she did not approve of her daughter's fiance. The same reason that was put forth for deferring the son's nuptials is said to have figured in the maternal opposition to Jennie Dunphy's marriage to Robert Grayson.

That Secret Marriage Rumor

The pros and cons are tongue-wagging over the rumor that Bob Grayson and Jennie Dunphy were secretly married some time prior to his death. Gossips who delight in such choice tidbits are hungrily snatching every clue that points that way. On the other hand there are those who indignantly deny the report, and affirm that there was no reason for a secret marriage as the obstacles that checkered their course of true love had been smoothed out. But the gossips insist that while butting against these seemingly hopeless barriers, the lovers determined to cut the Gordian knot and tie the matrimonial one instead. They aver that the infinite patience displayed by the young people was due to the fact that they had secretly settled matters, and were just waiting for parental consent to publicly take the marriage vows. The Graysons are strong Protestants and the Dunphys staunch Catholics. The lovers might easily have adjusted their religious beliefs but the parents were obdurate. According to the cattle millionaire's will, the Dunphy children forfeit their fortune if they marry without their mother's consent. For a long time the family would not countenance a son of the Grayson household's becoming a Catholic convert, and Mrs. Dunphy would not accept him as a son-in-law unless he embraced Catholicism. The relentless years slipped by while the families were arguing the matter. It was a weary waiting for the lovers and those who pretend to know claim that the secret marriage was their solution of the problems. However that may be, fate seemed to smile on them, objections were overruled, Bob Grayson became a Catholic and the way was at last paved for their marriage when death intervened. Young Grayson's will, if he left one, ought to forever end this gossip tale of a secret wedding.

The Poet Preacher's "Latest"

Reverend Edwards Davis, the "poet preacher," has just enacted another one of the theatrical displays he loves so well. This time it is on a greater scale than when one Sunday evening he waltzed in church for the edification of his Oakland congregation and was dismissed by the trustees on the score that he had been tippling. It was about this time that he married a singer in his choir, Miss Alta Kingore, an exceedingly pretty young woman. Nothing daunted by his sudden dismissal from the church, Cator Davis took his bride to New York where he invented a game similar to checkers but played with miniature warships instead of the regulation discs. The Spanish war had just produced a wave of frantic patriotism and the game sold well so the Davis family fared nicely. Then came reverses. Cator Davis went to a New York hospital and Alta Kingore Davis went upon the stage. It was just a year ago that Mrs. Davis suddenly appeared in San Francisco and brought with her a woeful tale of domestic cruelty and suffering. The local press developed sensational stories of a pending divorce that were heralded breadcast. The poet-preacher was raked over the hot coals while the weeping wife went up to talk over her troubles with Attorney George Knight.

How the Scheme Worked

Gradually the story drifted into the past and now comes the sequel. Away off in the busy East, lecturer Davis and his attractive young wife are now doing the "circuits" as a team that theatrical managers are eager to sign. How did they create this eager demand for their services? Easily enough. "Rev." Davis remained in New York city "convalescing," while his "devoted" wife came West and tipped off the story of the coming divorce to the newspapers. The sensational tale woven by the young woman was given all the publicity planned for it, and was telegraphed East. Then the resourceful wife returned to her husband, and with his aid, flooded the managerial associations with the startling advertisement clipped from the local papers. They were immediately engaged at a handsome salary. Alta Kingore Davis has just paid another flying visit to her relatives in Oakland. This time she has gone so far as to laugh at the whole story and to express the gratitude of herself and her husband. There was never any divorce contemplated. Ask George Knight about it and see him smile.

Society women are fortifying themselves for the summer campaign with Wm. Williams & Sons V. V. O. Scotch Whisky.

WM. WILLIAMS & SONS
(LTD.) OF ABERDEEN.
V V O
Scotch Whisky
Importers - MACONDRAY & CO.

Mrs. Walter Newhall's Loss

Twice in the last six months has death visited the family of Mrs. Walter Newhall. Mrs. Albert Jenks, her mother, died recently, and the other day Colonel Albert Jenks dropped dead in the street in Los Angeles. Colonel Jenks was Mrs. Newhall's stepfather but she cherished for this genial old artist the affection of a daughter. In the early days in California Colonel Jenks niched for himself an enviable place in the world of art that he never lost. He has painted the portraits of prominent men east and west. Mrs. Newhall's mother was a Mrs. Trowbridge when she married Colonel Jenks The Trowbridges lived at the Palace hotel and were prominent in the smart set. Their wealth was a negative quantity, but their social position was assured and they had great expectations. When Nellie Trowbridge, now Mrs. Walter Newhall, made her debut her mother gave her a coming-out ball that eclipsed the launching of any other debutante of the season. Ned Greenway, with more hirsute adornment and higher spirits than he can boast of these days, was master of ceremonies. Emilie Hager, now Mrs. Walter Dean, danced a pas seul with all the witchery and grace of a professional danseuse.

Her Arizona Experience

Soon after her coming-out, Nellie Trowbridge announced her engagement to Dr. Frank Ainsworth, a handsome young physician of Prescott, Arizona, whose pace was as rapid as his practice was lucrative. Nellie Trowbridge was exceptionally pretty and her beauty and her gowns made a great stir in the little Arizona town. People who had shut their eyes to the doctor's escapades before his marriage, openly disapproved of the way he neglected his beautiful young bride. After a year or two the Ainsworths moved to Los Angeles where the doctor had no trouble getting patients but finally wore out the patience of his wife. She obtained a divorce from him and not long after married Walter Newhall. The Newhalls were aghast when they heard Walter was going to marry a divorcee, but when they discovered that the lady's maiden name was Nellie Trowbridge and that the doctor was entirely to blame for their marital mess, the Newhall clan took her to heart.

Mrs. Newhall's elder sister married a man named Booth and they were also divorced about twelve years ago The case was a choice morsel for the newspapers and gossips, and a sermon on the strenuous life of "keeping up appearances." Booth was penniless and they lived on credit and the interest on what they owed. Mrs. Booth's divorce complaint was a recital of jewels and gowns confiscated for unpaid board bills. They had moved from one fashionable hotel to the other until Mrs. Booth's trousseau and wedding presents were all held by the hotel keepers. and then came the divorce. Mrs. Booth was given the custody of their only child, Kathleen, now a young lady of nineteen with full heritage of the Trowbridge beauty.

More Benefits for This Coast

William M. Bunker, who was sent as a delegate to the Trans-Mississippi Congress by the Mayor and Commercial bodies of this city, is just back with a glowing report on the benefits the Western slope is going to reap through the meeting. He declares that the government is sure to undertake the building of the storage reservoirs for the benefit of arid land settlers and that Eastern men are now joining the movement because they see in it a chance to share in the big national profit bound to ensue.

Have you visited Mrs. ole, the leading Chiropodist and Manicure at her pretty little office in the Parrott Building? Room 460. Telephone Howard 2585.

The latest conundrum in society:—

"Why do newly married couples abjure railway journeys nowadays?

"Heredity theory, of course; don't want their offspring to have wheels."

Latest Hoffman-Johnson Rumor

It was but a few weeks ago that I had the news in a private letter from a San Franciscan now in Europe, that Mary Hoffman and Reverend Le Baron Johnson were living quietly in Italy, in expectation of an interesting event that would bind the former to her lover by a very close tie. Now from New York comes a rumor to the effect that Mrs. Van Rensselaer Johnson has quietly secured a divorce from her husband, and that this was followed by the prompt marriage of ex-husband and the beautiful Californian girl who had called the world well lost because of her love for the clergyman. In the letter above referred to, whose writer was a woman well known in the local swim, she expressed the hope that there would be a divorce and that Johnson would marry "poor May," also that the wedding should come off before September. If the news in the New York press despatch be true, this has happened and Mary Hoffman Johnson may rejoice that her rash act was not followed by worse suffering, and the disgrace that would crush the innocent as well as the gullty.

Employer (angrily): "You're tipsy!"

Waiter (after cogitation): "Yesh, shir! Natchr'l reshult of tips, sshee."

Among San Franciscans at Del Monte this week are the Louis Parrotts, Misses Daisy and Marie Louise Parrott, Mayor Phelan, Miss Ada Sullivan, the Fred Zeiles, Morgan Hills and Downey Harveys. In August will come to Del Monte the Douglas Watsons, Winthrop Lesters, Walter Hobarts, Perry Eyres, Joe Tobins, the Carolans, Will Crockers, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, Princess Poniatowski and many others of the swim.

DEWAR'S
SCOTCH WHISKY
HIGH BALL

Small piece of ice in glass, pour whisky over ice and fill glass with syphon or plain water

A Cooling and Delightful Drink

Latest Paris Sensation

My Paris correspondent writes me that that centre of rampant ideas is just now in the throes of bitter contention over—what do you suppose?—antisemitic plays. As in the Dreyfus case Paris is in deadly earnest, for not only are the papers flooded with all sorts of acrimonious articles but personal encounters and even challenges to duel shower the controversy. The phobia has also broken out Russiaward in the shape of riots and demands for special police protection. In St. Petersburg a rabid antisemitic play, "The Sons of Israel," was passed by the censor and duly produced amid frantic protest ending in riot. Despite these demonstrations the play was kept on the stage.

In Paris the censor took the contrary course; he forbade the production of both antisemitic plays submitted to him, but that made no difference to the lively Parisians and now both sides are roaring and biting their thumbs defiantly at each other. The play which roused the most bitter discussion and which has already led to two challenges on the field of honor is called "Decadence." It was suppressed, according to official notice, "in the interests of public order and civil peace." Like others of its kind it is an appeal to fanaticism and race prejudice: its theme is the decadence of the old French nobility and its absolute subjection to Jewish money lenders, schemers and Shylocks. Though the law prohibited the production of the play on the stage it could not prevent its publication in book form. Accordingly the antisemitic zealots pounced on it exultingly, printed it and showered it broadcast over Paris with the result that the Dreyfus virus threatens to break out again in malevolent form. The plot of this latest screed of antisemitic prejudices, when toned down, is as follows:

The old Duke of Barfleur, a rake and a spendthrift, has dissipated his entire fortune and mortgaged all his estates. He is at his wit's end, and he announces his ruin to his daughter, Jeannine. Habituated to luxury and extravagance she scarcely comprehends. The Duke hints at lending his name to certain enterprising firms and recommending their goods to the public: the daughter reproaches him for so undignified a suggestion.

Abraham Strohmann, a dishonest Jew who has made millions in war contracts, the supply of girl slaves to Asiatic rulers, and later in more "legitimate" financial enterprises, has purchased all the notes of the Duke and thus has become his single creditor. He has a son, Nathan, who is educated, polished, and a good Frenchman, not having had to resort to his father's criminal methods, and having had the advantages of wealth and influence. Nathan is in love with Jeannine, and his father, with his knowledge, asks the Duke for his daughter's hand in the son's name. The Duke revolts and refuses, and the merciless creditor threatens him with legal proceedings and disgrace. The matter is submitted to Jeannine. She scorns Nathan and detests Jews generally, but to save her father she agrees to marry Nathan.

The young girl loves, and is loved by, a nobleman named Cherance. They part in anguish and intense hatred for the Strohmanns. But the marriage takes place, and the young couple establish themselves in a magnificent residence. Jeannine's friends visit her, and to all appearances Nathan is admitted into the exclusive, aristocratic circle on a footing of equality. But in reality he is detested and despised by most, tolerated by the rest, and only one gentleman admits a liking for him. In his own house, behind his back, but in the presence of his own wife he is ridiculed, denounced, and spoken of, together with his race, in terms of loathing and contempt.

Jeannine and her former lover awaken Nathan's jealousy, and he forbids Cherance to continue his visits. The wife defiantly tells her husband that she never had a trace of respect or affection for him and that her love is all given to Cherance. At first she remains true to her marriage vows, but later she leaves Nathan and becomes the mistress of Cherance.

But Nathan has his revenge. Even this illicit love is overcome by the "harsh law of money." Cherence too, is ruined, and starvation confronts him and Jeannine. Nathan presents himself, suffering from jealousy' humiliation and wounded pride, and at last succeeds in inducing Jeannine to return to him—a sad, but not repentant woman.

The Star "House of Spite"

I believe the "spite fence" originated here in San Francisco. In any event we have had it in every variety, but New York boasts of a "spite house" which puts our humble efforts to shame. A certain close-fisted millionaire by the name of Richardson owned a lot which extended for one hundred and four feet on Lexington avenue, though the frontage on the side street was but five feet. The owner of the adjoining property concluded to erect an apartment house on this lot, and made Richardson an offer of one thousand dollars for his frontage, all the property was worth. After the manner of his kind, Richardson promptly demanded five thousand dollars, and the other man concluded that his apartment building could do very well without an avenue frontage. This was not what the owner of the ruler-shaped lot had calculated on, and he determined to shut the light from the new building at any cost. Accordingly he proceeded to build the strangest conceivable specimen of architecture. It covers the whole length of the one hundred and four feet but nowhere is it more than sixty inches wide; the rooms are like a series of cells. The stairways hardly afford footroom, and the halls are so narrow that it is impossible for two people to pass each other. The dining table is said to be only eighteen inches in width. All the furniture has to be made to order to suit this habitation, if so it can be called.

"So your daughter has captured a Lord! I congratulate you," said Mrs. Pacific Avenue to Mrs. Nob Hill.

"Well, you might call him a lord," was the answer, "he owns an apartment house in Van Ness avenue. That would make him a land-lord, n'est-ce-pas?"

President Hill's Prophesy

Samuel Hill, the scholarly and accomplished son-in-law of James J. Hill the railroad magnate, has been the social lion of Seattle for several days past. He has just returned from his tour of the world in the interest of his astute father-in-law's stupendous trans-

W. S. TOWNSEND

Manufacturer of California Glace Fruits and Candies. Salesroom, 689 Market street, Palace Hotel Building, San Francisco, Cal.

MOORE'S
Poison Oak Remedy

Cures Poison Oak and all Skin Diseases. It has been used successfully for the last twenty years and thousands will testify to its curative quality. It is a specific for Poison Oak. AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

portation schemes. Mr. Hill was accompanied on his journey by Monsieur Lebaudy the French multi-millionaire and had for companions across the Pacific General Von Ketteler of the German army and Charles Fitzmorris the *Chicago-American* boy globe trotter who won the race he was making against the representatives of the other Hearst papers. Although a member of the family of one of the greatest railroad promoters of the age, Samuel Hill does not depend on that connection for his prominence. He is a millionaire in his own right, a Harvard graduate of the class of '86, the president of the Seattle Gas and Electric company and holds large railroad and other financial interests.

On almost every visit he makes to the Pacific Coast Mr. Hill brings with him a number of prominent and influential men from the East for the purpose of impressing them with the commercial importance of the Western portion of the United States. On the occasion of his previous visit he brought with him among others Professor Taussig, the head of the department of Political Economy at Harvard. Upon the return of the party to St. Paul they were entertained at a dinner by President Hill, upon which occasion Sam Hill took occasion to say to his father-in-law:

"I have been telling Professor Taussig that within fifty years the commerce of the Pacific ocean will be greater in volume and value than the commerce of the Atlantic."

"And I tell him," remarked Professor Taussig, "that he is wrong."

"He is," dryly answered the financier, "it will take place within twenty-five years."

Finest Railroad on Earth But—

Samuel Hill made his recent trip around the world chiefly for the purpose of studying the railroads of other nations, particularly the Trans-Siberian railroad. Upon his arrival in Seattle he assured his listeners that it was the finest and most complete railroad in the world. The trains, he says, are better equipped than those of any transcontinental road in America, the stations are superior, the road is freer from accident and the rates are cheaper. The finest passenger train in the world, according to Mr. Hill, is the one running eastward from St. Petersburg. But with all of their excellent equipment and roadbed they require a long time to repair an accident. On one occasion Mr. Hill's train was delayed two days by the burning of a bridge-span. Finally the passengers were transferred around it and proceeded to another train. The span was about seventy feet long across a stream with banks twelve feet high and with a solid gravel bottom.

"How long will be required to repair it?" asked Mr. Hill of the foreman of the job.

"Ah, we cannot tell," was the reply of the foreman. "It was burned by the will of God. It may take a week."

Then Mr. Hill began to laugh

"What is it?" asked a passenger.

"He says," explained Mr. Hill, "that the bridge was destroyed by the will of God and that it will require a week to repair it If it was in America it would be the will of the superintendent of the road that it be repaired in two hours and if it wasn't done some one would lose his job."

Troubles Over Big Contracts

Persistent rumors are afloat to the effect that the Moran Brothers of Seattle,who are building the battleship *Nebraska* are finding the contract an uncomfortable one. The rumors have their foundation, perhaps, in the fact that several of the drawings of the detailed plans of the vessel sent to the Navy department have been returned disapproved. It is well understood that the Morans are the backbone of the vigorous fight the local Metal Trades Association is still making against granting the demands of the strikers for a nine hour day. The rumor has also been spread that the firm is financially embarrassed. There is probably some truth in the story that the Navy department has returned some of the drawings disapproved but any intimation as to the weakness of the firm financially is manufactured out of whole cloth. I happen to know from reliable sources that an Eastern shipbuilding firm has recently made the firm an offer of three million dollars for its plant and contract. I have been told the firm can borrow money on its own paper for three per cent to make additions to its plant.

Cause of the Trouble

The company is just beginning to realize the mistake it made in discharging Alfred H. Brooks who was brought out from the East by Robert Moran upon the recommendation of officers of the Navy department to have full charge of the construction of the vessel. Brooks was engaged at an unusual salary of five thousand dollars. He had been employed by the Cramps and had had charge of the construction of several naval vessels. But because he did not get down to the shops before ten o'clock the manager concluded that he was not earning the five thousand dollars per and discharged him at the end of the first month. Then they put in charge a draughtsman, named Alfred J. Boullion, who went to work for the company five years ago as a common laborer, at one dollar a day. They now pay him the princely stipend of one hundred and fifty dollars a month. Mr. Bullion, I am informed, is responsible for the battleship's plans having been returned by the Navy department.



JESSE MOORE

A A

WHISKEY

BEST ON EARTH

Are Married at Last

Ritchie and Jim Dunn, Miss Polly Dunn and Mrs. Henry E. Dutton have a stepmother. Though the world in general may not have been greatly surprised at this news, the friends of the family are offering condolences instead of congratulations to the daughters. The sons have been steadfast to their father through the series of domestic complications that gave the local scandal-mongers a juicy morsel for discussion. The newly married pair, with the young wife's two little children, are domiciled in a Van Ness avenue residence. The Dunn home in Hyde street has been turned into a boarding house. Mrs. Dutton and Miss Polly Dunn are at Coronado, but the latter will likely be returning to town to prepare for her marriage with Harry Macfarlane of Honolulu before another moon's passage.

Shadow of a Tragedy

The new wife of the vice president of the American Biscuit company was once an employee of that concern. She was a rather attractive young woman in the early twenties, and before the attention of his father was enmeshed by her attractiveness, young Ritchie Dunn was counted, I have heard,as her staunch admirer. The first Mrs. Dunn was a handsome and cultured woman. The later years of her life, clouded with domestic infelicities owing to the inevitable woman, ended about two years ago. She died very suddenly one afternoon; the cause was attributed to an over-ripe melon. A few hours before, she had acted as the happy hostess at a splendid reception to her fellow clubwomen.

"I do wish Mamie wouldn't go in bathing."
"Why?"
"I am so afraid of the swells, you know."
"But she can hold her own."
"I'm not so sure. She seems to prefer them to hold her."

Sustaining Her Crushed Spirits

Mrs. Lloyd Tevis is completely prostrated by the suicide of her grandson, Lloyd Tevis Breckenridge. Coming so soon after the sudden death in Japan of her son Hugh, her physicians are greatly troubled lest the series of dreadful family blows will prove too much for her delicate health. She never fully recovered from the shock of her husband's death a little over a year ago Every effort is being made to sustain her weakened spirits and all her children will be gathered near her so as to cheer her mentally for she is nervously fearful that some malignant fate is hanging over the family. She keeps asking after their welfare and anxiously enquiring if anything has happened to them.

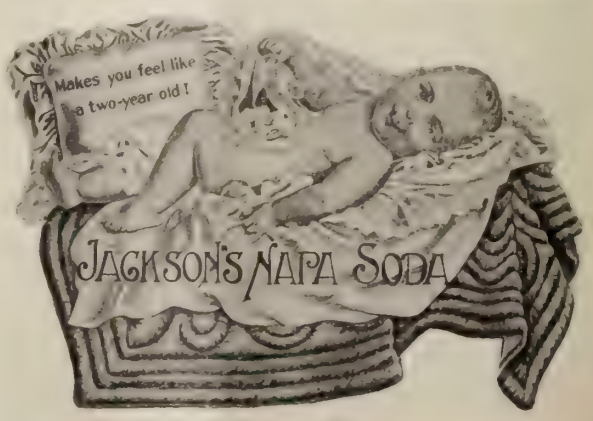
For a long time Young Breckenridge suffered from a nervous malady that produced intense melancholia and on a number of occasions he remarked to his most intimate friends that suicide would be the easiest way out of his troubles. He was always cheered out of these moods. When he slipped into one of them just before he ran up from Monterey the other day, the family thought as usual that the theatre or a some light diversion would banish his gloom. But he grew more morose and before the family dreamed of the danger he had turned on the gas and found surcease. He was descended from the famous Breckenridge family of Kentucky. His father, John W. Breckenridge married the youngest daughter of Lloyd Tevis. They separated later and he went to Merced and engaged in the practice of law. He died several years ago. Mrs. Breckenridge became the wife of Fred Sharon. She is now in Paris with her daughter. She will return home immediately. Mrs. Sharon's other son, John Breckenridge, is living with relatives in the East.

Under the Wing of Captain "Jim"

Another of the Southern set passed away last week, in the widow of the late De Witt McDonald, and mother of those two beautiful girls, Laura and Blythe McDonald. DeWitt McDonald, who by the way, left a son, also De Witt, to uphold the family name, died some years ago. At one time he was wealthy, and financially the equal of his brothers, Mark, Jasper, R. H. and James. but at his death he left practically nothing. However, his brothers, particularly Captain James, always acted liberally toward the mother and orphans. Blythe was named after millionaire Tom Blythe, and it was expected that she would be remembered testamentarily when that rich man passed away. But, as things turned out, all such expectant heirs were disappointed. Nevertheless, the McDonald girls both found a generous friend in the heiress, Florence Blythe Hinckley Moore. They have never married, though they are rarely attractive girls, and win much attention. Laura is a blonde, a d Blythe a brilliant brunette. Latterly they have spent their winters in town, their summers in Belvedere. Years ago, they occupied the house at the corner of Golden Gate avenue and Larkin street that was once the home of Admiral McDougall.

Cooked Their Way East

Captain "Jim" McDonald gave the widow and her family a handsome monthly allowance, but he also gave the girls to understand that their share of it would cease on their marriage day. He did not intend that any impecunious suitors should be encouraged on the hopes of "Uncle Jim's" generosity. While



"Old English" style of engraving increases in favor not only for calling cards but for invitations as well. Messrs. Cooper & Co., the Art Stationers, make a specialty of this style.

the captain was perfectly willing that the girls should enjoy all the pleasures dear to the hearts of pretty, fun loving maidens, he nevertheless insisted that they combine industry and enjoyment. Several years ago he offered Laura and Blythe a trip across the continent if they could become masters of the art culinary. The cook was therefore given notice, and with only a little pickaninny to do the scullion work,the McDonald girls set about mastering the kinks of the boiler and pranks of the oven. Captain "Jim" had a disconcerting fashion of dropping in for a meal unannounced, so they could not slip into the tea and toast habit. When the girls thought they were entitled to the chef's degree and cap, they cooked a dinner that Raphael Weill would have complimented and the prince of good livers, Joe Tilden, approved of. But Captain "Jim" McDonald ate it with no more sign of approval than if it had been a good-for-one-free-meal affair. The girls despaired of ever earning their Eastern trip, but the next evening "Uncle Jim" surprised them at dinner and ate with unction the dainty dishes they had contrived out of the left overs of the sumptuous repast of the night before. "This is true skill," quoth Captain McDonald, "you can pack your trunks, girls, and take that Eastern trip when you're ready."

From Newsboy to Mayor

I always regarded the late ex-Mayor Ellert as one of the most active minded and energetic of the native sons of his generation. There is no question but what he would have made a name for himself in the business world had not an insidious malady cut short his work. The plucky life of the man exhibits his indomitable spirit of always advancing. What education he had as a druggist, lawyer and business man he acquired while engaged in his struggle for a living. Very early in life he jumped right in as a worker. As a lad he began by selling papers on the train between here and San Jose. He lived among train hands and his first ambition was to rise in their ranks. First he aimed to become a brakeman but though his application was always on file he never captured a job. Then he tried to become a conductor; failing in this he gave up selling papers. At the time he had been netting about six dollars a day at this work. With the money he had saved he took a course at one of the big business colleges in this city. After graduating he got a position in the drug store of John Dawson. His old employer acted as one of the pall-bearers at his funeral, the other day. Young Ellert religiously saved his salary and when he had enough money he took the course at the College of Pharmacy. Then he traveled through the Northwest for a drug firm but he didn't like that line of work. On his return he opened up the Kearny street drug store where he began his political life in 1886 by being nominated for School Director. He was beaten. Two years later he was nominated for Supervisor and was elected by a scant fifty majority—the only Republican member of the board. It contained the notorious "Solid Nine." Ellert attacked its schemes at every chance and attained such great prominence that two years later, when the machine refused to give him the nomination for Mayor, he ran as an independent and was swept into office on a tidal wave of ten thousand majority.

Did you say Rye? Then try Jesse Moore Rye—the finest in the world.

Great Joke of the Campaign

It was during the heat of this campaign that what was called the Jew Joke was sprung. One day Dennis Kearney met old Barney Dougherty in the street. Barney entertained an intense hatred for the Rothschild family of banking fame and considered that not only his bank account but the bank account of everybody else in the world must eventually fall into their clutches. Dennis knew his weakness, so he shook his head ruefully and disconsolately said: "Well, Barney, I've seen some pretty tough things in my time, but I never thought it would come to this."

"What's that?" demanded the old fellow, snapping at the bait.

"Why the Non-Partisans have nominated a Jew for Mayor, L. P. Ellert. Don't you know his initials stand for Levy ROTHSCHILD Ellert?"

"R—R—Rothschild! God save us, you don't say so! I must go tell my son, Barney. A Rothschild, is it?" And forthwith he rushed around to the rooms of the Republican County Committee where his son was Chairman of the Transparency Committee. Inside of three hours there was a canvas wagon parading the streets with an active boy inside vigorously tolling a bell and on the transparency was painted in flaring letters.

LEVY ROTHSCHILD ELLERT

Non-Partisan Candidate
for Mayor

The sight of that wagon produced wonder, panic and a guffaw in the several political headquarters. As soon as the Republican leaders learned of the noisy transparency that was spreading rage and delight throughout the town they despatched a man with an axe who vehemently knocked it off the earth. Some of the ward heelers didn't recover from the shock during that campaign and always swore that that terrible transparency was what rolled Ellert into office on such a big tidal wave.

Some names are so easy to pun on is perhaps the reason why, when one asked Julius Ach, the other day, why he had concluded to renounce his happy bachelor life, he answered:

"Well, because I wanted *sacks*."

G. H. MUMM & CO.

EXTRA DRY

The Great Leader of Champagnes. Importations in 1900, 119,441 cases, being 79,293 cases more than any other brand, is a record never before approached.

P. J. VALCKENBERG, Worms O|R, Rhine and Moselle Wines.

J. CALVET & CO., Bordeaux, Clarets and Burgundies.

FRED'K DE BARY & CO., New York

Sole Agents in the United States and Canada

E. M. GREENWAY, Pacific Coast Representative

Latest Thing in Celebrations

Here is a gem in the way of unique celebrations that far outshines anything in its line. I ran across one of the invitations the other day at the shop of a stationer who enjoys a handsome little business in the line of visiting cards, social invitations and the like. It was got up in regular wedding card style on heavy white paper and decorously reads as follows:

Mrs. James S. Barnes

requests the pleasure of your presence
at the celebration of her divorce
from

Mr. James S. Barnes

Saturday Evening, July Twentieth
Nineteen Hundred and One
at Nine o'clock

No Flowers

For obvious reasons, principally the prayer of the half-scared stationer, I have changed the names of the principals. Fancy the kind of celebration such an event could furnish in many of our first families. In the words of the topical song, "It Would Become Popular in Time." I saw no mention of the above affair in the Police News of the morning papers of the twenty-first instant so I gather it was a quietly swell affair.

The Artist and the Lady

I am happy to be able to flatly contradict a very silly story that was put in circulation recently respecting a well-known artist and a young society woman. As names appeared in print I may as well state that they were Theodore Wores and Miss Therese Morgan. It was to the effect that a rapid flirtation had sprung up between the two, and the fact of the young lady sitting to the artist for her portrait was introduced as evidence of the alleged fact. Now, the truth is that Miss Morgan is just a whole-souled, good-natured young woman, who, when she was at Monterey, visited the artists' studios there a good deal and took considerable interest in the work done. Wores was working there, and Therese Morgan visited his studio in turn. He offered to paint her portrait, and Miss Morgan, thinking it would be good fun and having obtained the permission of her people, consented. Voila tout. And out of this trivial matter a deal of gossip arose, which distressed the young lady very much and was wholly unjustified by the circumstances.

While the portrait of Marie Wells was being painted by the same artist she put the whole case succinctly in her own bright way: "When Mr. Wores was painting Therese Morgan's picture people said he was engaged to her; when he painted Marie Oge's picture, they said he was in love with her, and now that he is painting mine I suppose they'll wind up the trilogy by declaring I'm married to him—and all the stories are as thin as the varnish on the pictures." Wores is now in Honolulu painting the portraits of other beauties but so far no gossip has come to hand that he is in love, engaged or married to any of them.

"'The moments we forego, eternity itself cannot retrieve,'" she quoted, with a soulful look in her large gray eyes.

"That's quite true," he said, and kissed her immediately.

Frank Koenig's friends are congratulating him upon the honors to his name that have been won by his brother, Dr. C. J. Koenig, now in Paris. Dr. Koenig has discovered a new diphtheretic microbe, and the Paris medicos and scientists are manifesting a great deal of interest in his theory. Recently he was invited to explain the details of his discovery before the French Academie de Medicin, a very unusual compliment to an American doctor.

The stork visited the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Landis this week and left a baby boy. Mrs. Landis was Anna Flint, and the double marriage at which she and her sister Agnes were the brides, the other bridegroom being Charles Sharrocks, is remembered as a very delightful social happening.



THE HOTEL DEL MONTE

MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA,

is the best known Resort in the world and withal the most popular. Uniformity of climate the year round and all the luxuries known to us are to be found there.

W. A. JUNKER, Manage

....DEL MONTE....

There are many golf courses; there are many hotels; but there is only one DEL MONTE. One may travel many, many miles; he may find in his journeys, golf courses; but not such a place to golf and after golfing such a place to dream. Equally true is this for all of the other out-of door amusements. Not for a day, but for the whole year round. Tennis. Polo. Hot Salt Water or Surf Bathing. The famous drives for seventeen miles along by the ocean shore. Hunting, fishing, boating, wheeling. In fact the Hotel Del Monte and its environment is an every-day in-the-year delight. . . . . .

The Story of the Tin Box

The gray-haired old attorney carefully glanced over each paper as he took it from the square tin box and after perusal laid them one by one on the grate fire before him. His abstracted air showed only too plainly how preoccupied he was with the story of the tin box. I had finished examining several contracts and sat idly watching him. Painted on the box in plain letters, I read "B —— Estate." A score of similar boxes were arranged along one side of the book-walled room, each one bearing the title of its documentary contents.

Slowly I fell to wondering what romance, crime, legal battle, or heartache was mixed up in those worn papers passing slowly from the old lawyer's hands to destruction. His brow was clouded with deep thought. Presently he glanced up and caught my look. He must have divined my thoughts for as if in answer to them he read the note in his hand.

"Dearest Mamma:

I am having such a jolly time where I am.

Hastily, your daughter, Beatrice"

"That note marks the climax of a tragedy," he said, "you have heard of the family, of course," and he tapped the inscription on the box. "The father was a pioneer here and one of the pillars of the society that made South Park at one time the centre of the smart set. He had everything money could buy in those days. Beatrice was his only child. At seventeen, when she came home from the fashionable seminary to make her debut, she was already a woman, but a woman of whose character her parents had no conception. Her favorite authors had a Byronesque flavor, the kind young women of such warmth keep secreted under the furbelows in their bureaux and closets. She had vapors and spleens and the caprices of full blown worldliness. Out her precocious and overripe youth she regarded her desires with burning cheeks and flaming eyes. She was a child of love to be loved and even to kill men for love—that is, to be more explicit, the kind of love she entertained. At that time, amid her home surroundings, all she could do was to vent her varying tempers on the servants and her animal pets, on them likewise she exhausted all her wayward affections and moods. Often her maid would hear her sighing and tossing on her lace-garnished bed but she ceased attempting to comfort her mistress after meeting with several receptions of extreme petulance and irritibility.

"Her father, buried in the comings and goings of his fleet of vessels, never halted an instant to think of what was going on at home. Had anyone told him of his daughter's mental and physical condition he would have swept away the statement with a wave of his hand and in his hard, practical, business-like way would have replied, 'Nonsense.' Then he would have replunged into business to recoup the time lost in the interview.

"The mother was just as ignorant of the condition of affairs but from a contrary view-point. She was a sentimental Southern beauty, who was afraid of growing old and avoided her child who reminded her too sharply that her own youth had departed. Both parents thought their duty done when they surrounded their daughter with every comfort and luxury. They probably never gave a thought to the way she passed her time. It was enough for them that she was at home and comported herself everywhere as befitted her station. Such parents are by no means unusual in a world in which people create responsibilities without understanding them.

"Pampered though she was, Beatrice was guarded after a fashion, the usual fashion of parents and guardians who shoulder off responsibility at every available moment. Her guard was a maid and as usual this duenna was supposed to be a vigilant menial whom nothing could tempt from doing her bounden duty. The maid had an immaculate reputation—something not justified by facts. She was a slender, fiery, passionate creature, Neapolitan bred, and romantic too, like all true daughters of the South. Between her and her young charge there grew up a sort of savage affection born of affinity of natures. Wide apart as were their social and financial stations in life they bridged it by that slender thread of passion which puts in touch the most distant stations and binds those separated by gulfs in bonds as elastic as rubber and as powerful as steel.

"As fate would have it this maid had a lover, one of her own people, a handsome scoundrel, a veritable Mephistopheles in looks and mind. He was in the same station of life as the maid, being valet to a seasoned young clubman. Like his master he was a rake and like Gil Blas he used to surreptitiously dress in his master's finery when the latter was taken up with his own peccadilloes, and air his figure along the streets, a prince of his kind. To the eye of a foolish girl, frantic with the passions of adolescence and seeing everything in a haze of glory he was a figure calculated to be the very centre of a romance. He knew it. He had decked out his master too often and had watched his conquests. He had tried scamplike to duplicate them himself in street life and had been highly successful. In his own heart of hearts he longed to try for higher game. His master had run through most of his fortune trying to sound the sea of debauchery and for a life saver had wound up by captivating the heart of a simple girl with a dowry of over a million. Like master like man. In the mind of the valet blazed the idea, "Why cannot I do as well?" It was while nursing this idea and looking over the field of rich eligibles that he suggested to the maid that she should help him capture Beatrice.

"'She is young,'" he argued, 'not up to tricks and ought to be easy game if we work it right. Help me to marry her. Then I'll bleed her parents for the divorce and you and I will win enough money to enjoy life together forever.'

"He knew the jealous disposition of his thin-lipped paramour and was prepared to meet it. The discussion ended in his wheedling her out of her rage into compliance with his desires. Between them they planned the stage for his effective entrance into the tragedy. Beatrice had never seen him. One morning the maid got Beatrice into a window under the pretext of combing her hair in the sun. The valet lounged past, dressed in his master's finery, and shot her one of his most killing glances from his flashing eyes. Next day the performance was repeated. Beatrice started and flushed deeply.

"'I wonder who that is?' she asked.

"'The gentleman who just passed?' said the abigail, quite innocently. 'Oh, that's one of my countrymen. He is supposed to be very rich and is related to the nobility. I have heard my people speak a great deal of him. Isn't he handsome?'"

"'Is he touring the world?'

"'Yes, I met his valet last week and he told me about the wonderful adventures they had had.'

"Two days later the duenna wore a brooch of her mistress and the mistress a photograph of a fellow with a Van Dyke beard and eyes that burned deep into her heart every time she took it out of a secret drawer to look at it.

"A week later mistress and maid went for a drive out the Mission road. They left the coachman with the horses and their ramble ended with an accidental meeting with the original of the photograph. Suddenly the maid discovered

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that she had left her parasol in the carriage and she returned for it. When she hastened back to the couple, the Van Dyke person was tenderly holding a soft, plump hand and pleading passionately with its owner. The maid coughed discreetly. She knew the flood of passion would eventually surge more vehemently if offered a few trifling checks.

"Two days later there was a midnight meeting in the room where the photograph of the man with the Van Dyke beard was secreted. It was innocent enough, for behind a door slightly ajar watched a jealous woman with eyes like a cat. That night the elopement was suggested and planned. It was quick, unhesitating work with such natures. By the valet's direction Beatrice took with her every piece of jewelry and all the money she could lay her hands on. He wasn't going to overlook anything in the game.

"There was a scandal of course, but it scarcely created a ripple. The negligent parents, appreciating their responsibility in the matter, spared no expense and care to keep everything from the prying world. A big detective agency was given the business of trying to locate the girl. The abigail, who still believed her lover would keep faith with her, was retained in her place and held her tongue. Two months brought no sign of the missing girl. Then came a letter from Paris to the father. It enclosed the duplicate of a certificate of marriage between his daughter and a man he had never heard of. It closed with a demand for money. The next steamer carried the parents and the maid to France. They went direct to the apartments of the runaways. The scheming valet was master of the situation; he demanded recognition and a royal sum down for a separation. His wife clung to him with all the uncontrolled ardor of her nature. The old merchant suggested a compromise till a better understanding could be effected. He advanced a liberal sum of money for their temporary expenses; in return the valet was to allow the maid to remain in his apartments and in the companionship of the wife. The deluded father thought that by this arrangement he would have a safe watch on the scamp and a protector for his daughter.

"Next day negotiations began anew. The valet had completely changed his programme which now contained no clause to sell the young wife back to her parents. Having won the game he now completely threw over his old mistress, and demanded of the father that he should make him and his wife a regular allowance. There was nothing small about his new figures or his intentions.

"The father took the night to consider the proposition, hoping in the meanwhile to devise some compromise for ridding himself of the fellow. In the morning the whole situation was completely upset. The maid had turned the tables on both lover and parents by running away with the bride Taught a lesson by the valet, they looted everything of value in sight. Detectives traced them to Rome and lost them. Two months later they were located at Buda-Pesth. This time the bride was in charge of a millionaire South American whom the efficacious abigail had provided for her. They might have been arrested of course but the crafty maid had served her apprenticeship under an able instructor. She knew the parents would take no drastic action on account of the scandal bound to ensue and she knew that the husband dared not attempt any overt act on account of his own record. This unexpected ending of his masterpiece in villainy seemed to completely daze the valet. He went on a protracted debauch and was run over on the streets. He died from his injuries in the public hospital.

"The parents thought his death settled the whole wretched affair and the daughter was apprised by wire of of his end, with a prayer to return.

"This scrap of writing, I hold, was her reply: 'Dear mamma, I am having too jolly a time where I am. Hastily your daughter, Beatrice.'

"Then began the usual life of a woman of that kind, a life very similar to that of another very amorous American girl, who, later on, married a prince and deserted him for a fellow of a type with the valet I have told you about. For several years Beatrice flitted across the half-world as one of its most splendid butterflies. Two men killed themselves through financial ruin for her, and half a dozen more had cause to do likewise, but saving sense held their hands. A score of stories that filled the pages of the international press at the time have only to be mentioned to recall her

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The names and respective places of residence of all its members are signed hereto.

IDA HEINS, City of San Francisco.
ALOIS WILLIAM. " "

Dated, June 29, 1901

Duly acknowledged before me on the 29th day of June, 1901, A. K DAGGETT, Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

(Endorsed.)

Filed in the office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 3rd day of July, 1901.

WM. A. DEANE, County Clerk.
By E. M. Thompson, Deputy Clerk.

HENRY I. KOWALSKY, Attorney for Alex Heins Belting Company.

Notice of Dissolution

Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing between IDA HEINS, ALOIS WILLIAM and C. H. KAUL, under the firm name of ALEX HEINS BELTING CO., has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. All debts owing to said partnership are to be received and paid by and to said Ida Heins and Alois William and all demands on said partnership are to be presented to them.

Dated the 29th day of June A. D. 1901.

IDA HEINS,
ALOIS WILLIAM
C. H. KAUL.

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.. DR. H. J. STEWART ..

WILL GIVE TWO

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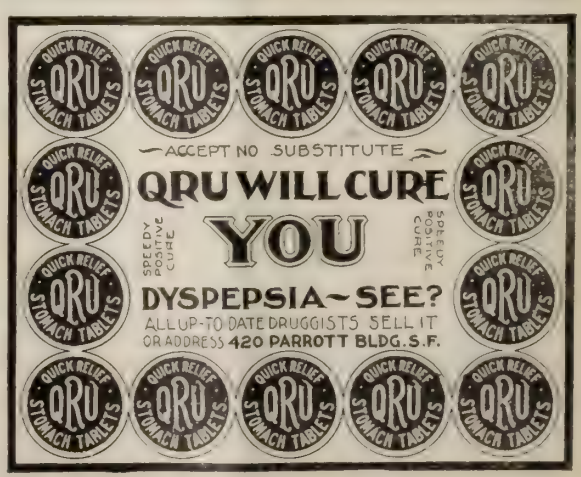
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AT 3:00 O'CLOCK

MONDAY EVENING, JULY 29,
AT 8:15 O'CLOCK

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scarlet escapades, but like these old letters it is better they should perish in these flames. They said of her, that through all the mad whirl, there was only one creature in the world that she really loved—that was the maid, who, from the moment of the discovery of her lover's duplicity, watched and tended her with the unswerving devotion of a dog.

"Fate so directed events that in time she inherited the fortune of her parents. I paid it to her through a London banking house and closed up everything here according to her directions. She said she would never return to California, and she never did. She died in Paris five years ago, kept alive at the last by narcotics. Her fortune, her beauty and her hopes were all gone—all ended amid the surroundings of one gone down in the stews. I don't believe I should have ever heard of her end had it not been for the telegram sent her by her mother and father after her husband's death, praying her to come home. For some reason she always preserved the scrap of paper and it was discovered by the authorities among her effects. They submitted it to the American Consul with a view to establishing her identity. The Consul wrote to San Francisco, and so, through various channels, the inquiry at last reached me.

"Her life was a life of fire. She consumed herself and all who came in contact with her," concluded the gray-haired lawyer, as he laid the letter on the flames. "So it is best that fire should end the whole story. And now, if you're ready we'll go driving for some fresh air and more cheerful thoughts in the Park." —*The Law Clerk.*

AUTO. STAGE A SUCCESS.

The Saxton Steam Wagon and Automobile Company, of which Joseph C. Saxton is president and general manager has succeeded in turning out one of the finest and most satisfactory steam stage coaches that have yet been built in the United States. The coach was built for the Gray's Harbor Automobile Company and was shipped into Washington last week. It has a capacity for carrying twenty-two passengers inside, with additional room on top. Upon one of its trial trips here it carried twenty-eight passengers over our rough streets and hills without any difficulty whatever. The maximum speed is twenty miles an hour. The company is now engaged in building an immense steam oil wagon for the United Crude Oil Company, which will be the largest oil carrier that has ever been on the streets of any city in the world. The factory is located at 515 Sixth street, San Francisco.

LOCOMOBILES BY THE CARLOAD.

The Locomobile Company of the Pacific received several carloads of the popular steam vehicles during the past week, including the first steam delivery wagons to be seen in this city. The company intends to inaugurate a rapid delivery system in the very near future, handling the delivery business of several of the big down-town stores. The rapidity with which these steam wagons can be driven around the city should make this service very popular from its inception. The Locomobile Company will shortly move to large and elegant quarters under the St. Nicholas hotel, where they will make a feature of renting locomobiles by the day and hour.

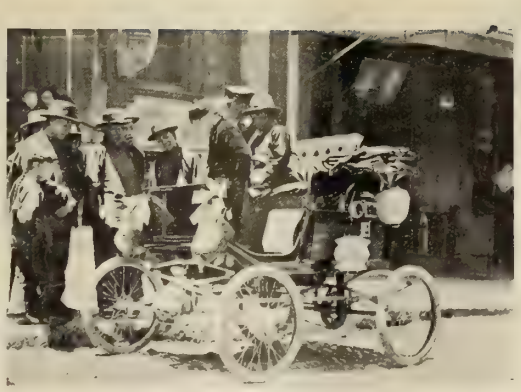
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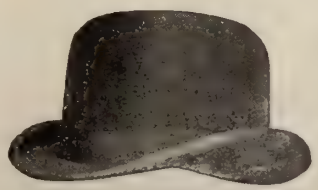
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Roma's London Letter

Comments on the latest notable doings of Alice Nielsen, Marie Barnard, Geo. Lask, Mrs. James Brown Potter, the Duke of Manchester and Laura Millard.

London, July 3, 1901.

My Dear "Town Talk":—Perhaps you don't think the Duke of Manchester is having the "centre of the stage" just now! There's hardly a bit of him left for the lawyers have been mercilessly tearing him to pieces to find out where one hundred and fifty thousand dollars have gone in the last two years. You can imagine the Duchess' feelings when she learned the extent of his jeweled gifts to the dozens of chorus girls and "walking on" ladies! The family has compromised with the creditors on twelve shillings and sixpence in the pound, making about two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for Papa Zimmerman to shell out. After all, it is a cheap ducal crown, isn't it?

The Duchess of Sutherland opened her doors to the plain ordinary mob at ten dollars a head with added ten dollars for a seat at the supper table. It was all for Charity. For once Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Smith touched elbows with Duchesses etc. It was a huge success! The peerless Melba warbled, the lionized Kubelick fiddled and the papers next day described the ladies' head gear and diamonds. To my mind, the Duchess of Marlborough (Vanderbilt) was the swellest woman there; she was gowned quietly, richly and wore but her single row of pearls.

On Tuesday evening last, I dropped in at 16 Hyde Park Lane where the Cooks were entertaining, assisted by Mr. and Mrs. Russak (Marie Barnard)—Marie is looking handsomer than ever; her husband has given up the New York Stock Exchange to live here with his musical wife and to perfect themselves in music. He plays the piano and plays it well; Marie is now a soprano and gave us several lovely French songs of the old French school. They are not going into music professionally but simply for the love of it.

Mrs. Frank Leslie's aunt died in Italy leaving her the estates and title of "Countess de Bazus" and this season she is living at Queen Ann's Mansions in St. James' Park where she will entertain on a grander scale than she did as plain "Mrs. Leslie."

Mrs. James Brown-Potter has another fad now; she is reciting *in church*, after the sermon on Sunday nights! Don't *that* startle you? It is simply marvelous what London will tolerate. And this same recitation is the very one she recited at the Palace Music Hall a few weeks ago. There's contrast for you! When she spouted at the Palace it was put down as Kyrle Bellew's poem; at the church, it is Victor Hugo's! The only Cora Urquhart Potter doesn't seem to be getting on at all here in England. Heaven knows, too, that it isn't because she hasn't tried everything possible; she tried the smart set but it wouldn't take her up; she tried the drama; she embraced the War Fund which smiled on her as long as she gave her salary and now she's on the "church" scene. After all, it would have been better to have returned home to Newport and defied home criticisms, for there's always a lot of fool managers in New York hunting novelties to try.

Johnnie Rogers, of Minnie Palmer fame, is here trying to boom Corinne; Sydney Jones of the Gaiety has written a new opera for her and she is about to tempt London favor, hoping that *she* has found what the recent American soubrettes and primas have all lacked.

The week's notice is up at the Shaftesbury and "The Fortune Teller" closes next Friday. Too bad! They say Alice is heart-broken for she wanted to stay abroad two years and then return to U. S. A. with a flourish of trumpets. Now Perlet has gone home to find a young, unknown woman with whom he wants to sign a ten years' contract and shove her on to the stage to become the next Prima Donna.

Alice will find a new opera in New York—she has the new backer—and the late plays will be produced later on by Musgrove with Nellie Stewart as prima. Such is the report here. Musgrove will arrive tomorrow.

I hear that Alice is very happy in England, and is located for the summer at Thames Ditton, one of the city's suburbs. She leased this place, which includes sixty acres of park and woodland. The house is of historic interest, having been erected during the period of Charles I. It contains more than forty rooms, all of antique finish and furnishing. Little Alice has one of the swiftest steam-launches that ply on the Thames, and takes frequent trips up the river along the sixteen miles that lie between her new home and London. Over all this floats that silly rumor that Lawrence Irving, the son of his father, is paying Alice devoted attentions. It's the same song that Ethel Barrymore listened to when she made her hit here a year ago. Irving is a peculiar young man of very melancholy disposition. It was his morose manner that weaned from him the affection of his former fiancee.

Tomorrow is "Our" day at home and the dear Ambassador will throw his doors open to all the Americans in town; there will be *such* a mob and such a lot to eat! There'll be lovely gowns and swell music and meeting of old friends. This will be the Mighels' last London appearance at an "at home," for on the fifth they fold their tents like the wandering Arabs they are and silently steal away to America. Viva Doane left a week ago,

Denis O'Sullivan is scoring a success in song recital just now. After a recent appearance the critics piped choice plaudits to the "powerful, deeply harmonious voice of this Irish-American singer.'

George Lask is expected here in July's latter days Laura Millard went back with Perlet.

My double in name only, Romer, is to visit New York with Grau; don't forget, she's a contralto and a debutante.

Yours, Roma.

Jessamine

I fell asleep, beneath a jessamine bower,
And fair dreams fell from out its waxen chalice
And tumbled down upon my weary eyelids.

No other blossom brings a dream so tender;
No other flower bell rings so sweetly clear,
Nor holds such rare intoxicating perfume.

I some-times think the soul of one departed—
The white, white spirit of a friend I loved
Has gone into the jessamine's pure heart.

And so I dreamed, the while the subtle perfume
Crept through my drowsy senses—and my dream—
My dream was far too sweet to breathe aloud.

All things that mar were in that dream forgotten:
Dark grief was slain, and in her stead came joy:
While sweet delight, and youth—and love—were mine.

Mine—mine—the clinging rapture of warm kisses,
And glances which are only known to love:
And hours of bliss too deep for human words.

Oh, dreams that fall from out the jasmine's chalice
You make of life a thing so fair and tender:
Scatter thy fragrance oft upon mine eyelids,
And steep my senses in delirious rapture.

An Unkind Word

A bird lying dead in its cozy nest, with its carol no more heard
No sadder is than a human soul, crushed by a cruel word.
The scar that is made by an unkind word will remain till the heart is clay,
And naught but the touch of the angel, Death, will smooth the scar away.

And love that is slain by a scornful word can never live again.
The merry carol of a bird thrills not, thro' blinding rain.
The world would be a happy place, if no harsh words were spoken;
And fewer eyes be dimmed with tears, and fewer hearts be broken.

Sometimes it seems so hard—so hard—for human hearts to bear.
But some day we will understand, some day we will not care.
O, why not use the tender words of love, instead of hate?
'Tis better far to speak them now, before it is too late.

Jessie Juliet Knox.

There is only one reason why you shouldn't drink Jesse Moore "AA" Whiskey—That's because you have signed the pledge.

Dramatic World

At the Show This Week

COLUMBIA—"Garrett O'Magh"—Chauncey's a peach.
GRAND OPERA HOUSE—"Paul Kauvar"—scenic and sensational.
ALCAZAR—"The Country Girl"—clever.
TIVOLI—"The Toy Maker"—Last week of the comic season.
ORPHEUM—Vaudeville—It's all right.

Alice Neilsen as a Tilter

I was not greatly surprised to learn through the despatches that Alice Neilsen had not parted from her late company on the best of terms. After Alice started a-starring, her pretty little head increased so in size that none of the members of her supporting company had any chance to show up beside her. She kept the centre of the stage all the time, and even the large and handsome Eugene Cowles appeared a pigmy beside her.

Chauncey's Charm

I was rather sure that Chauncey Olcott would catch the town. He is the idol of New York women of high and low degree, and his charm seems never to lose its potency. I remember about five years ago, Olcott was holding forth at the Fourteenth street theatre, New York. That is not a swell playhouse, yet the swaggerest dames of Gotham flocked there to hear the sweet singer of Irish songs. Ned Townsend wrote one of his "Major Max" articles about Olcott, one of those inimitable dialogues with the inconsequent Mrs. Max. The major couldn't understand why his womenkind should go into such ecstasies over "that Olcott." Mrs. Max couldn't explain—she could only say that she doted on Chauncey, and so did all her friends. Then her husband took a walk down to the Fourteenth street theatre to discover the mystery for himself. I don't remember the end of the story, but there is no doubt that Major Max succumbed. Everybody who has been to the Columbia this week has fallen under the spell and "My Wild Irish Rose" is being sung south of Market and on Pacific Heights with equal vim.

Attractions Next Week

The Tivoli comic opera season will close with tomorrow night's performance of "The Toy Maker," and on Monday night the grand opera season will open. This year the company is probably the strongest that has ever appeared at the Tivoli, and that the public appreciates what is being done for them musically by the house, is shown by the immense demand there is for seats. "Aida" will be the opening bill. It is always "Aida" when it isn't "Faust," and the Tivoli has always had the best luck with its season when "Aida" has led off. Nice Barbareschi will sing the title role on Monday night, and Castellano will be the Rhadames. Collamarini will sing Amneris and Salassa will be Amanasro, of course, Dado, the basso who was here with Sembrich, Nicolini and Facci will complete the cast. "Rigoletto" will be the alternating bill, and Repetto will sing Gilda's role; Ferrari, the title part; Russo, the Duke; Poletini, Magdalena; Nicolini, Sparafucile, which is one of his best efforts; Zani, Monterone; Napoleoni, who always looms up in local grand opera productiohs, Ceprano; Cortesi, Marulo; Sannie Kreuger, Giovani; and Facci, Miss Davis. Both the operas will be mounted in lavish style, and the investiture will be ample. The orchestra has been enlarged for the season, and under the able direction of Paul Steindorff will give the works to be sung a fine musical setting.

Vaudeville at its best will be offered at the Orpheum this coming week and the program will include the Molasso-Salvaggi troupe of Parisian dancers, the most renowned artists of the kind ever coming from the French capital, who come here for the first time. They are said to be graceful, beauti-

The "Artistic" Bow -a new thing in fine silk patterns, at 25 cents each will be appreciated for its value when seen. Can be had at Lewison's the Leaders—Gents Furnishers, 953 Market street between 5th and 6th. The busiest block in San Francisco.

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TONIGHT
Regular performance Sunday Night
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Mr. Chauncey
OLCOTT
in his latest comedy success
"GARRET O'MAGH"
By Augustus Pitou, Manager
August 5—Empire Theatre Co. in "Mrs. Dane's Defence"

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The Three Brooklyns Will H. Murphy and Blanche Nicholls
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"THE TOY MAKER"
Monday, July 29th—Opening of the
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Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday
"AIDA"
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JOE NEGRO } PROP'S.
N. B.—The President and Mrs. McKinley recently acknowledged with cordial thanks the receipt of a package of the Alladio Royal Cream Cheese which is the most delicious article in the market.

ful and bewildering, and will undoubtedly create a sensation there. Alexandra Dagmar, who on her former visit to this country, was pronounced the most stunning woman in vaudeville, comes direct from London with the latest songs and most fetching costumes imaginable. Her statuesque figure and splendid voice are well remembered. Arras and Alice, the European novelty team, will return for one week only. Their rifle shooting is particularly fine. Hugh Stanton and Florence Modena, farceurs, will present Mr. Stanton's latest and best satire, "A Bargain Fiend," and Will H. Murphy and Blanche Nicholls will continue their hilarious absurdity, "The Bifurcated Girl." Ameta, the charming little spectacular dancer, will present new surprises with novel light effects, Ed I. Raymond will put new songs and quips into the mouths of his moving figures and the three Brooklyns will vary their musical drolleries. Among the new pictures produced by the Biograph will be one showing the launching of the *Shamrock the Second*.

Chauncey Olcott has met with distinct favor at the Columbia, his performance being more than acceptable and he is surrounded by a line of players who do much towards making an harmonious ensemble. There will be a regular performance this evening and again tomorrow night. The last week of the engagement will begin on Monday night. The last performance will take place August fourth. On Monday night the fifth of August, will begin the limited engagement of Charles Frohman's Empire company of New York, in the new comedy by Henry Arthur Jones, "Mrs. Dane's Defense." Margaret Anglin and other favorites will appear. The advance sale of seats begins next Thursday morning.

"The Adventures of Nell Gwynne" is to be included among the several revivals by Florence Roberts this season, and commencing next week, will probably repeat its success of last year. Since her last presentation of this fascinating comedy in this city, Miss Roberts has toured in it with the greatest success. The version of "Nell Gwynne" used is from the pen of the Californian playwright, Charlotte Thompson, whose play, "A Suit of Sable," produced by Miss Roberts last season, is about to be presented by W. A. Brady. Miss Thompson is now in the city arranging for the production of two new plays written by her especially for Miss Roberts, the first of which, "A Silver-Mounted Harness," is now in rehearsal. After the presentation of these plays, she will return to New York to superintend the production of "A Suit of Sable." The cast of "Nell Gwynne" will include White Whittlesey, Barton Hill, George Webster, Lucius Henderson, Carlyle Moore, Frank Bacon, Paul Gerson, Walter Belasco, Agnes Ranken, Marie Howe and others.

The Frawleys will give the last performance of "Paul Kauvar" tomorrow evening at the Grand. Enormous attendance has been in evidence at each performrnce of this stirring drama of the French Revolution. Mr. Frawley's next offering is to be "The Senator," in which he made his first bow to San Francisco. This will hold the stage for the week beginning Monday night. Mr. Frawley will himself appear in his great role, Lieutenant George Schuyler, U. S. N., the stuttering sailor. The title role will be in the hands of Theodore Roberts, whose delineation of Canby shows him to possess abundant humor of the right sort for the proper portrayal of Senator Hannibal Rivers. E. J. Morgan will be the Count Von Strahl, Mary Van Buren will be the merry young widow Mrs. Hillary, the part created by Georgie Drew Barrymore. Katherine Grey will appear as Mabel Denman, which ought to suit her style admirably. For the succeeding week Mr. Frawley announces a production of "The Toll Gate Inn," a drama of the Revolutionary War, for the first time in this city.

—The Playgoer

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Music World

When Mrs. Wilbourn recently sang Marston's alto solo, "My God and Father While I Stray," at the church of St. Mary the Virgin, corner of Steiner and Union streets, she must have been thinking of the death of that beautifully sad man and sweet composer. He passed away in February. I understand some of the worshipers were moved to tears, so touchingly was the solo sung.

Sig. Fachutar, the well known mandolinist and Director of the Fachutar Mandolin School and Orchestra, has closed his studio for the summer season and will reopen September first.

At Trinity Tomorrow

It is a very charming tribute that Trinity church choir is paying to its departing organist and director, in programming for tomorrow's service Dr. Stewart's oratorio, "The Nativity." It will be sung at the evening service. "The Nativity" is regarded by many as Dr. Stewart's finest work. The solos will be sung by Miss Flynn, Mrs. Birmingham. Messrs. Fortescue, Mills, Elliott and Kneass. Mr. Harry Samuels will play the violin solo"Adoration of the Magi" and also a solo during the offertory.

Mrs. Arthur Franklin Bridge is glad to be at home again, after her long sojourn in New York. She found her studies in the metropolis, however, very interesting. She studied under Dr. Holbrook Curtis, the eminent voice and throat specialist, at the same time pursuing her study of the Curtis method, with one of Dr. Curtis' able exponents, Hugh Whitfield Martin.

The Von Meyerinck School of Music will reopen for the season on August first. Mrs. Von Meyerinck, who is enjoying her well earned vacation at her camp in Larskpur, announces that a violin department has been added to the school, to be in charge of Mr. Geo. H. Kalthoff. Mr. Kalthoff, although a comparatively young man, has gained praise wherever he has appeared on the concert platform, for his exquisite tone, fine technique and superior interpretation, and has earned quite a reputation as a successful teacher in the southern part of the State, where he stayed for several years He is a graduate of the Royal High School of Berlin, where he studied for five years, under the most celebrated teachers, the last two years of his studies having been spent under the personal tuition of the famous Professor Joachim. A special feature of the new department will be classes for string quartet work and ensemble, playing together with the more advanced pupils of the piano department. These classes, which will be open to outside students, are a unique feature, giving students a chance for ensemble practice and to get acquainted with the standard quartets and trios of the masters under the guidance of a thoroughly competent teacher at a nominal cost. Faculty concerts and individual recitals of advanced students will be given at regular intervals at the new Recital hall of the school, which, with its seating capacity of about two hundred and a large stage, is admirably adapted for such purposes, and altogether the school is looking forward to a busy and prosperous season.

Dr. Franklin Palmer left this week for a tour around the world. He will spend some time in Paris in the study of organ of Widor, the great organist of the church of St. Sulpice, which contains the largest organ in Paris. He expects to be away from San Francisco at least two years.

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The League Chorus

The big Epworth League concert of Tuesday the sixteenth was repeated on Saturday night to an audience of ten thousand persons. There were some two hundred voices missing from the chorus but those who did remain faithful made music good to listen to. It is a difficult matter to handle so large a body of singers and keep them with the instruments but the directors did creditable work all through and received the appreciation due them from audience and chorus alike. The chorus kept together best on "Thanks be to God" which was given with gratifying vim. "By Babylon's Wave" was also finely rendered. The Park sisters received an ovation, giving as their first number a trio from "Faust." Being encored they responded with "Robin Adair" on four cornets which was a gem of its kind and produced an effect unusual and very beautiful. In place of the long expected and disappointing Juanita quartet of Chicago which did not materialize, Miss Anna Parks rendered a cornet solo, "The Lions" polka, and to an encore responded with "Bonnie Sweet Bessie, the Maid o'Dundee" which was done with true interpretation of the words of that pathetic little ballad, the cornet being softened to the timbre of a human voice. Mr. King and Mr. Skeele and Mrs. Murdoch did creditable work in upholding the big chorus and Mr. Skeele in his solo work brought out the combinations of the splendid organ in fine style. "The Storm," by Lemmens, was his last number and was certainly very realistic. One could but wish the combinations were more promptly made however as the pauses were long enough to distract from the effect of the compositions as a whole. But Mr. Skeele plays with taste and expression and was applauded to the echo. Altogether these concerts have been a tremendous success, an extra one being given on Monday night with the aid of the Knickerbocker quartet to accommodate the crowd that was still disappointed in securing seats. There is material and to spare in this town for work of this kind which might be done as a regular thing and not as a nine days wonder as it is at present. San Francisco is full of good voices and good instrumentalists enough and to spare, as I said before, to go a long way toward something lasting and worthy in the line of musical endeavor. The directors deserve a great deal of commendation for the success achieved during the past week.

The first of the Stewart organ recitals will take place this afternoon, at the Mechanic's Pavilion and the second and last will occur next Monday evening. The splendid Stanford memorial organ will be the instrument used. Admission to the recitals is only twenty-five cents. The program for this afternoon will include among other numbers Guilmant's sonata No. 1, in D minor, Grison's Communion in F, Liszt's "Consolation" and three Wagner selections. On Monday evening Callaert's Prayer in D, Boellmann's "Suite Gothique" and four Grieg selections will be given beside other interesting works. This is an opportunity that every organ and piano student should embrace, to hear these most scholarly interpretations of the composers.

Their Summer Outing

Professor H. B. Pasmore and family have chosen the oddest place for their summer outing that, it seems, a musical mind could possibly conceive. They are located in a shingled cabin near Carville, that picturesque part of our city on the confines of the sand dunes, on the ocean beach. It is a salubrious spot, and the inhabitants of the little car-houses are very content with their outing-place. The three little girls, Mary, Susan and Dorothy, are now preparing a number of trios for prospective concerts. Mr. Pasmore will resume work after August first at his studio 1424 Washington street and on Thursdays at 573 Fifteenth street, Oakland, the home of Mrs. Gaskill. Several professional musicians and singers have already engaged lessons with him.

Albert Elkus' new song yet in manuscript "Home They Brought her Warrior," shows much originality and beauty in its construction. The young man is a very prolific composer and indefatigable worker and one can but wonder what will be the product of his maturer years.



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William Worth Bailey, the blind violinist, who is to tour this conntry during the coming season, is now receiving the finishing touches from Ysaye at Brussels. He will return to his native country early in November beginning his tour on arrival. Much interest is taken in the career of this young genius who, although totally blind, is said to play the violin like one of the greatest masters. Young Bailey will be supported by Elizabeth Northrop, soprano, and Edwin M. Shonert, pianist. The tour is under the management of R. E. Johnston. *The Music Critic.*

WORLD OF LETTERS

Quincy Adams Sawyer

"Quincy Adams Sawyer" is an amusing chronicle of the small beer of village life which will interest two classes of readers—those who can recall similar scenes in their own experience and those to whom the narration brings novelty. Quincy Adams Sawyer, the son of a millionaire Boston lawyer, goes to Mason's Corner to recuperate after his arduous labors in enjoying too good a time in the metropolis, and excites the jealousy and ill-feeling of a choice few of the natives of his own sex, from the manner in which he takes possession of the prettiest girl and the best seat in all the happenings. We are introduced to the gentleman at the close of the final rehearsal of the Singing School, which it was planned, was to go for a sleigh ride, the expenses to be paid by the contributions of those whom the author calls "the fellows;" but without consulting the convenience or ideas of anyone, Mr. Sawyer assumes the responsibility of the excursion. His next appearance is at the concert held at the town hall, where he again "runs the show." A surprise party to which he was not honored by an invitation gives him still another change, and before the year is out he not only makes himself the local political boss and virtually runs the Town Meeting, but succeeds in dividing the straggling settlement and elevating the section in which he is interested to the dignity of a separate municipal existence, having meanwhile, reconciled his enemies and heaped coals of fire on the head of the chief conspirator. The village characters are all life-like, and the occurrences natural with the exception of Miss Alice Pettingill. Since Mr. Pidgin has been particular to set his date as 186– he must expect to be reminded that at that era, farmers' daughters of fifteen did not leave home to attend commercial colleges in the metropolis, nor were they employed as clerks and bookkeepers in commercial houses. Practically there were but four occupations open to the woman who sought a career of independence. She might teach school, do sewing of some kind, or take up housework or factory labor. Even in these days of higher education and university diplomas a young woman of twenty, entirely inexperienced in any kind of literary work, would be something more than a phenomenon to blossom out immediately as the successful author of poems, songs, a series of short stories, one of which becomes the dramatic success of the season, a world-beater of a novel, AND a wonderful cantata. It is a pity that Mr. Pidgin did not consult some elderly woman, or at least, refer to an old book of fashion plates for the costuming of his characters,

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who are usually several years in advance of their time. The village bride of that day would have been ecstatic in a gown of white "Swiss," with veil and wreath, and a hat was so far from being "the thing" for a woman to wear that it was all but evidence of sinister intentions. The pale pink, blue and fawn-colored silks that make their appearance at Mason's Corner would, in life, have been black, for a black silk dress was a piece of special elegance in higher walks of life than that primitive settlement, to be treasured up for special occasions, turned, re-trimmed and made over, and passed down from mother to daughter, almost as an heirloom. Mr. Pidgin is ahead of his time again with Aunt Ella. Smoking was not such a common accomplishment of the sex that Quincy could have paid her the compliment of commending her gracefulness, for the women who smoked and permitted it to be known were not of the class to whom he would have been apt to compare his beloved aunt. In fact, Aunt Ella, her menage, her bohemianism and her phenomenally versatile and successful husband of blessed memory all belong to a later date than that of the story. One must question, too, whether Boston had taken to secular Sunday evening concerts, and parlor vaudeville, with professional entertainers. There is abundance of incident in the book, and meat enough in any chapter to have furnished the plot of an entire novel of an older day. There is the hermit philosopher who has left his family to enjoy city life, while he has betaken himself to solitude and his hens; the long-lost uncle, an inmate of the village alms house; the old farmer, crazed by religion, and with a wife, who, as is often the case, proves that the gray mare is the better horse; the spiteful animosity to an adopted orphan, which attempts to outlast death itself, and prevent her from discovering her identity; the long-lost heiress of an English nobleman; a case of double identity, another lost relative, any number of weddings and family surprises and success and prosperity such as is found nowhere but in works of imagination. One of the best of the minor characters is that "good funeral woman," Mrs. Crowley, with her record of fourteen in a month, for, "Sure, if I don't go to folks' funerals they won't come to mine." "Quincy Adams Sawyer" belongs to the same class of literature as "David Harum" and "Eben Holden," clean, wholesome and amusing, without making any claim to profundity, and above all, cheerful. It is better written and better worth while than the host of Revolutionary and colonial romances which have been poured from the press for the last few years. [C. M. Clark of Boston, publisher.]

Leigh Irvine's Romance

In his romance, "An Affair of the South Seas," Leigh H. Irvine has attempted to furnish a solution to the problem of the overcrowding of cities and the competition and combinations which render the task of earning a support a matter of increasing difficulty for each succeeding generation. It is almost unnecessary to explain that Mr. Irvine's solution is a Socialistic colony, in which a limited number of the almost submerged find comfort and contentment. The tale is a simple one and not

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devoid of probability. Indeed an expedition of somewhat the same nature did set out from San Francisco to find or establish an Eden in one of the South Sea islands a few years ago, but before many moons it returned, completely disillusionized. Lee Hadley, a struggling lawyer of San Francisco, tells the story in the first person. He is introduced by his friend, Dr. Saville, to a wealthy old sea captain who has a plan to lead a colony to emigrate to Atollia, an island in the South Pacific, known to no white man but himself. He owns his own ship, and is free to follow his course, having neither relatives nor other ties to hold him. Captain Swanson is the leading spirit of the adventure. Indeed, he is the whole thing, for he furnishes not only the plan, but has the destination all selected, owns the vessel in which they sail and finances and provisions the expedition. The rest follow at his call as gaily and as irresponsibly as a lot of boys hailed to loot an overturned huckster's cart. The Rosalie sails under auspicious circumstances. She has fair winds and pleasant seas, and though attacked or rather, threatened by attack from a pirate craft, and coming into collision with a dead whale, she meets with no disaster, but lands her band of adventurers in safety. Owing to Captain Swanson's knowledge of the language and etiquette of the natives, they escape giving offense to the islanders. As to the manner in which the old sea-dog intended to keep the peace:

"'We can soon become a South Sea parliament and make all the laws that are needed.'

"'What kind of treaty do you expect to get out of them?

"'Pretty near anything I want, but principally the right to a large part of the lands—exclusive rights, mind you!—and when we've agreed to treat 'em right, it must be understood that no damned Kanaka is to step in our way. We must be for peace, but they've got to see that we'll have no tomfoolery. The cannibal business must stop and things must go Christian from the start, even if we have got to turn on the machine-guns and fill the sea with 'em. That's the only way to deal with man-eaters.'"

By taking advantage of the superstitious fears of the natives there was no difficulty found in getting practical possession of the whole of Atollia.

"'There seems to be no way to improve your plans," said Judge Davis, 'unless we politely ask them to get off the island and give us the whole thing.'"

Intermarriage with the natives is part of the plan by which this Utopian scheme is to be carried to success, and with the arrival of the families of some of the first colonists, family life is established and a government after the pattern of that of the United States is founded. Trouble manifests itself in the shape of the secret visits of a vicious old beach-comber who has terrified the credulous natives by means of a few simple tricks of legerdemain, and some choice spirits of the colony undertake to out-wit Bill Banks and over-awe the natives at the same time. A part of the cargo of the Rosalie on her first trip consisted of phonograph cylinders, electric aparatus, and other things which had no apparent use in connection with the colony scheme, and these are util-

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ized to fit up a cave far in the interior of the island, in the midst of a wood believed by the natives to be haunted. Needless to say, the "departed spirits of the mighty dead" commanded the guileless Aollians to forswear Bill Banks and all his works and pomps, and cling to Captain Swanson and his countrymen, and accept the Captain as their King. Doubtless a colony organized under these terms would have a better chance of surviving than one in which strict honesty was the rule. The effect of simple, modern contrivances on the primitive Kanaka mind has been exemplified by Robert Louis Stevenson in his "Beach of Falesa," and Stevenson, also, voices the regret of the white father that his children are but half-castes; and away from their island home, they would suffer humiliation from having a color line drawn against them. There are some excellent descriptions, both of the sea voyage and the island, but they strike one as the effect of careful reading rather than experience, and it seems superfluous to find the expression "long-pig" in need of explanation, though perhaps the present generation of readers is less conversant with pirate yarns and sailor adventures than were the boys of thirty years ago. Mr. Irvine's book is well written and is an addition to the ranks of politico-economical fiction. The story is worth reading for itself, apart from the problem it attempts to solve. [T. Fisher Unwin of London and Payot, Upham & Co. of this city are the publishers.]

The Transit of Bohemia

There is a story in the current *Overland*, "The Transit of Bohemia," that is likely to give false notions of bohemian modes of living in San Francisco. There is too much rose-color about it, though there is evidently a substratum of truth to the tale, and some of the characters appear to be sketched from local life. But I should not advise every country girl with literary aspiratons and green eyes to build hopes on this story that would lead her to come to town with expectation of duplicating the heroine's success. The heroine of Miss Robinson's story, Mamie Hawley, gets a place on a daily newspaper because of the interest taken in her by one Ascot, who from afar had observed and fallen in love with her. After some charming and other experiences in the Russian Hill home of Mrs. Kilburn, a fellow writer, and in which Mamie forms an intimate acquaintance with wine and scented Russians, the girl becomes engaged to Ascot, who turns out to be the new owner of the daily on which she had obtained a job. The story ends with Ascot and Mamie in a daze of love casting away their cigarettes forever, with the words "And so passes Bohemia." But, as Mamie has doubtless discovered since she married Ascot, Bohemia is not so easily cast aside. She has doubtless found life with Ascot, ordinary, workaday society life, as dull as Jean found Paris without Sapho. The tastes formed during her association with that brilliant bohemienne, Mrs. Kilburn, were such as would unfit her for a dull after existence. And Billy Compton—well, I fancy Mamie would miss Billy Compton more than all the rest.

—*The Bookworm.*

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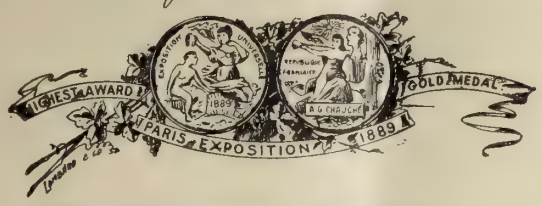
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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

ALENA SPIER, Plaintiff
vs.
HARRY SPIER, Defendant

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

Harry Spier, Defendant. You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's Wilful Neglect also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 5th day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and one.

WM. A. DEANE, Clerk.

[SEAL] By Joseph Riordan, Deputy Clerk.

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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

Department No. 2

T. J. CROWLEY, Plaintiff
vs.
MATHEW M. GRENNAN AND AMELIA JANE H. GRENNAN, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in the office of the Clerk of said City and County of San Francisco

CULLINAN AND HICKEY,
Attorneys for Plaintiff
567 & 568 Parrott Building, San Francisco, Cal.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

Mathew M. Grennan and Amelia Jane H. Grennan, Defendants. You are hereby directed to appear, and answer the Complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, within ten days after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the Complaint, as arising upon contract, or he will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this twenty-second day of June, A. D 1901.

WM. A. DEANE, Clerk.

[SEAL] By E. M. Thompson, Deputy Clerk.

Notice to Creditors

Estate of THOMAS BARBER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, P. Boland, Administrator of the Estate of Thomas Barber deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the neeessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at his place of business No. 238 Montgomery street, San Francisco the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

P. BOLAND
Administrator of the estate of Thomas Barber, deceased.

M. C. HASSETT,
Attorney for said Administrator.
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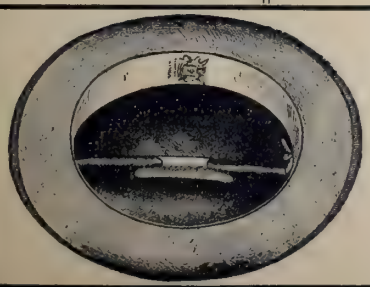
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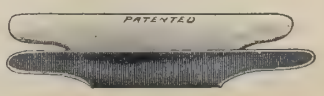
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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, August 3, 1901

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OUR OPINION

Comparing English and American Society

Our own Blingum, the Lake Front, Chicago and New York's Fifth Avenue had better give up all training for that dearest guerdon of all the wide, wide world—Society's Blue Ribbon. A dictum has just been issued that will discourage even a William Waldorf Astor. Mrs. Sherwood, "the American society authority," who is at present hobnobbing with the nobs and snobs of England, has come to the conclusion, after a comparative study of polite life in the two countries, that we are, oh, distressful stroke, far inferior to the English in social deportment. Won't that jar the buttons off the raglans in San Rafael and send a cold wave over this month's special festivities at Del Monte. Mrs. Sherwood prides herself on being some pumpkins as an arbitre of social prestige; accordingly the parvenus and the culturine fiends feel a shiver of deep religious awe ramify their spinal marrows every time she opes her mouth to bark oracles of this class. Even the scullions in aristocratic back kitchens forget to scour the pot when, with bulging eyes glued to the telegraph news in the daily papers, they learn for the first time through Mrs. Sherwood that:

> We Americans, without exception, spring from more or less rusticity. Most of our mothers baked their own beans and made their own apple pies. My father was a man of wealth and leisure and my mother a very beautiful and elegant woman; but when a person like Hon. Mrs. Wellesley comes to lunch we cannot escape the consciousness of her superiority. Such women never speak nor act amiss. Whether they eat or drink or whatsoever they do, they do all beautifully. Their conduct suggests a strain of music.

For a brief moment we took a little pride to onrselves that this year we held the heavy weight championship, the America's cup, the Derby, London railways and theatres, the Panama canal, the Eastern trade, the balance of exchange, several bargain counter Dukes, a various assortment of English accents scattered throughout the land and some of the latest winter fashions in English trowserings carefully housed in Blingum, but all this goes mournfully for nothing when we learn from Mrs. Sherwood that:

> We cannot compare with our English kindred for perfection of social deportment. The nobility and aristocracy of this country have behind them the education, culture and good form of centuries. Their ancestor's elegancies came down to them as do their ancestral estates. Think what it means to be born in such a storehouse of luxury as the home of the Duchess of Sutherland. One so born begins life under the most beautiful and tasteful auspices, unequaled in any palace in the United States.
>
> America produces giants of practical mentality, industrial and commercial Napoleons, but it is yet too young to produce men like the Duke of Sutherland, who is the epitome of the grace and elegance of a thousand years. Carnegie can pile up millions and dispense them with a prodigality unknown before, but the uttermost heights of social culture lie quite beyond him.

For some reason, doubtless a good one, Mrs. Sherwood has not named several graceless Dukes and Duchesses who grew on this same tree of culture with his Grace the Duke of Sutherland. The stories of their deportment doubtless belong in the expurgated chapter of her book. However those everyday healthy-minded people who are barred by the grace of God from the culturine cult and are forced to hustle for grub and any old kind of raiment may find consolation in the fact that proud Albion with all her social glory and her pre-eminence in the Culturine Trust has a lively microbe at her vitals Kindly Nature has not let it attack us on account of our healthy rusticity. So for the time we must console ourselves with this recompense and Mrs. Sherwood's explanation:

> But England's smart set lacks purity. The English smart set is far more polished but far less pure than the American smart set. In this vital respect America's polite society occupies a solitary eminence. They twit us about our numerous divorce cases, but we have divorce trials only because neither our men nor our women will condone inconstancy. In England both husbands and wives do this. If every woman in England who knows her husband's moral lapses should sue for legal separation and vice versa, the divorce courts would have crowded dockets.

England, this is Terrible. But we'll let you off this time if you will keep Mrs. Sherwood over there and call it square.

Japan's Vitriolic Reply

International trade balances show that Japan's commerce with this country is growing incalculably faster than her trade with any other country. It is advancing with leaps and bounds. In 1899 she bought nineteen million two hundred thousand dollars of the United States. The following year she increased her purchase to thirty-one million three hundred and eighty thousand dollars. That was the first year she bought more than she sold. This sight has raised the envious spleen of the thin-skinned, hide-bound merchants of several European nations. After the Chino-Japanese war the journals of those same

countries divined the approaching opportunity to break into the traffic of the two Oriental empires, so with pompous geniality they patted victorious little Japan on the back, called her the "rising new power in the East" and vociferously sang her praises. Now as they see the drift of her golden trade going America-ward, they have suddenly changed their tune. Curiously enough their splenetic chorus harps on the alleged bad faith of Japanese merchants and the assumed low state of social relations in the Mikado's empire. Japan is naturally nettled at this concerted attack. It was only a question of time of course when she should make reply. A champion has just appeared to answer the charges and his answer is directed against our boasted Occidental civilization. It is hot and vitriolic. As it is published in the new Japanese review, the *Toyo*, founded in Tokio about a year ago by Prince Konoye, President of the House of Peers, this philippic comes with some authority. The article is entitled "Pride and Prejudice" and is unsigned. The writer declares there are three classes of critics of Japan: the statistical, the "worshipful" and the damnatory. His reply is to the third class, "because their flippant and cynical observations have deluded many Occidental readers and carried them to look down on Japan as an immoral, lotus-eating empire, progressive in a good many ways, yet with the cancer of Oriental laxity of virtue at its core: quite out of the question as a compeer with the enlightened, civilized, moral Occident." Then the writer pitches away his scabbard and sails into the hypercritical, hypocritical journalistic champions of France, Germany and Russia in the following vehement manner:

> Think of the moral Occident, that wonderfully straight-laced Occident that connives at Armenian and Macedonian massacres; spends millions in crushing and stamping out two sturdy little republics, fighting for bare independence; stabs, shoots, and assassinates its monarchs; gives over the streets of its greatest cities, after nightfall, to the unquestioned rule of the "demi-monde;" is forever trying to bully weaker nations into ceding portions of their territory, and, in broad terms, goes about with a Bible in one hand and a gauntlet on the other; of which the ranting, all-knowing, hard-drinking, preaching, racing, Louis XIV. "redivivus," Kaiser Wilhelm II., is the truest type. * * * We do not stab our monarchs in the female line, nor do we act so as to compel our great Emperor to live in a steel-lined study or travel in a bomb-proof train. We acknowledge the truth of the imputation that we are not Caucasians. Yet there is no quarter of our largest cities that is not as safe at night as it is in the daytime. Our restaurants are not flooded with bawds after dusk, nor are even our cheapest theatres houses of assignation. We do not go into boasting ecstasies after a victory over a weaker foe, nor do we make idols of our admirals and generals one day to revile them the next. We do not encourage and foster the bearing of illegitimate children, nor is the state ever willing to pay a premium on the rearing of fatherless boys. We do not lynch even the vilest offenders, nor have we—we confess it to our shame—ever once burned a murderer at the stake. We admit that we are, on the whole, a Buddhistic nation. Yet we have never undertaken a propaganda of this creed with cannon in the background to enforce religious arguments. We hasten to plead guilty to the accusation of being Japanese, Asiatic of the Asiatics, Yet we do not seek to enrich ourselves at the expense of weaker people. We do not talk justice and act unjustly. Nor do we permit our soldiers to rape defenseless women, kill helpless infants, or loot the habitations of powerless non-combatants.

According to the writer Japan, single-handed, was more than able to rescue the besieged Peking legations, but the jealous distrust of the big Powers would not permit her to do so for reasons that have since developed in their raid on China. He characterizes the indemnity demands of Germany, France and Russia as barbarous and absurd, because as they very well know, "she never can pay." Russia, as is known, wants Manchuria and as much of Chi-li as the other nations will let her have. Germany wants the whole of Shantung. France is after as much of Southern China as she can safely seize. And Japan! According to this vehemently indignant writer she wants simple justice for China; she wants to see her helped, not crushed, and the lives of her citizens "made safe against every vodka-swelling, absinthe-drinking, kummel-sipping soldier." He warns the "tripartite harpies" that they may "take their pound of flesh but if they shed one drop of Asiatic blood in the taking," they will have another righteously indignant nation to deal with, "a nation that will fight to the last gasp in the defense of Oriental peace and integrity." He closes with an appeal to America and England as follows:

> America! Nation of liberty and the rights of man, will you let three great European nations work ruin on Oriental soil? Are you ready to proffer us the right hand of fellowship? Join our standard, on which we have inscribed, in hues never to fade, "Justice." As you are great, be you strong to redress the wrongs of millions of Asiatics. Newest and greatest of great nations, stand by us, the "Anglo-Saxons of the Orient," in our struggle for the right.
>
> England! Is your insular prejudice, your pride of race, so great that you will refuse to stand by us, shoulder to shoulder? Will you let Russia work out her nefarious schemes on Oriental soil and seek to enforce her "orthodoxy" on the Chinese at the bayonet's point? Brutus, awake! Thou sleepest. Orientals tho' we be, we have not shown ourselves unworthy of your trust and friendship.

Meanwhile, despite the envious spleen of the European merchants, Japanese companies are sending representatives to this country to study the commercial situation, the Japanese consul at Hawaii has just been promoted to New York to handle the immensely increased business there and a Japanese scholar just graduated from the Columbia university has recently been engaged by a rich company to launch an illustrated trade paper to cover this rapidly growing field. It is printed in English and Japanese.

Now that Morgan has settled the great steel strike couldn't he find time to drive a few nails into the coffin of the servant girl problem.

Reform the Ranks of the Lawyers

The question which is occupying the attention of the South, next to that of devising some plan for restricting the colored vote while not interfering with the illiterate whites, is some means of putting an end

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to lynching. In Alabama it is proposed to make summary removal from office the fate of every official who fails to protect his prisoner, while heavy penalties are to be meted out to all who join the mobs. In Virginia a reward is to be offered by the governor for the detection and conviction of persons aiding a mob by which life is taken. Anyone concerned with such a mob is to be deemed guilty of murder in the first degree; in cases where no life is forfeited the mob is to be deemed guilty of riot. The governor is to be authorized to pay a certain sum out of the State treasury to the heirs of any person murdered by a mob, and the sum so disbursed is to be charged against the county in which the crime was committed. Other states have various plans under consideration, all designed to effect the same end. Not one of the propositions can be made really effective unless backed by public opinion, and public opinion is apt to be on the side of the mob unless there is some assurance that the law will be enforced. When juries fail to convict in spite of evidence, when specialists are called upon to give testimony upon hypothetical cases, when the most absurd and irrelevant technicalities are invented or discovered to save some scoundrel from his punishment, it is little wonder that the community shows small respect for the law when it means so little to its guardians. When lawyers undertake the defense of any criminal on any plea, provided there is a fee in sight, when men and women who are legally declared incapable of controlling their acts because of their "degeneracy" or mental incapacity are turned loose to continue their careers until they fall foul of some other "incompetent" who is quicker on the draw, it is not surprising that there are lynchings to deplore. One of the greatest jurists of the United States enunciated the axiom that "The law is common sense," but the law as it is made to appear after the manipulation of pettifoggers, shysters and men in search of a stray dollar on any terms is anything but common sense. The statutes are usually all right but what is needed more than anything else is a reform which will improve the class of men admitted to the bar and elevated to the bench. If the law is to be respected its representatives must be respectable. When the mass of the people are satisfied that a trial in court is something more than a juggling of words and a matching of wits in which the smartest rascal is sure to succeed they will not feel the need of mob violence in order to secure justice.

In the war now going on between the Beet and Sugar Trusts Colonel Mazuma ought to be in his element with "sugar" barrels for supplies and "sugar" millionaires to fill 'em.

The Saunterer

Why their Marriage is Prevented

The merest chance made me acquainted last week with the secret why one of our most prominent society belles does not marry the handsome man of her choice. She is not only wealthy in her own right but her social position is unquestioned. One of her best friends married a man in the Eastern smart set and so paved the way for the union of her sister with a son of one of the wealthiest families on the continent. The man associates with the best in local club and business life. To the world in general nothing bars the way to their happy nuptials and the smart set has wondered time and again why they have lingered so long on the way to the altar. The secret is a simple one: it's a determined woman with a will of her own and a pistol. Last week the woman was in fiery action. For a moment it looked as if she would communicate her feelings to the weapon she fingered so freely. Had she done so there would have been hades to pay in another family of high standing. But the man wilted in the face of the tempestuous woman and her weapon, wilted as he has on half a dozen similar occasions when he faced her to demand his freedom and his right to marry the woman of his choice, and so the case has relapsed into its usual condition—everybody miserable except the triumphant woman with the pistol.

Defied Him to Wed Another Woman

On the fringe of society this fire-brand is very well known for her beauty, her stunning gowns and her daring. Her life has been passed in melodramatic scenes. She was in the room when the son of one of our most prominent wholesale merchants killed himself a few years ago. Last week's was not the first attempt by any means that the clubman has made to sever this carking bondage. He was fired to it by the recent success ending in marriage of a wealthy scion of a distinguished house caught in a like fix. It is said the society belle was also determined that something heroic must be done at once. Nearly all her girl friends have long been married and settled and her position is beginning to look lonely. So the clubman said he would try again, and the belle went to the Springs to await his cipher telegram announcing the result. With a well defined plan of campaign mapped out he marched boldly up to the royally furnished flat where the fire-brand resides. In a gentle, devious, round-about way he worked up to his point and told her what he would pay for his freedom, which he was bound to have, willy-nilly, because he was determined to marry the woman of his choice. She walked straight to the escritoire, pulled out the pistol and with the air of an enraged tigress, told him

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she'd shoot him in church or the first place she caught him if he ever deserted her to marry another woman. He went back to his bachelor den more frightened and subdued than ever. He didn't send a cipher despatch to the springs: he simply forwarded the telegram, "Come home." It told only too plainly the whole story of the miserable and forlorn attempt to again end their unhappy state. So the marriage day is again indefinitely postponed.

At the Seashore

Dashleigh—"I'll go you a tenner I know who's under the umbrella yonder."

Mrs. Gayboy—"Done."

Dashleigh (leaving her and sauntering up)—"Good morning Miss—er—(to his wife) why, Mollie, I thought you said you had letters to write. Don't let me disturb you, Gayboy. Ta-ta, I'm off."

Mrs. Gayboy (as he joins her)—"Ah, you lost!"

Dashleigh—"Not a bit of it. Let's go find another umbrella."

Mrs. Gayboy—"For a wager—or—er—ourselves?"

Dashleigh—"Both."

[Exeunt.]

Ed Sheldon's Heart Affair

The late Ed Sheldon was known as an agreeable suitor for the hand of Miss Jennie Flood, and time and again was it announced that they were engaged. Last year, during the grand opera season, the rumor became quite violent for Mr. Sheldon was nearly always seen in Miss Flood's box. Night after night he enjoyed the opera in the heiress' company. To be sure, Mr. John Twiggs was usually an occupant of the box and Mr. Twiggs was known to be another of Miss Flood's suitors. When Mr. Sheldon passed away he did not have Miss Flood's cheering presence at his bedside. She was at Tahoe with friends, and among the party was Mr. Twiggs.

Aeolian Harp on His Door

Ed Sheldon's fame as a bachelor entertainer was only equaled by his fame as a leader of cotillons. When he was not at "The Hutch" with Claude Terry Hamilton, he kept house in a very comfortable dwelling in Pierce street, whose arrangements include a large drawing-room, dining-room, butler's pantry and kitchen on the first floor and three bed-rooms upstairs. On the door between the butler's pantry and dining-room there is a door-harp that plays in melodious Æolian fashion when the door swings to and fro. The dining-room is the most complete in furnishing of any in the city, with perhaps the exception of Mrs. Eleanor Martin's. There are three buffets loaded with silver, beside a China closet filled with costly cut-glass and porcelain. The collection of cut-glass is said to be one of the finest in the State. Many of the more costly pieces were gifts to Mr. Sheldon from Miss Flood.

Society's Pictures Cover His Room

In the sleeping apartment one side of the wall is completely covered with pictures of women. The collection numbers the photographs of every society woman of San Francisco, each in a different style of frame; probably the gifts of the subjects, for Mr. Sheldon's popularity in all sets was immense. Some of the pictures on the walls of the bed-room are guarded from the curious by curtains of India gauze. One of these shows an exquisitely proportioned woman in scarlet fleshings, with a Mephistophelian cap on her head, and a full-blown red rose in her hand. Another is a group of nude figures; several of the faces are easily recognizable. This picture also is carefully concealed by a gauze curtain. On the stairs, as you ascend to the upper floor from the entrance hall, appears the motto:

"Twice are women dear to us—
When they enter our house
And when they leave it."

Mr. Sheldon will be as great a loss to the local swim as Ward McAllister was to New York society. He organized the Bachelor's Cotillon club of which Ned Greenway afterwards became the head. At one time there was some friction existing between the two Edwards, but of late years I believe it was effaced. It is a curious coincidence that both San Francisco's social censors should be named Edward, and that both should have passed a portion of their early life in Baltimore.

Martin Kelly is saying that it is a good time for the young men to go into politics. Ruef and Savage are thinking that it is a Jim-dandy time for the old bosses to get out.

$25,000 Worth of Social Polish

My Seattle correspondent informs me that Captain J. J. Healy, the Alaska millionaire, has just been sued by Mrs. Sarah A. J. Russell for twenty-five thousand dollars on account of services rendered. What kind of services do you suppose? Why for teaching Mrs. Healy, the mine owner's wife, how to comport herself in high society. Mrs. Russell says that on the Alaskan trip in 1898 she acted as instructress, lady companion and tutor to the aspirant for smart set honors. The duties were by no means light, according to her complaint, for though she suffered a great deal physically during the hardships of the trip she claims she suffered a great deal more mentally, while struggling to instil into her pupil the airs, graces and modes of the haut ton, the genteel way of making goo goo eyes at your worst enemies whilst entertaining them at swell functions and properly impressing the hoi polloi that you are of the race of Vere de Vere even if your husband only struck his millions last year on Poverty Flat. Mrs. Russell says she slaved for many months to make a paragon in social deportment and culture out of Mrs. Healy and all her gold-incrusted and indifferent husband ever gave her in recompense was a few hundred dollars. Healy is a hard-headed old miner and knows his business. Evidently he did not appreciate that Mrs. Russell's effort to make his wife the epitome of grace, elegance and culture was far above the worth of his base Dawson gold. Anyhow he flatly re-

Engraved Wedding Announcements and Invitations

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fused to pay high for the kind of social polish with which Mrs. Russell was coating his wife; hence her suit. And now Seattle kitchen scullions are eagerly waiting for the details to come out in court so that they may learn how "ladies is made."

Mrs. O. W. Jackson, a daughter of Captain Healy, who was married several years ago to a Dawson partner of her father, has just discovered that her marriage was a mistake and has begun suit for a divorce. I am informed that the husband is reluctant to give up such a promising opportunity of inheriting a portion of the Healy fortune and will vigorously contest the complaint. It is rumored that he is now on his way from the north for this purpose.

Lively Adventures of the Other Daughter

Miss Alfrida, Captain Healy's other daughter, is doing what she can to enliven the present family excitement. She has just returned home to Seattle after several months absence, and during that time has received columns of notice over a sensational episode of which she was the central figure; for a quiet end to her trip she became engaged. The happy man is young Ogden, the insurance agent. Miss Healy's departure from home occasioned a wee bit of gossip. Somehow it accidentally happened she traveled in the wake of the "Old Jed Prouty" company in which Richard Golden played the leading role. The two met for the first time in Seattle. While Golden was playing in an Oakland theatre, Miss Healy appeared in a stage box one evening and the actor, out of regard for their former kindly acquaintance, invited her behind the scenes. Enter suddenly the enraged wife, R. U. E., blushing husband flees, timid maiden quails, angry wife slaps her pretty face. Curtain.

Since then Miss Healy has turned her back on this burg of tears, trouble and suspicious wives and has gone back to her peaceful Seattle home where the suits for social culture don't come so very high and where the divorcees are occasionally given a rest.

Peace Perches with "Uncle" Oelrichs Again

Mrs. Eleanor Martin's dinner, with Hermann Oelrichs as the motif, was in the nature of a love feast, and now the Oelrichs-Martin clans are hand and glove. Mr. Oelrichs did his best to prevent the engagement of his niece to Peter Martin, even taking a trip East for the avowed purpose of breaking the match. Naturally that young man does not feel very grateful to "Uncle Hermann" for his interference. I have it, that on the day Peter Martin returned from the East, he met Hermann Oelrichs at the club and their greeting registered about forty degrees below zero. A chilly "Howdy" from Peter, and an "Ah, Mr. Martin, I believe, good morning!" from his prospective uncle were the only words passed between them. A crop of interrogatives was raised by the absence of Mr. Oelrichs at the Martin-Scott wedding and it began to look as if Mr. Oelrichs would remain obdurate. But the other day Mrs. Eleanor Martin was in a fashionable jeweler's, when Hermann Oelrichs entered to speak to a young society woman who happened to be in the store at the time. Mrs. Martin dropped the jewel she was examining and rushed at Mr. Oelrichs before he could reach the young lady's side. She gave him two glad hands, and greeted him most effusively. "I want you to come to a little dinner," chirped Mrs. Martin, so loudly that bystanders could not but hear, and for Mr. Oelrichs to refuse the cordial invitation meant to throw down the gauntlet in public. He could do nothing but stammer "delighted," and now that the ice is broken all will be smooth as a summer sea. Mrs. Eleanor Martin is really very clever.

His Santa Monica Escapade

Some "dear friend" has told Lily Oelrichs of Peter Martin's Santa Monica escapade. With another gilded youth Peter rented a place in that delightful town and then proceeded to incarnardine it so freely that their neighbors objected strenuously and gave the young gentleman to clearly understand that his presence in the vicinage of some other burg would suit them better. Peter's family could not swallow this escapade and he was sent to Coventry on short allowance by the family. Mrs. Donahue and his mother were very anxious for him to marry Miss McKenna and to reinstate himself in their good graces and deodorize his latest escapade he consented to "settle down." At least so Miss Oelrichs informed the "dear friend" who told her of the Santa Monica affair. She thanked the friend for her kindness, and regarded it only as another proof that Peter was coerced into his first engagement.

"There's no danger of our campaign coffers getting exhausted, is there?" asked the anxious treasurer of the new club of Colonel Brady. "Not while any of these coughers can cough," replied the sapient leader of the forty-third, gently tapping his breastpocket wherein his list of "good things" snugly nestled.

Detectives After a Tivoli Prima Donna

Roma writes me these several bits of bright gossip from London:

There's an old ex-Tivoli prima who sailed July thirteenth for New York who is wanted by the detectives. She got a lot of lovely diamonds and jewels on the "approbation" plan and skipped town. She went back dressed in "purple and fine linen" with rings on her fingers and bells on her toes; *she'll* make music wherever she goes! Alice Neilsen is still here but the Neilsen company chorus has sailed for home. At a concert the other evening I met Edna Groves of Oakland, now Mrs. Dr. Ryan. She sang two of D'Hardelot's latest songs. We had a nice long chat from which I learned that she hopes to enter the professional ranks. If I remember right, she is one of Marie Withrow's pupils (Marie is surely with you by this time as she sailed ever so long ago) and sings very sweetly. She has grown into a beautiful woman and is as

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quiet as a mouse; she'll have to cultivate a lot of cheek and "go" if she means to win in her chosen career. Just wait until she gets a few hard knocks — they'll bring her out. The doctor is a jolly Irish gentleman and on the lid of her silver bon-bon box, I noticed the Ryan crest, showing that she had mated with good, blue blood. They have a cozy flat at Portman Mansion near Baker street, the street of Doctors. The Duchess of Sutherland was robbed right and left of everything portable on the night of the Life Boat Fete at Stafford House. There were hundreds of detectives there but they proved no match for the American tourists present who were "collecting souvenirs" and others who wanted something for their two or three guineas admission. One must pay sometimes for having been born of Royalty.

Latest Fad of the Smart Set

Of all the odd crazes that ever struck the swim, the last is the most amusing. Last year the buds went in for the study of palmistry and a few of them became rather expert at it. There was one Oakland girl, you may remember, who became so clever at deciphering the crooked lines in the palm. After she diagnosed poor Hugh Tevis' fate so correctly she swore off on the pursuit forever. But reading palms is not in it with the new fad—physiognomy. Physiognomy classes are the summer mania among those society women who take up the newest thing that comes along. The swellest class meets twice a week, and the members have to study up betweenwhiles to make a good showing at the meetings. If the fad grows, I predict a lot of broken engagements this winter. For how would any girl of refinement dare, after she knows the signification, to pin her future hopes of happiness to a man with heavy-lidded eyes, too full lips, or too dilated nostrils? Happy such girl who learns the modifying marks. If you note any young woman studying your features at the theatre, or in the street car, do not be annoyed—it is probably only some over-zealous member of the physiognomy class taking notes for her own edification.

Fond Lover—I'd be an author if I were sure I could get anything published.

Doting Girl—Then let me sue you for breach of promise and I'm sure the newspapers will gladly publish your love letters.

Her Life of Romance and Tragedy

I see by the press notices that Loraine Hollis, who has been dwelling in some Silent City for several years, is again dawning on the horizon of stageland. There is enough material to be drawn from Loraine Hollis' ancestry and her own past to form several summer novels and a number of plays of the Clyde Fitch order. She is Laura D. Fair's daughter. That may not convey much to this present generation, but ask your father or mother to tell you the story. Mark Twain and Charles Dudley Warner, who sympathized with the accused in the famous murder trial, put a version of it into "The Gilded Age" with the beautiful Laura as its heroine. Laura D. Fair was thrice married. Her first husband's name was lost in the obscurity of years; the second was named Snyder, and the last one Fair. Mr. Fair left her a comfortable income at his death, but apparently it did not last the mother and daughter very long.

Tried to Avenge Her Wrongs

The killing of Lawyer Crittenden on the Oakland ferry by Laura D. Fair was said by some to have been the act of an insane woman. Others thought it was premeditated. Anyhow, the jury acquitted her. Crittenden had gone across the bay to meet his wife, who was returning from one of her frequent Eastern trips. Mrs. Fair claimed that Crittenden, under the guise of being a single man, had won her heart and everything else and that when she discovered his perfidy and that he was going to meet his wife, she seized a pistol and followed him with the dominating impulse to right her wrongs The shooting on the Oakland boat occasioned an immense sensation and the whole State was divided into camps strong with feeling for or against the accused woman. Her subsequent history is sketched in monotones, with the exception of an incident in which figured another of San Francisco's prominent lawyers; it was a knife thrust and a tragic passing. Mrs. Fair was not a principal in this scene, which was never fully made clear to the world, but her name was brought into the explanation. She is an old woman now and the beauty that won her three husbands and infatuated a great lawyer is faded. She now lives in the obscurity of a lodging-house keeper.

Her Daughter's Ambition

Lora, as she was called when a child, was the daughter of the third husband—Fair. As a child she gave promise of the beauty which afterwards blossomed. She never had much of a training, but when she was yet in her teens she signified a desire to go upon the stage. Ever since then she has struggled to become a great actress, but so far without success. Daly took her into his company once, her beauty and seeming ability having made an impression on him. Loraine went East and appeared in New York but for some reason or other she soon made her way back here. She started her starring career in the old Bijou theatre in Market street, with "The Clemenceau Case" as the gem of her repertory. Afterwards she appeared in one of the local stock companies. Then she went on the road as a star, and quietly drifted out of sight. The surname she bears brings to light the romance of her life. It is the name of the husband she married for pure love. He was a poor plumber and Loraine Fair was as poor as he, but they married in spite of that.

Society at a Murder Trial

A correspondent from Boston writes me that few trials ever aroused so much sympathy for the accused as the Fosburgh trial, just ended with young Fosburgh's acquittal. He was charged with shooting his sister. Women friends of the Fosburgh family turned out every day, and the courtroom was always crowded with women in beautiful gowns and smart millinery just as if it were a matinee. One of Mrs. Fosburgh Sr.'s most devoted attendants during the hearing was Mrs. W. B. Plunkett of North Adams. The Plunketts

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are great friends of the McKinleys, and when the President visited the Berkshire Hills last year he stayed at the Plunketts' country-place. Another of the doubly-harassed mother's sympathizing friends was Mrs. Buckingham, sister of the composer, Dudley Buck.

Still Harping on the Fair Girls

This season the smart set of Newport has frowned very decidedly on the freak forms of entertainment given by some of the advanced and headstrong ultra fashionables of the place. The patent medicine ball recently announced by Mrs. O. H P. Belmont has been hooted so unmercifully that it has been "indefinitely" postponed. But on the quiet the gay brigade is poking fun at prominent people and enjoying itself just the same, as is evidenced from this bit of verse that floated out from the rooms of a "home" party, last week:

"With seven million solid plunks
Virginia and sweet 'Tess'
Can buy their terrapin in chunks
As formerly, I guess;
And if the Craven legal jar
Be dropped for evermore,
They still can drink their dry champagne
As gayly as of yore."

Whereabouts of the Smart Set

There is a crowd of fashionables at Del Monte and that promises to be the headquarters for those not owning country-places for the remainder of the recreation season. Mrs. Blair and Miss Jennie, who were at Bartlett springs last month, are at Del Monte now and will stay until September. Mrs. Charles McIntosh Keeney and Miss Ethel are also at Del Monte. The Charles B. Alexanders have joined their friends at the hotel, and their relatives, the Will Crockers and Poniatowskis, swell the Crocker contingent. Marie Wells and her cousin, Marie Oge, have returned from their camping trip to Guerneville. The Hopkins sisters are at Del Monte. The Perry Eyres and J. B. Stetsons are still at Tahoe, which is a favorite spot this summer. Also at Tahoe are the Claus Spreckels' and Henry Bothins. Mrs. John Spreckels and Miss Lillie have returned to town after several weeks there. Burbank Somers, one of the few eligible bachelors left in the swim, is in San Jose. The Countess Festetics is now at Bar Harbor with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. James B. Haggin.

Miss C. Belle Ensign is the guest of Mr and Mrs. J. K. C. Hobbs at their country home at Los Gatos.

Suit of Underwear Starts Trouble

Edwin S. Gill, a well known newspaperman and manager of the Honolulu *Republican*, was in town on a visit this week. He brought with him several very racy stories of the present missionary rule in the islands. Here is one of the samples on Governor Dole: When the Governor planned to go to Washington, the legislature, which is anything but friendly to him, voted ten thousand dollars for his expenses with a proviso that on his return he should hand in an itemized account of his disbursements. This long and precise account was duly handed in and then the excitement began. Every one of his political enemies who could get the floor for a moment, enthusiastically peppered each item with protest. They raged over the discovery that while on the Atlantic sea board the Governor had the effrontery to charge the tax payers of the Paradise of the Pacific six dollars for a suit of mesh underwear for his better half. I blush to say what the Honolulu legislators did with that suit of mesh underwear before they finished towseling and bedraggling it around the floor of the House An item calling for one dollar and fifty cents expended, as Mr. Gill explains, for pressing an overcoat, caused a debate that threatened to rival the famous trial of Warren Hastings. The point made was that the Governor had borrowed the coat for his Washington trip and that it had never been returned to its rightful owner, hence there was no right in burdening the young territory with one dollar and fifty cents charges on an unofficial overcoat that nobody could locate, that belonged to somebody who lived anywhere—for convenience; so the whole matter is still in the air—hot air.

Senator Shortridge Concession

An acquaintance met Senator Shortridge on the street the other day and admitted that after the way McCabe had fought to hold his grip on the Labor Commission he never expected to congratulate Shortridge on being one of the Commissioners.

"Yes," replied the Senator, genially. "I feel like Disraeli after his bitterly contested election in 1874 when for the first time in his life he commanded a majority in the House of Commons and was for the second time Prime Minister. 'Well,' said a friend accosting him, 'I never expected to see you Prime Minister the second time.' Disraeli looked mysterious and then said with an air of indescribable comicality, 'God is great, *greater than ever!*' "

Miss Vivacious (in gurgling tones): "If I volunteered to be one of those non-union teamsters and drove a wagon, I wonder if the strikers would throw rocks at me?"

Mr. Efficacious (making goo-goo eyes): "Not much: they'd throw bouquets."

Handsome New Residence for Blingum

Blingum is to have another beautiful residence. Mrs. Ewell, an heiress of the late N. K. Masten, is planning a beautiful country house there. She expects to have the house built, the grounds laid out and everything ready for the family occupancy before next season. Rather rushing work this but Mrs. Ewell has lots of money and can now afford to honor her whims. Capitalist Masten bequeathed a very handsome fortune to his nine children. Joseph Masten inherited the new family home. Mrs. Perkins, another daughter, as well as Alice Masten also has a fondness for San Mateo county.

MOORE'S
Poison Oak Remedy

Cures Poison Oak and all Skin Diseases. It has been used successfully for the last twenty years and thousands will testify to its curative quality. It is a specific for Poison Oak. AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

Pursued by His Ex-Wife

Captain Bertram Samuel Joseph Finnistone O'Neill Murphy, who objects to paying alimony to his first wife, now Mrs. Jenner, is just now holding the centre of the stage in the Courts. His ex-wife obtained a seven thousand dollar judgment against him in England and came out here to collect only to find that her rich ex-husband now claimed to be a poor man. Her lawyers are trying to locate the two hundred thousand dollars which Captain Murphy obtained from his father's estate. Mr. Dan T. Murphy, the captain's brother, has sworn that a good many years ago the captain unreservedly gave all to him. There is no reason to doubt for Dan Murphy's veracity, but it appears quixotic that in a family laden with riches one brother should strip himself for the benefit of another and henceforth become dependent upon the latter's bounty. Mr. Dan Murphy admits that since receiving his brother's fortune he has been in the habit of sending him large sums of money every year, in some years succeeding the ten thousand dollar mark. Mrs. Jenner's lawyers propose to bring suit to declare that Dan holds the fortune in trust for his brother.

Fought a Duel for the Queen

For many years Captain Murphy has not resided in California but he has attracted international attention by some of his doings abroad. Not long ago he challenged to a duel the man who professed to see wit in a villainous caricature of Queen Victoria which appeared in a French comic paper. He is now resigned from the army and has married again and appears to enjoy life exceedingly well for a man in destitute circumstances. His first wife, too, is remarried and is now Mrs. Captain Jenner. Her husband is in the British service and is a son of Sir William Jenner, the Queen's physician. She comes of a distinguished family, her father being Sir Donald Stewart, K. C. B., who was made Field-Marshal for his services in aiding to set British empire in India upon a firm basis.

Captain W. S. Barnes (hanging to strap of cable car crowded with Epworth Leaguers going ferryward): Vining may not run cars like Vanderbilt but he's certainly next to him with the saying the public be jammed.

Fate Checks Her Appearance

A fatality seems to surround the coming out of Miss Florence Breckenridge. When her mother, Mrs. Fred Sharon, was first persuaded to permit her daughter's name to be numbered among Mr. Greenway's list of coming debutantes, Florence was a mere schoolgirl. Her youth was so apparent that she finally changed her mind, and told Mr. Greenway that she preferred to have Florence wait another year before coming out. The successive deaths of Lloyd and Joshua Tevis further postponed the debut. Then, after Hugh Tevis' marriage his mother said that this coming winter she would give a large ball for her pretty granddaughter, whose social pleasures had necessarily been so curtailed. She had appeared at a few functions but the real life of a debutante, with its succession of teas, balls, dinners and luncheons, had been denied her. Then came Hugh Tevis' death, and now the passing of the young girl's youngest brother, Lloyd Breckenridge, both disasters removing from Florence Breckenridge's mind any desire to plunge into social gaieties. She was particularly fond of her brother Lloyd and their mutual taste for music was a bond that drew them closer than even the blood tie could. Florence Breckenridge is a fine violinist, and her brother was also a clever musician. The other brother, John, is now in the East.

In the sick room or on your sideboard Jesse Moore "AA" Whiskey is indispensable.

Fat Fees Out of the Fair Estate

Poor old Senator Fair thought that fifty thousand dollars ought to be enough to cover the cost of settling up his estate, so he set apart that amount in bonds for the purpose. That fifty thousand dollars has long since been swallowed up, and, in addition, Messrs. Pierson, McEnerney, Mitchell and Crothers have received one hundred and thirty-seven thousand more. By a recent decision of Judge Troutt the further sum of one hundred thousand dollars is set apart as fees to the gentlemen named, of which amount attorney Robert Y. Hayne will also get a share. These amounts are for services already rendered. But more fees are in sight for the lawyers. There is an application to be made for three hundred thousand dollars more to be paid to Messrs. McEnerney, Pierson and Crothers, attorneys for the executors. That foots up five hundred and eighty-seven thousand dollars already paid or demanded As there will be further proceedings in the appeal from Judge Troutt's recent decision, there will of course be more fees.

Not so long ago Probate Judge Coffey, after years of experience, drew up a schedule of fees which he thought the court should allow attorneys for estates, the fees being fixed according to the size of the property involved. According to this schedule the sum allowed for legal services in the settlement of a seventeen million dollar estate is fifty-three thousand dollars. Of course, where there is a deal of litigation, as in the Fair case, special fees should be allowed. But even so admitting and using extreme liberality, it is difficult to see how, according to the views of the oldest probate judge, the Fair estate should be charged with a total of more than, say, two hundred thousand dollars. All these payments of course are outside of what the Fair children will have to pay their legion of legal advisers. If anything could stir

DEWAR'S
SCOTCH WHISKY
HIGH BALL

Small piece of ice in glass, pour whisky over ice and fill glass with syphon or plain water

A Cooling and Delightful Drink

the old capitalist now it would be the sight of the bills they will present. The attorneys who expect to be in Easy street for life are Garber, Boalt & Bishop (the old firm), Bishop, Wheeler & Hoefler, Wilson & Wilson, Lloyd & Wood, representing Fair's daughters, and Knight & Heggerty and ex-Governor Budd for Charley Fair. Each of these lawyers has his separate contract. I must not omit William F. Herrin, who is to get a large fee for services that were and are to be rendered. Also, there is ex-Justice Van R. Paterson, who is handling the interests of the younger Oelrichs'.

Mrs. Meiggs, who went up to Cape Nome last year with her eldest daughter, Laura, has just returned there. She took with her the three girls, Laura, Lucille and Katherine. If the statuesque Laura does not win the heart of a millionaire miner on this, her second northern trip, I have very faultily gauged her attractions. Lucille, the second sister, though only a High School girl, is pretty enough to turn the head of a woman-hater.

She: Isn't that a heavenly bonnet on Mrs. Wamleigh ?
He (who paid for it): Yes, it did come high

Cupid Cuts the Wickersham Fortune

It is not often that a millionaire's heiress chooses a husband from among her employes, but that is what Miss Elizabeth Wickersham of Petaluma did last week, when she became the bride of Captain Thomas Maclay. She was one of the principal legatees under the will of the late J. G. Wickersham; the bridegroom is cashier of the bank in which his wife is the largest shareholder. Both her parents are dead; within the last year her two brothers passed away after a lingering illness. When it is said that she is one of "the Wickershams of Petaluma" that is all that is necessary in Sonoma county. The Wickershams have been prominent in that valley since Sonoma's pioneer period. Industrious and scrupulously economical, it is little wonder that the parents amassed a fortune for their children.

Has a Million But Cooks and Scrubs

But the fortune, so carefully hoarded, carried with it the usual fatality connected with the Fair, the Luning and like big fortunes in this State. Frank, the elder son, was dissatisfied with the way it was divided by the will and contested that instrument. The worry, disappointment and vexation irritated a pulmonary complaint with which he was affected and hastened his end. Fred, who had charge of the bank, bitterly opposed him and, though successful in defending the fortune, the feeling exercised on both sides unquestionably hastened his own demise. The two sisters have therefore inherited the bulk of the big property. Elizabeth inherits the thrifty traits of her parents as is evidenced by her simple dress and habits. Nearly all her household work has been done by her own hands. She is acknowledged to be the champion housekeeper of Petaluma, and knows how to cook, scrub, wash and iron with the best of them. She is very different in appearance and disposition from her younger sister. Lizzie is tall, sandy-haired and angular; Carrie is petite, charming and all curves. She married a scion of a prominent English family some years ago, Mr. Bilgevin. When in town they live in luxurious style, at the Palace hotel, with maid, valet and all the paraphernalia of a wealthy household.

Bohemian Cafe, 711 Market street, serves the purest liquors and the daintiest lunch in the city.

Mixed the Heiresses

It is surprising into what mistakes the daily scribes wander when they are writing about relationships. Miss Florence Deming, whose engagement to C. K. Harley was announced on Tuesday, is not a sister but a cousin of Mrs. Harry Corson Clarke. Her father, the real head of the Deming-Palmer Milling company, died some time ago and left a fortune to his daughter that easily places her among *the* heiresses of the United States. She is all her friends claim for her in the way of beauty and grace. Her hair, of a rare auburn tinge, would alone attract attention, and with it goes the lovely clear skin that invariably distinguishes the Titian beauty from her sister blondes. Miss Deming came out last year but did not mingle much in the season's gaieties, as she went traveling instead. She was present at the Mardi Gras ball at the Hopkins Institute, however, and her costume made a great hit. Her most intimate friend is the daughter of General Walter Turnbull, but this last year the young heiress has been going about under the wing of her cousin, Mrs. Clarke.

Twin Houses and Twin Girls

I suppose the reason those on the outside are apt to mix up the identity of the Demings is that their two houses, just alike, stand side by side. They are plain front residences on the north side of Ellis street. Two of the brothers Deming each bought one of the houses some twenty years ago and there the families have lived ever since. In the family of "Flossie" Deming's uncle were three girls and a boy. The eldest daughter married Arthur H. H. Smith, and is now a widow with three little daughters of her own. Of the Deming twins, Alice and Adelaide, the former married Harry Corson Clarke and the latter is still a maiden fancy free. Her engagement with a naval officer was once rumored, but at present Miss Adelaide seems too fond of her happy, free existence to try matrimony.

Left Her a Big Fortune

There is another very wealthy member of the Deming family. This is the aunt of the twins, their mother's sister. She was Miss Nellie Brown and her



JESSE MOORE
A A
WHISKEY

BEST ON EARTH

father, who made an enormous fortune through some patent toilet arrangement, left her his whole fortune. She owns real estate all over the city and her jewels are magnificent. A few years ago she married Mr. O. Albert Bernard, so well known in the Bohemian club, and a gentleman of splendid family connections. They reside at Belvedere, where they have a lovely home. While in town the Bernards resided for a time in the Bernard building in Market street, which is one of Mrs. Bernard's properties. They fitted up the top floor in the most artistic and luxurious fashion, with hardwood floors, rugs, tapestries, pictures and handsome furniture.

Why She is not Engaged

There is still another Deming brother who has two attractive daughters. Alice, the elder of the two, a young woman in the early twenties, has been at criss-crosses with Cupid for some time. About two years ago she visited Fresno and met a handsome young bank clerk who captured her affections. But Papa Deming gave a decided nay to the pleadings of the young people. Mr. Deming did not object to the young man's poverty but he could not reconcile himself to the Hebrew strain in the youth's parentage. The young man's father was a Jew and his mother a Christian. It has always been a pet theory of Deming pere that such mixtures are failures. Had his daughter's suitor been wholly Hebrew he would not have objected so much. The young man is now connected with the railroad in San Jose and Miss Alice is permitted to receive him now and then but her father threatens to disinherit her should she marry him. As she and her sister will inherit about a million the leap would be a dizzy one. So the young people are trying to convince Mr. Deming that pet theories should be trampled on or given decent burial.

He sauntered up to the hotel desk with a bunch of the late Epworth Leaguers and by judicious rubbering learned that they were getting a two dollar a day rate. It came his turn: "What are the rates?" he asked. "Two dollars a day up," was the reply, "two dollars straight if you're an Epworth Leaguer." "But I'm not; though I expect the usual rate. I'm leading man in the 'Pike By Night Company.'" "Ah, certainly," was the prompt reply, "in that case it will be two dollars cash."

Fled to the Bar for Protection

The warmly expressed protests at the recent attempt to close the ferry-boat bars by the Southern Pacific company is not confined to the liquor merchants. There are quite a number of hard-working lawyers and business men who have neither time nor inclination for stimulants during the day's occupations. These men enjoy an appetizer before dinner and they patronize the bar on the short voyage across the bay. There is never time for less than two drinks. And now they are to be made the victims of an Eastern fad, proposed and adapted by Eastern people who have not had time to become acquainted with our Californian customs.

Anent the edict a prominent lawyer said to me: "I think it's an outrage. And I should like to say that the railroad's talk of hoodlum conduct on the boat is all bosh. The fact is, the fault is with the company itself and its cheap excursions. I have crossed the bay many a Sunday and found myself mixed up with a roaring, hoodlum crowd, roysterers already three parts gone. They drink on the boat but they pay no twelve and a half cents a drink. No sir, they carry their cheap liquor with them. I have often been driven to take refuge in the bar just to avoid this crowd."

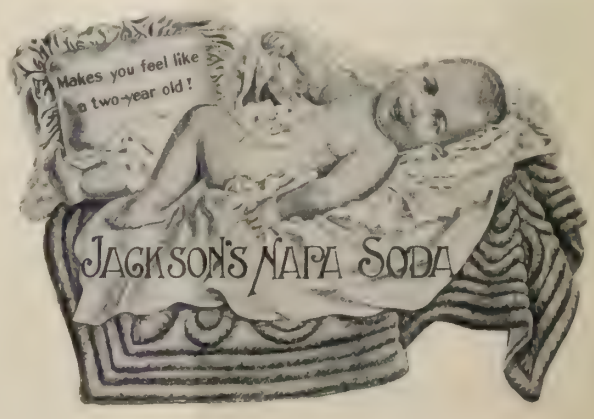
An Army Baby

The stork recently alighted upon the roof of Captain W. H. Bertsch, U S. A., leaving a handsome baby boy. The little fellow's mother is best remembered here as Alice Tripler, the granddaughter of the late Alexander Abell. Her marriage with Captain—then Lieutenant Bertsch was a society event of a few years back.

Fatalities of the Hot Wave

A lot of interesting information is drifting this way in the wake of the press notices on the recent Eastern hot wave. For instance: More people died from the effects of the heat in New York city than were killed or wounded in the war with Spain. The first hot spell lasted one week and in that time fifteen hundred people died of it on the Atlantic seaboard; of this number eight hundred died in New York city alone. In the war with Spain but seven hundred were killed or wounded. The figures in this hot spell hold the record. Its nearest rival was in August 1896 when one hundred and seventy-one persons died of heat prostration in New York during one week. The fatalities were greatest in the tenement house districts. A rough census of the seven recreation piers one night showed forty thousand men, women and children trying to sleep on them.

Contrast this weather with that of two years ago last February, when a great blizzard swept the Atlantic coast from Canada to Florida. Street cars were stalled and passengers were obliged to stamp their feet to keep from freezing. Harbors were blocked with ice and navigation was suspended. One man went out to get coal for his perishing family and was found frozen. Peasons overcome with the cold were picked up all over the city. Hospital attendants had to work night and day to restore sensibility to frozen hands and feet. People then offered up prayers for a warm spell just as they offered up prayers for a cool spell during the recent hot wave. Urbanites are dwelling on these facts and insisting that big cities



are absolutely unfit to live in during the weather extremes. Just the same country people are flocking to them in greater numbers than ever to seek avocations and there never was a time when the population in big cities advanced at such a rapid rate.

The Joke on Miss Jeffreys

They have a good joke on Miss Jeffreys over at the Hotel Rafael. While lunching at the Palace the other day, she espied a tall Englishwoman, the wife of a British officer serving in China, who was arrayed in a very swagger raglan, and Miss Jeffreys remarked that about the left sleeve a few inches above the elbow the elbow ran a narrow band of crape—mourning for the late Queen, doubtless. Now Miss Jeffreys was wearing nearly the latest thing in raglans herself, and as soon as her discerning eye had taken in the details of this novel cincture, its exact width and position and all the rest of it, she hied her to a modiste and had one precisely similar affixed to her own raglan. Then she tripped on board the 3:30 p. m boat, all unconscious, of course, of the dress parade of oldsters and willieboys that had lined up to receive her. The word was passed around: "Miss Jeffreys is in mourning," and the card room crowd appointed Judge Ward McAllister to learn the particulars and tender their commiserations. "I—ah—sympathize deeply with you, Miss Jeffreys," remarked the Judge, groping for his handkerchief. "Was it—ah—sudden ?"

"Was what sudden ?"

"It," said McAllister, and stuck there.

"What it ?"

"Why, I mean — the—ah — your raglan, you know !"

"Swim out, Judge ! Swim out !" cried Miss Jeffreys, sweetly; "take your time—now; what is the idea that you are striving to unbosom yourself of ?"

"Great Schwerin !" murmured Wardy; "she is gone, quite gone ! Why your mourning—that band—"

"Oh, you big stupid ! That's not mourning. That's the very latest thing out—the newest wrinkle—the proper caper !"

But somebody at the hotel succeeded in enlightening her, and Miss Jeffreys now wears her raglan without trimmings.

Mrs. Grace Morei Dickman has returned to town after an absence of six weeks. Her series of musicales for the coming season are looked forward to with pleasure by her professional associates and friends.

Bohemians in their Element

About fifty members of the Bohemian club went up to the camp at Meeker's Grove a fortnight ago, to prepare for the midsummer jinks. The rest of the merry company will follow today. There is to be a program of peculiarly solemn features for the high jinks which will be sired by Dr. Arnold, but at the low jinks presided over by W. B. Hopkins there will be a more vivacious feast. The low jinks program will consist of a minstrel show, at which all the popular songs will be sung, and the participants will wear feminine costumes. "Petie" Sloan will look after the musical part of the low jinks. Billy Hopkins, Tom Rickard, Dave Wise and others will render songs. Bernat Jaulus is to be the musical director of the occasion, and of course Hungarian music will be a feature of the Sunday sacred concert.

Welcoming An Old Favorite

The Bohemians already in camp extended a general glad hand to Lee W. Mix, who came up from Mexico purposely to attend the Burial of Care. Society girls of twenty years ago entertain the liveliest recollections of the gallant Lieutenant Mix. Once he shone here as a social leader; now he is the soberest of business men. He it was whose name is still remembered as Captain of the original G company, N. G. C., which contained in its day the flower of our swell youth. And he it was who drilled the famous Carnival Guard, that acted as escort to President Hayes when he visited this city. The Guard was formed of a select number of handsome, fine-physiqued girls, uniformed in white frocks with gold-trimmed blue jackets and red caps. Among the Guards were those now sedate young matrons, Mrs. Robert McElroy, Mrs. Franklin Poore and Mrs. James Alva Watt.

First Clubman (indicating approaching car): Which is proper to say—he, she or it is coming ?

Second Clubman: Why *it* of course.

F. C.: You're wrong—*he* comes is right.

And the mail car passed.

Message that Stirred Police Headquarters

There was a scare around police headquarters the other night over the rumor that James L. Flood, the millionaire, had committed suicide. Despite the fact that Flood was known to be on his way to Europe the fact of the death seemed so certain that an investigation was immediately ordered. By and by, it all came out. A veteran hackman, named James Kehran, who had been ailing for some time, had ended his sufferings by taking carbolic acid. He was known by the euphonius title of "Jimmie the Flop." Over the uncertain telephone "Jimmie the Flop" was caught as Jimmie Flood. And that's the nearest that Hackman Jimmie ever came to being mistaken for Millionaire Jimmie.

G. H. MUMM & CO.

EXTRA DRY

The Great Leader of Champagnes. Importations in 1900, 119,441 cases, being 79,293 cases more than any other brand, is a record never before approached.

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Cupid, Polo Clad, After Tom Driscoll

And now the matrimonial bee is supposed to be buzzing in Tom Driscoll's bonnet. The young lady's name is not yet breathed above a whisper, but the wise ones predict that on her return from Europe, where she has been traveling with her married sister, congratulations will be in order. She has already started for home and will be in New York when the Blingum polo team gallops in there, booted to win its spurs on the Eastern field of polo.

Dan Cupid has been doing himself proud on the polo team. Time was when Joe Tobin and Walter Hobart were People's Exhibit A in the Benedict class. But now, with Walter Martin married, and Peter Martin on the brink of matrimony, the other bachelor polo players are beginning to sit up and take notice Charlie Dunphy's heart is said to be mortgaged to pretty Rowena Burns and if two blushing denials make an affirmative, there is truth in the rumor that the wedding bells will soon ring for them.

Charlie Dunphy's "Crushed" Memory

Apropos of Mr. Dunphy's heart affairs, I am reminded of his mild crush on the Junoesque Miss Joan Hadenfeldt. Charley Dunphy met the brunette beauty at the Mardi Gras ball, where she reigned as queen of mirth. In the bizarre costume of an Egyptian queen, Miss Hadenfeldt was very fetchir g and young Dunphy two-stepped in her wake. Supper, punctuated with popping corks, put a bead on his crush, and he gallantly invited Miss Hadenfeldt, chaperoned by her mother, to spend the day at his beautiful place near Blingum. On the appointed day he drove to the station and scanned the passengers who alighted, but did not recognize his expected guests among them. He drove over to the clubhouse to cool his disappointment and was sipping reflectively when two ladies whom he had noticed at the station sank into chairs on the veranda. They had evidently tramped and were hot, dusty, and disappointed over something. The younger and taller of the two vaguely reminded him of someone whose identity he could not pigeon-hole properly. It was only when she saw him and cried, "Why, here's Mr. Dunphy, mamma," that the truth dawned on him. He had failed to recognize his charmer in her street dress, out of the setting of lights and music and flowers. His explanations must have been puncture-proof for Miss Hadenfeldt accepted them and until the advent of Miss Burns the match-makers coupled her name with Mr. Dunphy's.

Storming an Heiress' Heart For a Change

An ex-newspaper man who won some fame as a correspondent during the Boer war is at present storming the citadel of a young heiress' heart. Those who know the young gentleman, whose name is weighted with half the alphabet, are inclined to believe that this siege will be more successful than his other attempts along those lines. Miss Clara Huntington was the first young woman whose affections he attempted to storm, but his tactics were evidently as fruitless as those of the English in his own descriptions of the Boer battles. The young lady who is at present receiving his adoration, lives for the most part at the Palace hotel, and unlike her cousins, the Moody girls, she has never cared much for society. preferring outdoor sports and mental exercise. She is a tall, stunning looking girl who has had suitors galore, so the gossips are wondering what the outcome of this affair will be.

A Good Spring Tonic—Wm Williams & Sons V V O Scotch Whisky

Bought with Her Weight in Gold

My Paris correspondent writes·

Florence de la Beyargue Darmeniere, daughter of the Marquis de la Beyargue, who blew his head off at Monte Carlo three years back, is going to be married again—this time to an Australian. She is the girl who sold herself to her first husband for twenty times her weight in gold. William Darmeniere was a Frenchman who in his youth migrated to our newest West and out of a long turmoil of faro playing, silver mining, shooting, sheep and stock raising, finally scraped together several million dollars. Florence is remembered in the Latin Quarter of Paris as the most popular girl student that ever made things lively in those parts. She was beautiful and unabashed, with a certain tall, almost entirely physical haughtiness that made her fellow students of both sexes regard her buoyant impulses of camaraderie as favors for which all were adoringly grateful. Of course, the fact that she belonged to one of the proudest titled families of France duly impressed the bands of youthful proletarians, but she had also the dash, the magnetism, the indefinable qualities that conquer allegiance. Even the professors were helpless before her good-natured impulses. There came an end to that happy-go-lucky period. Florence passed the age of a student. Her father and brother kept telling her that only her marriage with great wealth could retrieve the family from the disgraceful fall impending. At this juncture Madame Adam, she of the famous literary salon, took charge of Florence and tried to arrange a proper match. A worldly campaign of a year resulted disastrously. All men offered love, none offered marriage. The Latin Quarter reputation had crossed the river. Finally the efforts centred on a young French duke, who was handsome, royally wealthy and deeply infatuated. When it came to the point, however, he offered his fortune, his life; but his name—never! At his insult she lashed her horsewhip across the duke's face. The lieutenant, her brother, killed him in a duel the next day. Terribly wounded by this ambient mistrust and hounded by the difficulties of all sorts that beset her family, Florence became at this period wildly indiscreet. No prank was too glaring, no flirtation too audacious.

It was at this juncture that William Darmeniere appeared on the scene. The triumphant beauty of Florence roused his love. He knew he was uncouth—and more than twice her years. But he asked not love on her part—he simply craved the right to worship and protect. One month later more than a hundred guests saw the daughter of a half score generations of lords, blanched but arrogantly smiling, march to the altar.

ST. LOUIS
A. B. C.
BOHEMIAN

The Finest Bottled Beer in the
Markets of the World to-day.
It is famous for its : : : :

BRILLIANCY
CLEAN TASTE
SOLID CREAMY FOAM
PURITY and FLAVOR

HILBERT BROS., 223-225 California St.
PACIFIC COAST AGENTS

The same night a brilliant company banqueted at the feudal castle of her ancestors. Darmeniere, seated opposite his bride, looked the master of them all. It was the occasion selected for him to produce the gold promised in payment for his bride. Florence had demanded her weight in gold but the groom would not allow her to get off the scales till he had loaded them twenty times with that amount. Then he seized an axe, smashed open the chests that were unbroken and told her relatives to help themselves. "Sweep the floor," he said, "you'd find about six million francs left. That ought to suffice to get the Beyargues out of pawn." The lieutenant clenched his gloves and took a step as if to strike. But he met a look of steel in Darmeniere's gray eyes. Darmeniere took his wife away to Paris that night. It is hard to say how he decided that their life in common should be adjusted. He did not reveal it, nor did she, and the gossip of society passed to other scandals. At his death little was left of his squandered fortune. What he had saved from her prodigal father and brother was willed to different labor unions in which he was interested. The De la Beyargues renewed acquaintance again with the shuffling life. The lieutenant was spared the inevitable by getting killed, bravely enough in some inconsequental skirmish, and the marquis blew his head off at the Monte Carlo gambling rooms soon after. As for Florence, she managed—she alone could tell just how—to keep her head above water until rescue came in the shape of the fore-mentioned Australian with his welcome chests of gold.

Mrs. Salisbury's New Business Venture

Mrs. Salisbury is conducting an exclusive boarding house in Steiner street. The boarders are all masculine gender, gilt-edge security, and Mrs. Salisbury makes no secret of this venture. She was accused of being the power behind the throne at the California street boarding house where the Salisburys resided for years. A Mrs. Somebody-or-other ran the house but Mrs. Salisbury was credited with cashing the checks. The truth of the matter is that Mrs. Salisbury, when the boarding house was first opened, consented to live there with her family and cast a social halo over the place in lieu of paying board bills. Evidently the manager did not find it unprofitable for the Salisburys stayed on no matter how high the price of meat climbed. The Cape Nome waffle venture not panning out, and cotillons barely tiding over the winter season Mrs. Salisbury decided to rent a large house and give a few young men a cultured home. That sounds better than to say that our social leader is taking boarders. Hereafter the short cut into society for the newly rich Johnnies will be via Mrs. Salisbury's boarding house.

Wail From the Younger Army Set

What's this I hear in the shape of a sibilant protest on the part of certain of the younger members among the Army and Navy set against sundry social rules issued by Mrs. Requa and her daughter, Mrs. Colonel Long, at their Oakland functions? These young men who think they have been slighted while others were specially favored at the military hops should review the season when Miss Amy Requa was a debutante. One very rainy night several eligible young men attended the german, wearing black leather shoes instead of regulation "pumps." Miss Amy went home with her fluffy gown sadly smudged with blacking. The result was that Order No. 99, Second Series, was issued by Mrs. Requa, Commanding, barring these inconsiderate cadets from the Deux Temps. A round robin of protest went up to headquarters but it ended in nothing more than a few of the stoutest malcontents following in the wake of the banished. In all likelihood that's the way the present wail will end.

Naval Heroes Firing Hot Shot

A naval officer just on from Washington informs me that Schley selected a strong naval base and had the enemy's position fully reconnoitered before he opened up his batteries on Sampson and demanded an official inquiry into the Santiago controversy. He declares that Schley has several surprises up his sleeve and that the result will incline his way unless the feelings of the naval heroes engaged become superheated during the affray and heavy shot is interchanged at short range. In that event he looks for charges, countercharges and revelations that will completely upheave naval circles and open the eyes of the nation to a burden of scandal and useless rigamarole in that sacred and self-poised quarter. If the inquiry continues on even lines Captain Clark of the *Oregon* will come out of the review of the naval engagement bearing more honors and credit than those who are so strenuously struggling, not only to claim "the victory" but to tarnish the reputations of some of their brother officers. Captain Clark is now captain of the Yard at the League Island Navy Yard, Philadelphia.



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His Vacation Perfidy

DRIFTING OUT of the Trocadero after a tame act who should I bump into but Charley Dolliver with a troubled look on his tanned face but evidently back from his vacation. This meeting was a surprise to me. Together we had planned an elaborate outing through the mountain resorts about Tahoe but the unexpected spread in the labor strike had upset our house and the gray-beards in control insisted on my remaining within immediate call till the crisis was over. A fortnight before Charley and I had parted at the club over brandy and soda and woeful feelings. He had picked up his suit-case and, like the hero he was had departed alone to take up our thirty day trip of spreading all the happiness he could among the love-lorn glades and sun-kissed lakes of the high Sierras.

I gripped his arm. "Charley," I demanded, "what does this mean? You're back a fortnight before your time and in the stark, stale summer time, too. You're mad, pursued or in trouble: don't say a word unless it's a lucid, veracious explanation of the mystery."

He laughed lightly, seized my arm and drew me across the street to the cool Tavern of the Burgomeister's Arms where over a seasoned board I listened to his adventure.

"Gallifert's wife was the cause of it all. That isn't her name of course but it'll do just as well as any other unless something serious should happen: and I sincerely trust it won't for her sake. What a fascinating little beauty she is. They're Los Angeles people. You know him and like myself you think a good deal of him. You've never met his charmer of a wife because he never brings her on his trips up here. But I did at Tahoe two weeks ago and if in one-half that time I was fonder of his wife than of him it was his own fault. Gallifert would insist on leaving me alone with her. I happened along just at a time when intriguing fate found ample opportunity to throw us into each other's company. The leaders among the people stopping at the resort were arranging a splendid lantern-lit display on the lake and had laid an embargo on all the launches, canoes, rafts and old hulks within reaching distance. Gallifert with all his enthusiasm for such displays—you know how he plunges in advertising—was into the affair heart and soul. Almost from the start he seemed to think I had specially dropped from heaven to entertain his wife while he was attending to the details of the fete.

"I don't know how it started but somehow it wasn't long before she and I were drifting among subjects that we should have let alone. Platonic love, affinities, unrequited passions, the mistakes of hasty, unconsidered marriages and the intense yearning for your undiscovered soul's complement: we delved over the whole dangerous field till we turned up skeletons that began to haunt us after we separated for the day. Of course it wasn't long before we were intimately discussing matters that we would not have dared to hint at had the unsuspecting Gallifert been present. Had he overheard some of my light remarks I'm sure he would have been justified in pitching me into the lake. But, Harry, you know how it is. I had drifted into the mess before I realized the situation. Mrs. Gallifert was such a demure little body and blushed so delightfully at first that I really believe I ventured risque remarks just to see the carnation ripple over her soft, creamy cheeks. After a while when she seemed to entertain my boldness as a matter of course I think I began to come to myself. I know I thought of Gallifert's rights and what a good fellow he was and I resolved to cut the whole business and jump to Lake Webber before any irreparable injury should be done.

"I broached the matter of my departure to Gallifert and told him I figured on going to Webber in a couple of days. "Not on your life," he protested, "you've positively got to stay here till the end of the week. Saturday night we have the fete, you know, and I depend on you to remain and look after Mrs. Gallifert's comfort during that festivity. Man alive," he exclaimed vehemently, "what am I going to do without you? Don't you know I've got to be out on the lake superintending the lantern-lit gondolas and tubs manned by a lot of dotty fresh water salts who'll try and manœuvre the line over the Sierra tops if I'm not on hand to beat them into squadron shape with a belaying pin. It's selfish of me, old man, I know. But the fact of the matter is that the friends we counted on coming won't be here till next week so you must, you positively must remain and entertain Mrs. Gallifert till I finish this affair. It's going to be a glorious success. Here, I'll tell you what I'll do as an inducement: I'll fill your heart with pride by giving you an important position in the fete. That'll make you think responsibility rests on you and you'll feel obliged to stay and see it out.

"Then he went on to explain that he wanted Mrs. Gallifert and myself to set out and watch three lanterns on shore. These lights were to be set at different spots along the beach and were to serve him as points in the darkness of night to carry his manœuvres of the fleet.

"I yielded to his prayer, of course. What else could I do under the circumstances? But I vowed I would leave the place and all temptation bright and early Monday morning. I suddenly found it best to leave on Sunday's steamer, and I'll tell you why.

"Saturday evening, Mrs. Gallifert and I, armed with her wraps and the three lanterns, sauntered slowly along the lake shore. We planted the three lanterns at the places indicated by Gallifert and sat down on a long uprooted pine tree extending down into the water while we incuriously watched the vari-colored pageant wind and dance over the lake. Our feelings were a bit too strong to be engaged with such trifling matters. She snuggled close to me as I put my arms about her. I was resolutely distant.

"'Are you determined to leave on Monday morning's steamer?' she said, 'or is it merely bluff?'

"'No,' I answered, 'I'm going. It's an engagement with a fishing comrade I swore two week's ago to keep. I must go.'

"'And you'd leave me for an ordinary fishing mate. Is this what all your vows of love amount to? Fie, for shame, you lack love, lover,' and she pressed her lips to mine so warmly that in spite of myself I gathered her to me and—

"Well, it was late when we got back to the hotel and she went directly to her room. I was up early next morning and whilst dressing I happened to glance out of my window which commanded a view of the lake shore where Mrs. Gallifert and I had planted the lanterns the evening before. Gallifert was striding along the shore in a way that impelled me to consider him more closely. As he approached the hotel I saw at a glance that he was very much wrought up. I began to hastily run over in my mind the details of the occurrences of the night before, dressing the meanwhile. Suddenly there was a rustling beneath my door and glancing in that direction I saw a slip of paper appear. I seized it hastily and found a note scrawled thereon:

> "'Harry is in a fury of jealousy—must have discovered something—why not leave on this morning's boat? Will meet you at the Ferry, noon, Monday week.'

"I caught the morning steamer all right and I own I felt like a despicable wretch. It looked so cowardlike to flee under such circumstances. Harry, if I ever get into a fix like that again, I want you to cowhide me."

"Enfin?" I said pointedly.

He colored and continued:

"Oh, well, I was at the ferry to meet her. I knew from her face that I didn't have to ask her to begin the explanation. 'He followed our tracks along the beach,' she said.

"'Why?' I interposed.

"'You remember that last lantern that he wanted hung high. Well, you tied it to the limb of a tree with some worsted cut from my fascinator. We didn't pay any attention to it after that and the heat from the light ignited the worsted and the whole thing came toppling down. He failed to see the light in his manœuvres and when he asked me about it I declared we had hung it to the limb all right. Next morn he walked up the beach to discover what had happened to the light. He followed our tracks."

"'Well, that was all right,' I remarked. 'He found the lantern on the sand—nothing more.'

"'He followed our tracks,' she repeated, with slightly increased emphasis.

"I started and glanced curiously at her face.

"'Well?' I hazarded. 'I fail to see anything but—tracks in the sands of time.'

"She blushed slightly.

"'Don't you remember where one set—I wish it was in the sands of time.'

"'What could I say or do? I took her to dinner and have cursed myself ever since for my perfidy in the whole affair. Take me somewhere and make me do penance."

THE FLANEUR.

Automobile Activity

From present indications the future of the automobile in San Francisco and on the Pacific Coast is decidedly promising. There is no longer any doubt as to the practicability of the motor vehicle and the successful operation of the many vehicles now in use in this city during the past year, over our rough streets and steep grades, has given the new industry an impetus here far beyond the most sanguine expectations. At first so many gigantic enterprises were launched into publicity which never materializsd that the public soon lost confidence in an automobile project and on this account the early growth of the motor vehicle was largely handicapped. One agent of an Eastern company stated to the press that he had organized a local company with immense capital to handle electric machines here and that they would erect a big establishment for the sale and hire of automobiles. It was also part of the plan to establish charging stations at different points around the bay. Later on another story was given circulation regarding the formation of an Electric Cab Company for this city. Then another company was to start up an automobile delivery system and so on through a number of other phantom projects, not one of which ever reached a more advanced stage. On top of all this came the project of the Locomobile Company of the Pacific and it has been the successful carrying out of all the prearranged plans of this concern that has at last completely restored public confidence in motor vehicles. The Locomobile Company has done more to encourage and foster the new industry on the Pacific Coast than all of the other concerns put together and it is fully entitled to the major portion of the patronage that is being given its firm.

The local field has practically been divided into two classes: those representing Eastern makes of vehicles, and local manufacturers of automobiles. Of the latter the Saxton Steam Wagon and Automobile Company, of which Joseph C. Saxton is president, is the only one out of a large number of concerns of this sort, to carry out its promises. Saxton started out to manufacture a steam truck equal to anything in the United States. He has not only kept that promise but he has succeeded in establishing an automobile factory of considerable capacity and has just turned out a steam stage-coach for a Washington firm, ahead of anything the automobile industry has yet produced.

And now comes the announcement that a local sewing machine company has three carloads of steam vehicles en route to the coast, manufactured at its Eastern factory, and that a local company is to be formed here to manufacture automobiles of all shapes and sizes, using all the patents and machinery of the sewing machine company's rig, but building the wheels and frame work out here. Rumor says the capital stock is to be $1,000,000.

There is more activity around the various agencies at present than ever before. Thomas H. B. Varney is at last in shape for business with two good lines, steam and electric. Fred Ward and Son are also preparing to launch out quite extensively with steam and electric rigs. Locomobiles of course are capturing most of the trade with the Mobile company in second place. Colonel Cotton, the hustling and affable Mobile agent, is unusually sanguine over the promising future for his business.

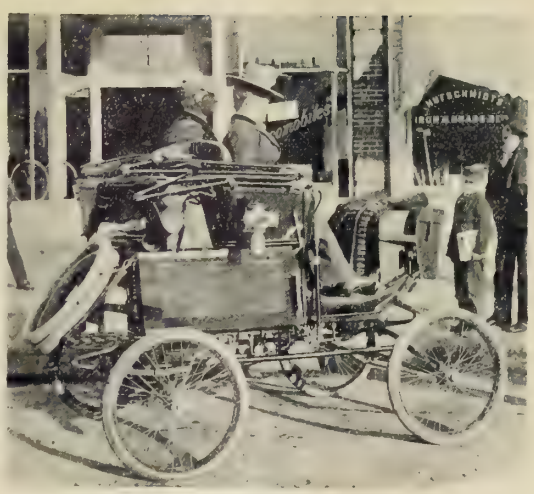
"My fancy for Tottie Soubrette," said Rubens Raffael Daub, "left me very much in the condition that Nature left my latest model."

"How was that?"

"Flat busted."

The Proper Thing

All well dressed men in New York consider their wardrobe incomplete without a Knox hat, either silk, stiff or soft. Eugene Korn the hatter, 726 Market street, whose advertisement appears on our front page this week, is the sole agent for San Francisco and Oakland for these celebrated hats. He also carries one of the finest lines of canes, umbrellas and suitcases in the city. Mr. Korn is also owner of one of the neatest and most useful inventions of the age—"The Korn Patent Soft Hat Crease Holder," which retains crease and shape in any soft hat and which will be forwarded by mail to any part of the United States on receipt of ten cents. Special attention is also paid to coachmen's silk and livery hats of which he carries a complete assortment. It is deemed appropriate also to mention the fact that Mr. Korn has supplied the police department of San Francisco for the past five years with all its helmets and officer's caps, which certainly speaks volumes for this well known establishment. Estimates are also furnished on uniform hats and caps and gold embroidery and designs are given special attention. In fact there is nothing in the hat line which cannot be had at Mr. Korn's store.



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Making the Best of It

An Awfully Nice Girl who was engaged to a Real Good Fellow with lots of Dough, but who was in New York on Business, thought to While away the Time by Flirting with Another Man.

But the Other Man, who did not know she was Engaged, fell really and truly In Love with her. He tried time and again to get a Suitable Time to Propose to her, but she always Put him Off.

One evening, he found her Alone in the Library of her home, and before she could say a Word to Stave him Off, he was down on his Knees and had Told her the Old, Sweet Story right out Straight.

The Awfully Nice Girl was so taken aback she did not know what to Say, or how to Act, so she just kept her Eyes Cast Down, and her Lips Closed.

He took her Silence for Consent, Grabbed her Hands in both of his, and prepared to give her a Long Kiss as the Seal of their Compact.

Just then, the Footman, who did not know that his mistress had Company, ushered into the room a visitor. It was the Real Good Fellow, her fiance, who had just arrived from New York, and thought to give the Awfully Nice Girl a pleasant surprise.

Instead he received a Shock. He saw his Fiancee in the arms of Another Man.

There were startled Exclamations from three people, and a Lame Explanation from one. But in the end the Awfully Nice Girl found herself alone.

She was wondering what she should do, when the Footman entered, and said—having gained Wisdom by his late Experience—that Mr. Blankety-Blank was in the Reception Room.

The problem had Solved Itself. She looked in the Glass, brushed a Tear from her cheek that threatened to wash off the Rouge, dabbed a Little Powder on her nose, and saying, "After all, there are plenty of others" she ordered the footman to admit the Caller to her presence.

Now, when the Real Good Fellow had eaten his belated Dinner and smoked a Fine Cigar, he felt Sorry for his Curt Treatment of his Fiancee. He resolved to Atone by going back and Begging her Forgiveness.

The Other Man having, after a Glass of Wine, reached the Same Conclusion, they both met at the Door of the Awfully Nice Girl's mansion. And as they Stared Ferociously at each other, a Cab drove up, the Portal opened and therefrom emerged the Awfully Nice Girl and Another Man. Her face was upturned to the Third Man's Face with that same Sweet Melting, You-Are-The-Only-Man-I-Could-Care-For expression that had so often acted as a Yank on the Heartstrings of the Two Other Men.

The ex-Fiance and the Other Fellow turned to each other with a Cynical Smile. They Shook Hands and a Similar Thought occurred to each: "If it were so easy for Her to forget US, it should be far easier for Us to forget HER."

The only moral to this fable is that there are good fish in the sea etc., and love in some natures is not even skin-deep. THE CYNIC.

"Everything comes to him who waits," said the philosopher.

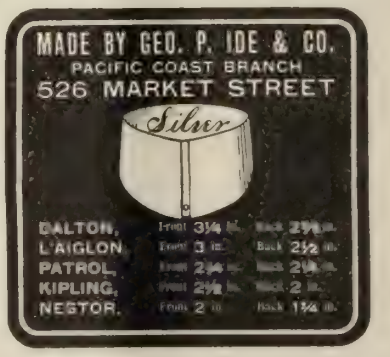
"Well, then, why do we have to cross the street to get to the other side?" questioned the old lady, shuddering at the bikes and autos rushing along Market street.

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Dramatic World

A Wealthy Amateur

In Fred Warde's company, which now has its head turned westward, is Virginia Drew Trescott. Local theatre-goers must remember the debut of Mrs. Trescott at the Alcazar, which was attended by considerable newspaper notice. Mrs. Trescott is the wife of millionaire Trescott of Oregon, and her stage aspirations were not pleasing to her husband. She came down here and studied for the drama with view to a public appearance. Not until she had made her debut, in a small part under the name of Virginia Drew, did the fact of her relationship to the northern millionaire leak out. And then Mrs. Trescott very seriously objected to having her plan spoiled of going in cog. She wanted to be a great actress, with a scrap book full of laudatory notices with which to soften his wrath, before she should divulge to hubby that she had left his roof to become an actress. That the plan failed was the fault, no doubt, of a too zealous friend. Mrs. Trescott is a very striking looking woman of Venus-de-Milo proportions. She goes in for higher culture and studied the science of magnetism that she might be able to draw her audiences more strongly toward her. While here before she went on to New York she received not a little social attention, during successive stays at the Strathmore, Bradbury and Palace.

The Clever Coopers

Those Coopers are a clever family of Thespians. Three of them are taking part in "The Ensign" this week. There is the mother, Georgie Woodthorpe, and who would think the weeping widow Baird is played by the same actress who took the part of a gay old girl in "The Conquerers" just a short time ago? Then the elder daughter Georgie has the ingenue role and the younger, Ollie, is the child who saves the brave ensign from the yard-arm. Ollie is a sweet little child actress, and does well in the role first made prominent by wee Mabel Taliaferro. It seems very nice and homelike to see three members of the same family in one cast.

The Clever Peixottos

In Minnie Maddern Fiske's company which will produce "Miranda of the Balcony" at the Manhattan in New York this season are two girls whose names should be very well known to the San Francisco art world—the Misses Mabel and Maud Peixotto. Mabel pursued a course of study with Coquelin and other eminent foreign artists,and Maud,who had prepared for an operatic career under Madame Marchesi in Paris, has abandoned her musical ambitions to enter the dramatic profession. They are sisters of the brothers Peixotto, the well known artists and illustrators.

He Was a Mission Boy

James M. Brophy, now starring at the Central, was a Mission boy, and received his first Thespian experience in the amateur dramatic clubs of that section. I have before me an old bill of the Sheridan Dramatic Company, dated May seventeenth, 1883. It announces a performance of "The Ticket of Leave Man" at the Mission Music Hall. Mr. Brophy figures as leading man in the cast. The part of Sam Willoughby was taken by Kitty Cleveland who afterwards appeared on the professional stage, and died some years ago. Brophy has a large circle of friends in the Mission. He has two sisters, Mrs. Waite and Mrs. Finkler, both charming women.

Mrs. Beaumont Packard has purchased a villa at Bensonhurst and is spending the summer there entertaining her friends. Mrs. Packard is the mother of Maude Winter, the young Californian actress whose success with the Frawleys and other companies is remembered.

Attractions Next Week

Men have ridden a single wheel without handle bars, but to see a man ride a single wheel without bars, with a woman perched upon his shoulders, down a flight of twenty or more steps is remarkable This feat will be performed at the Orpheum next week by Hill and Silvainy, who present a bicycle and unicycle act which eclipses anything of the sort that has ever been shown. They appear here for the first time, direct from London. Others on the bill will be Mr. and Mrs.

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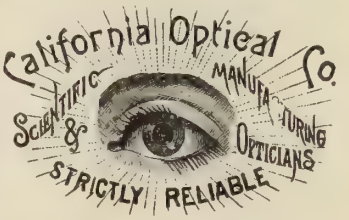
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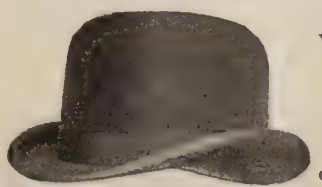
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Mrs. Olive Reed Cushman, Contralto, 19 Hillside ave., Newark, N. J.

Alfred Kelcy, Eastern artists of repute, who make their debut here in Edmund Daly's playlet, "In Trust," with an Irish gentleman and lady of culture and refinement for its central figure; Oscar P. Sisson, Ester Wallace and their company, refined specialty, vocal and character artists in "My Wife's Presents;" the Standard quartet of colored vocalists, also new to San Francisco, in jubilee songs and humorous vocalizations; the Esmonds, high class musical artists; Alexandra Dagmar in new songs and costumes; the Molasso-Salvaggi troupe of dancers; Hugh Stanton and Florence Modena in "A Bargain Fiend" and the biograph with new pictures, including the departure from London of the Duke and Duchess of York.

Beginning next Monday evening Mr. Frawley will offer a novelty at the Grand in a colonial romance by Langdon McCormick, "The Toll Gate Inn," said to be one of the best of the revolutionary dramas of the present time. It deals with the days of the struggle for independence, and should appeal strongly to the patriotic feeling of the audience. The rattle of musketry and the return of the dusky and wounded scouts will form an effective background for the love story of the drama. The cast will be a very strong one such as Mr. Frawley's present organization is capable of providing. The Indian, Poatchee, a striking figure of the play, will be in the hands of Theodore Roberts, who has made an enduring reputation as a delineator of the American aborigine. E. J. Morgan will be seen in the role of Colonel Maitland, Mary Van Buren will play Dorothy Maitland and Katherine Grey will appear as Hester Pennington. New scenery throughout has been prepared by Frank King.

"Camille," Dumas' consumptive heroine, whose portrayal Florence Roberts undertook with such success last season, will be revived next week at the Alcazar by the popular star, who will be supported by White Whittlesey and the capable stock company. Lucius Henderson will essay the role of the Count DeVarville, and this clever actor, who is an excellent pianist, will have a brief opportunity for displaying his talent in that direction. Charlotte Thompson's new play, "Silver-Mounted Harness," which was postponed on account of the extraordinary preparations made for its proper presentation, is announced to follow "Camille." A feature of this much anticipated production is an allegorical dance by Professor Bothwell Browne, a young dancing master of this city who has a genius for beautiful terpsichorean conceptions. Miss Thompson's play is an active rehearsal under the author's supervision.

After an absence of five years, Manager Charles Frohman's Empire company returns to San Francisco on Monday night and begins an engagement at the Columbia in Henry Arthur Jones' great play "Mrs. Dane's Defense." The company is headed by two actors well known to and popular with San Francisco audiences, Mr. Charles Richman and Miss Margaret Anglin. The former's last appearance here was as the leading man of the late Augustin Daly's company. Miss Margaret Anglin during the past two years has been established in the good graces of local theatre-goers. Her return now is all the more welcome from the fact that in the title role of the play she has scored the greatest success of her career. Others in the company are Miss Margaret Dale, who won favor here during her engagements with the Henry Miller company; Miss Ethel Hornick, an Oakland girl who has won success in the East; Miss May Brook, W. H. Crompton, E. Y. Backus, Stanly Dark, George Osbourne, Jr., a San Francisco youth whose name should be familiar to everybody, Wallace Worsley, Frank Brownlee, George Sylvester. "Mrs. Dane's Defense" is regarded by many as Henry Arthur Jones' greatest play; it created considerable sensation when originally produced at Charles Windham's new theatre in London, and it ran there for an entire season, duplicating this triumph when presented by the Empire company in New York. Its production here will be the first in this country outside of New York.

The first week of the grand opera season has been testing the capacity of the Tivoli nightly, standing room being at a high premium at every performance. The second week will be devoted to "Il Trovatore" and "Lucia di Lammermoor." Salassa has his great role of the Count di Luna, and Collamarini will sing Azucena, a part in which she has never been heard here. Barbareschi will be Leonora, and Castellano sings the name part of the Troubador. Signor Napoleoni will sing Ferrando. Donizetti's lyric masterpiece has Repetto in the role of Lucy Ashton, and Russo as Edgar. Ashton will be sung by Ferrari, and Nicolini is down for Raymond. Sannie Krueger is Alice, Lucy's companion. —*The Playgoer.*

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Irving Institute

The Christmas session of Irving Institute will open on Monday, and all indications point to another prosperous year for this one of San Francisco's standard private schools. The faculty of Irving Institute contains names of educational prominence and undoubted worth; Rev. Edward B. Church, A. M., principal, astronomy and metaphysics; Mrs. Frances A. Church, M. E. L., art criticisms and social usages; Miss Ella M. Pinkham, rhetoric, literature, history; Miss Estelle L. Guppy, A. M., Latin, Greek, natural sciences; Miss Ruby W. Studley, Ph. B., higher mathematics; Miss M. Louise Lucas and Miss A. Gwendolyn Blair, grammar; Miss Jessie P. Featherstone and Miss Eva McDonald, primary: Mme. E. V. Matignon, French; Frl. Dorothea F. Jaep, German; Miss Maren M. Froelich, drawing and painting; Mr. Richard C. Rankin, dancing; Miss Kate A. Whitaker (South Kensington), cooking; Miss Florence Guppy and Miss Edna F. Smart, piano; Nathan Landsberger and Miss Miriam Hall, violin, and Samuel Adelstein, mandolin, flute and guitar, are instructors in the musical department, and Mrs. Louise Humphrey Smith has charge of the department of elocution. The school is very pleasantly and conveniently located at the northeast corner of California and Buchanan streets, its buildings being commodious, elegant and comfortable.

The History of a Trade Mark

Owing to the great interest manifested in "The History of a Trade Mark," an article appearing in *Wonderland 1901*, issued by the Northern Pacific Railway company, the publishers have deemed it advisable to publish the history in miniature *Wonderland* form. The article, from the pen of Olin D. Wheeler, is a very interesting account of the reason why the N. P. R,, adopted the peculiar design that forms its trademark. The symbol appears on the Korean flag and its possibilities as a trademark were discovered by Mr. McHenry, at the World's Fair, its simple, yet striking features at once commending it to his artistic eye. All the beautiful colored designs that illustrate the original article are reproduced in this miniature *Wonderland*, a copy of which will be forwarded to any address on receipt of four cents in postage stamps. As a specimen of artistic literature from a railroad's advertising department it has as yet had no superior and its value, aside from the advertisement, is great. [Charles S. Fee, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, N. P. R., St. Paul, publisher.]

A Removal

Hilbert Brothers, agents for the American Brewing Co., have moved from 223-225 California street to 213 and 215 Market street. Their constantly increasing business necessitated their occupying the whole building.

Sig. Fachutar, the well known mandolinist and Director of the Fachutar Mandolin School and Orchestra, has closed his studio for the summer season and will reopen September first.

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Music World

Mr. Will S. Smith, the young baritone in the choir of St. Mary the Virgin, corner Steiner and Union streets, sang an Ave Maria in D flat, by Hervey, last Sunday at vespers, displaying to advantage his fresh voice. Tomorrow at four o'clock service the choir will sing an Ave Maria by Akadelt, and Gounod's tenor solo, "Glory to Thee, O God, This Night." will be sung by Chester W. Rosekrans.

Grand Opera

The grand opera season at the Tivoli has certainly opened under favorable circumstances if the first week's attendance is any indication. Old favorites have been welcomed with open arms and the usual tribute of flowers has not been lacking. At Tuesday night's performance of Verdi's ever favorite "Rigoletto," one was impressed with the uncommon fitness of Repetto's voice to the girlish character of Gilda. There is a freshness and innocence in her voice that is very winning. In the garden scene she did some exceedingly artistic work and received a storm of applause that hailed bravas and showered blossoms upon her. Russo made a hit with the audience but one feels the constant evidence of his voice too strongly at times to be altogether pleasing. I do not like a tenor who is too—well say, *robust*, and where Russo has his solo in the third act his voice was more agreeably modulated and showed to far better advantage. Lia Poletini was most artistic dramatically and vocally in the short part assigned her and was warmly received. Ferrari carried off the honors for dramatic action and his work all through was most satisfactory. It was a good performance and, as usual, Paul Steindorff received his meed of applause for his superior handling of orchestra and voices. The famous quartet that has really made the opera was the gem of the evening and was so artistically done that a recall was given. The four voices—Repetto, Poletini, Ferrari and Nicolini—were well blended, though even here a little modulation of Russo's powerful tenor would have produced a far better effect. His voice is of so good quality it is a pity to bring it in a forced voice that disguises its real sweetness.

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An announcement of interest is the lecture to be given on August twenty-seventh at St. Dominic's church by Rev. J. L. O'Neil, O. P. The lecture is for the aid of the Dominican Sisters, and is given under the auspices of the Society of the Holy Name. Father O'Neil, the lecturer, is editor of *Dominicana*, and the subject of his discourse "Alexander VI and Savonarola" should be one he is well able to cope with.

Leoncavallo, the Italian composer, received a commission from the government to compose a mass in commemoration of the death of King Humbert, and his production is one for mixed voices. As women are no longer permitted to sing in the European cathedrals,some one has been mean enough to propound the query as to how long it has been since Leoncavallo has been to church.

The Nativity

The congregation at Trinity church on Sunday night enjoyed a rare musical treat in the rendition of Dr. H. J. Stewart's oratorio, "The Nativity." As the introduction explains, the purpose of this work is to give musical expression to the great events attending the Advent and Birth of the World's Redeemer. These events comprise the Annunciation, the Birth of Christ, and the Epiphany, or the Manifestations of



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Christ to the Gentiles. Each division of the subject is preceded by sentences of Old Testament Scripture, prophetic of the expected Messiah, and particularly of the incidents to be related in the text. The music is designed for the church rather than the concert-room, and the plan of church oratorio given by Bach in his great St. Matthew Passion has been adhered to by the introduction of chorals intended to be sung by the people as well as by the choir, thus making the oratorio a great service of sacred song, in which all worshipers can take part. The soloists were: soprano, Miss Millie Flynn, contralto, Mrs. J. E. Birmingham, tenors, H. M. Fortescue, T. G. Elliott and Alfred Kelleher, bassos F. G. B. Mills and W. R. Kneiss. There was organ, harp and violin accompaniment, the composer presiding at the organ. The beautiful violin obligato was rendered by Harry Samuels, who also gave a solo during the offertory.

Farewell Recitals

Dr. Stewart's organ recital on Saturday afternoon drew a large crowd estimated at about two thousand people. The opening number, Sonata No 1 (Guilmant), was a splendid production of the composer's pen and was perfectly interpreted by Dr. Stewart. The Pastorale was one of the most beautifully arranged series of delicate effects I ever heard. The March Funebre et Chant Seraphique by the same composer was also a perfect interpretation. Dr. Stewart received flattering applause after every number and before the close of the program stepped to the front and calling out Murray M. Harris, the builder, introduced him in a few well chosen words to the audience as the builder of the splendid instrument before them.

Monday night's concert drew an even larger crowd than Saturday's matinee, there being probably no less than three thousand persons present. The program was well received and, as before, Dr. Stewart generously shared the honors with Mr. Harris. The Grieg numbers were particularly quaint and beautiful and the fine orchestral effects of the fantasia on selections from the Gotterdaemerung carried many of the audience very pleasantly back to last season's grand opera feast, and Dr. Stewart drew out the whole splendid possibilities of the instrument in its rendition.

Unmusical Auditors

If there is one thing more than another that is the refinement of torture to a musician or a truly musical person who is not of a necessity a musician, it is the brutal whispering, subdued giggling and, worse than all, walking across the auditorium in squeaking boots during the performance of a musical number. To the shame of the audience assembled to hear Dr. Stewart's farewell concert on Monday night, it must be recorded that all this occurred with the utmost frequency and it was in vain one moved about from pillar to post trying to find some quiet spot in which undisturbed by the sound of the voices of the callous and unappreciative ones, enjoyment of the splendid program might be had full and entire. The last note of a number had hardly sounded when, as if by

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premeditation and as if in obedience to the call of "Pussy wants a corner" the audience would show signs of agitation and like so many ants move across the entire house in pursuit of a change of location. This was not so bad, but that the general promenade should continue after the next number had begun was unforgivable. About the time the uneducated part of the audience concluded the program should have ended there was a general movement toward the exits, and before the Gotterdaemerung fantasia was half finished the effect was all but ruined by the sound of shoe leather squeaking across the floor. There is a rule in many of our concert halls and a good one, which excludes all late comers till the finish of a number. If the powers that be would go a step further and lock an audience *in* till a number is concluded they would confer an everlasting debt of gratitude upon those who suffer from this public nuisance.

Miss Elizabeth Westgate has returned from her summer outing and has resumed teaching in her various studios.

They are Married

Two of Mrs. Marriner-Campbell's pupils have elected to join the ranks of marital blessedness. Miss Isella Van Pelt this week became Mrs. Thomas Mills and will in future charm the Canadians with her accomplishments. Mr. Mills is a banker in Kingston, Canada, which is also his home. Miss Xena Roberts has been appointed to the position of contralto in Calvary church choir made vacant by Miss Van Pelt's resignation.

Miss Marie Partridge by the same magic ceremony becomes Mrs. Charles Stanley Price. Miss Partridge is, or was, the soprano of St. Stephen's Episcopal church choir and Mr. Price is a rising young lawyer of Salt Lake City.

The Ladies quartet, composed of Mrs. Mead, Miss Kerr, Miss Roberts and Miss Van Pelt, who with the Knickerbocker quartet and Roscoe Warren Lucy as pianist, made such a favorable impression at Shasta Retreat this summer singing for the Chatauquans, also sang in Pacific Grove for the same organization with such pronounced success, that after they had returned to town they were telegraphed to come to Pacific Grove a second time. The quartet was engaged to do the whole circuit next year.

At the Seamen's Institute on Wednesday night a concert was given under direction of Mrs. Marriner-Campbell in which the program was rendered by Mrs. Mead, Miss Van Pelt, Miss Kerr and Miss Roberts, the "Knickerbockers" Mr. Roscoe Warren Lucy and Walter Campbell. It is a unique charity and one worthy of investigation this bringing of the best to the doors of the uninitiated and is also an example worthy of emulation as it brings the lower class to an appreciation of something better than it could reach unaided.

—The Music Critic.

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World of Letters

A Colonial Worthy

In her recent novel, "His Great Self," Marion Harland has not only introduced a striking historical figure, Colonel William Evelyn Byrd, founder of Richmond, but has culled from the manuscripts of this Colonial worthy many interesting bits of public and personal gossip. In our day few people have even heard the name of Willian Byrd, but in his own time few men enjoyed a larger share of honor and consideration. Descended from an old English family, the Colonel Byrd of the story, second of his name in Virginia, was born March sixteenth, 1674. He inherited from his father the estate of Westover on the James river. Educated in England, under the direction of Sir Robert Southwell, he was called to the bar in the Middle Temple, became a Fellow of the Royal Society, and enjoyed the friendship of the most illustrious men of his age, including Charles Boyle, Earl of Orrery. He was also something of a traveler, having spent considerable time in the Low countries, and the Court of France under Louis XIV. Being made receiver general of his Majesty's revenues in Virginia, he returned to America where he was distinguished in the Colonial government. For thirty-seven years he was a member of the Council of Virginia.

An Interesting Expedition

These and other claims to distinction are engraved duly and lengthily upon his tombstone, which stands in the flower garden back of Westover House. He was famous among his contemporaries for his wealth and stately living as well as for his public spirit and personal bravery. He made in 1728 an expedition replete with excitement and danger, being a commissioner from the crown to establish the boundary line between Virginia and North Carolina. The expedition set out in autumn when the snakes had retired into winter quarters, and was conducted on horseback from the Dismal Swamp to the Appalachian mountains. The record of his perils and adventures is preserved in the Westover Manuscripts, a large volume bound in vellum. He has also left in manuscript form numerous drafts of letters, and records of other journeys and adventures. It is said that the owners of these manuscripts allowed a small edition to be printed in 1866. The manuscripts themselves were read and enjoyed by Thackeray and Dean Stanley when they visited Richmond.

Letters to a Lady

Among the Byrd papers is a bundle of letters to a certain Charmante, evidently a lady of fashion who had captivated the Colonel in London. "These passionate billets were sent to a lady who had more charms than honor, more wit than discretion," is part of the endorsement on the packet. The identity of the mysterious Charmante has never been disclosed. The fair Evelyn of Mrs. Harland's book was the daughter of Colonel Byrd by his first wife. She was also one of the celebrities of the day and

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legend has invested her with a tissue of romance. She was born in Virginia, July sixteenth, 1707, and died unmarried at the age of twenty-nine. Evelyn Byrd's youth was passed in England where she enjoyed every advantage of education, travel and society. Her wit, beauty and accomplishments fitted her to shine among the highest of the land. She is said to have been engaged to the celebrated Earl of Peterborough, but religious differences hindered the marriage. Virginia tradition has it that the Earl followed Evelyn to America, so persevering was he in his suit, but her father interposed, and she died of a broken heart. This legend forms the plot of Mrs. Harland's story, but she has with some reason made the wooer in the case to be, not the eccentric Earl himself, but his grandson. The old Earl was born in 1658 and was therefore forty-nine years older than Evelyn Byrd Moreover, he died two years before her return to her native land, so the story, romantic as it is, is probably mere fiction.

A Secret Marriage

Another prosaic circumstance which gives the lie to such a pretty romance is the fact that he had an unacknowledged wife, Anastasia Robinson, the singer whom he secretly married in 1724. She survived him and destroyed his memoirs thus doing away with the revelations of an eccentric and dissolute life. Some of the dresses worn by Evelyn Byrd at the English Court are still preserved, and are said to be of extreme richness and elegance. The original portraits of Colonel Byrd and his daughter, as well as others of the Westover collection are now at Brandon, the Harrison place on the James river. It is to this family of Harrisons that Mrs. Burton Harrison, the novelist, belongs. It was her son who married Mary Crocker.

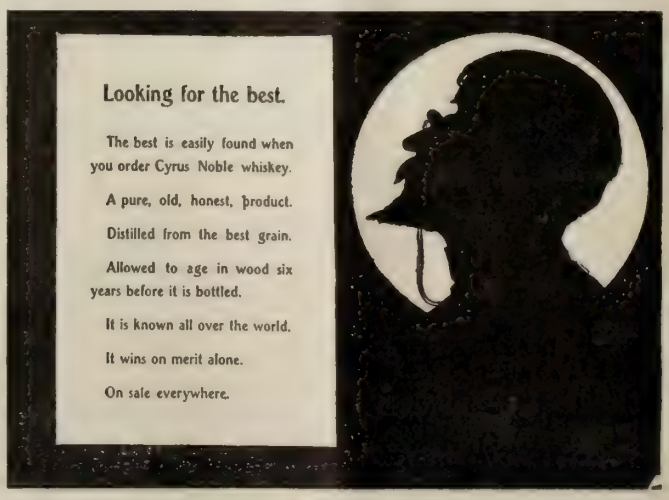
The July number of *Everybody's Magazine* is exceptionally good. The Christian Science question is discussed from both sides, and the problem of "What to Eat to Live Long" also comes in for attention. "A Marquis in the Bad Lands" reviews the ill-advised attempt of the Marquis de Mores to establish a packing plant in Montana in opposition to the "Big Four" of Chicago, and is a story of grit and determination which came to naught. This account has been extensively drawn upon to furnish matter for other articles on the same subject. The perennial interest in matters dramatic is remembered by Franklin Fyles in the answer to his query, "Is There a Dramatic Profession?" In the way of fiction, "Legs," the story of a coyote, is as good as anything in the line of animal biography which we have had given us. Those who have come under the spell of Adachi Kinnosuke's pen will need no further inducement to read "At the Inner Gate of Tien-Tsin," while Booth Tarkington's "Old Gray Eagle" is not only an excellent piece of work, but a plain, common-sense commentary on "L'Aiglon." The American soldier late returned from the Philippines will appreciate "Sabe Hike ?" as no one else can. There is a lot of good reading in *Everybody's*.

Sallie Pratt McLean, whose first book, "Cape Cod Folks," a record of her experiences as a teacher in that section sprang into notoriety nearly a score of years ago through the suits for libel and damages brought by the individuals whose characters and characteristics were too realistically transcribed, is about to publish another book. "Cape Cod Folks" would have missed even the notice that was due to it if had not been for the litigation, and none of her later books has attracted any special attention.

A new book, "The Benefactress," by the author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden" is one of the latest announcements. The mystery of the authorship is to be maintained.

Lafcadio Hearne has been made an honorary member of the London Japanese society. A better way to put it would be that the London society had received, not conferred the honor. Lafcadio Hearne has been for some years the only teacher of foreign birth who is retained by the government, and it is said that to all intents and purposes he is himself a Japanese.

—*The Bookworm*



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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

ALENA SPIER, Plaintiff
vs.
HARRY SPIER, Defendant

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

Harry Spier, Defendant. You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's Wilful Neglect also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which willmore fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 5th day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and one.

WM. A. DEANE, Clerk.

[SEAL] By Joseph Riordan, Deputy Clerk.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

Department No. 2

T. J. CROWLEY, Plaintiff
vs.
MATHEW M. GRENNAN AND AMELIA JANE H. GRENNAN, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in the office of the Clerk of said City and County of San Francisco

CULLINAN AND HICKEY, Attorneys for Plaintiff
567 & 568 Parrott Building, San Francisco, Cal.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

Mathew M. Grennan and Amelia Jane H. Grennan, Defendants. You are hereby directed to appear, and answer the Complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, within ten days after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the Complaint, as arising upon contract, or he will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this twenty-second day of June, A. D. 1901.

WM. A. DEANE, Clerk.

[SEAL] By E. M. Thompson, Deputy Clerk.

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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, August 10, 1901

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OUR OPINION

Increased Cost of Living in Society

When Peter Martin was quizzed by Papa Oelrichs as to the size of the income he could provide for Lily Oelrichs, he very frankly replied, "About two thousand dollars a month." "Why, that will hardly keep her in gowns," was the answer. It was hardly the truth, but it was Papa Oelrichs' way of imparting to the insistent suitor that such an income was not considered big enough to keep his daughter in the style and position to which she had been reared. Ten years ago Papa Oelrichs' idea of the proper income would not have been so high. Fair's certainly was not on the memorable occasion when a hustling young business man made a cool proposition to marry one of his daughters. "Wait till you've a thousand in rents, then maybe we'll discuss—your investments." In New York, a decade ago, a business man of small family could make shift to shine as a very small social light on fifteen thousand dollars a year. Today he couldn't pretend to live in the same set on such an income. In England the cost of living in the smart set has likewise increased greatly but not in such rapid proportion as here. Fifty years ago an income of fifty thousand dollars was accounted sufficient to maintain a good place in society there. Disraeli, who studied the problem, said so on more than one occasion. That estimate has easily doubled since then and a man of position with an income of one hundred thousand dollars a year would hardly be free from money cares if he tried to maintain a luxurious position in the swim. The figures may look large but consider for the moment some of the ordinary demands made on him from a society point of view: he must have a country house, a London house, a shooting box, modish gowns for his wife and daughters, a moor in Scotland, six weeks yachting in the season, when "everybody" is there, besides his "charities and emergencies." All this is when a man has a well defined position in the smart set and has inherited his "houses with proper furnishings." But the man who has just won a big fortune and who is ambitious to rise in society is called upon at once to heavily handicap his income. He must invest a big lump of his capital in town and country houses besides his sporting "togs." Consider alone the cost of yachting today and what it was fifty years ago. James Gordon Bennett recently launched a stream yacht, luxuriously fitted up, that requires a crew of one hundred men. The season's expense of enjoying such a pleasure craft, if the host entertained to any great extent, would be something enormous compared with the cost of like trips in the sixties.

The increase in luxury will not account for this greatly increased cost of living in society. Gambling and vice are inconsiderate factors. The most notable cause lies in the rapid increase in the numbers and fortunes of rich families. The elect of society nowadays endeavors to live on a Cloth of Gold. Each family tries to gild its surroundings with more splendor than its neighbors: to outshine social rivals in entertainments. It is competition among the rich to shine. The newly rich must scramble lively for social position for the doors of society are being rattled almost daily by verdant millionaires demanding admittance. Already we have more millionaires than the whole of Europe. The census shows three thousand eight hundred and twenty-eight millionaires in the United States. Of these, eighty-seven per cent made their own fortunes and it is safe to say that the families of fifty per cent of them are bound to get into society by hook or by crook. Many of them are of the class who loudly boast, "money talks." For instance, till this year Newport always regarded Thursday evening as sacred to Mrs. Astor's dinner party and no one had the temerity to give a counter attraction on that night. Behold, this year several very rich, independent newcomers invaded society's Mecca, and finding that Thursday evening was "the most open date" they calmly set their entertainments for that evening, thereby ignoring tradition and custom and rushing in where less wealthy parvenus had feared to tread. Such women squander money lavishly on their entertainments in the hope of winning social prestige. Besides the late lamented Pierre Lorillard, the "Prince of Good Fellows," there are shoals of wealthy men nowadays, who believe it is the rich man's duty to spend money to increase the pleasures of society. The pace is being set by men hard and fast on the trail of Mr. Kimberly of South Africa who, with his fortune of five hundred million dollars, ambles along at the head of the procession.

Expense of Foreign Converts

Some interesting facts and figures have just been published in London with reference to the annual outlay for foreign missionary labor, in contrast with the results achieved and the discrepancy ought to make the alms-giver grieve. The four principal societies of

England, the Episcopalian, Baptist, Wesleyan and Presbyterian, dispense, in round numbers, some $4,500,000 annually, of which about ten per cent goes towards the payments of rents, salaries and other office expenses before the real work on hand is entered upon. Some of the foreign secretaries are paid salaries of four thousand dollars a year, with additional allowances for house rent, taxes, rates, maintenance of children, etc. In such cases, the inference to be drawn from the statistics is that to be a member of a foreign mission board is to have a large cut at a good thing. To offset this, the figures show that there are in India today less than thirty-six thousand nominal Christians, for whose benefit there are employed some thirty-five hundred agents. Most of these converts are knownas "rice Christians," or "food converts," who are willing to be enrolled as members of a mission church for the sake of the material benefits. The additions to their numbers, except in times of scarcity or famine, are the infant children born in the small community, so that, according to the statistician who has prepared the report, it costs five hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars and the labor of two missionary agents to gain an average of one baby convert a year. In China the missionaries betake themselves beyond treaty limits, to the point where they call on their countries for gunboats. Much stress is laid by them on the large distribution of Bibles amongst the seemingly appreciative converts. According to the statistician, the explanation lies in the simple fact that whole districts depend on this free raw material in book form to supply them the wherewithal for the manufacture of boot soles, fire crackers and papier mache articles. In Africa, the native Christians are generally conceded to be besotted and degraded beyond their heathen contemporaries. Meanwhile, not only in London but in all other portions of the civilized globe from which contributions pour in for the support of foreign missions, there are thousands of neglected children and impoverished adults who are in dire need of instruction and assistance. Cannot the millions that are sent abroad every year be more profitably employed in Home Missionary work.

Ants to the Help of the Anthony Amazons

Followers of Susan B. Anthony and Anna Shaw will be delighted to learn that their Amazon brigade is having considerable fun by driving myriads of ants, bees, wasps and other insectivora over, under and through that old-time dictum, "woman was made to be ruled and strictly ruled." In their bubbling joy they declare that Coventry Patmore and his Old Guard of Worried Fossils have got to scramble from out the deluge of insect life or be buried. They jubilantly bang the books of the best "insest life" authorities on the table of debate and with ready fingers indicate the pages on which it is emphatically denied by facts that "Woman must be ruled:" from the same pages they show that so far from being in accordance with any natural law attached to sex, this dictum must be taken in its very opposite sense in Nature's economy in all other social communities. Ants, bees and wasps are urged to the front in this affray because they are the social communities which are known to have existed and to have maintained their existence for countless ages. Some of their remains have been found in far off geological periods, long before any traces of man were discovered. Through all these ages, which are counted by geologists in millions, down to our own times, their system of government and administration has been uninterruptedly maintained. "Female sovereignty" prevails in these communities, so "female sovereignty" is the oldest in the world. The Amazons quote no less an authority than Sir J. Lubbock, now Lord Avebury, to show that "when we consider the habits of the ants, their social organization, their roadways, their possession of domestic animals, and even in some cases of slaves, it must be admitted that they have a fair claim to rank next to man in the scale of intelligence." Lord Avebury believed that the ant is mentally nearer to man than the ape. The same, in most aspects, may be said of wasps and bees. What follows? Why all these communities have that one common, remarkable, and delightful characteristic: they live under "female sovereignty." Not only so, but the "magistrates," the "merchants," the "officers," the "soldiers" and even the "police" are "ladies." The gentlemen in these communities are held in very small account. This arises solely from the characteristics inherent in the gentlemen, and not on the part of the ladies to make sex alone a disqualification for apportioning them any part in the regulation of the affairs of the community. In all the offices, the labors and the affections the "gentlemen" are merely idle loafers running about, occupying space and struggling to eat the best in sight. So it may be readily seen that in this social community of Nature, the ruling of Coventry Patmore's ideal as to sex is reversed. That is why these Amazons of advanced thought are considering the idea of emblazoning on their battle flag the saying of Solomon: "Go to the ant, thou sluggard: consider his ways and be wise." What answer shall we hear from the framers of those distrustful statutes that count a woman as a dangerous being who must be bound in the meshes of the law. And still the good fight goes on.

Stuffing the School Census Returns

A writer in the July *Century*, speaking in commendation of the intention of the Chamber of Commerce of Stockton to take a general annual census in connection with the yearly school census, says: "As the apportionment of State school money to the district is partly based on the number of census children, the school census reports are very complete and accurate."

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So they ought to be, but it is only within the last year or two that there has not been some scandal in connection with the city census, either through stuffing the rolls or through slighting the work, while as to the out of town districts, there are some very curious manipulations. The appropriation for school purposes is small at best, and when a community is on the verge of "losing the district" because it falls short, by one or two, of the number of children of school age which will entitle it to the maintenance of a school, it is pretty safe to say that the evil of a false census return is easily balanced against the greater evil of no school, or the necessity of sending children several miles from home. Similarly when one or two additional names will add one-half to the appropriation and enable a district to stretch the term from six months to eight or nine, there is apt to be a way found to do it. Some years ago an obscure community in the upper end of Napa county, that could not by any possibility have rounded up more than twelve or fifteen pupils, and yet, when the census report was printed in the county papers it was credited with sixty. The natural conclusion was that the intelligent compositor had somehow slipped a figure and no special attention was given to the matter. Later on some other irregularity in the same section developed the fact that teacher, trustees and census marshal had fixed things to suit themselves. Not only were all the children in the district enrolled, but those in the neighboring districts as well. Childless couples were outfitted with a numerous progeny. In some cases whole families were invented. As the place was generally described as being accessible only by wretched and lonesome roads, there was little chance of an investigation. If we are to have our population estimated on the strength of the school census, the returns of some county districts may rival the figures from the lower wards of our city.

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Motto of Andrew Carnegie who gave away $87,000,000.

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The Saunterer

Comedy of the Multi-Millionaire and the Maiden

The daily papers have spilled not a little ink trying to discover a reason for the abrupt ending of the romance of pretty Dorothy Heyneman and Harry Stephens. Mr. Stephens was one of the members of Governor Nash's party on the recent visit of President McKinley. He was wined and dined by the smart set and cut a prominent figure socially. Why shouldn't he? His private palace car, luxuriously fitted up, was attached to the train of the presidential party. He had a number of delightful fellows, all very gentlemanly and with plenty of money, as his special guests and altogether it looked as if Harry Stephens was one of the best social stars that had crossed our firmament in many moons. When his engagement to pretty Dorothy Heyneman was announced society was charmed. When the engagement was broken, society was amazed; all sorts of efforts were made to ascertain the cause. "I'm really too young to know my own mind," Miss Dolly explained coyly, when questioned by the inquisitive society reporters. "She's a young thing and cannot leave her mother," sang mamma Heyneman. So Mrs. Grundy decided that the Heynemans could not get acclimated to the idea of their daughter marrying a Christian, however distinguished he might be. Mrs. Grundy is on the wrong scent. The Heynemans have not an orthodox aversion for intermarriages, and several members of their family have married out of the faith. In fact it was while visiting a couisin in Cincinnati, who is married to a Gentile, that Miss Heyneman first met Mr. Stephens.

Why the "Great Catch" was "Let Go"

The truth of the matter is that it was a question of money. Papa Heyneman has more money than he knows what to do with, but he evidently does not intend gilding a son-in-law with any of it. At first the Heynemans, like all the smart set here, believed that Mr. Harry Stephens was THE RICH Mr. Stephens who really owned the splendid private palace car in which he traveled so luxuriously. So when he offered his hand and heart to pretty Dorothy Heyneman, the doting parents thought that the material advantages more than balanced the difference in religious faith. Mr. Stephens presented his bride-to-be with a miniature of himself, surrounded by pearls. Then, in all his palace car glory, he steamed back to Cincinnati to make arrangements for the wedding.

The Awful Discovery

Almost with his departure the Heynemans made an awful discovery. One of their relatives excitedly telegraphed from the East that they had made a terrible mistake: that the man who came out here was only a plain, ordinary cousin of the real Mr. Stephens, the true Mr. Stephens, THE RICH Mr. Stephens: that the latter had become indisposed at the last moment and had asked his poorer cousin to take his place in the presidential party and help entertain the invited guests: hence the confusion in the identity of the two cousins.

Mr. Stephens Innocent of Any Mistake

Mr. Harry Stephens is a rising young business man, with the best social position but as for money, it wouldn't add a drop in the Heyneman barrels.

Engraved Wedding Announcements and Invitations

ROBERTSON, 126 Post Street San Francisco

Mr. Stephens was in nowise to blame for their mistake; he did not masquerade as a multi-millionaire. He never dreamed for a moment that he was being accepted as his wealthy cousin. Had he suspected the truth he would have instantly explained the error with all the manhood that graces his character. But when his fiancee's family heard that he was only related to great wealth they—well, they changed their minds about the marriage. "Dolly was really too young to marry just then," still explain the ambitious parents.

Infected With the Hope-Strong Microbe

One of our leading hotels ought to piously quarantine itself till purified of the insidious Hope-Strong infection. Whether that gay couple left a lot of lively amorous inclined microbes in their wake or whether the atmosphere of the place proves too inviting to such susceptible natures since the Poetess of Passion abided there while Venus passed overhead is a matter uncertain, but certain it is that two scrupulously conventional couples have been ordered from the place by the management since the Hope-Strong affair. Like the Lady and the Captain, too, each of these kindly disposed couples was careful to register under a separate room. The third slip in this chain of coincidences happened less than a week ago when a well known theatrical manager and an equally prominent actress received scant notice that they must vacate their rooms immediately. An explanation was so unnecessary that the professional people did not even ask for it, and stayed not on their going. He was supposed to be domiciled on the fourth floor while her apartments were on the third. Gossip has occasionally connected the names of this couple but it remained for the hotel management to nail such a wicked rumor in—well, in its coffin.

She Upset the Church Choir

Edna Groves, whom Roma mentioned last week in her letter as being now the wife of a London physician, was once the cause of a lively upheaval in a San Francisco church choir. At the time Dr. Ryan was not in evidence, for the handsome soprano had not yet taken the trip abroad that made them acquainted. Dr. Nicholas was the man that caused the dissolution of harmony in the choir. The episode happened at the First Presbyterian church in Van Ness Avenue. Rev. Dr. Mackenzie's assistant was the Rev. Dr. Nicholas, who usually preached the evening sermon. Miss Groves was the soprano of the choir, and the pastor's assistant became deeply enamoured with her large, blonde beauty. He forgot that she was a Catholic and he a blue Presbyterian. He also overlooked the physical fact that she was very tall and plump while he was very short and thin. He forgot everything but that he loved her. When it turned out that Miss Groves loved him in return, and that she was willing to change her religion and become a Presbyterian for her Nicholas' sake her parents protested. And the choir! When the impulsive choir heard of it, they put forth vehement objections for which really there was no reason as they were out of the game anyhow.

Bohemian Cafe, 711 Market street, serves the purest liquors and the daintiest lunch in the city.

Then the papers got hold of the story and somebody rooted up the item that Dr. Nicholas was a recently divorced man. Everybody talked, talked, talked to such an extent that Dr. Nicholas left the church and shortly afterward Miss Groves had a farewell concert and went East. This all occurred seven years ago, and the fair soprano is now Mrs. Ryan of Portman Mansions, London.

Escaping from Her Melancholia

Florence Breckenridge and her mother, Mrs. Sharon, are on their way home. Despite the recent deaths in her family, Florence is in better spirits than when she left for Europe. Although the fact was realized only by her very intimate friends, Florence was suffering from an attack of extreme melancholia. She had an aggravated case of the "blues" that frightened the family into insisting on the European trip. The suicide of her brother, Lloyd Tevis Breckenridge, while in a depressed mood, has convinced them of the wisdom of their course. While deeply grieved over the sudden death of her uncle and brother, Florence is now far more normally cheerful than when she left here. Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, her grandmother, is impatiently awaiting the arrival of this young girl who has cheered her old age so much.

Society at the Springs

A brace of country merchants, two widows and a gent,
Several shady looking "bankers" who talk of twelve per cent.
Three fluffy headed chits that the drummer calls "his quail,"
A doctor with the poison oak: a lawyer out on bail;
A wealthy leather merchant with a three weeks' royal jag;
A haughty looking "madame" that my waiter knows as Mag.
A dapper little bank clerk who is under investigation;
The tall, svelte divorcee who caused "the last sensation;"
Three clerks, a bunch of "knockers" and "a lot of spiteful things";
And that makes up our Society as I find it at the Springs.

Married a Rich Miner on His Death Bed

My Seattle correspondent writes that the wife of Captain Harris, formerly of the United States army and at one time adjutant of the Presidio, is quite seriously ill at the Providence hospital there. Captain and Mrs. Harris recently returned from the Philippines via San Francisco, where the captain resigned his commission in order to be able to accompany his wife to the States where she was ordered by her physicians. It is rumored here that an anticipated visit of the stork hastened the return. The Harris' were accompanied on the trip by Mrs. Truax, mother of Mrs Harris.

THE STANDARD FOR CHAMPAGNE QUALITY IS

POMMERY & GRENO

THE WORLD OVER.

The letter continues with the following lively particulars regarding the lucky stroke whereby Elenor Truax acquired a fortune and became the bride of Captain Harris:

Miss Harris was formerly a Washington girl, her parents having lived for many years at Walla Walla and afterwards at Spokane. Truax pere, some years before his death, was prominent in the organization and construction of the Union Pacific railroad. After his death financial reverses overtook the family and Mrs. Truax moved to Spokane where she kept a rooming house. Miss Elenor, the present Mrs. Harris, taught school to help in the family support. Despite their financial reverses both mother and daughter moved in the best social set of the Falls city.

Wooed Her with His Bank Account

It was during her residence in Spokane that Miss Truax proved her genius for social conquest. Harris was a lieutenant in the Fourth Cavalry stationed at Walla Walla when she met him. At that time she was simply a poor teacher and made no great impression on him. But a lucky event changed all this and infatuated Charles O'Neil, a rough miner, but dead broke at the time. O'Neil knew his suit was hopeless but he determined to win the girl if money would move her. So he went into the Coeur d'Alene mountains and in course of time he struck his bononza, a rich gold mine. In a year, he found himself a magnate, with a banking credit of three quarters of a million dollars. With this fortune to back him he was ready to press his suit for the hand of Miss Truax. But Fate cut short his hopes. He was taken down suddenly with quick consumption in a few weeks and brought to his death bed. Being told by the doctors that he had only a few days to live he sent hastily for Miss Truax and begged her to humor the wish of a dying man and consent to become his wife. Miss Truax, after assuring herself that her suitor's condition was as represented, consented to the proposal, the ceremony was performed,and the bridegroom duly died leaving his bride of less than a week heir to his entire fortune of seven hundred thousand dollars.

Lighted the Way for the Army Set

During this time Lieutenant Harris was in England acting as military attache at the Court of St. James. At the outbreak of the war he applied for active service, was ordered home, and his regiment having already proceeded to Manila, he was assigned to duty as recruiting officer at Portland. It was while stationed there that he renewed his suit for the hand of the now wealthy Mrs. O'Neil and pressed it to a successful conclusion. In June, 1898, he was ordered to the Presidio, San Francisco, where he served several months as adjutant, devoting his spare hours to tennis and polo of which he is extremely fond. Early in the following year he was sent to Manila. A few months later, Mrs. O'Neil, accompanied by her mother,also sailed for Manila. Soon after her arrival the two were married. For several months their home on the island was one of the brilliant centres of the army social set.

Mrs. Harris has a sister who is married to D. B. Crocker of Walla Walla, the business and political manager of Hon. Levy Ankeny, the millionaire banker and perpetual candidate for United States Senator from this State. It is through Mr. Crocker that she has invested all her money in first mortgages on Walla Walla wheat lands which yield her an average of eight per cent interest.

"Bohemian Jenks never worries over the money he owes."

"No, but you ought to see him writhe in anxiety over the money that is owed him."

Tried to "Freeze" Mrs. Crocker

Rumor has it that Mrs. George Crocker may make a flying visit to Del Monte. Mrs. Crocker is a never-say-die strategist and with Mrs. Alexander out here she may possibly again measure mettle with local society. When Mrs. George came out here last summer, it was with the avowed intention of compelling recognition. She had received the "seal" from the "big four" of the New York smart set but she evidently wanted a home label. Aside from her own connections just two women at Del Monte spoke to Mrs. Crocker. I have this from a matron who kept tab on the affair. She got the marble heart, plural number, feminine gender, and at a temperature that would freeze any other woman's ambition. But Mrs. Crocker is made of sterner stuff, so if not this season, she will undoubtedly attempt it again. Even the Rutherford girls are received in New York with an unadulterated cordiality that is not shed on them out here. Lily Oelrichs and Miss Rutherford are very good friends and were among the exclusives at the recent Newport dinner given to the daughter of Hamilton Fish

A Good Spring Tonic—Wm. Williams & Sons V. V. O. Scotch Whisky

She Talked of Her "Petie"

Peter Martin, by the way, was not among those present at this dinner, but Miss Oelrichs took occasion to punctuate her remarks with references to "Petie." Mrs. Eleanor Martin, herself, does not know definitely when the wedding is to take place and is waiting advices before packing her trunks. Newport will get a "now you see her, and now you don't" glimpse of Lily Oelrichs' mother-in-law, for Mrs. Martin has no intention of braving Eastern weather and Newport critics any longer than she is actually obliged to.

Caught over the Crossed Wires

Republican Bosses to the Editors—You—— ——dang——??—hang! libelrrr-rr-rr!! * * * blackma-rr-r ? ? ? four spot ! ! ! * * * yap-ssssiss-zif!! liar-bzzz?!! bah !!

Republican Editors to Bosses—We —— —— blankety blank rr!!! railrrr-rr-bzz-um-zif ? ? ? one cent dam-stiff!! biff! Mex-n-n-thief—beef-um-rr!!! yah!!

We'll know on the evening of the thirteenth inst. which side was really right.

Peccadilloes of a Traveling San Franciscan

Roma writes me the following breezy chat from London, under date of July twenty-third, containing the fruitful escapade of a well known San Franciscan of the jeunesse doree who is loitering there for the usual reason:

There are two well known San Francisco boys in this town who ought to be laid across their dear mothers' laps, and given a jolly good trouncing! I will call them A and B for the sake of their families, but if they don't "take a tumble" soon, I'll next write their family names in full. A and B, went to a restaurant and fell into the acquaintance of a well known woman of dashing style and ways. She has been the reputed chere amie of several prominent men. Before she opened her swell boarding house in a swell street, she was known to the Empire promenaders as Violet V——. She recognized that they were Americans of the wealthy class and before the group parted she invited them to call on her. Wine was opened (a well known Lord with sporting proclivities keeps her cellars well stocked) and the flirtation ended in

WM. WILLIAMS & SONS
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V V O
Scotch Whisky
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A and B moving into the boarding house. This boarding house, by the way, is run on a princely scale with an Italian butler, a French chef and maids galore. The house is gorgeously furnished. The modest Violet inclined to favor A with her attention and he made B remain at the house because he wanted company and the moral support of a lad from his own San Francisco town. Unfortunately for A he possessed an erratically jealous temper; one evening it led him into a stormy scene with the wayward Violet. Glassware was broken in the scuffling, they say that even a pistol shot was fired, anyway the other tenants in the fashionable boarding house were excitedly aroused and for a wild half-hour there was the very deuce to pay. One fair boarder screamed "Police," but as usual the police did not put in an appearance till after the cooler headed people had removed all signs of any disturbance.

Will give Her the Family Diamonds

A now says he is going to marry this Violet. And Violet—oh, she's delighted with the idea of going to San Francisco as his wife, she says her duty will be to accompany him as a loving wife should. How it will end I don't know, but the parents of that young man certainly ought to send a masterful representative over here to look after his welfare, else there surely will be trouble in another San Francisco family.

Whew! but it's hot. The dog days are here and the London season is nearing its end. Those who can afford it and those not needed for any special purpoce in town are leaving for the "continong" or seaside. The Earl of Russell will spend *his* season at Holloway Prison; that need not inconvenience him much, for it's a lovely castle of a place, delightfully cool in summer and His Highness, being a convict of the first division, will be able to have his own bed brought in, his meals served from a first-class restaurant down town, and will probably settle down as clerk to the highest official in the place While he was being tried his house was entered by thieves who helped themselves to a lot of good things.

Troubles of Actresses

Two fool-actresses committed suicide the other day just because one had been out of an engagement for two months! They ought to have been in the musical line for I could have shown them English girls out of a job for nearly two years! And they were not in want either and also had parents living in town! Tom Williams and his beautifully dressed wife were enjoying Edna May's "Girl from Up There" on a night of its last week. They were both looking "fit" (that's English; it means real well.) They will leave for home on the next steamer.

Jim Corbett is here! Everybody knows it. I suppose he'll be going into vaudeville now or else give select sparring matches in the Lady La-La's Drawing Room! His wife is with him.

Do you remember Charles McCarthy who used to have "One of the Bravest" on a life-saving fire apparatus and who once played at the Columbia? Well, he was awarded ten thousand dollars damages on account of the recent theatrical World's Fair scandal in Paris, a little while ago in a defamation of character suit and has now returned to London to start a new comic opera company.

The Mighels sailed for home, today, Philip left behind him a beautifully drawn Carmen picture of yours Truly, all done in burnt poker on calf skin. It is to hang in the lobby of our theatre when our new opera opens in December.

Created a Sensation at the Springs

From near by Paso Robles comes a story that has given nervous prostration to one of the rich leaders in the Jewish set. He was down there, with his two striking daughters, thoroughly enjoying himself. One bright day there entered on their joyous life a handsome young fellow who gave his name as Mr. Samuels. He claimed to be the son of an Eastern rabbi. Having a well-dressed presence, genial ways and apparently plenty of money which he did not hesitate to spend when chances of good entertainment offered, the S——mans cordially accepted his advances. Picnics, drives, excursions and knock-about jaunts followed in daily succession and everybody was having a lovely time. So good was the understanding, in fact, that the guests began to discuss the likely engagement between the genial Mr. Samuels and the taller of the two handsome S——man girls. Not a note was on the horizon so darken the joyous prospect.

Blanketed His Coaching Party

One day Mr. Samuels got up a gay coaching party and took his guests on a long day's drive. Luncheon was carried and they had a happy time. It was chilly coming home and the S——man girls, in their light wraps, complained of feeling cold. This was too much for the attentive Mr Samuels who usually was most careful to anticipate their slightest wish. He told them to make the best of it for a moment and at the next little village he would borrow blankets for the rest of the way home. As an assurance he had the horses whipped up. It was dark when they drove through the principal street of the town, but he stopped the coach at a convenient spot and disappeared up a side street. Presently he returned with a couple of warm woolen blankets. The S——man girls were snugly wrapped in them and the drive was continued home.

Merry Wags Spring a Joke

Next day when Mr. Samuels met the girls on the veranda he asked for the blankets, saying that he would return them himself. Accordingly the blankets were turned over to him. After he had driven away, several envious wags in the merry group fell to discussing the reason why Samuels returned the blankets himself. "If he's so rich," suggested one, "why didn't he send them back by a messenger?" "Yes," chimed in another, "and why did he turn such a cold shoulder on the suggestion that anyone should go along with him?" "I wonder if there's any mystery about those blankets?" murmured another. "I wonder," echoed several. "We can easily settle the mystery," said the first speaker, "I know the constable in the town where Samuels borrowed the blankets. I'll telegraph him to watch for Samuels and report what he does." Nobody protested. Most of them regarded it as a simple country resort joke and didn't dream that anything serious could result. So the telegram was sent.

The Horrible Truth Comes Out

What happened? Whew! Samuels was duly followed by the constable and discovered returning the blankets to a quiet maison de joie. But more, the

Why experiment with other brands when you can get Jesse Moore Whiskey at all times and places?

O. W. NORDWELL
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constable recognized him, and thinking some serious offense was behind the telegram didn't hesitate to arrest him. Then, of course, there was the very dickens to pay and everything came out. It developed that the pseudo son of a rabbi was nothing more nor less than a scrub waiter in a second-class hotel near by: that he had made a lucky clean-up in poker and had decided to blow in all his winnings on a gorgeously royal month doing society at the springs. And he did. The S——mans were simply paralyzed with the report, for the genial Mr. Samuels had shed most of his poker effulgence on them and his name had been most closely coupled with theirs at the resort. But papa S——man gripped hard on his falling senses and acted promptly. His daughters were at once despatched home. The constable was seen and Samuels was lost somewhere on the trackless countryside. He left a bill of something like two hundred and twelve dollars at the hotel, with sundry other debits about town for teams, supplies and furnishings for entertainment. Papa S——man paid for them all without a murmur, hoping thereby that the whole matter would be hushed up.

Why the World Goes 'Round

Some one on the hotel veranda started the trouble by philosophically remarking: "Love's what makes the world go 'round." Then from all sides it rained:

"Waist's what makes the arm go round."
"Booze's what makes the head go round."
"Economy's what makes the grub go round."
"Nuts what makes the wheels go round."
"Mother's what makes the pie go round."
"God's what makes the plate go round."
Then the church bell cut it short.

Mrs. Alleen Meyer, a sister of Mrs. Sig Stern, is out here from New York on a family visit.

John D.'s Experience in the Strike

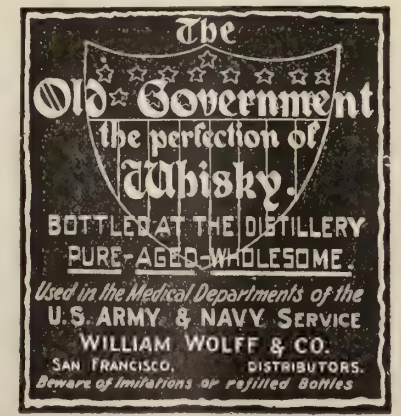
John D. Spreckels had a very unusual experience in the present strike the other day. His interests are so extensive and varied that if any labor troubles are going on in this territory the chances are that he will in some way be connected with them. He takes such a deep, personal interest in the details of all his holdings that at the sound of the word "strike" he is usually on hand, to learn what it is all about and to see that any hindered work is pushed ahead with all the celerity possible under the circumstances. That is why John D., as he is referred to by his employees, usually has some very unusual experience during any strike troubles. For instance, during the stereotypers' strike on the daily papers, John D. stripped himself to his undershirt and went down into the hot, close atmosphere of the stereotyping room of the *Call*. There he worked among the casting boxes, metal pots and rollers with a joblot of impressed clerks, errand boys and scabs, who were struggling to turn out the plates for the presses. Outsiders who saw the millionaire proprietor wrestling with refractory metal and profusely sweating over his work, grinned at him and joshed him, but John D. never minded them in the least. He stuck to his task, strove to learn all he could about the details of the department and tried his level best to turn out the very best plates he could. He stuck to it, too, when he badly burned himself with a red-hot plate just taken from the casting box.

Wasn't a Millionaire "Scab"

The other day found him stripped for "strike work," as usual, and down on the dock bossing the scab longshoreman, who were struggling to load his steamer *Sierra*. He succeeded all right and got her off on schedule time, but along about the close of his work he went over to one side of the vessel to see how things had progressed there. A tug containing a picket guard of union men was stationed just off the steamer to spot the scabs and try and drag them into the union ranks. The picket men recognized John D., and as soon as he turned to cross the deck several voices from among them shouted derisively, "Scab!" John D. wheeled instantly and looked them straight in the eyes. "I'm no scab," he said, quietly. "This steamer on which I stand is my steamer; that tug on which you are standing is my tug. I'm working on my own property, and I'm working for myself, and, by hades, no man shall stop me." Then he turned to his work. Nobody said a word.

Gave Millions to His Sons

A fortnight ago, a train, notable for the wealthy Californians it carried, left the Oakland mole. Most prominent among the millionaire lot were Claus Spreckels, his wife and several relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Hobart, Mr. and Mrs. James L. Flood, James B. Stetson, his millionaire wife and stepdaughter, and Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Bothin. I am not responsible for the following statement; it comes to me from several unimpeachable sources and that is, that in the course of a general conversation on this trip, Claus Spreckels casually remarked to a small group of intimates that he had given his sons John D. and Adolph thirteen million dollars apiece. Adolph is single and is abroad now for his health. John D. has two daughters who made their debut last season, and two sons; the elder is a manly young fellow just attaining his majority.



Byron Mauzy Pianos Warranted Ten Years

Sohmer Piano Agency 308-312 Post St., San Francisco

Walter Martin's First Post-Nuptial Lecture

Walter S. Martin and his bonny bride are back from their honeymoon. The other night they attended Zinkand's after the theatre, and mother-in-law Mrs. Eleanor Martin was along. Mayor Phelan, also, was of the party. Following the custom of the resort, Mr. and Mrs. Martin called for beer. Mrs Eleanor Martin grimly ordered coffee. Then, as she slowly sipped it, she entered into a highly maternal lecture upon the evils of beer drinking. She did not think it right that her two youthful shining lights should set such an evil example to their social inferiors as to quaff plebeian beer in public. The most amusing part of the affair was that Mayor Phelan himself, one of the town's most temperate men, came in for a share of the roast.

Little Jennie Society (sobbing): Oh, mamma, mamma dear, please change my name?

Mamma: Why, dearest?

Little Jennie: Oh, because nurse says the hand of fate is against all Jennies, and when I grow up, I can't be ma-a-arried.

Society Girls Turn Nurses

The swim in Napa county was stirred this week by the news that two of the most aristocratic girls of that section had decided to shake off society's shackles and become trained nurses. The young women who have set the tabbies' tongues a-wagging are Bernice and Gertrude Thompson, cousins of Horace Blanchard Chase of "Stag's Leap." Their resolution is supposed to be due to a case of intensified ennui. The social life bored them and they decided that they must do something to ward off mental paralysis. Bernice studied art once upon a time at the Hopkins Institute but even drawing from the model palled upon her after the novelty wore off. Fired by the examples of May Hoffman, Laura McKinstry and Bettie Ashe, the Thompson girls made up their minds to become professional nurses. Next week they will enter the Lane hospital to begin a course of nursing.

Famous Short Despatches

They were discussing Dewey's despatch and the sayings of the "several commanders" at Santiago, at the club the other evening, when the discussion swung around to the most laconic despatch on record. announcing victory. Caesar's famous "Veni,vidi,vici," was swiftly routed from the carpet by the following: Sir Harry Johnston, the African explorer, recently reported his conquest of a notorious African slaver to Lord Salisbury, as follows: "Defeated, captured, hanged Tmose." Lord Napier announced the conquest of Scinde very curtly with "Peccavi," and Lord Admiral Effingham announced the defeat of the Spanish Armada with "Catharides" (the Spanish fly.)

Born With Golden Spoons

The homes of two of the Voorman sisters have lately been favored by the stork. Mr. and Mrs. Heber Tilden are joyous over the advent of a little daughter, while the gift to the Willis' was twins. Both the young mothers are very happy, and as for the fathers, they're all smiles. Heber Tilden feels that the glories of his new automobile pale beside this latest possession. These baby cousins come into the world highly blessed by the Goddess Fortune.

There is only one reason why you shouldn't drink Jesse Moore "AA" Whiskey—That's because you have signed the pledge.

True to His First Love

Within a few months Miss Maggie Evans will become the bride of Clarence Schmitt. This fact has already caused considerable discussion, chiefly *con*, in the family of the expectant bridegroom. But Clarence is a youth of more than average determination, which he has shown in more ways than one. He is not on speaking terms, I have heard, with his father, Joseph Schmitt, the stockbroker, and he refuses to lift his hat when he meets any of his paternal relatives in the street. This ill-feeling is not by any means entirely due to young Schmitt's choice of a bride. It has partly a religious foundation. Clarence's father went outside his faith when he married Anna Kain, and this marriage was not pleasing to either the Kain or Schmitt connection. When Mrs. Joseph Schmitt died, her son kept to his mother's way of thinking. He inclined to the notions of the young doctor hero of Miss Wolf's "Heirs of Yesterday." When he fell in love, it was with a Christian girl. His constancy, however, shows his Hebrew origin for it is as that of Jacob and has extended over seven years. He was a boy of fourteen when he declared his love; he will not be twenty-one for a few months yet. When his majority is attained, he can marry without fear of opposition, for he will then be master of something like two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. This fortune he inherits from his mother's sister and his maternal grandmother. His father has nothing whatever to do with it.

Her Grandfather was a "Squatter"

Miss Margaret, otherwise "Maggie" Evans, is not a prize to be lightly passed. She will also have heaps of money of her own. Her grandfather, now dead, was the Evans who squatted on a large tract of land in the vicinity of Cow Hollow, in early pioneer days, and who accumulated riches thereby when real estate values began to climb. There is a whole Evans colony in the block of Van Ness avenue bounded by Vallejo and Green streets: the original trunk from which these branches spring was Squatter Evans. His widow still lives. She is old but has not lost the mind that enables her to hold on to her real estate.

DEWAR'S
SCOTCH WHISKY
HIGH BALL

Small piece of ice in glass, pour whisky over ice and fill glass with syphon or plain water

A Cooling and Delightful Drink

Maggie Evans is a tall, dashing brunette of superb physique, and is a stunning dresser. Clarence Schmitt is not the only youth who has found himself a slave to her charms. There was a time when Pedar Bruguiere used to hang over the Evans' front gate but Clarence Schmitt cut him out. Miss Evans is said to be a bright girl, clever and well-mannered. Her father is a carpenter. She has good connections, being a cousin of the Voormans, though she does not move in the same set.

Attracted by Great Beauty

There are many Schmitts, and they have all proved their susceptibility to beauty. Maurice, Joseph Schmitt's brother, married a great belle in Jewish circles, Miss Lewis, sister of another famous beauty, "Dolly" Lewis. The Schmitts have a daughter who promises in the fulness of time to become as handsome as her mother. Maurice Schmitt's penchant for beauty used sometimes to lure him "over the border" in the days long gone by. The Schmitt residence at the corner of Gough and Sutter streets was lately pulled down, to make room for a new architectural pile. There is a rumor that Joseph Schmitt has an idea of taking unto himself a second wife, but I cannot vouch for its truth. The lady with whom his name is connected resides in Van Ness avenue.

Clasped Hands Over the Coffin

The coffin of Ed Sheldon bridged the chasm that long yawned between Ned Greenway and Mrs Monroe Salisbury. The two leaders in their rivalry for Society's dictatorship long ago became estranged; for years they did not speak. But at Ed Sheldon's funeral they met and in a mutual flood of sorrow clasped hands over the casket.

His Heart's Romance

The one romance that affected Ed. Sheldon all his life long occurred some thirty years ago, according to a friend who knew him intimately at the time. She was an Ogden, of a family of high social position and culture, one of two sisters famous for their beauty and charming manners. Her oval face was crowned with luxuriant black hair and her coloring was perfect. What it was that separated them, Sheldon would never tell his friend but the latter inclines to think that the trouble started at a german given at the handsome residence of Louis McLean, then in Bryant street. Mr. Sheldon was to lead the german that night. Just before the music began he hurried to his friend, just the bit of a worried expression on his handsome face, and said: "Old man, I know you've no engagement for this dance. Won't you do me a very great favor and dance it with Miss Ogden?" The friend complied. Some time afterwards Miss Ogden married, but not as Ed. Sheldon had always fondly hoped.

She Refuses to be Comforted

Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels has returned to town a very sick woman. Her season in the country has in nowise produced the improvement her anxious relatives and friends had hoped. It is the old, old, complaint she grieves incessantly over the loss of her little son. Nothing that her resourceful family can say or do seems to distract her mind from this one heart-devouring affliction. She has another boy, a handsome little fellow, and every effort has been made to centre her affections and hopes on him but so far without success. Like Niobe, all in tears, the sorrowful mother refuses to be comforted: she cannot see why the child of her heart was taken from her. It is is a great pity no one has influence enough over the grief-stricken woman to reconcile her to this irretrievable loss.

Lively Work for the Stork

The stork, whose particular province it is to look after the territory in which Blingum is situated is sadly rattled, and I don't wonder. In all the history of that delightful cluster of country homes there never were such numerous and insistent calls for his visits as there is this fall. And right in the midst of all the promises on his part comes the strike with never an express, a coach or a dilapidated dray in sight to help him out. But he is an ingenious and an indomitable old bird and I feel confident he will be sure to carry out every order down on the books and not go off like Poe's raven and perch above the chamber door with his doleful croak of "nevermore."

Knocked out One Strike

"Strike for your country and your sires!
Strike, till the last armed foe expires!
Strike ——"

Just then the new policeman on the beat entered the school room and cut short the recitation with the announcement that Chief of Police Sullivan had issued peremptory orders that no more strike meetings should be held without giving him notice

Lady Grooms are Coming

The difficulty of securing good domestic servants has long been the bane of household life in England. This condition is responsible for creating a demand for lady servants. This phase of affairs has now reached a climax as is evidenced in the following advertisement in a copy of the *Morning Post* just at hand:

> WANTED—A lady to groom and take care of small pony and to assist in the housework of a small house in the country. The cook is a lady and no servants are kept. Only gentlewomen need write.

Lady cooks and lady scullery maids are now quite common and apparently lady grooms and lady coachmen are likely to become equally so.

The service at Westerfeld's, 1035 Market street, is perfect and adds much to the pleasure of a meal.



JESSE MOORE
A A
WHISKEY

BEST ON EARTH

Does August Bowie Know, You Know?

What can the irreproachable August St. John Bowie have done to furnish the tea-tabbies with the most salacious bit of gossip that has garnished their feasts for a year past? Those who reside near Monterey seem to know most about it. Staunch admirers, who have always regarded him as the pink of propriety, still cling to the hope that he will be able to explain matters. To this the irreverent flippantly exclaim, "Ni"—or rather, "Never." But August St. John is noted for his discretion and his discernment. Doubtless he will soon set the minds of the anxious tea-tabbies at rest—with a requi-e S-C-A-T!

Recent Changes in the Swim

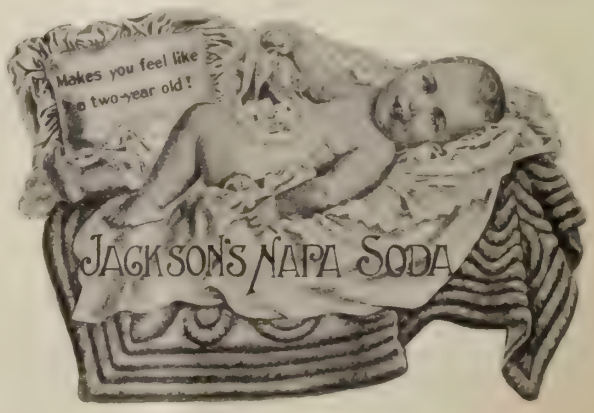
The whirligig of time has caused some big changes to be made in the personnel of the smart set. Those who were a few years ago catalogued as "good people," with solid names and bank accounts but no social ambitions, are now, through the aspiring desires of their sons and daughters, introducing themselves into the swim. It was Burbank Somers, I am told, who was the prime factor in causing his parents to move from their Mission homestead and buy the R. T. Carroll lot in Van Ness avenue, on which is now being erected a modern dwelling of handsome architecture. F. Tillman, Jr., will convert the interior of the Goad home, which he recently bought, into a jeune siecle thing of beauty. The new owner of the L. L. Baker residence is actively rehabilitating the old place. The W. J. Duttons, who love simple pleasures, are, for the sake of their daughter, mingling more than ever in the gay whirl. And now the Lallys are going to swell the list of entertainers in the swim this season. A few years ago, not to know the Lallys, in Alameda, would be to acknowledge oneself not in it at all. Mrs. Lally was a leader in society there, as she was in Oakland when the family moved across the estuary. At last the claims of a growing daughter began to urge her parents to a still greater change of residence, and they decided to move on this side of the bay. They have just bought the new Jim Flood residence. Mrs. Lally is a charming woman and dresses with absolutely perfect taste. Mila, the daughter, is of the Titian type—rather unfledged as yet, but in a year or so she will be a real beauty.

She Played With the Hearts of Princes

My Paris correspondent writes me the following lively particulars regarding the Duchess Helene of Russia, bride of Prince Louis Napoleon, whom the newspapers have scheduled to overthrow the French Republic and instal himself as emperor on September sixteenth next: For years this Helene has been the spoiled darling of the Muscovite court. Her mother, the Duchess Vladimir, is known as the gayest woman in Russian society. It was her distinction to introduce roulette as a favorite form of entertainment in the palaces of St. Petersburg. Hence, she is not in favor with the Czarina. Even since her daughter, the Duchess Helene, reached the marriageable age she has been considered one of the two most eligible matches in Europe, Princess Victoria of England being the other. Of the two Helene is far the more beautiful, interesting and wealthy. She is the daughter of the Grand Duke Vladimir, eldest of the uncles of the Czar. As matters now stand he is second in succession to the throne. With this pedigree and position the Princess has been sought by innumerable suitors from the ranks of European royalty, and Prince Louis is considered to have made as great a conquest in winning her heart as in capturing a throne. Among the royal personages whose hearts she has played ducks and drakes with are Prince Maximilian of Bavaria, the Grand Duke Michael, her own first cousin and a brother of the Czar, Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein and cousin of the King of England. Gossip says she made a strenuous effort to complete an alliance with the Grand Duke Michael, as he is next in line to the throne, and once his wife she would have a chance of becoming Czarina some day. But the laws of Russia very strictly prohibit the marriages of first cousins, and the Czar to settle the matter definitely banished the Grand Duke till he had recovered sufficiently from his passion.

Mrs. Fair-Vanderbilt's Indiscreet Remark

The reason why Mrs. Virginia Fair Vanderbilt didn't cut any figure in London society on her recent trip abroad has been just brought home with a trunk full of good things, by a San Rafael belle. When Mrs. Vanderbilt arrived in London, prepared to assault Society's portals, she was advised by those shrewd diplomats who knew the signs on all doors that she had best first pay her respects to Mrs. Ronalds. Wherever she went she was advised that Mrs. Ronalds could do a great deal to help her; that it was absolutely necessary to know Mrs. Ronalds to gain entree to the most exclusive circles; that to receive the stamp of approval of Mrs. Ronalds, who was on terms of intimacy with the Princess Louise and Princess Christian, would gain her the coveted admission wherever, as a visiting American, she chose to go. It was dinned into her ears that Mrs. Ronalds was the head, the front, and the whole thing in the American colony, and that her august position was recognized and respected by the English aristocracy. But, as folks "to hum" know, Mrs. Virginia Fair Vanderbilt has a will and a way of her own. It was cultivated according to her own independent ideas, and it hasn't been pruned in any way since she married into the Vanderbilt family. She turned up her pretty nose scornfully and hinted that the Marlboroughs and the Vanderbilts had just a little bit of social influence left.



☞ Try Kelly's Corn Cure, 25 cents. 102 Eddy Street

Like a true daughter of independent Jimmie Fair, she said, "A bas la Ronalds," or something that meant about the same thing. At any rate the stickling friends of Mrs. Ronalds considered it a very disrespectful thing to say about her. The remark reached Mrs. Ronalds' ears. She didn't say anything in reply; she's noted, among other things, for being extremely discreet as a social leader. But when Mrs. Virginia Fair Vanderbilt, attired in all the Vanderbilt regalia, signified she was ready to be received in English society, oh, Aunt Jemima, what a frosty chill rent the atmosphere! As soon as she recovered she went across the channel where she fancies the view of old England and of English society is much better. She doesn't make any remarks now when Mrs. Ronalds' name is mentioned, but I know if she were a man she'd rise and take off her hat very respectfully.

Miss Jeffreys in Society

Of all the women stopping at the resorts this season Miss Jeffreys at the Hotel Rafael certainly enjoys the most unique position. I often look at her and marvel at her unruffled serenity. She has loads of money and is in a position to royally gratify her most extravagant whim; her robes, gowns and dresses are the envy of her sex; she is unchaperoned, goes everywhere and does as she pleases but always, of course, according to the rules of strictest propriety; she is accorded the unstinted admiration of the men, but—and it is a great big But—there is hardly a woman about the place who will condescend to speak to her. Most of her sex delight to cut her with surpassing disdain, their glances bespeak a loving inclination to do it with something sharper than a pin, but not quite so large as a machete. The men declare she is beautiful, that she is a tasteful dresser and jolly good company. The women say, well, they usually shrug their pretty shoulders and turn up their noses disdainfully when her name is mentioned. The men declare the women are envious, jealous and angry at her success. Best sign for all concerned, not a word has been breathed against her character. "She is an adorable girl," enthusiastically remarked a male voice on the hotel veranda, the other evening. "Perhaps," from out the dark, whispered a female voice, and then, like a knife thrust, "but they say her father is a gambler in Alaska."

And through all this agitated atmosphere calmly and serenely moves Miss Jeffreys, apparently unconscious of the stir she creates. Her attractive face and childlike simplicity of demeanor remain undisturbed. She rides and drives and chats with the men, occasionally with a more than usual independent woman. She enjoys her every-day life there with all the honest zest of her healthy, happy, buoyant nature, and if she's cognizant of the fact that she's not in the swim right up to her neck, she certainly doesn't betray it.

In the Swim at Del Monte

Polo has been the principal amusement this week at Del Monte. The game last Saturday resulted in a victory for the Reds—score five to three. Dinners at the new grill have been all the go since this new feature has been established. Mr. Greenway gave a dinner to a number of his friends Wednesday evening, the table decorations being magnificent. Golf still holds full sway, the links being crowded all the time. A number of exciting matches have been played lately. In an informal tournament, which ended on Tuesday Miss Louise Parrott won the beautiful cup offered by Mrs. Ryer. Miss Parrott put up a splendid game and judging from her play she will make it interesting for all contestants in the coming tournament. There are few changes in the personnel of the guests at the hotel. The Hurley girls still lead as the most stunning dressers, though the Parrotts are regarded as very chic.

Up-to-date Lady Whips

Every afternoon from four to seven the balconies of the club-house are crowded with private tea-parties, while the orchestra discourses popular airs. On Tuesday afternoon the Hurleys gave a tea and on Wednesday Mrs. Worden was hostess at a tea in honor of Mrs. Alexander. On Monday the Downey-Harveys gave an evening at home in their apartments at the hotel, consisting of games, readings and music, and among those present were the Frank Carolans, Athearn Folgers, Mortons, Morgan Hills, the Misses Parrott, Therese Morgan, Chabot and Messrs. Walter Hobart, Greenway, Joe and Clement Tobin Many handsome traps have arrived, and as many as six four-in-hands have been seen in front of the main entrance at the beginning of the afternoon drives. One Burlingame plutocrat is said to have sent down forty horses, consisting of saddlers, polos and drivers from his private stables. Among the lady whips, the most noticeable are the Misses Harvey, who are supposed to do this sort of thing in the most up-to-date manner, as they are both pupils of Howlett of Paris.

What with the trading, colonizing and bluffing going on in some of the Assembly districts it's a wise Republican voter that knows which wing of the party controls his club.



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Yellow Label, Dry *Gold Label, Brut*

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Ives-Scott Engagement Announced

The engagement of Miss Gertrude Scott and Mr. Richard Ivers has just been announced in Honolulu. Miss Scott is a tall and graceful blonde, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Scott. She is a graduate of Berkeley and is admired throughout the islands for her splendid success in outdoor athletics. Mr. Ivers is a popular clubman and is a brother of Mrs. William G. Irwin. Mrs. Irwin returned to Honolulu on the last steamer. He has another sister who lives in Philadelphia, Mrs. Edward Robinson. She is a daughter in-law of Mrs. Richard Irvin, who is a power in the New York swim.

Declares She is Not Engaged

Miss Ethel Keeney, who is at home from Del Monte, absolutely denies the story that is floating around that she is to become a bride. "It must be somebody else," she says. The rumor however had gained almost sufficient ground to stand on when Miss Keeney brought out this flat denial. The man with whose name hers was connected is an aristocratic Englishman who has had a noticeable crush on the engaging Ethel for some time.

San Franciscans in Chicago

My Chicago correspondent writes:

John I. Sabin is catching columns of criticism over the new ideas he has brought from the coast for telephone service. The Chicago telephone service is supposed to be inferior to your own but after reading the "kicks" in your local papers over the doings of "Central" subscribers here are watching Sabin's efforts with suspicion. Ruth White, who left your city several years ago with a Trilby company, is quite a favorite here at the Dearborn where she is filling a summer engagement. Frank Denithorne, for several years with the Alcazar people, has just returned from abroad. He was entertained by Mrs. Carmichael Carr in her quaint London studio. Mrs. Margaret J. Wood will return home to your city shortly and take up residence at the Mentone. Her son, Williard M. Wood has just finished three striking posters that will be exhibited in the big Eastern cities. Vincent de Arrillaga, son of Santiago de Arrillaga, organist of the Spanish church in San Francisco, is making great strides in his studies on the piano at the Conservatory here. A bright future is predicted for him by his teachers. In the crowds on the street during the past week I have observed the faces of the following well known San Franciscans: George D. Dornin, Henry P. Umbsen, Louis D. Wallerstein, W. C. Read, J. Edlin, B. W. Burridge and George W. Howard.

Romances of the Big Land Drawing

The national drawing for homesteads at El Reno and Lawton furnished the wildest and most extravagan scenes of its kind that ever took place on this continent, according to Sidney R. Lawton, who has just reached here from the Kiowa and Comanche Indian reservations. Thousands of people on foot, on horseback, on trains, on "prairie schooners," on any old kind of vehicle, simply jammed the place, all of them literally wild to get something out of the lottery drawing conducted by the government as the most expedient way of distributing the valuable lands. Gamblers, pickpockets, peddlers and tramps wormed their way through the mass of thirty thousand people eagerly looking for loot. Lucky Mattie Deal, who drew a second prize, was promptly besieged with hundreds of proposals of marriage. Fortunately for her she had a sweetheart and she wired to Washington to ascertain if she forfeited her land by marrying him. She was promptly answered that if she married she would lose all rights to the farm. Minerva McClintock, who drew a farm in the El Reno district, did not show such prudent forethought. She celebrated her winning by marrying her sweetheart the same night. Next day she received a notification from Washington that by so doing she had forfeited all claims to her farm. It was valued at fifteen thousand dollars. Miss Martha Beal, a telephone girl in Wichita, drew a farm in the Lawton district valued at twenty-five thousand dollars. Her sweetheart, who is head porter in the Savoy hotel, Kansas City, at once telegraphed his congratulations to her and urged their early marriage. Miss Beal at once denied that she was engaged to him and said that, anyhow, under no circumstances would she marry any man till she had proved up her claim. According to the Homestead law, under which the grants are being made, five years must elapse between the taking out of a title and the payment of a final fee. Special efforts are being made by the government to detect any of the lucky drawers who may dispose of their holdings in the interim. So the girls who drew fortunes will have to wait some time before they can prove their constancy to their impatient sweethearts.

Mrs. Moody and her daughter have taken rooms at the Palace till October to await the advent of the stork in the family of Fred Moody. After that happy event they contemplate a trip on the Mediterranean.

Joviality at the Bohemian Jinks

Probably there was not a more surprised man on the coast last week than Lord Deerhurst when he found himself in Bohemia Grove. The noble Briton went up with Joe Grant, whose guest he was. Deerhurst made himself one of the most popular men in camp. He enjoyed everything, and was as much a bohemian as any man there. The tents this year were especially handsome. Charles Crocker had his furnished with an Egyptian interior, the hangings lavishly embroidered. This was the most artistic tent in camp. E. T. B. Mills, W. H. Lowden, Fred Greenwood, Tom Barbour, Van Stow and Joe Grant

Jesse Moore Whiskies are famous the world over for purity and flavor as well as for all the other qualities that make good whiskey.

G. H. MUMM & CO.

EXTRA DRY

The Great Leader of Champagnes. Importations in 1900, 119,441 cases, being 79,293 cases more than any other brand, is a record never before approached.

P. J. VALCKENBERG, Worms OR, Rhine and Moselle Wines.

J. CALVET & CO., Bordeaux, Clarets and Burgundies.

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E. M. GREENWAY, Pacific Coast Representative

all had beautiful private tents where they entertained with true woodland hospitality. At night the grove was illuminated both with Chinese lanterns and acetylene lamps. On a picturesque arch built of two immense logs topped with curved bamboo, and hung with Chinese lanterns was the inscription, "Bromley Arch." This was a surprise to "Uncle George," who had helped in its erection but with no idea whom the monument was to honor until he saw the sign.

Ashe's Grandiloquent Introduction

The richest thing among the impromptus was Porter Ashe's grandiloquent acknowledgment of his introduction to Lord Deerhurst. Quite a group of jovial spirits happened to be gathered about the pair at the time. Ashe drew himself up to his full height, advanced with all the dignity he could command, grasped the extended hand of his lordship, and in deep earnest tones exclaimed, "It gives me great pleasure to shake hands with so great a representative of the nobility of old England and I hope I am conferring as much pleasure by allowing you to shake hands with such a noble Senator of the State of California." Lord Deerhurst roared. So did everybody within hearing.

Men and Monks in Bohemia's Grove

There was a greater distinction in character this year between the high jinks and the low: the former was more grave; the latter more wildly hilarious than ever before. The problem presented at the high jinks was the "Enigma of Life." The performance was opened by the sire, Dr. Arnold, with a clever paper on the philosophy of life. Then the curtain rose on a monastery scene with the natural giant redwoods as a background. The monks entered chanting the St. Smithian chimes from "Robin Hood." Elmer DePue sang the solo most effectively. Then the monks disappeared and the huntsmen came trooping to the foreground. Their wassailing was interrupted by a stern monk, Dr. Shiels, who bade them think of the graver duties of life. He had hardly gone when his opposite appeared in W. B. Hopkins, a jovial Friar Tuck. He gave a jolly drinking song, followed by Donald DeV. Graham in "Who is Sylvia" and as an encore "Only Tonight." Judge Melvin contributed a rollicking huntsman's catch in his turn. Jack Wilson, as one of the world's weary wanderers, continued the development on the theme of "the enigma of life" by extolling the pleasures of retrospection. A very sombre monk, Mr. Deering, closed the sketch with a sombre talk on life generally. The performance was excellently presented but it was the consensus of the audience that the subject and development were too serious, too "spooky" for a show in the redwoods.

Hit of the Low Jinks

The hit of the low jinks was Donald De V. Graham's skit on the Sunday Morning Breakfast Club and its four gourmets, Messrs. Weill, Brastow, Marshall and Swan. The author very skillfully set the words to a quartet in "Faust." When the four low comedians appeared on the scene, one at a time, and mimicking the originals, gravely sang, "I am Weill," "I am Brastow," "I am Marshall," "I am Swan," the delighted audience fairly screamed with laughter.

If you don't drink Gilt Edge Whiskey, you miss a good thing. WICHMAN, LUTGEN & CO. Sole Proprietors, San Francisco.

The low jinks, sired by "Petie" Sloan, took the form of a "blue stocking" minstrel show. Bearded, mustached men sat in a circle clad in female attire, with extravagent blonde wigs, very short skirts and stockings of the brightest blue. The usual ribald jokes were exchanged, the usual farcical songs were sung, while the star feature was a "Little Eva" act by "Bull" Fletcher, who had a lovely apotheosis all to himself at the wind-up.

Then there was a procession in the direction of the wet goods tent, to the refrain:

"Onward, Epworth Leaguers,
Onward to the bar."

Everything was well conducted, everybody enjoyed himself and when the Sunday evening special conveyed the Bohemians back to the city none but words of congratulation were heard.

No Ground for the Rumored Engagement

"Jack" Wilson doesn't visit the Harrison residence so frequently as he did a fortnight ago. When his engagement to Miss Harrison was published in the daily papers and Mrs. Harrison made no sign to deny it, the young merchant deemed it prudent to act himself, so Dame Grundy declares he is now comporting himself so as to show the world without the peradventure of a doubt that he is not contemplating matrimony in the way so injudiciously advertised. He friends will no doubt be delighted to know that no such engagement exists and that there is good cause to hope that there will be a reconciliation between him and his former wife. They have a little son whose infant fingers ought to be able in some way to reknot the severed ties.

Probably Judge F. W. Gregg of San Bernardino never took his friends so much by surprise as he did when he quietly slipped away to Los Angeles, one day last week, and married Miss Agnes Wilson. The ceremony was performed by Bishop Montgomery before a few very intimate friends of the happy couple. Somehow the report got out before the Eastern train started and the Pullman wherein they were tucked was surrounded and bombarded with rice, shoes and speeches.

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BOHEMIAN

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SOLID CREAMY FOAM
PURITY and FLAVOR

HILBERT BROS., 213-215 Market St.
PACIFIC COAST AGENTS

Why Alameda has One National Distinction

The stork will have to change its brand, say Alameda citizens. For by cold-blooded statistics just published, the discouraging fact is learned that Alameda is the only city in the United States where more girls are born than boys. It has been a long, hard fight in that suburban city to uproot the various bachelor clubs, anti-marriage leagues and similar institutions that have made the Alameda matrimonial market below par. But just how they are going to grapple with this new problem is uncertain. It is a wise provision of Nature that a larger percentage of males shall be born, for the pursuits of men endanger their lives. But Alameda has evidently been overlooked in this affair. In Alameda girl babies outnumber boys in an alarming ratio. And this sort of thing has been going on for years without any one realizing it until those horrid statistics were published. This may account for the number of bachelor girls there are in Alameda. The supply of men falls short of the demand, and unless the stork lays in a fresh supply of boys the shortage will continue.

Burlingame Stands By Its Old Management

The Burlingame Country Club is so pleased with the highly successful management of last year's officers that it has re-elected them for the ensuing year. So the management of affairs will continue under George A. Newhall, president; Henry T. Scott, vice president; A. B. Ford, secretary-treasurer. The twelve members who now compose the board of directors are George A. Newhall, J. A. Folger, F. S. Moody, T. L. Driscoll, A. H. Payson, F. J. Carolan, W. B. Tubbs, A. B. Ford, H. T. Scott, J. Kruttschnitt, J. L. Rathbone and G. A. Pope. All the reports showed the club to be in a very flourishing condition. Already plans are being discussed for a number of improvements and renovations. Plans for the open air horse show will be discussed at the next meeting of the Board of Directors.

Corinthians Sprinkle the Clams

Ineffable joy, with two hundred pounds pressure of steam-chowder trimmings, was painted all over the Corinthian clambake last week. The midsummer heat didn't seem to interfere with the wet atmosphere and the affair passed off the most splendid gastronomic and spiritual success of its kind held this season. Reliable Bob Mitchell cajoled a lot of fun out of the coy chickens and bashful clams. Sousa II and his band contributed a rare lot of musical garnishments, and a host of good fellows wedged in where it was easiest to push joy to the front. Captain "Doc" Short of the *Emma* entertained Ned J. Rodgers of London, and a host of other rubber-muscle dogs, who lost their freshwater bearings and found themselves in the neighborhood of the good things in his cuddy. Later on Speedwell started on a two weeks' trip up the river. The *Emma* will shape a course in the same direction next Monday.

When a Schemer Meets a Schemer

"Confound Jackson, I'll get even with him yet," exclaimed "Midge" Mavern, vehemently, as we came down Horace Jackson's front steps together.

I was lighting a cigar but I paused to look up with enquiring surprise. Both of us had just dined at Jackson's hospitable board. The dinner, the service, the surroundings had been excellent. Jackson was at his best. I never saw him in such devilish good spirits. He seemed to get an immense lot of joyousness out of our little feast.

As for his beautiful young wife, they had been only recently married; she never looked more beautiful nor acted more charmingly. Now I come to think of it, she had been perhaps just a shade over-gracious in her attentions to Mavern. Jackson was a lucky dog in capturing her and I took occasion to tell him so while our party was mixing in the search for hats and coats.

I regarded Mavern in amazement. He was a self-sufficient little fellow, but I liked his company occasionally because he was so manifestly earnest in everything.

"Get even with him," I repeated, letting the match burn out between my fingers, as I examined his face intently, "why, what d'ye mean, man ? Jackson's all right."

"Right be hanged," he said warmly, "you've been away, old man, and you don't know the story. I shouldn't have gone there tonight but I wanted to see her. I wanted to show him I could face him and his accursed tricks. He's got her now, but I'll get even on him for the way he tricked me out of her."

"Tricked you ?" I repeated, and I waited, for I realized that "Midge" was filled to bursting with his overwrought feelings and that with a little patience on my part the whole story would come impulsively pouring out.

"You noticed that pretty little maid of Helen's—I mean Mrs. Jackson's ?"

"Yes."

"She was the starter of all my trouble. Last summer I ran across her at the Springs at the fag end of the season. The place was dull, stale, flat and unprofitable till she hove in sight, out for a fortnight's vacation with all her expenses paid by her fond old mistress, Mrs. Stewart, though I did not know any of these details at that time. Well, you saw her pretty face and figure this evening; her demure little ways—oh, well, tied down by the doctor to rigid rules and dieting, as I was at the Springs, and with no one else to charm away the time, I found Marie Auber's society only too alluring."

I lighted my cigar for I began to see the drift of his opening episode.

"Well, it was the old, old story," he continued. "I was mad, crazy, a fool, an idiot, anything that you will. Marie cried some when she was getting ready to return to Mrs. Stewart. She had qualms and some weeks later I received a letter from her announcing that they were only too well justified. I treated her as handsomely as I could and sent her my condolences—by mail. I dreamed, blithering idiot that I was, that the whole thing had resolved itself into the past. So it had but—well, I'd better let the facts tell the story.

"Helen Foster's charms had been growing on me for some time before this. That experience at the Springs quite sickened me of such folly and I resolved to put all that kind of life behind me. For several months I devoted myself assiduously to Miss Foster and I flatter myself that I succeeded in filling a niche in her heart. Our friends looked on the thing as fixed. I was only holding off till after my return from an Eastern trip I contemplated, for I expected a financial clean-up on it that would enable me to make a handsome showing of my prospects to her father. Old Foster's rich, you know, so very rich that he likes to see growing prospects coming his way. If I had entertained any doubts as to the state of her feelings for me, they would have been dispelled by the emotion she felt at our parting. Well, I took my Eastern trip."

Mavern paused to puff on his cigar vehemently for a moment. Then he continued:

"Who do you suppose walked into the reception room where I sat waiting for Miss Jackson to come downstairs ?

When a Schemer Meets a Schemer

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

Why, Marie Auber. She had been sent to tell me that her mistress would be down immediately. She looked every bit as demure and pretty as you saw her this evening. But I own the sight of her in that place and at that time, completely upset me. As for her, it was only too plain that she was deeply agitated. There might have been a scene but just then Miss Foster entered and in the excitement of our greeting, the maid slipped out of the room unnoticed.

"It was a nervous hour for me. Not only on account of the Marie incident, but because I had selected that moment to finally determine my understanding with Miss Foster. I was as successful as I had hoped and when I left the house, her happy smile following me from the door, she had promised me her hand. I knew I was safe to share the Foster fortune, except for Marie. I realized that she could upset all my plans by a word. Miss Foster was very religious, almost a prude on the other matters and I knew that if she ever got wind of that unfortunate affair that it would be all off with me. Marie was impulsive and I couldn't tell what she might do in her efforts for revenge. There seemed only one course for me; to settle with her for all time at once. I couldn't afford to negotiate with her myself so I decided to engage an agent. I went down to see Jackson.

I whistled softly and nodded.

"Jackson regarded the whole situation with the cold-bloodedness of the every day practicing lawyer. 'Place the matter entirely in my hands, Mavern,' he said, confidently; 'leave it all to me. I'll see that this maid doesn't do you any harm with Miss Jackson.' I left him feeling very much enconraged by his strong assurances.

"Three days later I received a note from him telllng me to call at his office punctually at three as he had arranged an interview with Marie and wanted me at hand for any emergency. When I reached his office he explained that he'd like to have me take his position at the door of an adjoining room, and overhear what she said, so that I might put him straight in any prevarications she might make, in case she declined the proposition he was going to make to her. All this was said to me in the room where he proposed to meet her. There was a large screen across one corner and I glanced at it as I passed into the adjoining room, and saw beside it a cane and a broad-brimmed black soft hat with a tiny bit of a feather in the band lying on a chair.

"But all this was swept confusedly from my mind when the office boy announced Marie Auber. Jackson told her frankly that he knew the whole story and that it was best to come to an understanding at once so that trouble might not arise later on. He had a paper all drawn up stipulating that for one thousand dollars received she relieved me from all claims whatsoever that she might have against me. He advised her as a lawyer, acquainted with the facts in the case, that it was best for her to sign and relieve herself and everybody else from anxiety.

"It was a very painful moment. She looked at him, the tears gathering in her eyes, and then bowing low, she said: 'I shall try: and keep this bitter secret better than Monsieur Malvern did. As for you, Mr. Lawyer, do not be afraid that I shall ever trouble anyone with my misfortune. Moreover, monsieur, I do not require a bribe for trying to protect my reputation. Good day.' And bowing low, she walked out of the room with great dignity.

"Jackson called me. 'You see how she takes it, Malvern.' he said. 'But don't feel dejected, I'll try her again. Still, from the looks of things, I think it's perfectly safe to say she'll never bother you.'

"Perhaps not," I said, as I moved toward the door. 'But as I told you before, I don't want to take any chances. Try her again and see what you can do with her.

"As I was about to close the door, he called to me: 'Mr. Malvern, is there any more light you care to throw on the case?'

" 'No,' I said, 'you're acquainted with all the facts.'

" 'All right,' he said, 'I'll do the best I can for you.'

"Next day the blow fell. The morning's mail brought a curt note from old man Foster stating that I need not aspire to any connection with his family and to henceforth stop all calls at his house. I tried to communicate with his daughter and discovered at once that she was fully informed of the whole affair."

"Then the maid betrayed you, after all?"

Malvern's eyes flashed as he answered, "It was Jackson."

"Jackson?" I echoed. "How, when, where; what was your proof?"

"That soft black felt hat on the chair beside the screen. After the stress was over and I could think cooly I went over the whole matter and figured it out. Jackson, with due attention to stage effect, had brought both Marie and myself to his office, and though she did not see me, he had so cleverly arranged it that practically we both told our stories to old Foster who was posted behind the screen. More proof? Ever since that meeting Foster has been Jackson's principal client. He has made him attorney of half a dozen corporations, in which he is either president or director. In short he has made him. More proof? He gave him his daughter in marriage."

"But," I protested, "how do you know Foster was behind the screen? There may not have been anyone there. That soft black hat may not have been his."

"Bosh!" exclaimed Malvern. "Of that fact I'm more cestain than of anything else. That small bit of owl feather tucked in the band at the side is a particular hobby of his; he thinks it is his mascot."

I whistled softly and looked intently at the blazing little fellow.

"Maybe it is," I said softly.

THE CLUBMAN.



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CALIFORNIANS AS SEEN IN THE LONDON MUSIC WORLD

BY THE MISSES WITHROW

Marie and Eva Almond Withrow, who are so well known here in music and art circles, have just returned home from London, on a visit. Their success abroad was so great that they plan to return there in the near future. Of course they met many of the most prominent people in their particular lines of work as well as all the best known Californians sojourning there. In the following paragraphs they tell what the latter are doing.

"AMERICANS are the pets of the hour in London and Californians of course come in for a lot of this petting. They are in for all that is best in music and art. The veteran Manuel Garcia, now ninety-four years of age, told me that he considered Americans the coming people in music. They have the voice, the temperament, the ambition and the perseverance that go to make success. Garcia is a delightful man to know. He has heard, or taught, most of the noted singers of the world.

"Marie Tempest has the title American Queen of Comic Opera. She is pointed out as a type of everything lovable and lovely in Americans. She is married to Cosmo Gordon-Lennox, who comes of the fienst stock in England. He is a brother of Lord Algernon Gordon-Lennox, whose wife is a reigning beauty. His sister is the much written of Countess of Warwick.

"It is the proper thing to hyphenize your name, therefore Edna Groves that was cards herself 'Mrs. Russel–Ryan.' She has a pretty flat where she entertains her artistic friends. Mrs. Russel–Ryan sings a good deal in drawing rooms. Her most intimate friend is the pretty young wife of Baron de Busch. You know her better here as Pauline Joran, one of the gifted Joran sisters. She has a lovely country place in England, and a most devoted husband.

"Putnam Griswold, the baritone who hails from Oakland, is studying at the Royal Academy and his teachers predict a glorious future for him. His work in Villiers Stanford's new opera is particularly praised. The Denis O'Sullivans have a pretty home in London and entertain in a hospitable, though simple fashion. Denis sings frequently before the Irish and Gælic Leagues, and the 'O' in his name is his proudest possession. Mrs. O'Sullivan is thoroughly domesticated and is a devoted mother to her two children. She still goes on with her art studies, but her home is her chief pleasure.

"Gertrude Atherton has good solid reason for preferring London to New York or San Francisco. Her books sell well there. She has naturally been lionized in a small way and recently lectured before the Writers' club, a smart organization. Rose Adler (Relda) is coaching for the Italian opera and expects to debut this year in Milan.

"Talleur Andrews, who went away from San Francisco to continue his studies with me, has taken a place among the first of concert singers. He has also been on tour with success in 'The Geisha.' Mr. Andrews was commanded to sing for her late Majesty, but the death of the Duke of Teck postponed it, but he has sung for the Prince of Wales, Princess Louise and Princess Christian, and is a favorite in the drawing-room of the Duchess of Sutherland and Mrs. Ronalds, the American social leader.

"Miss Paulson is an immense favorite and a great friend of the composer, Guy d' Hardelot. She gives ballad concerts and sings in 'that charming Californian way" which at present is all the go in London. Miss Florence Lancaster is another Californian whose beautiful voice has made a hit with our English cousins. Her forte is oratorio."

"The Lady Sybil Primrose, Lord Rosebery's daughter, one of my pupils, is a very modest and sweet type of English girl.

"The Lord Marquis of Dufferin and Ava is one of the greatest patrons of art. He is himself a great artist.

"There is no Bohemia in London—that is, no one society to which that name can be given. Bohemia is cut up into cliques, just as it is here. But there is a very distinct Smart Set in London, beside which all the rest of the social world seems decidedly ordinary in comparison. From Royalty down, everybody comes to one's afternoon teas, at which music, bread and butter, tea and cake are the simple entertainment."

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Ingrate

O, pity those who cannot see
The beautiful in nature, and all those
Who love not violet nor budding rose;
Whose soul is not attuned to chords
And melodies in nature's chorus grand,
Of waves that gently ripple o'er the sand—
The song of birds—the musical
Soft cadence of the silver drops of rain,
Falling so softly on the window pane;
The moaning wind among the trees—
Whose minor music haunts the singer's brain,
And tells of buried hours in its refrain;
The gold and purple of the sun,
At evening, when it sinks behind the sea
In beautiful and tender mystery.
Unheeded is the lily-bell's
Soft loveliness of peerless white and gold,
With all its gleaming beauties manifold:
A minor chord—a sad refrain—
Bring no emotion to an empty brain.

So give to me the Poet's soul—
The Artist's eye, and the Musician's ear,
And then come life or death—I will not fear.

JESSIE JULIET KNOX.

The Village Rubbersmith

Under a spreading blacksmith sign
The village blacksmith sat;
He heard the chuf-chuf-chuf and said,
"Where is my business at?
The road is full of horseless things,
And bikes and things like that."

The smith was deeply in the dumps;
But from the dumps crawled he.
His wink-eye winked a knowing wink
Up at the chestnut tree;
And then he said, "These horseless things
Have put a horse on me."

And through his crisp and curly hair
His sinewy hand he ran.
Says he, "I'll get some different tools,
And work an astute plan
I'll mend these punctured rubber tires—
And charge all that I can."

Week in, week out, from morn till night
His bellows blows no fires,
Instead it feeds a rubber tube,
That blows up rubber tires;
He has a tank of gasolene,
Cement and pipes and wires.

And children coming home from school
Rubber about the door;
They rubber at the rubber tube
A-rubbering 'round the floor;
They rubber at the rubbersmith
That rubbers tires that tore.

He cannot go to Sunday's church,
For that's his busy day;
Some city chaffeur's in the lurch
And brings him work and pay,
The chaffeur buys his gasolene
And chuf-chufs on his way.

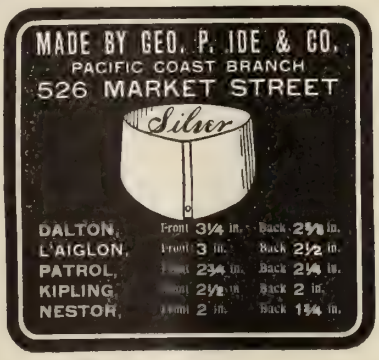
But never mind, his daughter stands
Amid the choiring band
And as she holds the hymn-book high
Shows diamonds on each hand;
For the daughter's buying jewelry
And the smith is buying land.

J. N. H.

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They're the only kind to wear
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Dramatic World

At the Show this Week

COLUMBIA—"Mrs. Dane's Defense"—a new and clever treatment of an old topic—the secret of Margaret Anglin's power made clear in strong emotional work.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—"The Toll Gate Inn"—a very bright Revolutionary drama, well acted by the Frawleys.

ALCAZAR—"Camille"—one of Florence Roberts' best characterizations.

TIVOLI—"Trovatore" and "Lucia"—they are old enough, but still draw.

ORPHEUM—One of the best vaudeville bills ever given here.

An Antrobus Play

Such a name as "Antrobus" would seem to be sufficiently out of the common not to have more than one claimant, but there are two writers, both women making use of it, and each with a novel in the hands of publishers. Mrs. C. L. Antrobus is an English lady whose reviewers in her own country hail her as the legitimate successor of George Eliot. The title of her forthcoming book, which is not her first, is "Quality Corner," with the sub-title, or rather guide line, "A Study of Remorse," which is reminiscent of another recent English success, "Folly Corner." The other "Antrobus" is Mrs. Albert A. Robinson of Detroit, who decided to use her maiden appellation as more distinctive than that of her husband. Her book is to be a historical novel, "The King's Messenger." It is already dramatized, or at least a play has been extracted from it by James MacArthur and sold to Mr. F. C. Whitney.

The Baby Nuisance

It is at matinees that the infant predominates, although it is occasionally appaent in the evening. The little dears generally become restless about the third act, and from that on to the final curtain dispute with the actors for a hearing, to say nothing of the frequent exits and entrances they expect of their fond mammas. One cannot help wondering why mothers take children to see such plays as "Camille," "Sapho," or "The Conquerors." Babes of tender years must find such spectacles far from amusing, and it is not to be wondered at if they drown out the most interesting speeches by their wails of boredom and discomfort. At one of the Sardou matinees at the Grand, I felt a frightful draught upon my back, and glancing behind me I noticed a woman standing in the partly opened doorway and apparently nursing a very young infant. Notwithstanding frantic whispers of "shut the door," she resolutely held her post like Horatius at the bridge until the end of the act. I have often seen children at the theatre prodded, pulled, pinched and pommeled by their mothers to force them to keep awake during a performance. Verily the lot of the matinee infant is not always a happy one.

Victor Mapes, the author of the story "Wanted: A Hero," in a recent *Century* is a nephew of Mary Mapes Dodge, editor of the *St. Nicholas*. He is well known as a dramatic critic and producer of plays, and is at present general stage director of Daly's theatre.

Attractions Next Week

"Silver Mounted Harness," Charlotte Thompson's new play, which was written especially for Florence Roberts, will be produced at the Alcazar next week after many days of rehearsal. It is the story of a young woman cheated of a happiness that should be hers by the iron hand of circumstances. Surrounded by a society she loathes, the quasi-fast set of which the mother is an unscrupulous member, she marries home, protection—the right to wear clothes that are honestly paid for, and eat food that is hers by law. She thinks love does not matter. It is a poor thing as she has known it, a something to be shunned, so she marries a man who brings into her life all it has lacked, all save love. She puts on "Silver Mounted Harness" and the weight of it grows with the years. The play opens when love has suddenly come into

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her life—and she has no right to take it. In the four acts the author has worked out her salvation. In the third act there will be something startling in the way of a dance, a flower cotillon, the figures in progress symbolizing the brief joyous life of the flowers in the summer sunshine, until shattered and destroyed by storm. Prof. Bothwell Browne, a young dancing master of this city, has perfected the dance which was conceived by Miss Thompson. The cast will include all the Alcazar favorites including Georgie Cooper.

Margaret Anglin in "Mrs. Dane's Defense" has repeated her great success won at the Empire in New York. The great scene is in the third act, between Margaret Anglin as the erring woman and Charles Richman as the lawyer. Miss Anglin has added greatly to the high esteem in which she has previously been held by this performance. Nothing finer of its kind has ever been seen in this city. The other members of the company are equally admirable in their performances. Miss Hornick's impersonation of a society woman is especially clever. The presentation of the play in detail is admirable, the settings are in good taste and in thorough consonance with the scenes of the play. It will go another week and then Hilda Spong will come in "Lady Huntworth's Experiment."

"Toll Gate Inn," which is attracting very large audiences to the Grand, will be succeeded on Monday evening by "The Liars," by Henry Arthur Jones, which is noted for the high quality of its literature, excellence of construction, an extremely interesting story, two decidedly contrasting love interests, and a fund of brilliant satire on the foibles of Upper Tendom. Few stage creations have proved so thoroughly acceptable to our amusement-loving public as this scintillating product of Jones' pen. A feature of the present production will be the re-appearance of T. Daniel Frawley, as Colonel Sir Christopher Deering, a character essayed with so much success by Charles Wyndham, John Drew and Henry Miller. E. J. Morgan will appear in his original role of Edward Falkner. Mary Van Buren will be Lady Jessica.

"La Favorita," which has not been done here for over ten years, will be put on at the Tivoli on Monday night, and will introduce Giuseppe Agostini as Ferdinand. He has been heard here with the Del Conti company, and made himself an immense favorite by his singing and acting in "Boheme," "Manon" and other operas. Collamarini is to be Leonora, said to be one of her finest presentations. Dado has the fine bass part of Balthazar. Linda Montanari makes her first appearance at this house on Tuesday night, in the part of Desdemona in Verdi's wonderful opera. This artist was also heard here with the same company in which Agostini figured and made a lasting impression as Mimi, Manon and Santuzza. Salassa will be heard again as Iago, and the title role will be sung by Castellano.

The Orpheum has had few bills better than this week's. Next week also promises well. Charles H. Bradshaw's "Fix in a Fix," a laughable skit, includes a clever treatment of the domestic complication with too much mother-in-law, the ante-wedding friend and an ambitious, stage-struck girl. Frank Currier, Meta Britton and Minnie Monk will combine with Bradshaw in the sketch. Remarc and Riley, European grotesques and comedy acrobats, will make their first appearance in this city. Their work is said to create a laughing sensation wherever they appear. Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Kelcy will present a new comedietta, "Uncle Phineas." The story is that of a young man and his fiancee who have quarreled over a severe criticism of a painting by the young woman. Oscar P. Sisson, Ester Wallace and company will give a clever little vocal sketch, "Love Finds a Way." A make-up which suggests strongly Richard Mansfield in "Prince Karl," is one of its features and the illustrated song, sung by Mr. Sisson, with gestures by Miss Wallace, will be retained. Hill and Silviany will continue their sensational ride down a flight of stairs on a single wheel without handle bars. The Standard Quartet will change its selections. Alexandra Dagmar and the Molasso-Salvaggi troupe will appear for their last week in new specialties and the biograph will show the latest novelties in moving pictures. *The Playgoer.*

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Music World

At St. Mary the Virgin, corner Steiner and Union streets, High Mass will be celebrated tomorrow at eleven o'clock. Concone's Mass in F will be sung, and at the offertory Mozart's classically beautiful Ave Verum. At Vespers, four o'clock p. m., Mrs. Wallace Wheaton Briggs will sing Saint Saens' Ave Maria in A.

Music at the Grove

From Pacific Grove a correspondent writes me: "Elijah" was successfully rendered here recently by the San Jose Oratorio society under the direction of James Hamilton Howe. The solo parts were sung by Mrs. Mary Weaver McCauley, soprano; Miss Alice McMillin, contralto; Walter B. Anthony, tenor; S. Homer Henley, bass; Professor Wilbur McCall, pianist; Miss Ethel Katherine Holladay, Miss Victoria Merle Francis, Miss Helen Norris Simons, violinists. The chorus, reinforced by voices under training during the season, was unusually strong. The soloists, each in fine voice, sang fervently and with expression, as if the sentiment were truly felt by the singers. It was a grand production of the grandest of the oratorios.

In Assembly hall, on the afternoon of July thirtieth, Mrs. Mary Weaver McCauley presented a number of her most talented pupils from her San Jose class, to a large audience—made up for the most part by the "summer folks"—San Jose being well represented; I noticed, too, an occasional San Franciscan. Sixteen numbers were well rendered and included a number of recitations by Miss Agatha Cummings, a talented San Jose elocutionist. Careful training and earnest work were evidenced in tone, execution and in enunciation, as each vocal number was rendered in style individual to an extent and, with one or two exceptions, charming self-possession. A quartet numer, "I Would That My Love" was given with expression and fine shading. Miss Alice McMillin is really an artist, a contralto with power, clearness, and breadth of tone, a voice possessing, too, much of magnetism and a ready and easy style. She was connected with the Summer School of Music here last year, becoming a favorite with the summer audiences. She is even more popular this season. Flagler's "A Love Song" was exceptionally well sung, the violin obligato by Miss Ethel Holladay being effectively done. Miss Holladay is a graceful and artistic player of the violin—and, better, a heart of affection thrills along the strings of her instrument at each drawing of the bow, and, reaching out, finds its answering thrill in the hearts of her hearers. Miss Gertrude Frietag is a singer of promise. She has a true contralto voice of high range, clear, and rare even tones, and she sings with such ease that one wishes she might keep on indefinitely. She had two numbers, "A Creole Love Song," and "Sognai," by Schira, the Italian number receiving, perhaps, the heartiest applause. Mrs. McCauley may well feel proud of her pupils. In her own finished renderings I have noticed Mrs. McCauley's enunciation is perfect. And it is to that as well as to breath control that she pays particular attention in bringing out and training the singing voice. An indefatigable worker, so earnest and untiring is she in her efforts to the interest of her pupils that they can but catch the inspiration to be carried along by the spirit of true art, which never tires or stops short of the goal.

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written one hundred songs. At present she is en tour with a company, singing some of these songs. As she has a sweet young soprano voice it makes the work of introducing her songs an easy and pleasant one. But the "turn" which she values most and which most people will not believe in till they see it, is the writing on the stage in full view of her audience, a song to a topic given her by someone in the crowd. Without the aid of an instrument to guide her ear, and often with the orchestra going full blast, she writes words, music, accompaniment for piano and first and second violin parts, the whole ready for performance in thirty minutes time. It is a novel gift but I have proved the truth of her claims and to a topic which I gave her myself she wrote in twenty minutes time words, music, with accompaniment and chorus to a charming little song which she went to the piano and sang for me afterward. Miss Baker is a San Francisco girl and claims to have had no advantages in the way of music study to have prepared her for the work in which she is now engaged.

A Juvenile Musicale

At the residence of Mrs. D. Van Gelder in Thirty-fourth street, Oakland, last Saturday afternoon, Bernice the little daughter of the house, entertained her fellow-members of the Juvenile Chorale. Bernice's aunts, Miss Jennie and Miss Belle Samuels, assisted in making the affair the success that it was from start to finish. The program was delightful, all of the little ones acquitting themselves with credit to their teacher and leader, Madame Coursen-Roeckel. Those taking part were Elma Doyle, Eric and Elizabeth Davis, Bernice Van Gelder, Harry Maurer, Jerry O'Connor, Jerry and Richard Mahoney, Willie Groom, Marguerite Schlegel, Isabella Tevendale, Frederica and Hortense Gilmore, Maria and Mario Roeckel, Fannie Jane Whitaker, Jeanie Tevendale, Eva Bibbero, Bertha Hogrefe, Alma and Leslie Reilly and Willie Conlin. Among the composers represented in the selections were Helmund, Donizetti, De Koven, Mascagni, Adams, Hawley and Pache. Beside the numbers rendered by the children, Madame Roeckel sang the "Ave Maria" composed by her husband, who accompanied her on the piano, and also played the accompaniment for the brilliant rendition of Arditi's "Parla" and "Il Bacio" by Miss Belle Samuels.

Mrs. Albert Elkus and her son, Albert, of Sacramento, are in town for a season on account of Mrs. Elkus' recent illness.

Mrs. Jessie Dean Moore has returned from her summer outing, and has resumed her classes in Oakland and San Francisco. Mrs. Moore is having great success with her pupils, and among them are several especially fine voices that will be heard at her musicales during the coming season.

Sig Fachutar, the well known mandolinist an Director of the Fachutar School and Orchestra, has closed his studio for the summer season and will reopen September first.

—*The Music Critic.*

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World of Letters

Literary Kleptomania

In *Leslie's Weekly* for July twentieth there appeared a good story under the title, "His First Call"—so good that the *Bulletin* recently copied it. And the only objection to be made to it was the insignificant fact that the name signed to it should have been that of Charles Dickens instead of Ella Starr. It is not a case of unconscious cerebration, parallel of plot, or unintentional imitation, but clear, bold, bare-faced steal. In Dickens' "Sketches by Boz," No. 6, entitled "The Black Veil," is a gruesome relation of the experience of a young physician or surgeon who was engaged over-night to make a call on a patient whom he discovered to be one of several who had been hanged and whom the almost demented mother still hoped might be restored to life. "Ella Starr" has simply copied this tale, and with a few verbal changes, such as the substitution of Alice for Rose, Tom for John, the changing of the color of a curtain from green to white, the use of undo for undrew, perhaps half a dozen such minor changes as might be made by a none too careful copyist, and the cutting out of parts of the longer descriptive passages and the omission of the final paragraphs, she has presented the work as her own, and presumably filled her purse by the deception. The thing one would like to understand is how it happens that anyone competent to act as an editor could be taken in by it. It is beyond the power of the human brain to keep track of everything that has been printed, but one would expect that those who sit in the high places might at least know something of the great writers in their own tongue. "Kleptomania" has got to be such a matter of course in seminaries and colleges that in these days one may expect to find the polite art of appropriating the work of another set down as a part of the course of instruction. If the lifting of gates, sign-boards, and the essentials to the "spread" of some other class is encouraged, why not literary matter, too, especially if it pays?

Another Plagarism Charge

Some industrious penny-a-liner has made the important discovery that Kipling has been plagiarizing from one Thomas Day, but so far as one can see, the mighty "plagiarism" consists mainly in the use of such common sea-terms as "overloaded," "undermanned," "coaster," "shore," "liner," etc. Like a hound with his nose to the trail, he further unearths the damaging fact that Kipling has not developed new metres for himself, but has had the audacity to make use of those already preempted. His "Ballad of the King's Jest" marches like Whittier's "Barbara Frietchie," and the astonishing similarity of

> "A murmur of voices, a reek of smoke,
> To tell us the trade of the Khyber woke,"

and Whittier's lines

> "A tinge of sadness, a flush of shame,
> Over the face of the leader came."

is quite too much for the equanimity o this seeker after truth. But he need not flatter himself that he is the first in the field, for long before this Bailey Millard's suspicions were excited, and he proved to his own satisfaction if not

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to that of anyone else, that Kipling had read Emerson's poems to his profit and advantage. There were any number of common adjectives used by both writers, and of course, since Emerson was first in the field, no one else was privileged to note so common a fact as that New England snow is white or the pines dark without apology and acknowledgment of indebtedness. Mr. Millard, also, found some astonishing resemblances in metre, and so anxious was he to set forth his discoveries that he completely lost sight of the obvious fact that Kipling was making use of the simple device of parody. It is unfortunate, but at the same time, inevitable, that all poets and rhymesters should be obliged to use the same old iambuses, trochees, dactyls and anapests, with occasional variations of the less common accents, but, really, what is to be done about it? There is as much sound sense at the basis of much of the modern criticism as there would be in enjoining people from painting their houses white or wearing black or blue clothing, because some one else had been first in the field. Some other detective has discovered that Tennyson stole "Enoch Arden" from—Adelaide Ann Proctor! "If I were to travel only that I might find fault with what I can get at home, methinks I should go but on a fool's errand," says the old inn keeper of "Kenilworth." Similarly, if people read only that they may voice their discontent with their literary fare, and discover that it has been done before, and in their estimation, done better, why in the name of Heaven do they not confine themselves to the patented article and leave the rest of the world to enjoy the variation?

Century Verse

"Winkle-wankle-wonkle-winkle
Tee-a, tee-a tumple-tinkle,"

is not, as the ignorant might imagine, sheer nonsense or part of a children's "counting-out game," but real, sure-'nuff, first-class, good poetry, good enough to be printed in the *Century*, with plenty more of the same kind, and an occasional rational line. The author, one Le Roy T. Weeks, appears to be one of the unfortunates whom Dr. Holmes would put "on a spare diet of stationery, say from two to three penfuls of ink and a half sheet of note paper per diem." Mr. Weeks has persuaded himself, and the editors of the magazine that that kind of stuff is what the world is pining for, and that it gives a faithful representation of the performance of the bobolink. Much of this sort of thing would convince the most sentimental of the truth of the saying of the "Cracked Teacup", that "A fellow writes in verse when he has nothing to say, and feels too dull and silly to say it in prose." And this is another *Century* verse signed "Catherine Young Glen":

ACQUAINTED

I know that Billy Wilkinson.
What lives around the way?
Oh, yes; I know him well; my dog
Fought hisn yesterday.

A Clever Idea

In order to keep the contents of his forthcoming autobiography a secret, Herbert Spencer has adopted a curious device, which may be designed as much to stimulate interest and increase sales. He has divided the work into six parts,

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An "Uneventful" Life

Gertrude Potter Daniels claims to have written her novel, "The Warners," in ten days, whereupon some carping critic suggests that if she will double the time on her next literary venture it will be found to repay her. Mrs. Daniels claims to have passed a very quiet and uneventful life, but the statement may be taken with a grain of salt. If an affair with a newsboy which resulted in her being locked into her room in the family mansion and the youth put under arrest,and an appearance in the front rank of a Kiralfy ballet without consulting the opinions of her parents on the subject, a somewhat sensational marriage, and if we are to believe her, a novel written in ten days, not to mention the unnecessary rumpus and consequent withdrawal of the first pen work of her sister, Miss Margaret Potter, are not events, one would like to know what it would take to jar Mrs. Daniels' serenity of soul.

Bits of News

The Duke of Argyle is doing his best to be known as a literary man. He is hard at work on the biography of his mother-in-law, the late Queen, and fills in his spare moments by writing the libretto for the new opera by Hamish McCumm.

After forty-five years of continuous service, Austin Dobson has resigned his government position. He is entitled to a pension, and in addition, will receive yearly about twelve hundred and fifty dollars for distinguished literary services, the first pension granted by Edward VII to a literary man. Mr. Dodson, like Maurice Hewlett, who also recently resigned from the Civil Service, will hereafter devote himself exclusively to literary pursuits.

Madame Sarah Grand is about to descend upon us for a lecturing tour,and the preliminary announcement assures us that she is a much better lecturer than writer. All one can add to that statement is that she would need to be if she expects to succeed.

Literary Immortals

The question which of two rival candidates was entitled to the distinction of being recognized as "head literary man," and in consequence, president of the debating and literary society of a Georgia village was decided by a "wrastling" encounter, in which one Mart Tompkins "throwed" his opponent, Luke Landers, five times, and thereby demonstrated his superiority to the satisfaction of all concerned. The papers, literary and otherwise, all over the country, seem to find something highly humorous in the matter, but one would like to ask why a wrestling match should not prove quite as satisfactory a solution as a ballot in which only silly women and sentimental schoolgirls take any interest. It is an off year when some editor does not try to stir up an agitation with regard to an American Academy or an association of "Immortals," and the chief result is the discovery that the voters do not know whether their favorite writer is English or American or living or dead. The Georgian method has the advantage of having decided something, and on its merits, too.

It seems to be taken for granted in these days that when one member of a family makes a mark in letters, albeit a faint one, every other scion of the stock must put forth a sprout. John Fraser, nephew of Marion Crawford and son of Mrs. Hugh Fraser, who has herself written one or two not very successful novels, is about to publish his first attempt, "The Hour Glass."

—*The Bookworm*

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ALENA SPIER, Plaintiff
vs.
HARRY SPIER, Defendant

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

Harry Spier, Defendant. You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's Wilful Neglect also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 5th day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and one.

WM. A. DEANE, Clerk.

[SEAL] By Joseph Riordan, Deputy Clerk.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

Department No. 2

T. J. CROWLEY, Plaintiff
vs.
MATHEW M. GRENNAN AND AMELIA JANE H. GRENNAN, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in the office of the Clerk of said City and County of San Francisco

CULLINAN AND HICKEY,
Attorneys for Plaintiff
567 & 568 Parrott Building, San Francisco, Cal.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

Mathew M. Grennan and Amelia Jane H. Grennan, Defendants. You are hereby directed to appear, and answer the Complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, within ten days after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the Complaint, as arising upon contract, or he will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this twenty-second day of June, A. D. 1901.

WM. A. DEANE, Clerk.

[SEAL] By E. M. Thompson, Deputy Clerk.

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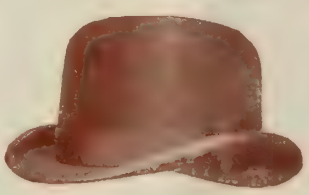
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THE LEADING WEEKLY.

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SEE PAGE 21



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San Francisco, August 17, 1901

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OUR OPINION

Make Way For the Servant Girls' Union

Housewives are gasping and staring over the news that "servant girls" have formed a union in Chicago. "What next?" they wail. "Just look at the daily papers: two pages don't seem to be enough to describe all the troubles our husbands are having with unions. Aren't there vexations enough already over the servant question?" There is only one counter-irritant, ladies: organize a housewives' union and pattern it on the style of the new union as cut out by the lady help of Chicago. It's a dream in shrimp pink, high in the neck, with cascades of ideas all down the front and sides. The cook end of the union never got together a menu more likely to make the eyes of the indignant mistress blaze. Some of their demands will bite harder than tobasco in the angel cake. They call themselves the Workingwomen of America. Already three hundred immortals have pledged themselves to stand by their standard, should the bullying mistress threaten or the set dough fall. They claim they have stewed over the tempers of merciless mistresses long enough and that if anybody is to be in the soup hereafter, well, it won't be themselves. Some of their rules will simply play a gavotte up and down the nerves of whatever housewives can grip their feelings long enough to read them. For instance: work is not to begin before 5:30 A. M. and must stop "when the evening dishes are washed and put away." Two hours are to be deducted every afternoon for mental and physical recreation, or to ease the feelings, as the case may be, and "at least" two evenings a week for the domestic's own rest, business or pleasure. But the union organizers know their business in framing rules as well as in wrestling with refractory pots and kitchen stoves: as the domestic's evening begins, according to their rules, with the last wipe on the last dish, she will have all the "evenings off" wherein she can get her employers to dine early enough; and it's a poor cook who can't push the dinner ahead when she's going to get an evening off. When the union gets down to working business it is safe to say that either employers will dine earlier or the theatres will ring up their curtains later. Here is a demand that will simply jolt the feelings of martinet housewives: "On Mondays each domestic is to be given such hours as will permit her to visit the bargain counters of the stores and enjoy on that day the same privileges enjoyed by the mistress." Moreover the union directs that "there shall be no opposition on the part of the mistress to club life on the part of the domestics." Evidently club life is the coming life and vacant lots might as well be overhauled by enterprising architects. Rules regarding visitors are discreet and comfortable for all concerned. "A domestic must be allowed to entertain her friends in limited numbers provided she furnishes her own refreshments." No mention is made of the social standing of these friends, or the consequential figure the policeman on the beat is to cut in back stairs entertainment. All such questions will be settled hereafter by the archangel of the concern, "for all complaints must be made to the business agent of the union." Fagged husbands may find some recompense in this.

Sympathetic Strike Against Tipping

Is the Great American Public initiating a sympathetic strike against tips and tipping? Some of the Eastern papers are inclined to think so. On this coast the usage has certainly increased of late years, but on both sides of the Atlantic the Tip Forecaster says he sees the signs of its approaching demise. According to his reading the indications are: the Pullman porters, those ancient and omnivorous champions of tips, are revolting against the custom because the size of the gratuities is gradually growing less; and that league of Europe's unorganized pirates calling themselves porters, cabmen, runners, guides and hotel servants, is wailing because American travelers are not so generous as they used to be. This is their diplomatic way of expressing themselves to the world. Among themselves and in their own vernacular they probably say, "What's come over these American fools, anyway?" No wonder they wail at their loss. The rich American, sowing twenty-dollar slugs over Europe just to show he was some pumpkins and how easy it was for him to throw away money, was the fattest bird that came their way to be plucked. The system was born in Europe along with flunkeyism and other customs whereby the wealthy snob could distribute condescension on the laboring class and ostentatiously distinguish the differences in caste. It was copied and brought to this country by the very rich who were anxious to set up the worship of the Golden Calf and here it has blossomed under the fostering care of those who were eager to distinguish themselves by paying unprecedented prices for services or any other luxury.

Many generous-hearted people simply follow the custom because they do not want to be thought mean. But the whole system is repugnant to the healthy American spirit. The true born American likes to believe that the laborer is worthy of his hire, that he dignifies his position and is not an object of charity, a dependent on the whims and temper of a man who has the bestowal of a few odd dimes. He wants to believe that the laborer is earning and is deserving a fixed salary from his employer. It galls the free born American when the artful proprietor forces him to supplement with squeezed tips the wages of the underpaid servants. In this town scores of waiters in the leading cafes and restaurants are paid thirty dollars a month with the understanding that they will be able to screw from thirty to sixty dollars in tips out of the customers. To such an extreme has the tipping custom been pushed in some parts of Europe and the East that in many high-class resorts the servants pay a handsome bonus to the proprietors for the privilege of fleecing all the tips they can out of the guests. It's a bad system and breeds all sorts of ill feelings. The sooner it gives place to some method that will arrange a more satisfactory way of payment among proprietor, guest and employee, the better.

Great News for the Baldheaded Man

Bang the piano! Whang the drum!
Let the phonograph with its wildest pæans shriek,
And hammer on your tympanum all it will endure:
For the fourteenth time this week,
There has come a lucky streak,
And the patient, dear old baldhead has got another cure.

Let us hope the news is true this time and that smiling Certainty is prepared to say "next" to the patient, persevering bald-headed man; is ready to apply the new cure to his fevered occiput and send him on his way rejoicing with a new fuzz sprouting like Jack's famous bean stalk. Here is the way a London paper chronicles the glad tidings:

"The use of gas to make the hair grow is one of the latest medical discoveries. The gas employed is oxygen. A large cap fits tightly round the head, and is supplied with oxygen from a bag which is slung over the patient's shoulders. It is worn for a few hours every day, and even in cases of absolute baldness is said to produce a more or less luxuriant crop of hair. The discovery was made at the Oxygen Hospital, Fitzroy Square, an institution of which the Princess Louise is patron. The gas is used for the cure of quite a number of diseases. A woman was undergoing the oxygen cure for skin disease, and one of her arms had for many days been placed in a light air-tight box filled with the gas. It was soon noticed that on that part of the arm that was unaffected by the disease the growth of the hair was much stimulated, and this naturally suggested oxygen as a cure for baldness. The first experiment was made upon a woman who had completely lost her hair, and it was found that after a few weeks' treatment there was quite a strong growth."

The new oxygen cure also promises joy to those suffering from other complaints, but just what complaints and just how much joy will not be definitely known till the exhaustive experimenting now going on is completed. It is sufficient to know that the new usefulness of this remedy fell first to the lot of the long suffering baldhead and to him alone belongs the satisfaction of winning the capital prize in this panacea. Hereafter he can confidently preserve his sensitive feelings regarding the scant condition of his cranium, save his money that heretofore has been so recklessly squandered in vainly seeking for a cure, and go through life with an oxygen bag on one shoulder and a chip on the other, knowing full well he is the equal of any frowsy-headed Apollo, even if he hails from the "champ. hairy man" platform of a freak museum.

Bogus and Genuine Crest-Wearers

It has long been the fashion to rail at the American snob who has sought to air a coat-of-arms, but the College of Heraldry has recently made a statement in regard to the matter which puts a somewhat better face on the business. At first the applications which came from this country were looked upon as extreme examples of snobbishness, and the tendency was to regard the claimants with varying degrees of contempt. But investigation has proved that in the majority of cases the persons who make the requests are moved by a legitimate right. Fully one-fifth of the applications come from the United States. By far the larger part of them are from the South, where we are not in the habit of locating our snobocracy. The explanation is simple. The families who ask for the crests and devices are the descendants of the younger sons of good families, nobility and gentry, who, being barred from great inheritance of wealth or title in Great Britain, emigrated to America and established great estates of their own. Their sons and daughters were educated abroad, in France or England, and until the Civil War brought ruin they maintained their state. Southern colonists were from the two extremes of society, the refuse, from which are descended the "crackers," "dirt-eaters," "low-downers," the "po' white trash," despised of the negro, and the younger sons. The fake nobility of Europe only too plentifully besprinkles our land; no doubt there are plenty of stolen crests and devices shining in society, but when such claims are endorsed by the College of Heraldry there is less cause for sneering at the claimants. The whole thing, however, is un-American. When the ancestors of those who now exhibit these gewgaws left the old country to carve out new estates in this new

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land, they left all such marks of rank and title behind them. Nine times out of ten it is not the crest that is derided and sneered at but the manifest snobbish spirit with which it is flourished in the face of the world by some puffed-up descendant.

The Fight Against Department Stores

After struggling for some years against the big department stores, after getting housewives to sign petitions against them, and getting shady legislators to frame all sorts of unconstitutional laws against them, the opposition in Chicago has given up the fight. Not only has it abandoned the agitation but the man who led the opposition, the man who was the moving spirit in the contest, is organizing a big department store and some thirty of his stoutest henchmen, all prominent Chicago retailers, have signified their intention of joining the enterprise with him. These new converts to the department store propose to go even a step farther than their business fellows: their new store will be kept open all night.

The battle has simply gone with the side marching with events. This is the time of big things, of big retailers as well as big department stores. And though we may dislike the big stores and the spirit they typify, they fill for this period a place in the great rush of American industrial advance. The experience of those who battled so strenuously against them in Chicago only illustrates the text. Not only were the laws framed to hamper them found to be ineffectual, but many of the Chicago people who hated them and who signed guarantees not to trade with them were later discovered surreptitiously hunting for bargains at their counters. People will buy where they can buy cheapest, and if the big stores are able to cut the prices of their smaller business competitors, customers will cut their feelings and sentiments and trade with them.

The department store is simply the country store brought up to date, modernized to suit our new activities. Brainy retailers who keep abreast of the times and who watch the public taste have no dread of these big stores and have nothing to fear from them. It is only the conservative shopkeeper, trying to do business on the old moth-eaten lines, who is in terror of them; he it is who engineers these useless agitations against them. If he could once bind them with statutes, he would probably next turn his attention to framing laws to chain his more active retail rival. Until he agitates his gray matter and discovers ways to undersell the big stores and the active, up-to-date retailers, his rivals will continue to attract the rush of customers in the mart.

The Saunterer

Followed Home by an Austrian Count

The mystery surrounding the quiet advent here of a handsome Austrian nobleman at the time of the Bishop-Voorhies wedding has just been cleared up by the return of a well known society leader who met the Voorhies party while abroad. Her story is that his Teutonic Highness followed Anna Voorhies the seven seas over urging her to accept him as a favored suitor. He came to California lured by a false rumor that he might still win the woman he wanted in all the world. He discovered his mistake and was man enough to remain until after the ceremony and see her happy in her heart's choice. None of the guests at the wedding reception suspected that this nobleman of proud lineage was a rejected suitor for the bride's hand. It is not often that a bird of this rich plumage flits across our matrimonial horizon, so angling mammas and title-worshiping daughters deftly, unsuspectingly set their snares with invitations to dinner and over Sunday house jaunts. The count regretted all bids impartially, and a few days after the wedding left for his castle in the land of titles and legends, a gale of sighs sweeping after him.

Girls who think that a title is worth purchasing cannot understand how it could be refused at the proffering. They are regarding Mrs. Tom Bishop with a mixture of awe and pity, for though Papa Bishop is rated on the half-million margin there are other boys in the family and Tom is a young lawyer who has yet to cut his legal teeth. And there was a castle on the Danube and heaven knows how many crowns in the Vienna banks, and a title of high standing to boot, all to be had at the nod of a pretty head.

Tried to head Her off at the Altar

The Austrian count met Miss Voorhies in Paris last year. At that time she was engaged to young Bishop and so she told the love-smitten nobleman when he laid his heart, title and bank account at her feet. Notwithstanding, the count did the hop, skip and jump over Europe in the wake of the irresistible Californienne. She did not even say "auf wiedersehn" when the homeward bound steamer cast off; so the count sent his heart to Cupid's repair shop and armored himself to forget. But somehow the rumor reached him in Austria that Miss Voorhies had broken her engagement to the American, and the elated count came post-haste to San Francisco to renew his suit, only to have his hopes knelled by the wedding bells. The count made the best of his disappoint-

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ment, even appearing among those who joyously celebrated the nuptials. But his heart was evidently not to be caught on the rebound for the arts and wiles of maids skilled in Cupid's court availed not. The lady who met the count abroad in the train of Anna Voorhies has been besieged by a bevy of fluttering damsels all anxious to learn the details of the episode. Those who believe in the "old, old story" are re-congratulating Tom Bishop.

Lloyd Breckenridge's Last Note

The day before Lloyd Tevis Breckenridge committed suicide he sent a copy of Emerson's Essays to a young woman for whom he had a brotherly affection. On a loose sheet of paper, evidently left in the book by mistake, were the following lines, in Lloyd's handwriting:

"Mother is the name of God in the lips and hearts of the little children."

Unless my memory plays me false, Thackeray is responsible for their authorship. Beneath the lines was written:

"A mother's love—a love that I shall never know."

This was a cry from his own hungry heart, so his friend believes. For Lloyd Breckenridge felt keenly the fact that fate had separated him from his mother. Since her marriage to Mr. Sharon she has lived abroad, while the children were left here in their grandmother's care. Among the families with whom Lloyd Breckenridge was intimate he did not try to hide the fact that her continued absence was the cause of his heart-hunger. "I'm starved for mother-love," he once told a friend, while in a depressed mood. Those two sentences, they say, are the keys to the Bogey that preyed upon his hyper-sensitive mind and drove him to suicide.

Why They Live Abroad

There is a very good reason why the Sharons live on the continent, and come so rarely to California. Our climate, glorious as it is, does not agree with Fred Sharon. For years he has been afflicted with an incurable malady, which may, at any moment, prove fatal. His only hope of health is to pass his days in a mild climate. Mrs. Sharon is her husband's devoted slave, and their mutual infatuation has never lapsed into the ennuye stage that is so common in modern married life. When Louise Tevis Breckenridge married Fred Sharon she followed the Bible injunction in every particular, only in her case it was a case of giving up her children for her husband.

Jennie Blair's Parthian Shot

Jennie Blair has decided to go East with Mrs. Eleanor Martin for the Martin-Oelrichs wedding. Miss Blair has "danced the doll" on the Newport beach (equivalent to riding the goat in a lodge) and knows all the signs and passwords of the Gotham smart set. She will be able to steer Mrs. Martin clear of the shoals and sharks that shipwreck the novice in the swim. Apropos of Miss Blair's last visit East, when Tessie Fair Oelrichs set the great seal of the big four on her, I am reminded of a hold-over incident that is just being told out here. Miss Blair has natural red hair of which she is very proud. "You people out West don't know how to dye hair," said a Gotham dame to Miss Blair, "now your hair is too much like the carrots mother used to boil. I'll give you the address of a woman who'll make it the right shade." The dame did some embarrassed back tacking when she discovered that Miss Blair's hair was not dyed. Then Miss Blair took her turn at the retort direct:

"But San Francisco is noted for its good dentists," she said sweetly, "and I'll give you the address of one who is especially clever—at fitting false sets." 'Tis said the Gotham dame's store teeth chattered with rage

Sad Story of a Fiancee

A handsome California street mansion is covering one of the saddest stories I have heard in a long time. The beautiful daughter is engaged to a well known business man who is called East very frequently. The wedding was to have taken place in the fall. For the past year or more she has been ailing. Very recently her physician in consultation with brother practitioners decided on an operation. Out of what has since proved questionable delicacy the real character of the operation was glossed over to the girl and she was led to believe it was a very simple and ordinary affair to which scores of girls has successfully submitted in similar cases. Her mother lent her aid to the family physician and vouched at his instance that everything was harmless, simple and perfectly safe.

Tried to End Her Misery

After it was all over the unhappy girl learned that she would never know what it was to have her own child's love. Her dream has always been a domestic life surrounded by her children. When she realized the dreadful truth she became inconsolable. In her weakened condition she quickly sank into melancholia and prayed to die as she had nothing more to live for. Her fiance was summoned by wire in hope that the sight of him might recall her to a longing for life and love. She was never left alone a moment,day or night,for fear that in her despondency she might end her suffering. Despite all the vigilance, however, the unhappy girl managed to get possession of some laudanum. She took advantage of the fact that her sister, near by, was deeply absorbed in a novel. By hard work they managed to preserve her fluttering life; and apparently it is not for long. For from what I hear the unfortunate girl is crushed in despair. She refuses all nourishment and medicines. When she wakes from her fits of lethargy, it is only to ceaselessly murmur: "Let me die; oh, let me die."

With the passing of poor "Bob" Grayson and the defection of Will Hearst a quartet of gay spirits was broken up that carried things with a high hand when Santa Cruz held the blue ribbon of watering places

Engraved Wedding Announcements and Invitations

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on the Pacific Coast. Truxton Beale was another member, so was unfortunate Dan Murphy of San Jose, now said to be in the doldrums, both financially and physically.

Cupid In Pursuit of Emma Butler

Society is ready to say, "I told you so!" when the engagement of Emma Butler and Mr. Breedon is announced. Despite the denials of this much-lorgnetted pair, Mrs. Grundy stands pat on her wager that as soon as the time is ripe the wedding bells will chime for them. The conventional period of mourning has not yet elapsed for Mr. Breedon's first wife, who was one of the pretty Moody twins. She died one short year after her marriage. Miss Emma Butler is a San Francisco girl who has spent much of her time abroad. She will have a snug fortune of something like $400,000. In early times her father invested in large chunks of real estate at very little per chunk, and the Butler property is now among the best in the city. A block in Geary street opposite Union Square is one of these choice slices.

Escaped Him by Going Abroad

It was about seven years ago or thereabouts that Emma Butler made her debut, and very shortly afterward her engagement was announced to an army youth, whose name I have forgotten. It is as well perhaps that it is forgotten, for the young man failed to win honors in Hymen's field. The engagement was broken for some frivolous reason and Miss Butler went abroad. When she returned home, it was only to remain for short visits, as the traveling mania had her in its witching grasp. Last summer at Del Monte Mr. Breedon was very attentive to Miss Butler and the gossips are sure that the friendship has blossomed into a rarer plant. According to those skilled in taking the pulse of Cupid's victims, Miss Butler will shortly change her name but not initials.

Congratulated Her Over the Telephone

It is said that Mrs. Moody does not take kindly to the probability of her son-in-law marrying again. Mrs. Moody certainly has a talent for making herself miserable over the marriages of her children. She has not yet recovered from the blow of her daughter's runaway marriage with Douglas Watson. Mrs. Moody opposed the match so bitterly that the young people were forced to slip away from home to be married. As far as kindly intentioned friends can ascertain, Mrs. Moody's chief objection to Mr. Watson is that she "does not like his looks." Since they are not of his own choosing it is hardly fair to chalk them up against him. But despite the efforts of tactful mediators who have tried to bridge the breach, Mrs. Moody remains obdurate. When her daughter, Mrs. Breedon, died, it was thought that the mother would surely take the twin sister back to heart. Mrs. Watson hurried across the continent too late to reach her dying twin sister, and found her mother as irreconcilable as ever. Then friends looked to the stork to mend matters. But on the night that the baby was born there came a mere telephone message from the mother: "Mrs. Moody was all. Since not even the baby fingers could heal the wound, friends have given up in despair. But Mrs. Moody is in a happy flutter over the advent of the stork in Fred Moody's family.

Wedding cakes and confectionery for all occasions at Westerfeld's, 1035 Market street between Sixth and Seventh.

Is She Coming Home Heart-Whole?

The Prestons are on the homeward brine and friends of Willard Drown are noticing that that young man's spirits go up as the day of their arrival approaches. Edith Preston has been a much admired maiden but no one has burned quite so much incense at her altar as Willard Drown. Time was when "Worthy" Ames was counted high favorite, but his star set as soon as young Drown entered the lists. The gossips have it that Bernice Drown and Edith Preston were both given a dose of traveling for the same malady—to see whether the dent in their hearts was beyond mending. They say Bernice only needed a change of climate to straighten hers out and she is now in Europe with an untenanted heart and a third finger to let. But Edith Preston must still look very kindly on Willard Drown or he would not be buzzing the steamship office so often for the exact date of a homeward bound vessel carrying very precious freight.

Buda Pesth papers are filled with accounts of a project to be promoted by American financiers for the creation of an extravagantly luxurious Monte Carlo on Magarethan island, opposite the upper end of the city, in the Danube. What's the matter with widening Wall street, putting in a few more electroliers and developing our lustily thriving business in that line at home.

Caro Crockett Discovers a Cousin

Caro Crockett is not anxious to play the role of Little Sister of Charity again. Time was when the society girls took turns spending an afternoon at the Children's hospital, amusing and reading to the unfortunate little ones. But the fad died the sudden death to which such things are doomed. However, not long ago Miss Crockett and an intimate friend volunteered to go out there and deliver an important message from one of the patronesses. The girls sat down in the waiting room and presently one of the young women internes came to receive them. The conversation drifted to the subject of trained nurses.

"Are there really any girls of good families, training out here?" inquired Miss Crockett's friend.

"Indeed there are," promptly answered the young lady mentioned, "why, there are girls out here related to some of the best families in town. There is one lovely girl who is a first cousin of Miss Caro Crockett. She hurt herself last year and was ill for a long time, but the Crocketts never came near her. She is

WM. WILLIAMS & SONS
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V V O
Scotch Whisky
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studying nursing to solve the bread and butter problem, but she's not strong enough for such work. You see, you can't live on the glory of being related to the mighty."

Then the M. D. bowed out her visitors, merely remarking afterwards, what brilliant red cheeks the smaller one had. "Yes," responded a nurse, "that's Caro Crockett." Tableau!

First Amateur Photographer: How did you come out on those special snap shots you were going to take yesterday?

Second Amateur: Great! I gave 'em a twenty minute exposure.

F. A. (excitedly): Whew! You must have made a mess of it from over exposure.

S. A. (calmly): I guess not; they were living pictures.

Our Chances in the Big Yacht Race

Now that the Constitution is properly tuned, the Shamrock II in sight of New York harbor, and Sir Thomas Lipton here to welcome her, everything seems nearly ready for that great international contest—lifting the America's cup. The preliminary trial between the new Constitution and the Columbia has developed the fact that we undoubtedly have a faster boat than last year's victor. The Columbia, through seasoning and improved tuning, is unquestionably several minutes faster over at thirty miles than when she beat Shamrock I so handily. Experts believe the Constitution is first and last an improved Columbia; that she has a more refined body and more driving power; that she is, in short, the perfection of the ninety foot racing machine, with every line drawn out to the limit of its usefulness. Mr. Herreshoff is credited with seeking in the Constitution to especially secure considerable more speed in the lightish airs, which so largely prevail during Cup races. This trait of hers was specially developed in the races with the Columbia. In stronger breezes she is certain to make a good showing for she has that Herreshoff characteristic of passing unperturbed through agitated waters. It is a winning characteristic and a remarkable one. In the trials of the two boats there was no wasted energy and no wasted winds.

Shamrock as a Racer

From the knowing ones in England comes the tip that the abilities of Shamrock II have been very considerably underestimated. Mr. Jamieson, who will manage her, is credited with being one of the cleverest yacht handlers in all England. From the newspaper reports all that can be gathered is that Shamrock II carries her sail well, that she points higher than her predecessor, and when she wants to do so, foots faster. Watson had the Columbia in view when he planned her under-body for only a fine yacht judge could distinguish between her lines and the Columbia's in that section. Their fins are practically alike. The Shamrock II is a more graceful craft. The beauty and clearness of the run and the sharpness of the forepart of the fin are the principal points of the new Shamrock. When her larger sail plan is considered she looks to be a crack in her line. She is evidently planned to be an ideal fine weather boat and to meet all the demands of racing off Sandy Hook in light autumnal weather. She is undoubtedly going to prove a fast boat, faster by many minutes than last year's challenger, especially on all-round work and in light weather, for her entrance is finer and her sail spread larger. Yachting men will remember that there was not a great deal of difference betwen the Shamrock I and the Columbia in a light breeze. To some it looks as if the new challenger were faster than last year's Columbia. How much faster is a question. There lies the element that will spice the forthcoming contest. The best racing experts believe that the Constitution will be able to keep the cup safe on these shores, but that she will have a harder contest on her hands than did the Columbia.

Every original package of Jesse Moore Whiskey is guaranteed absolutely pure by Jesse Moore Hunt Co.

Declares the Burglar was a Don Juan

The "gentlemanly burglar," who entered the Hammond residence on Pacific heights a short time ago, has bobbed up in the east as a Don Juan. A bright and gossipy eastern paper in its last issue declares that Society here knows who the man really is and that he never stole anything in his life but women's reputations. It publishes a version of the affair as follows:

"All would have gone merry as a marriage bell but that the exultant Don Juan grew careless and awakened Mrs. Hammond, who promptly screamed. The maid in an adjoining room rushed to the aid of her mistress, armed with a poker and tongs. Don Juan's position was becoming critical, when, inspired with a gallant idea, he became a real burglar, with a silk handkerchief tied across his face to conceal his identity. Seizing Mr. Hammond's pistol and twenty-three dollars of Mrs. Hammond's money, he put the bluff through. Even the stalwart butler, armed with a formidable looking umbrella, quailed before him. The gentlemanly burglar, with Hammond's pistol well aimed, pushed the terrified man into my lady's closet and turned the key, remarking: "I beg pardon, but you know I dislike men around when I'm looking for money." Then he bade Mrs. Hammond "good-night," and shaking hands with her daughter, said: "Don't be afraid, little girl, I've sisters of my own, and I wouldn't hurt you for the world." Finally this gentlemanly burglar turned to his hostess and complacently asked: "May I beg of you madam, to have your servant show me the front door?" Marie showed him out; as he walked down the front steps he deliberately unmasked, and Frisco society is saying—well, any number of unmentionable things."

Have They Broken the Engagement?

Over the underground wires comes a soft low tick-tick, vibrating through social circles the information that the Oelrichs-Martin engagement is being adroitly nursed into the air, thin air, hot air; and that at a more

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E. M. GREENWAY, Pacific Coast Representative

auspicious time, later on, an announcement of a broken engagement will be quietly allowed to grow without any show of family disapproval. At the beginning Miss Oelrichs' heart was strenuously set upon the alliance, notwithstanding strong family disapproval. At that important juncture a set of circumstances favored her plea and the protesting family were impressed to yield against their individual wishes. So bitterly opposed to the alliance were some of the members that they resolved to maintain, right up to the altar, their efforts to break it off. Miss Oelrichs is now being treated to a "campaign of education" on Peter Martin's past life and future prospects. His red-letter record is being sent on from here by a member of the family who has always stoutly opposed the match. That record is far, far from savory and Lily Oelrichs is deeply smitten indeed if she can stand very much of it.

Left a Trail of Heartaches and Headaches

Young Martin has run through something over two hundred thousand dollars in the last half-dozen years and he sowed it in a fashion that produced a plentiful crop of wild escapades, heart aches, head aches and aches that no patent panacea will ever efface. He has less than four hundred thousand dollars left, not a big sum for a man of his extravagant temperament to live in high social estate and settle down on. The anti-Martin element in the Oelrichs union know the use to be made of all this and they are fully cognizant of the effect his rather shocking wild West past will have on an austerely bred Eastern girl. And that is the reason why they first succeeded in postponing the marriage for a month, then in postponing it indefinitely, and lately in shooting it high into the air, where they are planning to have it quietly disappear in course of time.

First Taxpayer: They're wasting a lot of good white paint on the City Hall.

Second Taxpayer: Yes, a coat of it on the Board of Public Works would do more good.

Waiting for Her Judgeship to Speak

George Hall, the local representative of The Sun of the Orient, yclept the Sultan of Turkey, is back from his trip abroad with several more decorations to add to his extensive collection. While in Paris he attempted a number of feats, not the least of which was a short voyage in one of the new dirigible balloons. His friends are wondering if it was preliminary for a venture on the sea of matrimony. As Miss Gertie Carroll is the chief judge, society will not know how successful he has been in his "air trips" till she makes an announcement.

Pierpont Morgan's Expected Visit

Not even the prospective visit of Bishop Potter is stirring up so much discussion as the expected advent of J. Pierpont Morgan. Not only the society world but the realm of finance is having its innings on Morgan chat. For J. Pierpont Morgan is the world's oracle of finance. The Rothschilds, Astors, Vanderbilts, Rockefellers or Goulds play second fiddle since he floated the billion-dollar steel trust. It was he who managed that big deal of government bonds for President Cleveland, at a profit of fourteen million dollars, and that was only one of his minor manipulations. Morgan is supposed to be hand and glove with President McKinley, and there is probably no financial deal in which the United States Government is interested in which J. Pierpont Morgan has not a hand.

She's a Famous Hunter

But San Francisco society need not lay any plans for the entertainment of this great man. I doubt if he even accepts a dinner engagement unless it be an informal affair. Mr. Morgan is a most unostentatious, unpretentious man. He objects to fuss and feathers, and simplicity is his rule in everything. His daughter Louisa, by the way, was married last year to Herbert Livingston Satterlee, and she is on friendly terms with Birdie Fair Vanderbilt. He has a daughter who is an ardent lover of outdoor sports. At present she is with a camping party in Colorado after big game. She can handle a rifle like an expert. Last year while on a hunting expedition she shot a big black bear. His pelt now adorns her room in New York.

"Why is it the older women are always trying to get into Society and the young and pretty ones to come out?

Frowned on a Viscount's Suit

Though the tongue-wagging tabbies are binding the names of Celia Tobin and Tom Driscoll in betrothal bonds, the parties concerned serenely disclaim all knowledge of such ties. Miss Tobin goes so far as to say she will marry nobody. She is the eldest of the Tobin sisters, of whom Beatrice is the only one married. Agnes, the youngest, is very much inclined toward a religious life, and is a recluse as regards society. Celia goes in for outdoor sports and is more like Joe than any of the other members of the family. Some years ago, it was reported that she was to marry Lord Ennismore, when that fascinating viscount was paying a visit to the coast. It was the machinations of that dear old matchmaker, "Marchioness" Murphy, that brought the sporting nobleman out this way, and it was she who suggested to him that the daughter of her dear friend Mrs. Tobin had a dot that was not to be despised. But Celia, who was then just budding into womanhood, frowned on Ennismore's attentions, and the Marchioness' magnificent plans were defeated.

In the sick room or on your sideboard Jesse Moore "AA" Whiskey is indispensable.



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The Most Delicious Champagne of the Age

Yellow Label, Dry *Gold Label, Brut*

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Ladies Who Bloom in Color

It seems to be the fashion just now of affecting one color in one's garment, if one wishes to be known as a femme a la mode. The novelist's Woman in White, and the Woman in Black of the Dreyfus trial have developed imitators in the smart world. Thus the Hopkins sisters are called the Girls in Blue because of their fondness for that color, which they carry to the blue limit in their costume. And Mrs. Frank McLennan has begun to be known as the Lady in Brown, for it is her fad to wear always clothes of some shade of brown. Lately she added a brown feather boa to her belongings, and this put the finishing touch to her modish attire. Mrs. McLennan is a striking looking woman in any gown. Her husband wooed and won her in Boston, and from the city of culture she brought with her to the West a certain individuality that distances all imitators.

That Awful Business Sign

Apropos of the McLennans, the head of the family will never sleep easy, I am told, until that defacing sign is removed from his neighbor's house. The humble sign of the cabinet-maker, which explains that the ocupant of the dwelling makes show-cases and like necessaries for the trade, has been an eyesore to the aristocratic McLennans for many moons. Only lately it was supplemented by an even more conspicuous long-distance telephone indicator. The defiant cabinet-maker claims that his sign is no worse than his rich Clay-street neighbor's high trees that prevent the sunlight from entering his side windows. And so the high fence shifts and carries rancor in its wake.

A Family Wash that Horrified

There was a swell wedding in Pacific Avenue recently, in an old family mansion just around the corner from Polk street, when the niece of a plutocratic wholesale butcher, named Kiss, wedded an army officer. The ceremony was performed in St. Ignatius church and a reception followed at the home of the bride. Next door to the pretentious Kiss residence is a small building containing two flats, in the lower one of which resides a modest barber and his industrious wife. Mrs. Barber does her own washing, which she hangs out to dry on a line attached to a pulley. This naked, flaunting wash-line has always been an eye-sore to the ambitious Mrs. Kiss. While the plans for the magnificent wedding reception were under way, Mrs. Kiss was horrified to suddenly recollect that the day set for it was identical with Mrs. Barber's wash day and that her hideous wash would be flapping from the pulley rope as their aristocratic guests descended the steps from the reception. Mrs. Kiss had more than the cold creeps as this vision appeared before her; she had nervous prostration.

But as the eventful day approached she realized that some superhuman effort must be made to overcome the difficulty. The cards were out, the day of the wedding could not be changed. There was only one thing to do: change the date of Mrs. Barber's wash day. After a deal of mental fidgeting Mrs. Kiss determined to diplomatically approach her victim through the neighbor in the upper flat. Attired in her best, and bearing her most winning ways Mrs. Kiss called on Mrs. Upper Flat.

Felt Like Dewey at Manila

She left at the end of an hour and the wan look on her usually placid face had vanished. When the army guests descended her front steps on the great day of the reception, they saw no inspiring red, white and blue underclothes flapping from the pulley line next door. The elated Mrs. Kiss stood on the top step and seemed to wave all the wash and her troubles away with a sweep of her triumphant hand. She felt like Dewey at Manila when he stood upon the bridge and swept the Spanish fleet into Kingdom Come with his cannon. As for the barber's wife, she timidly peeped from behind her closed blinds and saw the fashionables pass. She never realized what a great shine she had given to the swell affair by putting off her wash day.

He: Here's a tunnel; are you afraid?

She (snuggling closer, as the train shoots in): Try to frighten me and see.

He Is a Model Husband Now

It is likely that Blingum will in a short time have the Deerhursts as residents, at least for a part of every year. Lord Deerhurst is captivated with California, and wonders why his wife cared to live in England when she could have made this State her home. The noble lord has changed immensely since he became a husband and father; he is a good illustration of the old saw about reformed rakes. For Deerhurst was by no means a model prior to his marriage with Miss Bonynge. He had been a wild boy and a wilder youth, and his father, the Earl of Coventry, threatened to disinherit him if he did not mend his ways. Moral mammas of London would not even look at him when he appeared in the Row. Suddenly he went off to Australia, where occasional stories of his awful doings were wafted Londonward. His only correspondent in those days was Moore, the editor, who heard regularly from his friend.

Triumph of the Family

Then, one fine day, the wayward man turned up in London society as the fiancee of Miss Bonynge. He got a nice plump dot with his wife, and old Bonynge was said to be tremendously pleased at the fish his

Leaders of the ton prefer Chapin & Gore's Old Reserve Bourbon and Rye Whiskies to any other brands.

DEWAR'S
SCOTCH WHISKY
HIGH BALL

Small piece of ice in glass, pour whisky over ice and fill glass with syphon or plain water

A Cooling and Delightful Drink

daughter had hooked. The Bonynges had a good position in the swim, in spite of the talk about paterfamilias' plebeian origin and past. The Californian heiress has been very happy in her marriage, and Deerhurst has never regrettd his rehabilitation.

His California Record

Californians recall Papa Bonynge very well. After serving for a time as gardener for a San Mateo landholder, he migrated to San Francisco to accept a position in a livery stable. He was not a gentleman in appearance and his manners were uncouth, still the fact that his English was grammatical gave rise to the rumor among his associates that he might possibly be the disinherited scion of a noble British family. The brokers who patronized the stables where he worked took a fancy to Bonynge and rewarded him by giving him mining stock tips, which he acted upon and in course of time became the owner of a small fortune. With this he went to Nevada, stayed in Virginia City while the boom lasted, and as a curbstone broker multiplied his bank account. A year later he returned here, married, and a few months later went to England, where he took up his residence.

Lord Deerhurst's cousin, Craven, it will be remembered, married Miss Bradley Martin of New York.

Look Out! The Red Terror is Coming

The "kissing bug" and the Blingum "bat" might as well pack their traps and emigrate, a new ? has struck the nation. IT has already invaded the East and IT has spread consternation wherever IT goes. IT is called "the red terror." The red terror is a mysterious minute insect which burrows in the skin of human beings causing intense suffering and annoyance. Up to date the naturalist has failed to identify it. The new visitor is said to look like a small red speck; when placed under the microscope it is unpleasant to behold, having many legs and suckers, which give it a truculent and business-like appearance. It moves almost with the celerity of light. Scientists who have examined it declare it has a tropical origin. The first appearance of this new pest was at a resort about ten miles from Philadelphia. So serious did its aggressions become upon the guests that an investigation was demanded. The services of the Board of Health were requisitioned. The savants had the liveliest kind of trouble locating the cause of the complaint. At last a minute creature, the size of a tiny drop of blood, was discovered on a windowpane. The learned doctors could not identify their find so a very careful and searching study of the creature followed.

How the Pest Works

The depredations of this new enemy are now described as being committed at night. Patients bitten by the insect have been examined and under the pustules produced by the marauder its dead body has been found nearly an inch deep under the skin. The first wound is a small red mark not unlike that left by a mosquito. It is a painful wound and hard to forget. Naturalists believe that the insect was brought from Cuba in some material used by the army, or possibly from Africa in fibre that enters into mattresses. The doctors are now trying to find remedies to counteract its bite.

A Good Spring Tonic—Wm. Williams & Sons V. V. O. Scotch Whisky

Why Princes Envied Baron Von Schroeder

From Hamburg comes the story of the Baron Von Schroeder's social triumph. Now Hamburg is the most fashionable watering place in Germany. There the Emperor of Germany goes yearly to quaff the wonderful waters guaranteed to cure everything from bunions to big-head. Even King Edward of England is booked for a jaunt there before the shank of the season. It is the gathering place of the descendants of Medas and the mighty. The resort is German geographically, but English wealth and fashion horde there in droves, and one hears more English spoken than German. Where kings and princes, earls and dukes hobnob, it is no easy matter for even a lord to strut cock o' the walk. As for a baron, parbleu! or dinarily he would not be used for a door-mat. But our own Baron Von Schroeder, despite his humble birth, was "it" during his short stay in Hamburg. He was the cynosure of all eyes, for the story of his sensational experiences in California was known to every one. According to the Hamburg version of the affair, the Baron was a ladies' man who could out-Byron Don Juan. He had played havoc with the hearts of no less than fifty society women, whose husbands had mounted their broncos one dark night, surrounded Castle Rafael, lassoed the hapless Baron and dragged him to prison where his goo-goo eyes could no longer make the ladies' hearts go pit-a-pat. Finally a just judge released the fascinating Baron from durance vile, and he fled the country, the wail of love lorn damsels ringing in his ears. Even Ferris Hartman with the "eye of love," stolen from the Idol, was not so irresistible as Hamburg painted Baron Von Schroeder.

Rescuing Her Reputation

The Baron was doubtless not responsible for this highly colored romance, but it served the purpose of making him the hero of the hour. Before his doughty deeds on the field of love, the reputations of the lesser Don Juans cooled into mere respectability. Princesses and duchesses vied with each other to meet this Knight of Dames. Those who thought to taboo the Baron have made him "it" as far as decadent Europe is concerned. The Baroness Von Schroeder will tarry on at Hamburg, she finds the reflected glory of her liege lord so pleasant. The Baron


JESSE MOORE
A A
WHISKEY
BEST ON EARTH

himself has returned home and will spend most of his time at his "castle," erstwhile dubbed Hotel Rafael.

Will the Baron "Queer" Things

Apropos of the reputations that were dented at the Von Schroeder libel suit, I understand that a society matron who has been ostracized since that fatal time is no longer regarded as black as she was then dyed by the gossips. No names were mentioned at the trial and Mrs. Grundy held her responsible for indiscretions that should really be bundled to another door. It has since developed that one of the women, who dined with the Remillard party, the night that luckless individual fell through the fire escape and met his death, was more involved in the scandal. As a result of these disclosures society is thawing out toward the first mentioned lady, and unless the Baron's threatened appeal "queers" things again she will probably be taken back into the fold.

She Will Not Marry Fred Greenwood

Miss Katherine Dillon says there is no truth whatever in the lately published rumor that she is to marry Fred Greenwood. The gentleman involved says nothing. But from a very excellent source I earn that Miss Dillon, when she decides to resign, her liberty, will bestow her heart and hand upon a young Naval officer. If anyone is to be the happy man, 'tis certainly he. Fred Greenwood has been unfortunate lately. Very recently he was "pilled" on the same day at both the Pacific-Union and the Burlingame clubs. A member of noted sang froid and drawling ways explained his "pill" with only one-half the reason given by that blase Athenian who voted to banish Aristides, "Oh, he makes me tired—always hearing him called the Just."

Quick Returns: Nickel-in-the-Slot Electric Shocks.

Epidemic of Embezzlements in Seattle

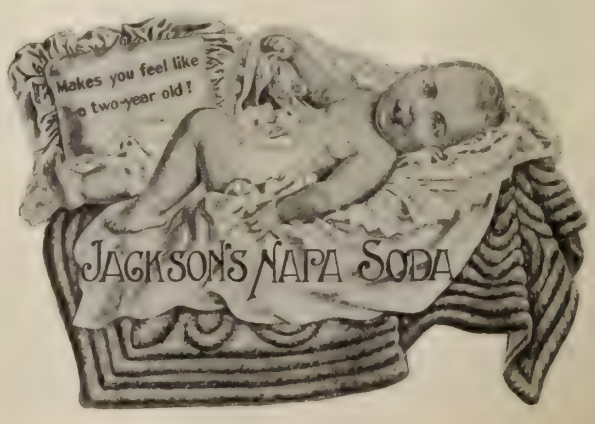
My correspondent writes me that the Puget Sound city is reaping the policy of her "wide-open" gambling policy with a vengeance. Within the past few weeks no less than seven young men of prominent families and all holding responsible positions have embezzled moneys and fled the country. Cause: gambling. Their wretched stories are as follows:

The first case was that of George Dingle, chief clerk to W. G. Pearce, the assistant to President Mellen of the Northern Pacific railroad. Dingle was entrusted with drawing time checks for a number of employees in certain departments of the road. Finding that he needed more money than his salary afforded in order to continue a life that was both fast and rosy, he drew bogus checks to the amount of four thousand dollars, had them cashed by friends, and then disappeared. The next disappearance was that of Charley Smead, chief clerk of the Rainier-Grand hotel. Smead was well known as a high roller and was prominent in local social circles. After his disappearance an examination of his books showed the cash account to be shy some nine hundred dollars. Smead was not captured and is reported to be occupying a similar position in a Butte, Montana, hotel. The next defalcation of importance was that of F. L. Van Wormer who was engaged in the commission business. Van Wormer left Seattle seven thousand five hundred dollars behind in his accounts. The prominence of his position enabled him to go further than the others without being caught. Both Van Wormer and Smead added an excessive admiration for women to their vice of gambling.

W. Howard Kernahagen, cashier of the Sunset Telephone and Telegraph, was the next individual to escape the vigilance of the local police and escape. His concealment of his movements was so successful that he has not since been located. Kernahagen added some picturesque features to his escape by making it in a brilliant manner while supposed to be under the surveillance of two detectives. He took with him a young woman from Everett to whom he was married in this city after the officers were in pursuit of him. His shortage via the green cloth route amounted to some two thousand five hundred dollars. John McCaul, a clerk in the quartermaster's department, was the next to disappear. His shortage was about five thousand dollars. McCaul is the son of Postmaster McCaul of Lynchburg, Va. He made way with government funds while on board the transport *Egbert*. He has made good his escape. On checking up the accounts of Ralph L. Ross, stamp deputy in the office of the local internal revenue collectors, last week, his accounts were found to be shy some four thousand five hundred dollars. Ross was captured before he was able to get out of the city. He admitted that he had gambled away the money in attempt to recover a small sum lost in a business speculation. Since then the announcement has been made that Edward W. Ross of the Adams Grocery company had disappeared taking with him several hundred dollars of other people's money

Giving the "Third Degree"

Those in touch with police circles are discussing Jack Winters' initiation into the "third degree" at headquarters whereby he was impelled to give up the hiding place of the bullion stolen from the Selby works. It was quite the cleverest piece of work in the whole affair, for with that secret safe in his own mind and the evidence against him largely of a circumstantial character he held the winning card in the battle of wit. The Upper Office of the Police department never likes to talk about its methods in giving a recalcitrant prisoner the third degree in order to "dig or beat" a confession out of him. There's good reason for this: the methods practiced wouldn't always look Christian-like in print: again it isn't always prudent to publish to the world how much of the swag and how much "time" was promised the criminal. Where the Upper Office is exceedingly secretive, as it is in New York city, this leaves the chief with a wide and safe scope in which to pose before the public and tell in a grandiose way, "How I did it." No one can deny his wildest flights of the imagination. Aside from him, the criminal is usually the only one who knows the truth and he doesn't dare say a word of protest. According to the recent confessions of a



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New York detective this extremely autocratic power was often used by his chief to build reputations for incompetents and to destroy those of hardworking detectives. He conferred the arrest and confessions wrung from noted criminals on any favorite he pleased. The public had to take his word for it.

Hammering Secrets Out of a Criminal

At times his own method of giving the third degree to a suspect was particularly brutal. He had served in the department for a long time and he handled each case according as his experience suggested. In some instances he did not hesitate to pick up a club from his table, knock down the criminal and beat and kick him unmercifully. When he had apparently exhausted all his strength and the handcuffed suspect was covered with blood and bruises the Chief would ask him with an oath if he was ready to confess or to take another dose. In other cases when the criminal was led into his presence, he would simply sit smoking his cigar and simply stare at him, never giving a hint at what was coming, never saying a word. In course of time the culprit would begin to grow uneasy. An under-office man would come in and report to the silent, staring Chief, telling him what so-and-so, a pal, had "peached" on the culprit. Another one would report that more incriminating evidence had been discovered against him. And so the game would be kept up till the man's moral courage gave way or he showed unmistakable signs that he was innocent. Sometimes he was put in the "black hole" and given a meagre allowance of bread and water. Any treatment was considered justifiable that would wring a confession from the suspect.

"Uncle" Collis Still Takes a Hand

The report that Hays has handed in his resignation as President of the Southern Pacific company and that nephew H. E. Huntington is to succeed him in office has made a great impression on the officials in the railroad building. I was speaking with one of them about it the other day when he suddenly interjected, "It's the hand of Collis P."

"Why, he has been dead many a day," I replied, "his hands have something else to do."

"It's Collis P. just the same," he declared, earnestly. Then he grinned. "The way those oil men aren't getting their rates cut and the way our State assessment is cut by the Board of Equalization looks something as if Collis still had a hand in affairs, doesn't it ? "

Bound to Run the S. P.

Then he button-holed me more confidentially and continued:

"I don't mind telling you low down that I went up to see a medium last night. She's one of of the real things and no fraud. Old Collis had control of her and if you'd heard the way he held forth on the way the S. P. was being handled you'd never doubt it was his very self back from the East on his annual trip to overhaul the office and cuss the underlings over the coals. 'Do those Speyers think they can run a railroad,' he said, 'they're ———— money lenders. See the way they tried to monkey with the liquor traffic. But I've flanked 'em. Harriman'll do better. He'll put in H. E. and my nephew knows the ropes. I taught him. There'll never be any S. P. without a Huntington to run it. I made it, me (!), Huntington (!!), and dang it all, it's going to be run by a Huntington if I have to come up from—beg your pardon, to run it myself.'

"And," continued ye ancient railroad man, "I verily believe he'll keep his word and if they don't put in H. E. he'll come up and continue to run it himself."

Even Col. Mazuma Yelled

Freedom may have shrieked for a record when Kosciusko fell but it wasn't a marker to the way Colonel Mazuma bellowed bloody murder when he saw A.Ruef go down in the 44th Assembly District with four dollars and thirty cents in his jeans.

Marriages of Two Actresses

The marriage of Francis Bruguiere and Lila Convere was celebated at Charlotte, N. C., on Thursday last. Miss Convere is the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Hamilton Jones, members of well known Southern families. Francis Bruguiere is a son of the late E. A. Bruguiere, who married a daughter of Pedar Sather, the banker. The romance of the young couple began here a short time ago, when Miss Convere was a member of the Alcazar company.

Daisy Grogan, who was well known here a short time ago to theatre goers, is on a bridal trip this way with her husband, John W. Thorne, a wealthy New Yorker, whom she married last week. Several months ago she inherited five hundred thousand dollars from an uncle and promptly retired from the stage.

"That's the cheese!" yelled the mince pie, excitedly, as the frantic dyspeptic reached for an axe in his nightmare.

Frank Coffin, the tenor, has just secured an engagement in "The Explorers" at the Dearborn theatre, Chicago. He has an important part and his two solos—"A French Marine Ashore" and "My Lady Champagne"—have caught the public.

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PACIFIC COAST AGENTS

School Teachers in the Philippines

From a private letter, dated July twelfth, written by a Californian widow now sojourning in Manila, I have been permitted to make the following vivacious extracts:

None of the teachers that came on the transport *Sheridan* got positions in Manila. Much to their disgust they were drafted to what they considered the most God forsaken places on the globe. When Superintendent Atkinson made the anouncements there was a wild rush for the map, and then a woful wail from thirty-five dejected school marms. All of them wanted to go anywhere but that lonely spot to which Atkinson ordered them. But he was obdurate and even flatly refused to put friends together. Nevertheless, he gave one promise that he thought should quiet all grief: "You'll find one white woman on your island, and possibly before you leave some more may come." And now the marooned teachers are writing home warnings to their friends to stay where they are. It costs more to live in the Philippines than the teachers are paid and the chances for having raises of salary are slim.

In the Swim at Manila

Mr. and Mrs. Wright gave a reception on Tuesday evening at their home in Malate, Calle Real, in honor of Governor and Mrs. Taft. It was a smart affair down to the ground. I was not at all struck with the Governor's appearance—he is stout and red—but his manner is delightfully genial. He is very popular with men and women. Mrs. Taft is not so popular; she lacks diplomacy and makes no end of enemies thereby. This, of course, acts against her husband. She seems to consider herself horribly IT. As several other fashionable women think the same thing of themselves, you can fancy their attitude toward Madame la Gouverneur. At the University club's reception to the Tafts, she wore a gown that was decidedly the worse for wear and her gloves were soiled—quite an unpardonable offense, n'est-ce-pas, for a Governor's lady? She is thin, and I heard someone remark that her neck "made one think of the starving Cubans." This is a place where society's demands necessitate fine linen if you are of the masculine gender and beautiful shoulders if you are of the feminine.

"The Widow" and Her Ways

Do you remember that series of articles in a New York society weekly signed "The Widow"? Well, She is here in Manila, sent out by her paper. The widow is a peach, for this country, for everyone is dark while She is a blonde of the fairest type. She takes a ride every evening, sometimes with an Army man, sometimes with a Navy man, sometimes with a Civilian and sometimes alone. The men all like her but the women cut her dead. Some say it is because the women are afraid of what she will say about them and they hate to be found out in their little peccadilloes. However the Widow goes everywhere, and the society women all fall over one another when the steamer brings the latest issue of Her paper, and eagerly scan the pages to see if they are in it.

No one has done more to make Californians well thought of here than has General "Jim" Smith. He is of the very 150 here, and so is his sister Kate who joined him a few months ago. Miss Kate Smith is a beauty of the brunette order and the men, I hear, simply rave over her while the women envy her elegant frocks.

Every evening we go driving on the Lunetta, and from five o'clock until half after six the army band plays. The American women go in decollete gowns and with bared arms just as they go to dinner, while the aristocratic and plutocratic Spanish ladies wear high necks and long sleeves. They laugh at *us* and say, "Those Americans go driving just as if they were dressed for a ball."

Smart Lines in Gay Comedies

A Californian visiting New York writes me that there are some bright lines in the musical comedies that are running in the sweltering metropolis. In *Florodora*, Edna Wallace Hopper (Lady Holgrood) asks a young bachelor, "Are you in love like a common person with a nice girl, or like a fashionable man, with your friend's wife?" In *The Casino Girl*, a young doctor who attended a chorus girl one night when she injured her knee-cap, falls in love with her, and when he meets her some months later, proceeds to tell her what a nice girl she is. "But you haven't seen much of me," she exclaims.

"Oh, I don't know," is the retort that makes the audience smile.

The Millwood Gun Club must be filling a long felt want in Mill Valley and Sausalito, for it is meeting with surprising success. In its two months' existence the seven members have grown to thirty. Most of the credit belongs to the officers, W. L. Arnold, W. Mersfelder and W. Crandall. At present the club is shooting for the Feudner medal, presented by Otto Feudner, and for a rifle, under sealed conditions, presented by Thomas Lewis. On the last Sunday in September the club intends to hold a merchandise shoot for prizes offered by the many mercantile friends of the club. At the June contest the badge offered for the best record was won by W. H. Price; score, 23 out of a possible 25 birds. W. L. Arnold won the July score with 21



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When Her Safeguards Failed

Of all the women in bay suburbs Mrs. Madge Deming apparently courted retirement the most. She strove to escape all chances of criticism, not from any inherent love of respectability, but rather because she deemed a virtuous garment the better wear for social purposes. She had acquaintances among the women who may have thought at times that she was prone to enjoying male admiration, but such innuendoes never got very far for the men promptly cut them down. They one and all believed her jolly good company. She had a fine figure, but could not be called a beauty, enjoyed a handsome bank account and a husband who spent two-thirds of his time in a sweltering hole in Chihuahua looking after important mining interests. He never spoke of taking her there and left the child and her to enjoy life as best they could in the pretty bay suburb.

In course of time affection of husband and wife became the kind that is fanned into a semblance of strength by many and prolonged separations. Madge Deming in her quiet life, interrupted by the visits of agreeable men acquaintances who were allured by her charming surroundings, often looked at her sunny-faced little Charters and declared if her own sense of duty ever failed the thought of such a bonny son would be a mighty safeguard to her.

Her women friends declared that she was neither pretty nor amusing, but the men said she was attractive, charming and very clever. Mrs. Deming attributed this opinion to her ability to hide her own imperfections and draw out the perfections of the other sex. For every man believes there is a part of his nature which only needs to be understood to be appreciated. So while she studied men as a class, individually they adored at her shrine and usually there was one who stood out in her mind more prominently than the others. Just now it was Ronald Travers.

He was a charming fellow, a bit refractory at times, but he studied her moods and tried to amuse her. So quietly had he won his way into her good graces that she suddenly awoke to the realization that he showed signs of trying to monopolize her. This would never do. It would not only rouse people to talking, but it would set at defiance her cardinal rule that she must feel above danger. It irritated her to think that she had slipped unconsciously into this position, and as she dressed for her drive with him that day she determined that she would make him understand clearly that, like all her other men acquaintances, he must remain at the outer boundary of cordial friendship.

She was quietness itself when she entered the buggy. For some time they drove countryward without saying a word: the man occupied with the spirited horses; the woman apparently absorbed in the landscape, but she was thinking the while how the matter could be most adroitly brought to a point and settled.

"Do you know," she began, laying a hand gently on his arm, "that you're quite the nicest man in the world when Deming is away."

He started as if she had struck him.

"There was no call to say that to me," he said, "I—I don't deserve to be reminded about—your hus—Deming."

She started in her turn.

"I—I am paid for taking off the mask of wifely duty in your presence. What a fatal error it is for any woman to do this," she said, bitterly; "it lays her so open to cruel words."

"What is come over you, dear?" he asked, "you don't seem to be yourself today."

"Nothing."

"Nothing?"

"Well, perhaps it's you."

"And that's what you call nothing. Madge, what an exasperating bit of humanity you are."

He attempted half-playfully to cover her hand with his own, but she avoided him.

"Ronald," she said, earnestly, "you are very intuitive. Sometimes I think you fathom my very thoughts. You have no right to do this. There is a limit to what you must know of me. You must understand this and live up to it."

He regarded her intently.

"What are you aiming at?"

"What I say."

He was silent for awhile. Then she resumed, quietly:

"I think it is better for you to go away for a time—you understand."

"Certainly, if you will go with me."

"Nonsense."

"Not a bit of it."

"Can't you, won't you understand," she broke out, passionately, "that you must go away? Don't you realize how you are beginning to show your power before people? I will not be so controlled by any man."

"But we could be so much to each other, dear—you and I."

"All men say that."

"But in my case it is different. I know how much a woman like you is capable of loving; how much she could give a man if she cared for him, and sometimes I think you really do care for me. Heavens! if I could only see behind your masked feelings. If I could only see you as I really know you are."

The woman trembled. The passionate nature which she covered under a show of conventionality quivered with the tensity of his voice. She felt a surge of feeling sweep over her that threatened to sweep respectability to destruction, that threatened to carry her headlong as Travers wished.

"We could take the child," he broke in.

The woman awoke with that word. The child, her Charters, ah, yes, her safeguard.

"Please drive home," she said, "I am beginning to feel tired. I think I'm going to have a raging headache."

They drove home in silence. As he helped her from the buggy he said, "Will you please me a little tonight, Madge? I am coming to see you. After that I will go away and do anything you wish. But be kind to me just for this evening. It may be the last time, you know."

She laughed lightly as she ran up the steps.

"Very well," she said, gaily, "I'll listen to your plans; but mind, it's just for this evening." Then with a bright smile she disappeared within doors.

Two hours later he came as he had promised. In dressing to receive him she became possessed of a mad spirit which she made no effort to control. She had donned a gray trailing gown which clung to her supple form and defined her lines alluringly. She was possessed of warm, wilful feelings, and she seemed to enjoy their dominion. She had thought out the whole situation and decided that he should not go away. What was the use? She cared for him and—she put up her lips to be kissed, when he came.

They had barely seated themselves in the half-light when her heart suddenly stopped beating. Footsteps—Deming's footsteps—were crossing the veranda and approaching the front door. His key was sounding in the lock when she frantically seized Travers by the wrist and drew him into the next room, her left hand gripping her bosom and vainly trying to stifle the loud heart-beats.

"We are on the second floor," he said, quickly, in a low voice, "is there no porch window? I might be able to jump."

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When Her Safeguards Failed

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

She indicated the door opposite: "Charters' room," she whispered.

"Come," he said, and seizing his hat and overcoat again he half dragged her after him.

In the dim light of the room she saw the lad was sound asleep. Deming's footsteps could be heard ascending the stairs. Travers went to the Venetian window, stepped outside quickly and drew the window fast behind him. Mrs. Deming flung herself face down upon a couch with her hands tightly clasped over her eyes and ears as if to shut out all sight and hearing of what she felt must follow.

Her husband gently pushed open the door.

"Poor little woman," he said, "she's asleep, tired out, I suppose, watching over Charters. And there the young imp lies sleeping like a log. What creatures these mothers are, anyway."

Mrs. Deming slowly raised her head and stared wildly at him.

"Max!" she cried, springing up.

He thought her surprise complete and opened his arms to receive her.

"Yes," he said, "I'm home two weeks before my time. Don't tremble so, little woman: I didn't mean to surprise you so suddenly."

There was a click at the window and it swung open lightly. Mrs. Deming was facing that way, looking over her husband's shoulder. He felt her form suddenly grow limp, and a low moan escaped her as she began to slip through his arms. He caught her and swung around sharply in time to see a man step into the room through the balcony window. His hat was pulled low over his eyes and across the lower part of his face was bound a broad white silk handkerchief. His disguise was complete.

"Don't move," said the intruder, cooly, "no harm will be done. Give any alarm and I'll not be responsible for the trouble that'll follow. Now to business. Stack your cash on that onyx table."

Deming laid his wife on the couch and did as he was bid.

"That's right," said the burglar, "you're a man after my own heart. Do as I say and you'll be able the sooner to get your wife's assistance. There's her purse on the bureau: empty the cash in it beside yours on the table."

Deming did so.

"Hurry up, or there'll be trouble in a minute," he broke in, sharply.

"All I want's the money," returned the burglar, "no incriminating jewelry for me. Now, if you'll kneel beside your wife, I'll be off. No treachery: no alarm, or you take the consequences," and he brandished his revolver recklessly.

"Oh, go," said Deming, curtly, "you can't get out too quickly. Take your dirt, but don't waken the child with so much talk: you'll frighten him. Get out before my wife comes to and sees you again."

The burglar passed quickly through the door, downstairs and out through the front entrance, and disappeared in the darkness. Deming worked hard over his unconscious wife and after several minutes she came to with a deep sigh. Suddenly she sat up and looked around with a startled cry.

"Don't be afraid, dear," said her husband, "the burglar is gone. He went away quietly enough. See, he didn't even wake Charters, so everything is all right."

She heaved a deep sigh of relief and clung closer in his protecting arms. —*The Detective.*

With two million three hundred and fifty thousand dollars just apportioned him by the Parliament of England for his annual living expenses, King Edward might doubtless begin to hanker after a directorship in our Steel Trust were it not that he is tied up in that greatest of all Trusts, the Union of the Crowned Heads of Europe. All that covetous organization requires is a little Morganizing to show its possibilities of hogging everything on this rapidly narrowing earth.

Mr. H. Curzon has made a new adaptation of "Vanity Fair" for the English stage. The character of Becky Sharp will be entrusted to Marie Tempest.

At the Buffalo Exposition the visitors guard against sickness by draughts of Chapin & Gore's Old Reserve Whiskey.

The Song of the Gray Nut Pine

The boughs of the gray nut pines are swaying .
In the gentle summer breeze;
Sighing—swaying—their needles keep playing
All my heart's old melodies.
Those mystical tunes that I loved to hear
In the days of long ago,
When a child I played where the pine bough swayed,
And gathered the nuts below.

O, that solemn music still is ringing
Deep down in my heart today.
The pines are swinging; I hear them singing
Their quaint and curious lay;
And my heart is flooded with sad, sweet thoughts—
For long dead dreams that are mine,
As I hear again, with a deep refrain,
The song of the gray nut-pine!

ELWYN IRVING HOFFMAN.

The Night

This is the monster, the Night,
Shambling out of the deep,
Breathing a vapor of sleep,
To cover the deeds that the light
Shudder to name. What is Right?
What is Truth? Who am I in the Night?

This is the Calaban, Night,
Flung, like an unclean thing,
On the world made sweet with spring,
On the world grown dear to the sight.
Hawks on the carrion alight,
What are bloodstains and bones in the night?

This is the Circe, the Night,
Dark-robed with jewels in her hair,
May a vampire's body lie bare?
Can a vampire's body be white?
God, who made darkness and light!
Can there be other hell than the night?

ZONA GALE.

Flopped

I cheered at first for Sampson,
But now I'm out for Schley;
So down with cliques and bureaus
And all such things, say I.
A maid whose hair is auburn,
Whose face is fair to see,
Says Sampson is her hero,
So Schley's the boy for me.

I used to wildly argue
And vainly try to show
How Sampson was the fighter
Who brought the Spanish low—
But one whose hair is auburn,
Whose step is proud and high
Says Sampson is her hero,
So I've come out for Schley.

S. E. KISER.

Society women are fortifying themselves for the coming season with Wm. Williams & Sons V. V. O. Scotch Whisky.

The Lust for Gold

Showing How Virtue is not Rewarded till after Venus has Obtained the Belt, the Blue Ribbon and all the Spare Change in the Portemonnaie.

Once upon a time there was a Poor Man who had a Great Desire to become Rich. He was not alone in this desire, for there are others.

But this man had a Horror of the time-worn Methods. He wanted to be rich—Real Rich Real Quickly, so he could have a Good Time before Curfew rang that very night.

One day he Cracked a Safe, just to see how Money looked when it is Cracked. When he gave this Reason to the learned Judge, the latter smiled and said, "Gentle sir, I'm going to send you to Jail just to see how you look when you're Cribbed."

The remark was lost with the Man's hope but he knew he had found his Ambition: to be Rich in the Right Way. He had discovered this Way did not lie past the criminal dock and a Judge with poor wit.

So when he was discharged from Jail, he sailed away to a new country where he was a total stranger. There he was given work in a place where they Melted Bright Pure Gold. He saw nothing but Plain Gold all day long, and at night his Dreams were filled with Shadows cast by the yellow metal. He ate gold and thought gold. So much gold would have sickened the Ordinary man, but this man was different: he had a large and healthy gold appetitie that required no Patent Medicines to stimulate.

One night he was seized by an Old Impulse. He arose and went down into the Smelter to see how the Gold looked at night. He found it had that same "Come-take-me," appealing look which, try as he might, he never could resist in a way that would satisfy the law, no matter how much it satisfied himself.

So he plentifully Wadded his Capacious Pockets with all the Heavy Stuff in sight, and wended His Way. And as he wended, the thought Occurred to him that he might be Jailed again because he didn't have a Good Explanation to exchange for the gold. His Previous Experience had taught him how Vital a Good Explanation is to an Inquisitor who Threatens one with an Axe. So he sat down to think up a Good Explanation. But the longer he sat the Harder He Found it to take his eyes off the Beautiful Gold. Morning Light was threatening and he hadn't yet Thought Up a reason. So he decided to Bury the Gold, go home and have breakfast and keep on thinking till his caput had delivered a Good Explanation.

He was calmly Eating Breakfast when he heard a great Hue and Cry. It was a low Hue and a high Cry, but he knew what it Boded to the man caught WITH that Gold and WITHOUT a Good Reason. However, he kept on Calmly, Eating while the Pursuers kept up their Hueing and their Crying. No one suspected he had the Gold and no one suspected the detectives had a Clue. So the Great Reading Public arose on its hind legs and gaped with wonder. Vox Populi shrieked that something would Happen Next. It Did.

The Morning Papers appeared as the Man was sipping his coffee. He read all about the exact details of how Some One had really Done the Deed and lo and behold, at the bottom of the story, was a beautiful Good Explanation, real Warm and Velvety, advising the Guilty Man how he could make the Best Clean-up out of the Stolen Swag. Full Particulars were given how he could not only escape punishment, but how he would be Suitably Rewarded by returning that portion of the Big Booty which vigilant sleuths had sworn he would Never Dare dispose of.

This Good Explanation, coming from such a source so affected the gentle-hearted Robber that he dropped his coffee-cup on his agitation and his pants. The crash awakened the echoes of the Past. A lynx-eyed Sleuth (*species detectivus*) who happened to be Yawping About outside, manhandling seven bloodhounds, two pocket microscopes and a fistful of assorted clues, heard the Echoes as they shot through the past

"Ha! I have him!!" he hissed, and with One Fell Blow he burst in the cabin door and fell upon the neck of the man who was wiping up his Coffee and his Feelings and his Pants.

Bohemian Cafe, 711 Market street, serves the purest liquors and the daintiest lunch in the city.

As they were wrestling with two bated breaths and four hands for a Nelson Grip and Time to keep out of the penitentiary, the Sleuth hissed savagely, "Give up!"

"For How Much?" gasped the man.

"Ten per cent, Liberty, the Envy of the Populace, the Freedom of the City, the Expenses of your Trial and all Copyrights on any articles you may publish on 'How I committed the Greatest Robbery of the Century!'"

"Done," said the man, "leggo." And they both arose and shook Hands to bind the bargain. Then the Sleuth sat down at the table and over the coffee and expense bills the Man Told him all about it.

And so the Buried Treasure was given up. But the Man had made one miscalculation. There was so much Buried Treasure and there were so many Sleuths, Interested Spectators, Friends who Must be Seen, et als., etc., et als., mixed up in its Division that there arose a great Squabbling. (The Hue and Cry had all been used up.) Every one cheerfully agreed that the Man was fully and freely entitled to Freedom of the City, the Envy of the Populace, the Copyrights on his Articles, 'How I Committed the Greatest,' etc, etc., but what they stickled, fought and bled over was the clause: "Give him ten per cent."

They thought—now having the Buried Treasure safe and tight in their own grip—that any man who didn't get away with the Whole Caboodle when he had the chance was entitled to only About One-eighth of One-Sixteenth of some sort of a fraction of one per cent—if he couldn't be screwed into Taking Less.

And over this proposition they Fought and Perspired until the man got tired and said he thanked them kindly, but they could take it all if they'd only given him back his Lost Sleep.

The Moral to this is to be found in the Morning Papers on the Usual Page. —*The Fabler.*

Autos for Commercial Travelers

Charles Blauth, a business man of Sacramento, recently tried an experiment with a Locomobile which promises to open up a new use for motor vehicles. At present commercial travelers in making the various cities and towns in the northern portion of the state are put to a great deal of inconvenience and extra expense in making connections with trains and stages so as to properly cover the territory and as expeditiously as possible. In the expense bills of these trips livery hire constitutes a large item, as many of the towns are not on the railroad and the drummer does not want to waste time by waiting for a stage.

Mr. Blauth is the fortunate owner of a Locomobile and his business requires him to extensively cover the northern portion of the State. Upon his last trip he determined to take his steam carriage with him and see if he could not at least save livery hire. So entirely satisfactory was the result that hereafter the Locomobile will be pressed into service at every opportunity. Mr. Blauth first made Davisville, then Dixon, Elmira, Vacaville, Winters and from the latter place he went north as far as Red Bluff, returning to Sacramento via Chico and Marysville. The entire trip of nearly twelve hundred miles was made in less than ten days, whereas ordinarily it takes from three to four weeks to cover that territory as thoroughly. And what an advertisement that Locomobile must have been to his business, especially as it was the first automobile that has ever been seen in most of that country.

This has been a great season for automobile touring but it is not a marker to what next season promises to be. Several parties have ventured into Lake county but the Yosemite Valley has been the objective point for most of the auto tourists thus far. Mr. Woods of San Jose was the first to enter the valley this season, with an automobile. He drives a Foster steam wagon and made the trip both ways without an accident of any sort. Mr. and Mrs. Myles T. Baird and Mr. and Mrs. Aiken in Locomobiles, were the next to essay the trip, and they were followed soon after by Mr. and Mrs. Clark of Oakland, who have just returned from the valley.

Dramatic World

At the Show this Week

COLUMBIA—"Mrs. Dane's Defence"—second week.
ALCAZAR—"Silver Mounted Harness"—Successful first production.
GRAND OPERA HOUSE—"The Liars"—with Morgan in his original role.
TIVOLI—"Favorita" and "Otello"—drawing large houses.
ORPHEUM—Vaudeville—A 1 of its kind.

A Premier to Inspire Pride

Fashiondom was at the Alcazar on Monday night, in twos, threes and smartly dressed parties. Miss Charlotte Thompson may feel fully assured of the fact that she has friends, good friends and hundreds of them. The way they clapped! The way they called for the author after the third act! It was most inspiring. And it was very pretty to see the way in which the author, when called upon for a speech, turned the request over to the star. It was equally pretty to see the affection beaming from the little star's eyes, as she looked up at the tall author beside her. Charlotte Thompson deserves every bit of fame her clever pen has earned for her, and from the star actress to the call-boy of the theatre, from her bosom friend to her passing acquaintance, everybody rejoices in her success.

The Play

There is a well-worked out plot in "Silver Mounted Harness," the story of which has been told in the dailies and need not therefore be repeated. It is not surprisingly new; the treatment is where the novelty comes in. The dialogue is crisp, and very jeune-siecle like the characters that give it voice. The settings of the scenes are as beautiful as anything in the stage line we have ever seen here, and are the author's own idea. That hall in Dennis Collooney's country-place looks like a bit out of Blingum, an illusion the entering characters do not dispel. The dance in the third act, the flower cotillion, is a most dainty arrangement. I expect to see it imitated, enlarged to a chorus ballet, in some of the Christmas spectacles, when some enterprising terpsichorean director gets his eyes on it. The mountings of the play and the costumes are all new and handsome. Indeed, the frocks are all "loves," and as the exigencies of the drama require four changes, and in one or two instances five, this is an immense attraction to feminine audiences.

The Characters

The part of Laura Latimer, the young wife, is not large enough for Florence Roberts. She is a jewel that shines best in a simple setting. The multiplicity of characters in "Silver Mounted Harness" detracts from the strength of the star role. It is a play for a stock company rather than for a star, and in my opinion it shows a very generous disposition in Miss Roberts that she is willing to share her laurels with so many others. The parts are indeed of almost equal strength. Agnes Ranken as Mary, the daughter of Hugh Latimer by his first wife, and Georgie Cooper as Miss Pendragon, the up-to-date society girl, with Marie Howe as Mrs. Terhune, all have roles that shine prominently. White Whittlesey is miscast as the villain, who turns out by the way a most angelic-minded sinner in the last act. Lucius Henderson is not good as the lawyer-lover; his love-making lacks sincerity. One of the cleverest of the characters is done by Hugh Winn, who has the role of the silent husband. His dump-show is most amusing. There are fifteen speaking parts in the play, and not one is slighted.

Far from the Footlights

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the footlights. Edythe Chapman is married to the leading man and manager of the company, James Neill. Julia Dean is her dearest friend, and Miss Dean always makes a part of the Neill menage except in vacation time, when she visits her relatives, or in towns where she is a guest at friends' houses. The Neills and company are social favorites everywhere.

I have seen E. J. Morgan in many roles, but in none has he shown his quality so well as in "The Liars." Edward Falkner is a part that just fits his attainments. If he never acted another role in his life, that one would stamp him an artist. *The Playgoer.*

Attractions Next Week

The beautiful Hilda Spong heads the company from Daly's New York company that will open at the Columbia on Monday night. The play will be "Mrs. Huntworth's Experiment," a drama by R. C. Carton, with a romantic plot and a superior heroine. Miss Spong's role is that of the exemplary wife of a titled fop. She makes no defense when he applies for a divorce, but resumes her maiden name and finds a position as cook in the home of a vicar whose household consists of himself, his maiden sister, his niece Lucy, her intended husband, Captain Dervaston, the housemaid and the butler. Every man who comes in contact with the cook falls violently in love with her and all but the Captain propose marriage. It can be fancied that the complications would make up a most interesting play.

At the Grand next week will be seen "Brother Officers," in which Henry Miller scored so strongly last summer. In the present production Mr. Frawley will appear as Lieutenant John Hinds, a part which he has already played in another city, his performance of the role being accorded a place on a plane with his Captain Thorne in "Secret Service." Miss Van Buren will be Baroness Royden. On Thursday evening a souvenir photograph of "Our Mary" will be given to every lady attending the performance.

The novelty of the Tivoli grand opera season will be given next week, on Tuesday evening—Boito's "Mefistofele," with Dado in the name part. Agostini will sing Faust and Montanari will be Margaret. Lia Poletini will be Martha and Cortesi, Wagner. In the classical Sabbath scene, Margaret becomes Helen, Martha, Pantalis, and Wagner, Nereus. Mr. Steindorff has put forth his best efforts to give the music a fine rendition, and the orchestra will receive some new additions for the occasion. Frederick McGreer has painted new scenery for the production. On Monday night "The Barber of Seville" will be sung with Repetto as Rosina, Russo as Almaviva, and Ferron as Figaro.

The Cragg family, six world-famed acrobats from London, will make their first appearance at the Orpheum next week in their startling sensation, "scene in the Alps." When here before, at the Baldwin, they were the talk of the town. Louise Thorndyke Boucicault, who has thousands of admirers in this city, will make her initial appearance in vaudeville here, presenting a comedietta by Augustus Thomas, entitled "A Proper Impropriety," being supported by Mr. Herbert H. Pattee and Miss Nellie Mayer. Miss Katherine Germaine, one of America's leading comic opera prima donnas, will also be heard for the first time here. She is handsome, possessed of a commanding presence and a magnificent soprano voice, and starred for several seasons at the head of "The Highwayman," "Fencing Master" and "Isle of Champagne" opera companies. The Four Otts will be seen in their complicated farce, entitled "The Smart Set," by Joseph Hart, wit hmusical and dancing interruptions. A. Lefebre and his Saxaphone quartet music are said to be indescribably charming. Charles H. Bradshaw and his clever associates in "Fix in a Fix," Remarc and Rilay, and Hill and Silviany, will make their farewell appearances here, and the Biograph will show new pictures.

"Silver Mounted Harness" will go all next week at the Alcazar, owing to the popular demand.

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The New Russ House

The old patrons, and they are many, of the Russ House would scarcely recognize the interior of this popular hotel, so completely have the premises been rehabilitated.

From basement to garret during the past seven months workmen have been transforming the old-fashioned furnishings into the most modern equipped hotel of the coast. Over $70,000 has been expended, and that it has been wisely done is evidenced by the comfort, taste and convenience seen at every turn. Perhaps the most conspicuous feature in the change is the magnificent new entrance on Montgomery street, constructed almost entirely of marble. A broad flight of steps ascends to a landing midway between the first and second floor, whence the flight continues at right angles to the office. Heavy brass fittings of balustrade and chandelier heighten the effect of massiveness and contrast pleasurably with the rich mahogany of which the woodwork is constructed. The business office has been completely remodeled and is one of the handsomest in the city, being finished in well selected mahogany. Thoughout the hotel entirely new sanitary plumbing has been installed and hot and cold water introduced into each of the three hundred rooms. Twenty-one new baths have been added to the suites not previously supplied. An electric service has been established, as well as gas provided in event of electricity failing. The dining-room and kitchen have been remodeled and supplied with the latest apparatus known in the conduct of a modern hotel. It may be mentioned in this connection that the cuisine of the Russ House has been one of the features that has gained for it great popularity, not alone among the traveling public, but with San Franciscans as well. The lunch especially has been well patronized by downtown business men, and with the increased facilities for handling expeditiously a large number of patrons should surpass its previous popularity. Colonel J. S. Young, the proprietor, has been in the hotel business for the past thirty-five years, and his career has been one of uninterrupted success. No one understands or is quicker to anticipate the demands of the public, and no hotel proprietor on the coast enjoys greater personal popularity with the public. Asociated with him are his two sons, who have been carefully trained in the business, and their assistance, coupled with his experience, insures his guests the best service obtainable.

To Be Seen at Gump's

A visit to the art-rooms of S. & G. Gump Co. well repays the lover of things beautiful. Every year a member of the firm goes abroad to buy art treasures, porcelains, marbles, bronzes and pictures. The fall-winter exhibition is now open, at the store at 113-115 Geary street. The Parisian bronzes are of rare design, one of especial originality representing a morning glory, a perfect feminine figure rising from the petals of the half-opened flower. Some of the hall lamps in bronze differ from past years' designs, being smaller and the work more in detail. The jeweled lamp shades are also in decidedly new patterns. Mr. Gump brought from Europe several grandfathers' clocks of ancient make, exquisite tapestries, dainty miniatures in jeweled frames and a multiplicity of rare porcelains, articles of vertu and objets d'art. Something quite new here is the Marie Antoinette hand-mirror, scarcely larger than a watch-face, with miniatured back and the gold frame and handle heavily encrusted with jewels. In the art gallery are many gems from the late Salon. Two Egyptian scenes by Lazerges—one a moonlight and one a daylight scene in the desert, are very striking. A large canvas by Dupre represents a farm-scene, of the late French school. That Mr. Gump is a connoisseur in French art is shown by his purchase of two charming heads by A. Asti, who has won such fame by his portrait sketches. The exhibition is well worth a visit.

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The trade of this corporation has grown so extensive during the past year that on August first they were compelled to seek more commodious quarters at 223–225 California street, just below Battery, where the increasing business of the firm can be more readily expedited, their old quarters at 327 Sansome street having long since become inadequate. The directory of the corporation was changed on the first of the year and the capital stock increased to forty-five thousand dollars, with Mr. Charles M. Reynolds as president; Mrs. S. H. May, vice president; Mr. Varney W. Gaskill, secretary; Mr. Charles W. Clark and Mr. S. P. Cheda, directors. Mr. Charles M. Reynolds was the former secretary of the corporation, and needs no introduction to the business world. Mr. Varney Gaskill is well known throughout the state for his executive ability. Mr. S. H. May is a very prominent traveler for Eastern firms. Mr. Charles W. Clark of the firm of Cox & Clark of Sacramento, is twice over a millionaire. Mr. Cheda is cashier and manager of the Bank of Marin county, at San Rafael.

Being sole agents for the celebrated Hunter Baltimore Rye and Black and White Scotch Whiskey, as well as general importers and commission merchants, the volume of their business has so increased that they now rank as one of the leading liquor firms of the Pacific Coast.

A Change in Management

On the front page of this issue will be noticed the advertisement of the Western Pharmacy, located at 139 Powell street, between Ellis and O'Farrell, which has been recently purchased by G. H. Keefer, a druggist of many years' experience, and who has thoroughly renovated and remodeled the establishment and supplied it with an entirely new stock or drugs, toilet articles, manicure goods and toilet preparations, making it one of the leading and most attractive stores in the down-town district. The prescription department is presided over by registered pharmacists, whose accuracy and promptness augur well for the establishment. Mr. Keefer is also agent for Dr. H. M. Alexander & Co.'s Vaccine Virus, from their famous Vaccine farm at Marietta, Pennsylvania. Fresh vaccine is received twice a month. He is also Pacific Coast agent for Boericke & Tafel, Philadelphia and New York.

Music World

The Church of St. Mary the Virgin, corner of Steiner and Union streets, is one of the few in San Francisco that has a service on Sunday afternoon. Vespers and benediction are at four o'clock p. m. on that day; thus an opportunity that should not be missed is afforded those who would worship at that convenient hour, and who wish to hear fine music.

A Story About Garcia.

Miss Marie Withrow, who returned recently from London, tells this story about the veteran, Manuel Garcia: "A practical American of the 'five lessons from a great master' variety was taking a lesson, and the old gentleman had perhaps more frequent spells of silence than usual when the American said, 'Well, you know I must do a great deal in a short time and I think you are too old to give lessons.' 'Probably,' said Garcia, his little black eyes glowing, and springing to his chair, added, 'but not too old to show you the door.'"

Not a New Subject

Miss Withrow tells how she once attended the lecture of a prominent physician to an audience of vocal teachers, among whom were the best representatives of the Royal College, Guildhall, National School etc., besides the private teachers. The lecturer scored the teachers on their methods of teaching breathing. He advocated costal breathing, with equal elasticity of all the torso. After the lecture Miss Withrow was presented and was so bold as to say "But, don't you think your assertions rather sweeping, because I know of very many who are, and have been for years, teaching the ideas you have presented." "Ah," he said, "you are-a-an *American*! Oh, let me say that you on the other side are far ahead of the teachers here in scientific study." And this seems to be true of the mass, but not of all.



THE FOUR OTTS
In Joseph Hart's Chmplicated Skit, "The Smart Set," at the Orpheum

A Symphony Orchestra?

There have been rumors afloat concerning the prospective organization of a symphony orchestra which was to have materialized this coming season under the direction of one of our most competent musicians. Later reports, however, tell the old tale of dissatisfaction—every instrument striving for first place, and the general unwillingness to make an appropriate part of the harmonious whole, every man demanding exorbitant pay and so handicapping the movement. If there were less selfishness and more disinterested generosity something might be accomplished but as things now stand we must wait for Emil Paur and his Symphony orchestra, which is to come to us for several concerts. Nevertheless the fact remains that it is a shame to our city that a home symphony orchestra cannot be organized and supported continuously, since it is not good material that is lacking nor a suitable director, but merely the willingness on the part of the musicians in whose power it lies to do their little best to help the movement along. Someone has said that selfishness is the root of all evil; certainly it is the enemy of musical progress.

Sig. Fachutar, the well known mandolinist and Director of the Fachutar School and Orchestra, has closed his studio for the summer season and will reopen September first.

Miss Millicent Levenberg is in town for a brief stay, after a very successful season of study in New York. She has coached in opera and has had more than one good offer already to join prominent Eastern companies.

Cecile von Seiberlich has returned to town from her recreation trip, and has re-opened her studio in Polk street.

The Grand Opera

"Otello," which was the most popular grand opera of the last Tivoli season, has found no less enthusiastic audiences this week. Tuesday evening, Montanari's first appearance, the glad hand was given without stint, accompanied by a laurel wreath and bouquets. Her voice is very sweet and pleasing though the ever present tremolo marred it to some extent, but in the last two acts it was particularly fitting to the overwrought state of Desdemona's nerves. She makes a lovely stage appearance. Otello was intensely Italian but Castellano represented the hot-headed Moor acceptably, though one does not always approve his method. One must, however, give him credit for having done some very good work. Poletini did not have much chance as Emilia but her work was good as far as it went. But Salassa! One cannot say enough for this intensely artistic, magnetic personality, melodious voice and perfect vocalism. From the time Salassa steps foot upon the stage he holds one's attention irrevocably. It is a perfect harmonious whole voice, bearing stage presence, consummate acting, and to sum up, the true artist. Salassa is a continual delight. To a rapturous encore he responded in the second act, generously indicating Paul Steindorff as sharer in the honors.

Henry Heyman who in June was quite seriously ill, has been heard from. He went to the mountains to convalesce and thence to Santa Barbara, where he has entirely recovered and reports is having a splendid time. He will return to his work here and open his studio next Monday.

Leonora Jackson, the violinist, wants to come to California, again this year. She will have with her this season Harry Fellows, the tenor who was out here four years ago with Genevra Johnstone Bishop and whose charming manner of singing ballad music won for him high favor among us. We would all be glad to hear him again.

Byron Mauzy has all but completed his concert arrangements for the fall and winter season and expects ere long to announce the first recital in Byron Mauzy hall.

Misses Alice Toklas and Lilly Hansen, two of the Bendix pupils, recently gave a piano recital in the theatre at Seattle which created quite a furore. The house is said to have been packed and the affair was spoken of as the most successful of its kind given in Seattle. Mr. Bendix, who was spending part of his vacation in the north, assisted in the concerted numbers at a second piano.

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Fairweather Musicale

A delightful musicale took place at the Fairweather residence in Twenty-fourth street. The vocalists were Mr. Henri Fairweather and Miss Una Fairweather; pianist, Mr. Fred Maurer. Miss Una Fairweather is the possessor of a sympathetic voice almost organ-like in the depth and richness of its lower tones. The Liszt and Brahms numbers given were peculiarly adapted to show the capabilities of her vocalization in these respects. The Scotch and Irish folk-songs which constituted her second number were rendered with simplicity and feeling. A generous addition to the program consisted of two movements of Goldmark's Suite by Mr. Wismer on the violin accompanied by Mr. Maurer on the piano. Mr. Henri Fairweather also kindly added "Kathleen Mavourneen" to his vocal numbers, much to the delight of his audience. At the forthcoming series of lectures to be given by Mrs. Mary Fairweather on the Wagner operas the musical motifs will be illustrated by Mr. Fairweather and Mr. Maurer. The Mission has received a decided acquisition in the Fairweathers. They occupy the Ohlandt place in Twenty-fourth street.

Frances Temple Graham is out here on a vacation. She is visiting her father in Napa. Miss Graham ranks as one of the finest operatic contraltos in the United States. It will be remembered what a hit she made at the Tivoli during her engagement there, especially as the priestess in "The Idol's Eye."

Madame Rosewald arrived home last week from Europe, and is at the Hotel Granada, where she is at home on Tuesdays and Wednesdays. She is looking uncommonly well and looks forward with pleasure to teaching again in San Francisco.

—The Music Critic.

World of Letters

She Wrote "Dupes"

Of the many writer-folk that have visited us, I cannot recall one who has made a more pleasing impression than Mrs. Ethel Watts Mumford. Beatrice Harraden was freakish, Rudyard Kipling talked about us behind our backs, and Mrs. Burton Harrison did not think our women had much "air." Mrs. Mumford appears to be honestly fond of the city and us. She is a young and charming woman, and is as modish in dress as Mrs. Burton Harrison. Mrs. Mumford, who is the author of that very clever novel, "Dupes," lately arrived in San Francisco after a ten months stay in the Hawaiian Islands. She has been much entertained during her stay here. "Dupes" is one of the novels of the new century, having been issued by the Putnams only a short time ago. It has a remarkable plot, and some of the characters appear to be drawn from the life. As Harold Frederic exposed the way some rubber stock is floated on the market in his "In the Market Place," and Frank Norris in "The Octopus" gave us an insight into the way railroad freight rates are made to go up and down, Mrs. Mumford in "Dupes" ex-

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plains how new religious cults find their being. There are but five principal characters in the work, but these all stand out in bold relief. Among the clever bits of thought that besprinkle the chapters are the following:

"Of the things of the spirit, a woman of the world knows less, perhaps, than any other human creature, but of the science of living she knows more.

"The intoxicating friction of mind to mind, keen as the clip of good fencing.

"If selfish human love can exalt a man beyond the reach of all taint, what must be the love of God? If the Divine spark gives forth so great a light, what must be the source of that light?

"There is something infinitely sad in the persistent heart-breaking, eye-aching gaze that millions upon millions have turned upon that depth of blackness that surrounds our lives, striving to seize some suggestion either of light or greater darkness from the void, something tragic in their desperate readiness to believe anything—everything—if only someone will resolve their doubts with any formula, however absurd. Strange chemistry of the troubled brain of suffering humanity!

"Truth's mirror is a prism, it has so many sides that we may see in it all colours and things. So search not for the mirror, which but reflects; but rather for that truth that holds it."

Irish vs. English

In view of all said of George Moore and his revolt against England and all things English in literature and drama, and the exaltation of the neighboring Green Isle, there is a lot of humor to be extracted from the "Real Conversation" reported in the July *Cosmopolitan*:

"Tell me first," says William Archer, "about the splendors of Irish, and then we will come back in due time to the miseries of English. Do you speak Irish?"

Mr. Moore. "No. I was brought up in an Irish-speaking district, but it was thought a disgrace at that time to know anything of the language."

Mr. Archer. "Do you read Irish?"

Mr. Moore. "No; but I have come to the conclusion that it is no use to preach unless I practice, and I have decided to learn Irish."

To the ordinary lay mind it would have seemed the obvious course of procedure for so fiery an enthusiast to first learn something of what he was preaching about. Those who come to scoff may remain to pray; those who come to pray may not remain to scoff, but if their intended prayers are inspired by ignorance, the chances are in favor of disillusionment and indifference, if not final opposition. Mr. Moore appears to be a good deal of a spoiled child, who will have nothing he can get simply because it is attainable.

A Curious Resemblance

The author of "Stringtown on the Pike" has reprinted an older story entitled "Etidorpha." This is not a very hard puzzle, for anyone can see that it is "Aphrodite" spelled backwards. Now, heaven forfend that I should go out of my way to read "Etidorpha." I have only read the reviews of it, but something about the description of the plot

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HILDA SPONG
At the Columbia Next Week

had a familiar ring. I set my memory to work, and soon bethought me of a book I had read many years ago when I was in my teens, "Warwick," by Mansfield Tracy Walworth. Now, I never forget any book that I have ever read, ane the incidents of this one soon came swarming back into my mind. The hero had a marvelous brass paper weight which came from the ruins of Salamis, and which was covered with hieroglyphics. By deciphering these he learned of the existence of a vast treasure in the bottomless pit of the Mammoth Cave, Kentucky. He descended this pit attached to a rope, and carrying the umbrella of his grandfather. When part way down, the rope broke, but the umbrella acting as a parachute, he was carried safely down to the region of the earth's internal fires. Here he found his treasure, and also a flight of steps to climb back again, which he did by the light of tapers made from the fat of the meat he had taken along for his lunch. I had the curiosity to rummage the shelves of the Mercantile Library the other day to see if it still possesses a copy of "Warwick." Sure enough, I found

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one. The title reads, "Warwick, or The Lost Nationalities of America." The date of publication is 1869. The book is full of that pseudo-learning which abounds in "St. Elmo" and others of the Augusta Evans novels. Pages and pages are devoted to the discussion of ethnology, archeology, recondite theology and other abstruse subjects, and the hero and heroine have the authors of all tongues and ages ready for instant quotation. This is the conversation of a young lady and her gallant at a ball.

"Allow me to examine your fan, Miss Delano."

Opening it, the officer held it up in the moonlight. In the centre of it was a painting which he carefully examined, and then remarked: "It is exactly what I supposed it to be when you opened it in the ball-room. Ibrahim Ebn Abu Azub, the astrologer, nodding to the silver lyre of the Gothic princess. You remember the legend of course."

Of course the lady does, and she replies without a moment's hesitation,

"Certainly, it is as familiar to me as the legend of Sleepy Hollow. But is it not exquisitely conceived and finished? It was a souvenir, painted for me by Pelazo, a Spanish artist who was grateful to me for a slight service."

If the reviews of John Uri Lloyd's book have not misled me, there must be a wonderful resemblance between it and "Warwick" of the wonderful plot.

Mental Telepathy

That article in the *Call* recently on dual personalities, with its undercurrent of mental telegraphy, reminds me of a bit of dialogue in Frank R. Stockton's "Merry Chanter," chapter two:

"Does either of you gentlemen believe in mind waves?"

"If you mean a wavering of the mind," answered Lord Crabstairs, "I have had it often, particularly when I bought my last cow. I wavered between Alderney and Ayrshire for nearly a month, and after all, I bought a Devon."

"Oh, it isn't anything like that," said the young woman. "It's a sort of understanding between minds that are far away from each other. It comes along in a sort of airy waves something like these ripples, I suppose, and the thoughts and feelings of one friend go to another ever so far off."

"Oh, I know what it is," cried Lord Crabstairs, "you can do it with snails. You go to China and take a she-snail with you, and I stay here with a he-snail, or vice versa. I can go to China with either and you can keep the other."

"Do they have to be married couples to begin with?" interrupted the butcher.

"What! the people?" cried Lord Crabstairs.

"No, the snails," said the butcher.

"Yes," replied the other, "I forgot to say that they must be a pair, so that there shall be a sympathy between them. Then," again addressing the lady, "you have one snail and I the other one, and we've got the whole world between us Whichever of us wishes to communicate with the other takes a pin and jabs his or her snail, as the case may be, and in that very some instant the other snail wiggles."

"Horrible!" said Dolor Tripp. "If I had to do that I would never communicate."

"I don't believe it hurts them," said Lord Crabstairs, "the least little bit of a prick will do. And we can get up a jab alphabet; one short jab, a long jab, two short jabs with a rest between them—three long jabs, a rest and a short jab, and so on."

"I never would do it," said Dolor Tripp, firmly "I wouldn't even watch wiggles that were made by pins in China."

The butcher did not wish to be left out of this conversation.

"That must be pretty much the same thing," he said, "as in the case of the legs of frogs. You catch a dozen frogs and put their hind legs on a plate all skinned and ready to be cooked, arranged in a circle with their toes pointing out like the spokes in a wheel, and then you sprinkle some salt on them and every one of those legs begins to kick. If you never saw it before you'll drop the plate."

"That's not like my snails at all!" cried Lord Crabstairs, "a person in China couldn't sprinkle salt on frog's legs here. If he were near enough to do that he might as well talk. I don't see any sense in that sort of thing, even allowing that your frog-legs do kick."

"I don't see any sense in the other sort of thing," said the butcher, "even if your snails do wiggle."

At that Dolor Tripp declared that her correspondence should always be either by letter or telegraph.

—*The Bookworm*

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Department No. 2

T. J. CROWLEY, Plaintiff
vs.
MATHEW M. GRENNAN AND AMELIA JANE H. GRENNAN, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in the office of the Clerk of said City and County of San Francisco

CULLINAN AND HICKEY,
Attorneys for Plaintiff
567 & 568 Parrott Building, San Francisco, Cal.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

Mathew M. Grennan and Amelia Jane H. Grennan, Defendants. You are hereby directed to appear, and answer the Complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, within ten days after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the Complaint, as arising upon contract, or he will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this twenty-second day of June, A. D 1901.

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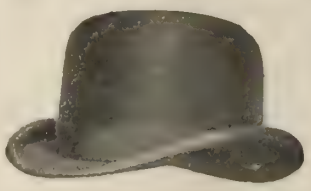
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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, August 24, 1901

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OUR OPINION

The Prosperous Chorus Girl

George Hammersmith, the vaudeville artist who returned from the East early in the week, stated in an interview in the *Bulletin* that vaudeville was on the wane in New York. He explained that high salaries were becoming rare, and he cited the case of Leah Russell, a fairly well known singer, who was recently offered ten dollars a week to appear on one of the leading circuits. Mr. Hammersmith is wrong. Vaudeville is not on the wane. High salaries are becoming rare, but the patrons of vaudeville are as numerous as ever. In the *Bulletin* of Sunday was printed a despatch from London to the effect that the *Daily Express* had made a startling exposure of the moral state of the comic opera world. It was stated that, on account of the system now in vogue, young women are compelled, as a condition precedent to an engagement, to sacrifice every instinct of womanhood. "This," says the *Daily Express*, "does not happen in individual cases, but is an understood thing with every one, from managers and playwrights to the persons of least authority about the theatres." The paper warns American chorus girls and minor actresses to beware of London since a position in certain theatres attaches suspicion to any young woman. The moral state of the vaudeville and comic opera world in New York is not much better than that of London. The salaries of women are falling because it is known that the women need not depend on the money paid by the treasurer. The managers and playwrights do not establish a condition precedent such as that which the *Daily Express* discusses, but there is a suspiciously large number of women of mediocre talent in roles for which they are not fitted, on the New York stage. And it is not unusual to be told in New York, when you express surprise that a woman with no voice and completely devoid of histrionic ability, should be playing a leading part, that she is the chere amie of the man that wrote the play, or that she lives in a flat with the manager, or induced the angel to put up the money for the production. When you learn that a chorus girl who does not ride in her own automobile or who does not employ a maid, is regarded as a rara avis, you either marvel at the purchasing power of fifteen dollars per week, or else it dawns on you that the moral atmosphere of the stage is not wholesome. It is absurd for the *Daily Express* to warn American chorus girls against visiting London. The New York variety of American chorus girl has no fear of contamination. If she escapes contamination on Broadway she is immune. In "Florodora," which is now running at the Casino, the personnel of the feminine half of the double sextet has completely changed three times since the opening night. Those that retired did so to enjoy a period of relaxation. The prominence into which they were thrust proved a valuable asset. Now it is the ambition of every chorus girl in the company to become one of the sextet maidens. The *Daily Express* having exposed the immorality of the London stage, perhaps the New York papers will deal with a subject which they have overlooked because of the common notoriety of the facts. Heretofore they have merely dealt with the stories of the adventures of chorus girls without comment. No one that has followed those stories in the sensational papers has any doubt of the existence of a state of affairs that is conducive to gross immorality. But the conditions are worse than could be reasonably inferred even from some of the most sensational yarns that have been published. For instance, the presence of a procuress in the chorus of one of the leading theatres, who arranges introductions to men of wealth, might seem incredible, but she is there and surely she is not hired for her voice, figure or face. When Parkhurst started out to purify New York he overlooked the stage and it was unfortunate for he might have conferred a great boon on theatregoers.

Our Industrial Trouble

If capital and labor could get along harmoniously our troubles would be less depressing, but we would be no more hopeful of the millennium than we are now. So long as the rich grow richer and the poor poorer we may expect to have industrial wars to add to the burden of our sorrows. How to avoid them is a problem which has absorbed the attention of wise men through many generations, but the solution thereof appears to be as far distant as ever. When labor and capital fall out arbitration is usually urged, and when resorted to a temporary truce is generally declared. Sometimes the employer refuses to arbitrate, and after a protracted and costly estrangement business is once more resumed. A victory may be claimed by one of the parties to the issue but in most instances both have suffered and neither has gained any perceptible advantage. It must be acknowledged, however, that labor has succeeded in winning recognition for its rights. There was a time when capital regarded labor

as a commodity, the value of which was regulated by the law of supply and demand. But that is no longer the case. Labor now regards itself as an important factor in the creation of wealth, and it demands a fair share in the profits which it helps to make. But in order to compel recognition of that demand, organization is deemed necessary. That it is necessary there can be no doubt, but capital fears that when thoroughly organized labor is likely to become too autocratic, and to insist upon the recognition of rights which it should not enjoy. Hence the opposition of capital to unionism. The issue is more serious than that involved in the usual controversy between labor and capital. Both employer and employee are seeking protection, but in anticipating trouble the former is combating a principle the justice of which it is hard to deny. Labor unions are often unreasonable in their demands, their logic is not always sound and they are sometimes oppressive and arbitrary, but to attempt to crush them in anticipation of the exaction of unjust demands savors somewhat of prematureness. But capital is consulting what it deems to be its own interests, and it believes that by denying to labor the right to equip itself for battle, it may prevent annoyance in the future It is a selfish view that capital takes of the matter, and it is unfortunate that the course which it has taken tends to foster antagonism between employer and employee. But civilization is too young and imperfect to expect a more harmonious relationship. Cooperation between capital and labor may be expected with the millennium. Meanwhile industrial wars must be expected with the regularity which marks the visitation of epidemics and other ills that flesh is heir to.

The Rush of Teachers

The number of applicants for positions in the school department in "our new possessions" might lead foreigners to change their views as to the opinion that we are a nation of shop-keepers and set us down as a nation of school teachers. It is said, too, that the rush after the Spanish grammar is equaled by the rush into matrimony, and the desire to help the unenlightened natives of the Indies, East and West, is tempered to some extent by the desire to enjoy a honeymoon at the expense of Uncle Sam. Most of the teachers who went so joyously to Cuba and Porto Rico last year have returned to the United States ere this for their vacation, and few among them have any intention of returning to their posts They have discovered that teaching in the tropics is not all "beer and skittles," any more than it is on the main land, and some of them have been frank enough to acknowledge that it takes a good deal more of the missionary spirit than they possess to carry on the work. In fact if one is to form an opinion from the reports that reach us, the educational enterprise has been looked upon as more or less of a lark, to be abandoned when it promised no more fun. The exodus toward the Philippines has not been preceded by hurried marriages, but a late and widely spread report is to the effect that on the arrival of one of the transports at Honolulu no less than thirty couples sought to be united, and still another case is reported of courtship so rapid and ardent that the captain was besought to perform the marriage service before the next land was sighted. Of course these enthusiasts have set out with preconceived ideas of regular school houses in city streets, or at most, in flowery lanes just beyond the city limits, and with pupils eager to learn in a strange foreign language. Books are to be plentiful and at hand, and the whole business is to go off on the easy principle of touching the button. There will be some startling disillusionment before long, and the city dudes and damsels are apt to find themselves living close to the earth, and not only learning to do without luxuries and comforts, but forgetting their existence. One can imagine the dismay that will follow an introduction to a class of assorted youngsters all but destitute of clothing and without a conception of the use of water for washing purposes, or any comb but their fingers. It is not so many years ago since pioneers of education in the interior fastnesses of this state found a brush shed, a shake cabin, or a shady porch corner set apart to answer for a school house, and if the requisite number of children made their appearance, all else had to be improvised. There was no watching the clock for recess or dismissal time, for clock there was none; the nearest approach to it was the primitive "noon mark," and other things were in the same primitive condition. Most likely these seekers after novelty and spice in life are buoyed up by a notion that they will be regarded in the light of superior beings and worshiped accordingly, but they are much more likely to discover that they will be looked upon with more or less of distrust, and though their work may not be made hard for them by deliberate intention, their paths will not be smoothed. Some of the adventurers, no doubt, have been influenced by the idea that they will have a chance to shine in military circles and perhaps, "marry into the army" but in any case, in a year from now we may look to see the returning transports bringing back the first importation of Philippine teachers with anything but glowing accounts of life in the tropics.

A Story Instead of a Sermon

There have been a good many queer devices for attracting people to church of late years. "Sacred Concerts" have been resorted to frequently, and there have been solos by professional singers, addresses by "distinguished" citizens, eccentricities of costume by the preachers themselves and one Michigander under-

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took to give character impersonations from the Bible. In London Mrs.Brown Potter has recited for the edification of a congregation, and now, in staid old Waterbury, Connecticut—godly New England—the pastor of the Third Congregational church is about to substitute "Author's readings" for the evening sermon. The reverend gentleman has written a story, said to be too long for a short story and too short to be dramatized, and lest it should go to waste he has decided to read it to his congregation in four installments. One might be tempted to conclude from this that a story is as good as four sermons. The plan has its objectionable features, since those who miss any one of the readings will be more or less at sea as to what it is all about. It might be a better plan to supply one complete story for each service. "Will it Pay?" is the title of this tale. Will it pay the preacher in the long run to substitute the reading of a serial novel for what little pretense of religion there is left in the church of today?

The Saunterer

Her Matrimonial Past

Though considerable space was devoted by the dailies, a short time ago, to the marriage of Miss Emma Isabel Field and W. Birch Wooldridge of Chicago, no reference was made to the fact that the bride was a grass widow. From the circumstance of her having resumed her maiden name I should judge that it was her desire to inter all memory of her former marriage. Some years ago Miss Field became the wife of Alphonse Sutter, a grandson of General Sutter. He is a bookkeeper for the firm of Miller, Sloss & Scott, and is well known in musical circles, being a wonderfully clever pianist. Indeed, he is recognized as one of the greatest amateur pianists in America and his art has received high praise from no less a genius than the renowned Paderewski. As a husband, however, Mr. Sutter was not a glittering success, for he was altogether too slow for his ambitious and romantic wife. She preferred Browning to the piano, and at receptions when her husband played, she listened—to Browning, which she liked to have read to her.

He Was a "Mrs. Harris"

A few years ago Mrs. Sutter became a globe-trotter without the consent of her husband. She went to Peru to visit relatives, and after a short stay returned to this city, and later on she took a trip to Honolulu. About that time Sutter decided upon obtaining a divorce, and he sued for a decree of separation on the ground of desertion. Mrs. Sutter did not contest the suit. Subsequently she wandered off to Seattle and thence to Chicago whence came rumors to the effect that she had gone on the stage, and also that she had taken unto herself a second husband. But her fame as an actress was slow to spread, and as for hubby No. 2, it is believed that he was a myth. Mr. Wooldridge of Chicago, who parts his name in the middle, is reported by the dailies to be a prominent young business man of the windy city and also a member of one of the first families. Chicago is full of them.

A Delmonico Artichoke

It may astonish the average San Franciscan to learn that New York's famous restaurant—Delmonico's—suffers by comparison with one of our table d'hote eating houses of the tenderloin, but it does, according to the testimony of a resident of this city who recently visited the metropolis. "After eating at Delmonico's," he writes, "I have concluded that the epicures of New York are born, not made. One of the first things that surprised me was the question of the waiter, 'Will one artichoke be enough?' As I was ordering a dinner for two I could not fancy one artichoke being sufficient. As the menu card scheduled them at sixty cents each, I thought perhaps I looked as though I couldn't afford to pay for two. But when the two were served I understood. Each was as large as a soup plate—large enough for a party of four but not eatable. Imagine a man trying to eat an artichoke that had grown to such a size! I opened it out of curiosity, and found as I suspected that it had gone to seed My petite marmite at sixty cents wasn't much better than the artichoke, and I am sure that the half capon broiled, at two dollars, was not worth the money. The hashed potatoes, however, at thirty cents and the French peas at fifty were as good as the average peas and potatoes. A man is apt to feel that he has dined like an epicure when he pays his bill at Delmonico's for the dishes are certainly expensive. I was told at the Lamb's club that you can get a good dinner at Delmonico's 'if you know how to order.' Perhaps when ordering artichokes one should explain that he wants them to eat and not for exhibition purposes."

An Unwholesome Watering Place

The same San Franciscan visited Atlantic City where he was also disappointed. "It is not the resort of the **400**," he writes, "but as it cost me nine dollars a day for a room with bath, I should judge that neither is it the resort of the polloi. The hotel clerk called my attention to the fact that my windows afforded

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two views of the board walk, and I think it was for those views I paid. The board walk, I should explain, is the promenade, several miles in length along the beach, where the fashionables disport themselves. I write of Atlantic City merely to tell you that if it were in California it would be condemned by the State Board of Health. It consists of several hundred hotels, and when these are crowded, as they are every Saturday and Sunday, the water supply of the town is inadequate. You wonder why you are paying for a bath when you can't get enough cold water to fill your tub. I was told by the hotel clerk—who seemed proud of the fact—that the town had outgrown the water mains. As I found that there was not sufficient water for sewer-flushing purposes even in the hotels, I did not complain very much about the empty bath tub, but I made a hurried exit from the unsanitary hole.

Gossip That Should Be Fumigated

"At Newport," continues my correspondent, "the water main is large enough, but the gossip should be fumigated. One of the first stories I heard was about the rumored engagement of a multi-millionaire to a widow who lives in Thirty-ninth street. The man has a national reputation in the political as well as the financial world. His second wife, who met a tragic death and who was in the swim, was the mistress, so the story goes, of a certain multi-millionaire who presides over Wall street. And the woman to whom he is now paying ardent attention was, until recently, the mistress of the same man. So now the wits of Newport are saying: 'In love as in finance Mr. Blank is a leader, and this latest love affair of W——— is proof of the fact that he has confidence in Blank's judgment.'"

"I see by the census that more than one half our population are women."

"Absurd: then how do you account for the fact that 'one half the world doesn't know what the other half is doing?'"

When Hope Deserted the Lady

I have just heard the reason of May Yohe, Lady Hope's mad adventure which gave the San Francisco papers such rich food for columns of interviews and sensational recapitulation. May Yohe was not in the least in love with Captain Strong; she simply used him as a bill-paying compagnon du voyage so that she could pursue a larger game. The whole story is town talk in New York, and a San Francisco millionaire is the unwilling hero. May Yohe saw the millionaire somewhere and immediately fell in love with him, though he is no longer in the first blush of youth and has a wife, sons and grown daughters. But Lady Hope saw in him her affinity. The San Franciscan had his yacht in New York, and without waiting for an invitation from the owner the intrepid Marchioness went on board and boldly planted her Parisian-shod feet upon the craft.

She Failed to Fascinate

The yacht owner didn't like the intrusion. He didn't like May, and he failed to appreciate the honor of having a Marchioness bestow her unsolicited affection upon him. That "nice little way" of May Yohe was a dead frost when aimed at the San Francisco millionaire. In course of time, the labor troubles here and the necessity for protecting his property, drew him home. This ought to have proved a discouragement to Lady Hope. Nevertheless she was not daunted. Adding to her train an irreproachable army officer she made chase across the continent after the escaping prey. And arrived here, she tried again to meet the man whom she hoped to enslave. It was only when all hope of attaining her end vanished that she agreed to continue her journey to the land of the chrysanthemum in company with Strong.

First Lawyer: My last client kicked hard because he received only one half that estate I put through probate for him. He must have thought he was going to get it all.

Second Ditto: Or else that he was the lawyer in the case.

A Plea for the Stomach

With all the improvement that is going on at the Park, it is a pity that the authorities do not provide for the establishment of some place where one can get something good to eat, in the Park's vicinity if not within its confines. When the present Board of Park Commissioners stepped into office, it was suggested that the Park Lodge be turned into a restaurant where epicures could regale themselves on canvas-backs, terrapin and champagne, served at such prices that the general public would of necessity be excluded therefrom. This idea was speedily frowned upon, and indeed it was scarcely feasible. But there is no reason why there should be an utter scarcity of refreshment places in the Park. That in the dairy at the Children's Playground is of too limited scope to appeal to persons of purses and palates not limited to coffee and sandwiches, chocolate and cake. The Japanese Tea Garden is a pretty place and the tea served is appetizing, the cakes dainty. But everybody does not like tea.

What I should suggest is a place modeled upon the Vienna Prater of the Midwinter Fair, "Old Wien," with waiting-maids in peasant costume and with music to while away the hours. The objection has been urged that such a place would become the resort of a too gay and not well behaved class of people. The behavior of the patrons could be regulated by the management just as it is in down town restaurants and at the Casino in Central Park, New York.

Colonel Bendel's son is coming home in the fall, and that means another eligible in sight for Oakland mammas. Stockmar Bendel is rich, good-looking and well-educated. Just now he's only a West Point cadet in his third year, and there's plenty of time for the Oakland mammas to prepare for his capture.

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Remorse Did It

The mystery of Hervey N. Vanderhoof's suicide is not difficult of solution. The most reasonable solution is that the man was the victim of remorse. Though his bel ami, Clara Hess, denied that the dead man had ever possessed other wife than herself, this was untrue. Some months ago Vanderhoof was living at a smart downtown hotel with his wife and children. He became infatuated with the Hess woman, and caused his wife to suffer pangs of shame and grief by his attentions to the other woman. Finally the wife could stand it no longer, and went East with her children. Vanderhoof took up his abode with the woman who had enslaved him, but he was not happy and finally he killed himself in a fit of remorse.

She Will Not Wed Again

Mrs. Eleanor Martin objects to the rumors going about town that she is thinking of marrying again. She says there is no truth whatever in the gossip. She also says that as she had two husbands, and both were good ones, she thinks she has had her fair share of marital experience. But still the tabbies will talk, and will say that if Peter marries and leaves his mother all alone in the big house, perhaps she will feel the loneliness pressing upon her, and will reconsider her determination. As it is, she says she considers society, charity and her sons' future sufficient to occupy the mind of any woman.

She is a Billionaire's Niece

Though her uncle is a billionaire, a young San Francisco woman teaches all day long, and sometimes in the evenings as well, in her husband's commercial school. She is Mrs. Robert L. Durham, who is a niece of Rockefeller the oil magnate. Mrs. Durham was a Miss Rockefeller and was a school teacher before her marriage. She is a charming, handsome and cultured young woman, college bred and of independent disposition. She prefers to help in building up her husband's fortunes by honest mental labor, rather than to pose as the niece of a billionaire.

Has the Baron a Future?

The Baron Von Schroeder was a conspicuous figure about the Palace rotunda last week. He obviously has replenished his wardrobe in London, but surely his hat must have been a confection of some Rotterdam hatter. An affidavit was filed in the United States Circuit Court the other day that is calculated to seriously jar his pachydermatous pomposity. The suit itself is commonplace enough, being a neighborly row between himself and Mr. William Brittan about a parti-wall or something of the sort, the one averring that it projects over his line 'steen inches and the other stoutly maintaining that it doesn't. Now comes, however, Lincoln E. Savage—brother of the novelist and in his own right a thrice-puissant jargon-welder and hefty oathsmith—and being, of course, first duly sworn, deposes that the Baron von Schroeder has lost his German nationality; that he is no longer a subject of Willie the Irrepressible; that, since he has never been naturalized here, he is in point of fact, a man without a country! Savage, who seems to know more about German law than he does about running a primary election, figures this out from an Imperial Statute which says that if a man expatriates himself for ten years, he ceases to be a German. Now, if the Baron von Schroeder is no longer a German, is he still a German baron? And, if he isn't a German baron, what is he? My office cat murmurs: "A lobster!"—but I reject the suggestion as frivolous.

Bohemian Cafe, 711 Market street, serves the purest liquors and the daintiest lunch in the city.

A slip of the pen last week made me give Mrs. Richard Irvin to Dick Ivers' sister, Mrs. Robinson, as a mother-in-law, instead of Mrs. J. Hood Wright, who has that honor. Mrs. Irvin is one of the handsome Morrises of Baltimore, of whom Louise married Freddy Gebhard. She is now about forty years of age and is still a very pretty woman. She ranks as one of New York's smartest dressers.

A Tale of the Chorus

Behind the announcement of the divorce instituted by Marie George the other day, lies a story of human interest such as the Sunday Supp. editor loves to freak. I was in New York when Marie George began proceedings against her husband and I heard the story on the Rialto. Marie George is a pretty singer who returned from England a few weeks ago to take one of the leading roles in "The Strollers," a musical farce written by Harry Smith. A few years ago Marie George was a chorus girl in New York. As such she had no difficulty in captivating a rich broker. The rage for chorus girls is fierce in New York, not among the cane-sucking dudes to whom the funny papers give much space, but in club circles and in Wall street. No rich man in New York, of easy virtue, is without his stage divinity. In a short time Marie George married the broker, and together they went a fast pace.

Fortunes Reversed

When Marie George walked on the stage for rehearsal a few weeks ago, one of the first to confront her was her husband. What a change had come o'er their fortunes! The erstwhile Wall street broker was a member of the chorus, and his wife—the chorus girl that was—figured as one of the principals in the play. The meeting was a tame affair. They nodded and that was all. The next day they were seen engaged in conversation in the wings, and appeared to be as friendly as though they had known each other as many as five or ten minutes. A few days later the divorce suit was commenced. And they are still in the same company, and evidently there is no hard feeling between them.

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She Stole a Spoon at Blingum

An unusual incident created quite a little flutter among the Blingum officials last week. After a charming luncheon, when most of the happy guests had strolled away from the veranda, an Eastern visitor, a society girl of unquestionable standing, was observed purloining some of the club's silverware. It was nothing more than an ordinary spoon or two, to be sure, but the situation was such that it was deemed best, after a hurried consultation, to speak to the young woman privately. She broke into copious tears at once, confessed her sin, and then gave her explanation. She said she had an insatiable craving for collecting silverware mementoes at all the notable places she visited. Every time she dined in such a place she endeavored to make away with a fork or a spoon to add to her collection, which she kept secreted in her New York home. She had never been detected before and the chances seemed so absurdly small that she never considered the result of being caught. When brought face to face with the enormity of her offense, as she was on this occasion, she almost had hysteria. It was only too obvious that this detection had taught her a much-needed lesson. In order to quiet her a promise was made that nothing should be said about the matter to the friends who had introduced her to the club. One mistake was made, however: as a sop to her grief, she was allowed to keep the spoon. Notwithstanding her denial, I wonder if she was ever caught before, and if, as on this occasion, she ended by throwing herself on the mercy of her captors and escaped without punishment—and with the much-coveted spoon.

Miss Sachs' Invention

I have often felt that it should be made a felony for a person to secure patent rights to a device not of his own invention. An Eastern firm recently patented a hook which has become a feature of the straight-front corset, and with the aid of which the too bountifully abdomened woman may deceive the eye, and produce the long waist effect. The hook also keeps the skirts down and holds the shirt-waist and belt in place. Now I have received reliable information to the effect that this valuable hook owes its existence to the ingenuity of Miss Beatrice Sachs. For many years she has worn a dainty little gold hook studded with diamonds, but she has never thought of having it patented.

When She Huddled Her Knees

Though I am reluctant to venture into the domain of my confrere, the *Bookworm*, I am constrained to call attention to the interesting heroine of Mr. George Moore in his book, "Sister Teresa," which was evidently designed to be a guide to a convent life. Evelyn hied herself to a nunnery after a very exciting period on the operatic stage. Mr. Moore appears to be laboring under the delusion that women enter convents to get away from fleshly temptations; that they are all Evelyns by instinct, and like her conquer their desires. I am inclined to suspect Mr. Moore of judging the many by the few. In the opening chapters he presents the lusty side of Evelyn for the purpose of artistic contrast, and he brings out her sensuous nature in very lurid colors. Evelyn has a pair of knees that figure quite conspicuously in the book. She had a way of huddling them together that was "full of temptation." I cannot imagine how she did it, and regret that Mr. Moore is not more explicit. He does not say whether the knees were draped, or just how they were huddled, but they were very tempting to Mr. Moore's hero.

And yet that hero was a slow chap, for we are told of an episode at a country house where Evelyn had been singing. After a very warm conversation with Owen, the hero, she went upstairs, left her door unlocked, and then clutched both breasts and experienced a burning of the blood. It wouldn't do her any good to huddle her knees just then, for Owen wasn't there. He missed his opportunity, by going to his own room. "Images of fierce sensuality crowded upon" Evelyn, in a most shocking way, but she was alone. Probably this description is artistic, but I didn't enjoy it. And I wasn't sorry when Evelyn wearied of the life of the world, the stage and men and music and went into the convent with her knees.

Phelan Will Decline

The political firmament is quite cloudy at present. The organization of a Labor party has disturbed the calculations of the job-chasers, and played havoc with the plans of the bosses. What the effect of a Labor party will be, is an interesting subject for speculation. The popular notion is that the labor vote is largely Democratic, but that may be a delusion. There are many Swedes, Norwegians, Germans and Canadians among the laborers of this city, and they do not vote the Democratic ticket. And as for the Irish laborer, he generally sticks to his party on election day. The Democratic leaders are anxious for Mayor Phelan to accept the nomination for the purpose of vindication, but I am quite confident that he will not run again. He will perhaps be nominated, and he will then have the opportunity to do the Caesar stunt.

What Marie was Buying

Some days ago I met one of the sweet Maries in a large drygoods store, accompanied by a popular bachelor who divides his time between this city and New York. And much to my surprise the young woman was buying arm-shields. Nothing wrong about that, perhaps, but it struck me as a little strange to find a young woman discussing with a young bachelor the question as to whether the shields should be single or double, and permitting him to determine in favor of the latter. The subject of arm-shields is one that is eschewed in polite society. A bachelor

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may know that women wear such things, but bachelors know many things about feminine attire, and yet the knowledge does not qualify them to superintend shopping expeditions.

Benjamin's Debut

Benny Benjamin of the *Chronicle* played a thinking part in "The Royal Box" at the California last week. He walked into the theatre one night to see the show, and happening to glance into the stage box which was used in the action of the play, he recognized several of his friends in the Neill company. Not realizing that the play was in progress, and that his friends were playing their respective parts, he strolled into the box, sat down, and before he could be warned opened up a conversation. The stage manager had a conniption fit, and it was quite evident that Mr. Benjamin did not enjoy his unintentional debut.

Rally Round Our Sea Lions!

The first step in the conspiracy newly hatched by the Fish Commissioners against the sea lions, referred to recently in these columns, has been taken, and a "sub-commission" consisting of a brace of professors, Starr and Snodgrass, and an unidentified, untitled and presumably non-scientific individual named C. Ruller, or Cruller—the newspapers give it both ways—has been appointed to "investigate" Ben Butler's kindred. Gentlemen of the Commission! You are warned that your artful scheme will not work! The citizens of San Francisco weighed this question well, and determined long ago that they would not permit their city to be robbed of a unique and most attractive scenic feature at the say-so of a parcel of caseless lawyers and cow-county politicians who would not be trusted by their own wives to pick out a dried codfish at a cross-roads grocery, even if their valuable opinions were bolstered up by the sesquipedalian dogmatizings of too complacent "experts." Let all the Starrs in the Stanford firmament twinkle with scientific scintillations! Let all the Snodgrasses that have flourished, have withered, and have been garnered by the sickle of the Reaper since Charles Dickens first rescued the family name from oblivion, unload their aggregated tons of intellectual hayseed on the subject! Let all the Crullers—baked and half-baked—add their quota of intestinal disturbance until the whole State writhes in the colly-wobbles! But nevertheless, San Francisco proposes to keep her sea lions and San Francisco always has her way.

Cheap Commissioners and Dear Lions

Exterminate our sea lions, forsooth! A little more of such talk and the people will begin to ask themselves, "Why not exterminate the Fish Commission?"—by appropriate legislative action, of course. Does this Board of quidnuncs realize the many unkind things which the public might truthfully say of it, if so minded? Does the Board assume that the public is ignorant of how much money there is in slaughtering sea lions? Doubtless it does, because the last time the Commissioners engaged in this gory business they neglected to enter up on the credit side of the ledger any sums realized from this promiscuous slaughter, although they did not neglect to debit the State with the wages and expenses of the seal butchers. And yet the killing of sea lions is fairly profitable. An average-sized adult nets its killer fourteen dollars and twenty-five cents, of which sum considerably more than two-thirds is produced by the sale of the oil, and the balance for the hide, certain portions of the sea lion's internal economy used as medicine by the Chinese, and the whiskers. These—some ten or twelve bristles—are used in Chinese barber shops for cleansing the ears and sell readily at 40 cents to 75 cents apiece. Somebody doubtless made a right good thing out of the last sea lion harvest. Gentlemen of the Commission, be good! Break loose from the fresh fish trust—its wishes, including the wishes of its hired men, the Italian fishermen, are the wishes of only four hundred and fifty out of one million five hundred thousand citizens. All th rest of us want sea lions and plenty of 'em. Restore that heavenly wanderer to the galaxy where you found him—make him a fixed Starr, so to speak! Plant Snodgrass in some sequestered nook far from the sounding sea and sea lions! Water him—nay, whiskey-and-water him occasionally to keep him fresh and green! As for thee, O Cruller—thou walking indigestion—get thee to a bakery!

This is a Joke from Paris

Two friends seeing a third with a very homely woman, one said to the other, "If she is his wife there is nothing to be said, but if she is his mistress his taste is open to criticism."

Will Try To Raise Giants

From Paris comes the news that the wonder-loving Parisians are watching with great curiosity the new attempts now being made at Rouen to increase the size of the human species by natural selection. A competition of giants has been instituted that has brought forward all sorts of abnormal statures. The leaders so far are a French youth of twenty-two and an English girl not yet eighteen. He measures nine feet two inches in height and is still growing; his weight is given at four hundred and forty-eight pounds; chest measurement ninety-eight inches. The girl is eight feet three inches tall and has not yet attained her full height. Arrangements are being made to marry these colossi with a view to propogating giants.

In the sick room or on your sideboard Jesse Moore "AA" Whiskey is indispensable.

Season 1901-02
Fall & Winter Models
now ready
Chas Reilus & Co.
exclusive high grade clothiers
132 Kearny Street,
Thurlow Block.

He Parts His Name in the Middle

In the New York *Sun* of recent date appears the glowing prospectus of the National Crude Oil company of California. It represents that this company through its ownership in the Kern River Oil company has a capacity of six thousand barrels from thirty-four wells, and that it has twenty-five thousand shares of its treasury stock to sell for the purpose of adding to its present holding. From the glowing prospectus I should judge that the National Crude Oil company stock is the finest kind of security and that it cannot be beaten for investment purposes. But I find that the general manager of the company is H. Prentiss Taylor, of the firm of Taylor & Co., bankers of San Francisco. As I had never heard of Taylor & Co., bankers, my curiosity was aroused. I looked in the city directory and found that H. Prentiss Taylor lived at the Palace hotel and occupied offices in the *Chronicle* building. When I called the gentleman to the 'phone, and found that Mr. H. Prentiss Taylor was none other than the great hot-air financier, Mr. Howard P. Taylor, I was not surprised.

A Talk Over the 'Phone

When and why, I should like to know, did Howard Taylor, the man of varied unsuccessful enterprises, begin to part his name in the middle? When was the banking house of Taylor & Co., established? When did Howard P. Taylor become a resident of the Palace hotel? These are questions upon which people who contemplate investing in the National Crude Oil company stock should be advised before parting with their money. I asked Mr. Taylor if he was responsible for the ad in the *Sun* and he assured me that he was not, that it was somewhat irregular and that Mr. Fennell put it in prematurely. But he assured me that the oil company was all right. I suppose it is. The prospectus declares that "it is a strong company officered and directed by as good, *substantial* men as can be found on the Pacific Coast." No doubt they are. Mr. Taylor is one of them. Dun's and Bradstreet's are given as references, and Edward A. Barnes, superintendent of Bradstreet's agency in this city, is numbered among the directors. His name in the city directory, however, appears as Edwin Barnes.

The Evolution of a Waitress

My Seattle correspondent writes:

Frank W. Coler of this city, the youngest brother of City Comptroller Bird S. Coler of New York and at one time a prominent member of Gotham's dizzy-whizzy swell set, has applied to the King county Superior court for a divorce from his wife, Cecil Anderson Coler. Mrs. Coler was a Miss Anderson, whose father was a saloon-keeper in Decatur, Illinois. She and Mr. Coler met at the Virginia hotel in Chicago in the summer of 1892 while he was a guest of the house and she was a waitress. He was but eighteen years old at the time. They became engaged and when the Colers of New York learned of it they quickly recalled the young man. Meanwhile Miss Anderson came to this city to live with her sister, Kittie Anderson, who was then the owner and proprietor of a candy store. A few months later young Coler came West, joined his fiancee and induced her to accompany him to New York where on July thirtieth, 1894, they were married with great pomp and ceremony, with the apparent consent of the groom's relatives, all of whom attended the wedding. Mrs. Coler made the best of her opportunities to take on social polish and in her associations with her husband's friends rapidly changed from the crude and raw provincial belle to a charming social matron. She became quite popular too, and about that time her young husband developed symptoms of jealousy. Mrs. Coler grew careless and indiscreet and finally they separated. The separation was of short duration. They came together again in Seattle and lived together until Coler discovered that his wife was receiving mail in the box of Hon. Joseph H. Dawes, a prominent attorney and member of the legislature. He secured some of the letters, had them photographed and after sealing them again, restored them to the Dawes box. In this way he obtained valuable evidence which is to be used on the trial. Mrs. Coler is now at a watering place in California.

Society women fortified themselves for the week of sports with Wm. Williams & Sons V. V. O. Scotch Whisky.

A Suppressed Sensation

None of the Seattle papers has yet mentioned the details of the crime committed at Cape Nome last winter by George Allen of this city. He was sentenced to the United States penitentiary at McNeils island, near Tacoma, for a term of fifteen years. The offense, according to the testimony, was a most brutal and unprovoked assault with attempt to commit murder for the purpose of robbery. The victim was rendered senseless by blows with a blunt instrument, robbed of fifteen hundred dollars and left in the snow to die. He is still alive but has never recovered his mental faculties. Allen was tried before Judge Noyes at Nome, sentenced and brought down here a few weeks ago to serve the time. He was in the penitentiary a few weeks and was then released on bail pending an appeal to the higher courts. He is now at the home of his parents in this city. It is now charged that Judge Noyes was prejudiced. For many months, in fact ever since the beginning of the agitation for the removal of Judge Noyes on account of his action in the receivership cases, for which two men have already been sent to jail, ex-Senator Allen has been among the most ardent of his opponents.

Miss Charlotte Thompson gave a large dinner recently at which were entertained the Neills, Margaret Anglin, Florence Roberts and prominent members of their companies.

Why Ashton Stevens Collapsed

It is sometimes embarrassing to have your language misconstrued by a woman. It is even shocking if the misconstruction involves a suggestion of an indelicate nature. It is not difficult to appreciate the embarrassment of Ashton Stevens, the *Examiner's* dramatic critic, when he found that he had innocently excited the indignation of a Swedish woman who had charge of the baths at Bartlett Springs whither he had hied himself a short time ago for a vacation. The woman is employed as a masseuse at the springs and has charge of the woman's department. Stevens had been waiting some time in nothing but a linen duster to clothe his nakedness, for a vacant tub. Presently he grew impatient, and turning to the woman he said:



JESSE MOORE

A A

WHISKEY

BEST ON EARTH

"Madame, I wish you would give me a bath."

"I will do nothing of the kind, sir; you take your own bath," was the freezing reply, and Mr. Stevens collapsed without venturing an explanation.

Everything As You Like It

Harry Foster is just back from Porto Rico and among the oddities in his grip is the menu of a ball he attended in San Juan. It is crudely printed on coarse paper and was intended as a handbill to be passed among the guests informing them where and what they might eat during the intermission. Out of compliment to the guests it is printed "pure English," and the following is a fac simile:

Restaurant.
In the upstairs of the Ball Room
For Tonight.
Every one of good take young men and the whole public present will find in this restaurant all that is seecelected and agreable.
Menu of the Suppa.
Rice and Chicken.
Boiled jam.
Sandwitches.
Beefsteaks with fried potatoes.
Sardines. Oysters.
Eggs As You Like It.
Liquors of Every Class.
Ice Cream.
Sidro of the Fame.
El Paradiso.
Mark Champagne Sidro.
Fine Champagne.
Beer of Every Kind You Can Wish for.
San Juan, Pto.-Rico.
24 May th, 1901.
Canalda y Cucurello.

"Suppa" otherwise supper, is probably the result of hearing the Southerners pronounce the word. The "th" after May is a delightful novelty as is "boiled jam." Of course "ham" is intended; the error was simple as the Spanish "j" is pronounced like "h."

He was Good to Wallflowers

A constant reader who evidently follows my straggling reminiscences with great interest, writes:

The name of Ed Sheldon will ever be remembered with tender gratitude by more than one society woman, for his unfailing courtesy and his thoughtful consideration when he was leader of the social set; when he guided society through the mazes of the german with no thought of advancing his business interests with each invitation to dance. There can be no such mortal agony as that suffered by a young girl at a dance, when she sees herself becoming trellised by neglect into a wallflower, when she sees other girls being led out time and again to tread the fascinating figures, while *she* remains unsought. For such maidens, the kind heart of the late cotillon leader was always on the alert, and though they go no more to dances, and the moving spirit has passed away, they have not forgotten.

Where His Star Shone With Lustre

Probably at no social gathering did the genius of Ed Sheldon show more brilliantly than at the ball given by the daughters of the late Dr. R. Beverly Cole. Josie, it will be remembered, married Billy McClung and now has daughters in society, while Eugenia married Mr. Sielken. The sisters had but recently returned from Europe and as their mother had just received a fortune on the death of a relative, the impecunious Southern set paid their court most assiduously at the South Park shrine.

Spacious as were those old mansions, yet for such a circle of acquaintances as the Coles it was impossible to avoid a crush. The chairs for the german were arranged three deep, with the result that there was but scant space for the figures, and only the front row of those hoping to dance had any chance. But Sheldon, with his quick eye and ready tact, evolved order out of that chaos. Among those present upon that memorable occasion twenty years and more ago were the beautiful Lilo McMullin, now Mrs. Perrin, Miss Ella Maynard, Miss Susie Coffee—now the wife of an army officer—and the beautiful Miss Ogden, whom reminiscent rumor had declared to be the choice of Sheldon. She was the eldest daughter of "Dick" Ogden—the famed old Californian who lived of later years in New York and who recently died. Miss Ogden was renowned for her clear-cut cameo profile and her dignified reserve. At one time it was supposed that Dr. "Jim" Keeney was to be the happy man, but after an engagement of some time, they parted. Later the beautiful Miss Ogden married Richard Pease. Her sister, Jeanne, was a prominent member of what was at one time San Francisco's pet charity—the San Francisco Fruit and Flower Mission—and was noted for her active interest in good works. She became the bride of S. Leonard Abbot, a bank clerk, and a prominent member of the Loring club in its palmy days.

How Gertrude Atherton Advertised California

The story comes to me from London how Gertrude Atherton made a big strike for Californian confectionery and how American cakes and candy thereby became the rage. It seems that the golden-tressed novelist gave a tea at the Writers' club. Instead of only the archaic tea and bread and butter that are usually served at London teas, Mrs. Atherton supplemented these comestibles with plates of dainty cakes and candy of American make. The innovation was talked about everywhere, and "sweets" as an addition to afternoon teas soon became the rage. Thus it is that American enterprise abroad manages to advertise itself and promote home industry.

A Reminiscence

Apropos of Kate Douglas Wiggin Riggs, whose new book "Penelope's Irish Experiences" is still holding down pages and paragraphs in the literary magazines, and whose "Diary of a Goose Girl" is current in *Scribner's*, a correspondent, signing herself "An Ex-School Ma'am" sends me the following:

We had a gay time at St. Helena one summer trying to get Anything—meaning to eat, but sometimes it was clean tablecloths, napkins and towels. We generally gave up when the first proposition was the one to tackle, and after disposing of all the bread and milk in sight, called it square and left the dining room. Kate Douglas Wiggin came to address the Institute, and she said SHE was going to have something to eat. As a preliminary she asked for a glass of water, but up to the time we left there were no signs that the well had been dug. At first she was inclined to think we had not assert-

DEWAR'S
SCOTCH WHISKY
HIGH BALL

Small piece of ice in glass, pour whisky over ice and fill glass with syphon or plain water

A Cooling and Delightful Drink

ed ourselves, but she found it was wasted exertion. I often wonder whether she remembers that experience, and if she has had any harder ones during her climb up the literary ladder. She has been more successful than the average woman writer. Her first serial in *St. Nicholas*, "Half a Dozen Housekeepers," is still read by lots of young Californians.

At Monterey

It seems quite like old times at Monterey this week with Mrs. Low and Mrs. Milton Latham among the visitors. There is nothing "new" about them. They have the air of the old regime about them, and give a certain tone to the assemblage on the veranda at tea-time. Probably the most popular woman at Del Monte this season, if one could gauge it by vote, is Miss Flora Low. She is a very genial spirit and her good nature is all-pervading. I have heard no revivals this year of that old rumor that Miss Low and Bob Morrow are engaged. Each year it has bobbed up in great shape, but this season the tabbies have let it alone. Perhaps it's true.

McCaleb, the Philosopher

Tom McCaleb, of San Francisco and New York, is once more en route to the Atlantic coast. McCaleb came to this city for his health a few years ago, intending to spend about two months. Since then he has spent most of his time here, keeping in touch with New York by making a few trips to the metropolis each year. Just before starting on his periodical journey the other day, he remarked to a friend that he had begun to regard San Francisco as his home. And like many other New Yorkers who have spent a little time here, he acknowledged that there was no place in the world better than San Francisco to live in. "I cannot understand," he said, "why so many Californians with wealth are anxious to break into society on the Atlantic coast. They are big frogs in the puddle here, and they go back there and become lobsters. You read about their giving receptions and hobnobbing with the aristocracy, but they are only on the fringe of society. Occasionally a Californian millionaire gets 'pilled' in a New York club,but he takes his medicine and keeps plunging. I cannot understand why they don't prefer to stay here where they can live better, enjoy more luxuries, soar higher and suffer less inconvenience."

Miss Dore and Miss Charlotte Dore left last Sunday evening with the Knight Templars party for Louisville. They will extend their trip to New York and expect to be away about four weeks.

It is Not Another Bonanza

It is vastly amusing in these days to read that the celebrated Sweepstake mine in Trinity county has been sold to a number of Philadelphia capitalists for a sum of six million dollars. I have it on the best authority that the story is like many others, made out of whole cloth. The fact is that the Sweepstake property is a collection of mining locations, all of which have been worked over and some abandoned. There is gold there, of course, but the man who owned the main property was glad enough to accept a cash sum far below his demands from the man who made the deal with the Philadelphians. I think the owner wanted some fifty thousand dollars, and was induced to accept thirteen thousand dollars. The amount for which Mr. Frank P. Hall sold the mine to the Easterners was in the neighborhood of one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. The Eastern buyers may or may not set the capital of their corporation at six million dollars, but if they do they will have to do some healthy romancing to persuade the small capitalists of the Quaker city to go in. Over-capitalization is not a new idea, by any means, and if the promoters succeed they will make a royally good thing out of the Sweepstake. But I am not aware that Trinity county will be much the better for the deal.

First Get the Hare

"Shure," said Mrs. O'Flanagan. "I'm goin' to give a pa-arty but I dinnaw what kin' to give."

"An' why not a tellyphone pa-arty?" asked Mrs. O'Gallagher.

"An' what's that?"

"Why, shure you send out all the invites the day before by tellyphone instid of writin' them. It's the way the swells do."

"An' shure, I'll be swell, too," returned her friend, "Ill tell Pat to have a tellyphone put in me house right away."

End of a Famous Soldier of Fortune

In this simple death notice that appeared in the *Chronicle* on Friday of last week

> GROGAN—In Los Gatos, Cal. August 6, Alejandro E. Grogan. Cremation this day (Friday) at 12 o'clock.

few would fancy that a most interesting life history was concealed. Alejandro E. Grogan, Baron de Nordenflycht, was a soldier of fortune with a career as brilliant as that of D'Artagnan. An Imperialist under the third Napoleon, for distinguished services he was decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honor. Later, as General under the Chilean flag, he received the highest decoration of the South American republic for valor on the field of battle. His military career ended in the United States, where he served as Colonel in the Confederate army during the Civil war. General Grogan, as he preferred to be called rather than by his title of baron, was well known in this city especially at the French club where his prowess at cards made him a marked figure. He was a player for high stakes, and in that other game where hearts are trumps was as lucky as with the bits of pasteboard or ivory. Handsome, brave and daring it was no wonder that men and women alike were his admirers.

WRITING FOR PUBLICATION

The fifth course of popular lectures on this art (with drill and criticism for a limited number of students) by

W. C. MORROW

AUTHOR AND JOURNALIST

will begin September 12th and 14th in San Francisco and Oakland

For particulars address residence, 1909 Vallejo St., San Francisco

Try Kelly's Corn Cure, 25 cents. 102 Eddy Street

He was a perfect athlete, his biceps measuring nearly twenty-nine inches. At the age of sixty, he was as young as an ordinary man of twenty. He was both scholar and scientist and was at one time instructor in the cavalry school of France at St. Cyr. His one vanity was his small feet—he boasted the smallest feet of any man of his height. Oftentimes in a wager he has put on the slippers or shoes of girls of ten. This soldier of fortune had one weakness, he could not bear up in illness and he sought relief in prussic acid. General Grogan's aunt is the richest woman in the world, by the side of whom Hetty Greene's millions would seem dwarfed. She owns the coal monopoly of the Chilean coast. He was an adopted son of Mr. A. B. Grogan of San Francisco and his real name is shrouded in mystery. He numbered among his friends here the brothers Weill, Ernest Haquette, John Bergez and the late Robert Ralston.

Stuart's Attachment For Bogart

Francis Stuart, the well known vocal teacher and exponent of voice culture, is still in New York where he recently opened a studio. And he still has with him his protege, Andrew Bogart, who was once upon a time hailed as the successor of Hayden Coffin. Bogart is undoubtedly a great singer, and should have won fame long ago, but he does not seem to be able to break away from the Stuart studio. He has been with Stuart since he was sixteen years of age, and he is now about twenty-eight. There appears to be a remarkably strong affinity between the teacher and his pupil—so strong in fact, that the relatives of Mr. Bogart in this city are very much dissatisfied, and have sought in vain to rupture the attachment. They declare that the case appears to be one of hypnotism, that Stuart has Svengalized his pupil and that the latter is completely under the influence of his teacher. The relationship may be a purely artistic one, for Stuart is absorbed in his art and, I understand, is recognized as one of the greatest exponents of voice culture in the country. Though I am told that Andrew Bogart received all his early training from his father, who is a thorough musician, there is no doubt that credit must be given to Francis Stuart for that clean-cut phrasing and perfect diction that are features of the latter's method and of Bogart's singing. It is unfortunate however that Stuart's ardent devotion to his pupil should have engendered sorrow in the Bogart household.

Teacher and Pupil

The story is a remarkable one and it cannot fail to arouse the deepest sympathy for the relatives of the young man whose affections for the members of his family appear to have been completely alienated. Andrew Bogart began to take singing lessons from Stuart when he was only sixteen, as I said, and since then the relationship between them has been of a peculiar nature. Stuart has always acted as though he were the young man's guardian and has kept in touch with him constantly. Bogart has followed his teacher's every suggestion, eschewing the society of friends and confining himself almost exclusively to the atmosphere of the studio. For many years Bogart's family were in sympathy with Stuart's methods, believing that he had their son's interest at heart. They paid for his singing lessons, and assisted him financially in his concert work. Once they sent him to Europe to receive dramatic instruction, but Stuart objected and the lessons were discontinued. People have thought that Stuart's interest in Bogart was due to the fact that the latter was his star pupil, and that as his proficiency in the vocal art served to reflect great credit on the Stuart method the teacher kept the young man for advertising purposes.

That may be the secret of the intimacy. A short time ago the Bogarts induced their son to leave Stuart in New York while he visited relatives in Lynn, Mass. Shortly afterward they received a letter from the Lynn people telling them that a "Mr. Winslow" had come down from New York to visit Andrew and was still with him. They wrote on for a description of Mr. Winslow and found that it tallied with that of Francis Stuart. Subsequently Bogart visited relatives in Nova Scotia, and a little later his folks learned that he had been joined there by Mr. Winslow.

Why the "Post" Was Delayed

There was considerable delay in getting out the *Evening Post* the other day. And they are telling a funny story in the office in explanation of the delay. Mr. L'Hommedieu, the sporting editor, is said to have been responsible for the lateness of the paper. City Editor Carroll had rushed in all the local news and the last form was about to be closed when L'Hommedieu called a halt. He said that a cut was being made and that it should appear in the issue of that day. He thought it would be all ready in a few minutes. But it wasn't. Editor Hume became impatient. He ordered the press started as soon as possible, but L'Hommedieu begged for a few more minutes for the cut. By the time it reached the composing room everybody in the office was in a high state of excitement. When the first paper came off the press, all hands rushed to see the cut. It was a picture of Mr. L'Hommedieu, who had been elected Secretary of an automobile club.

Another lot of NAVAJO Indian Blankets and Baskets just received at H. E. SKINNER'S—416 Market street.



VEUVE CLICQUOT PONSARDIN

The Most Delicious Champagne of the Age

Yellow Label, Dry *Gold Label, Brut*

Cruse & Fils Freres
CLARETS AND SAUTERNES

CREME DES GRANDS CRUS
(CREAM OF COGNAC)

A. VIGNIER

429 and 431 Battery St., San Francisco

The Golf Hoodoo

Whew! what a lot of angry discussion has been stirred up over the Del Monte golf cup. The delighted gossips are egging on the several failures and the question promises livelier times in the swim than the strike has promoted along the water front. There really seems to be some sort of a hoodoo over the cup any way for it has developed marble hearts, glassy stares and misunderstandings ever since its institution as a prize. This time the trouble started through Mrs. Gilman–Brown of San Rafael—well, to put it mildly, "neglecting" to furnish the trophy for this year's contest at Del Monte. Mrs. George Crocker started the series by offering a one hundred and fifty dollar cup two years ago. Then the shoulders began to shrug. Mary Scott, now Mrs. Walter Martin, captured it. Everybody knows that the feelings between that branch of the Crockers and the Scotts is anything but warm. At the time of the tournament Mrs. Grundy whispered that Mrs. George hoped anybody would win except Mary Scott, and just to keep the feeling of irritation alive fate decreed that Mary Scott should win.

Mrs. Gilman-Brown and the Cup

There was an understanding connected with the cup: namely, that the winner should offer an equally valuable cup the following year. When the year was rounded off Mary Scott had quit the golf links for Cupid's court but she remembered the proviso and in her turn offered a one hundred and fifty dollar cup as a golf trophy. Mrs. Gilman–Brown easily captured it. That was last year. All the golf enthusiasts said: "Well, next year we'll have a Gilman–Brown cup and no more ill feelings."

"Yes," returned the happy winner, "next year it will be my turn to offer a cup."

But, lo, and behold, when the year spun around, no cup was sent in by Mrs. Gilman–Brown. Then the Hoodoo and the Gossips began to stir up trouble.

"But perhaps they cannot afford it," said one.

"Ah," put in another, "but they're more than wealthy enough to afford a poor little pickayunish one hundred and fifty dollar cup. Besides she ought to offer a cup under the circumstances even if she had to melt the cup she won last year."

All this sputtering and opinionating didn't help the Pacific Coast Golf association out of its dilemma. It had to dig down into its "knickers" and contribute towards a cup in order to keep the golf balls rolling at this year's Del Monte meet. After that excitement is over there will be more warm words over Mrs. Gilman–Brown's unexpected action than were provoked by poor strokes during the tournament.

Champion of the Links

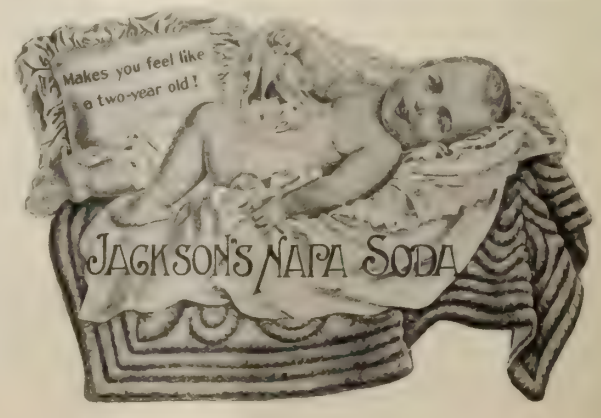
Whatever the golf enthusiasts may think of Mrs. Gilman–Brown as a cup offerer they lower their sticks respectfully to her as a golf player She plays a sure and level game and exhibits excellent judgment in selecting her sticks. Caro Crockett, who won the Poniatowski cup the first year, plays in fine form. She has devoted herself conscientiously to the pastime for over three years. Experts regard Alice Hager as a coming champion. She has the physique and handles the work cut out for her admirably; just now she is passing through the stage where she depends too much on the advice of teachers. When she cuts loose and learns to rely on her own good judgment she will shoot ahead on the links.

Lady Golfers Give Offense

It is a humiliating confession, perhaps, but California does not possess a really good golf links. All the Scotchmen who come over here make the same remark. The grounds are generally too small and are not fitted by nature for the purpose. Just imagine a coast championship match being decided on a links like that at Del Monte. Why, any able-bodied woman could drive the required distance there as well as a man, and when it comes to "putting" woman is strictly in it. The Pacific Golf association is thinking of securing a large tract of land somewhere and making a golf ground that shall excite the admiration, and not scorn, of our cousins from across the water. By the way, the Los Angeles lady golfers, with one or two exceptions,, have offended the Pacific association. The Burlingame women's championship has always heretofore been played July fourth and following days, but this year the association, desiring to have as many entries as possible and secure the best talent from the south, and realizing the hardships of two four hundred mile journeys, decided to put off the Burlingame contest until the week before the Del Monte festival, in order that the southern ladies might make one journey of the two occasions. With two exceptions, the Los Angeles ladies not only did not show up but sent no word at all to the Pacific association. The same thing happened at Del Monte, although Secretary Gower of the Pacific association kept the entry list open longer than the advertised time for closing. The officials feel hurt and say so openly.

An Impending Engagement

There is little doubt that the engagement of Miss Rowena Burns and Charles Dunphy will shortly be announced. Miss Burns came to Del Monte with her father, Colonel Dan of that ilk, and under the chaperonage of Dunphy's mother. Charlie devoted himself entirely to the Burns contingent and Rowena



At the Buffalo Exposition the visitors guard against sickness by draughts of Chapin & Gore's Old Reserve Whiskey.

rode by his side, sat at table and went everywhere with him. Colonel Dan looked on approvingly. He enjoyed himself in a quiet way, eschewed politics and denied all knowledge of racing, despite the fact that Dunphy's string of racers included one or two which were said to have emanated from the Burns & Waterhouse stables. Young Dunphy is a good fellow and a good parti. Miss Burns is an accomplished horsewoman. But I doubt whether her dot will be large. I received a letter the other day from a friend in Durango who informs me that the Burns mine is not so rich as reported.

Some Society Mermaids

The present Del Monte fete has brought to the front a number of expert naiads of the surf, notably Miss Ella Morgan and Miss Ruth McNutt. Well up with them are Mrs. Walter Hobart and Mrs. Walter Magee and the Misses Harvey. Miss Ella Morgan and Miss Ruth McNutt established a record by swimming out one mile on a rather cold, biting day. They returned gleeful and strong from the trial. But none of the strongest of the Del Monte mermaids has approached the feat accomplished by Miss Helen Shafter, the youngest daughter of Payne Shafter. Last month she swam across Tomales bay to Inverness with the tide running strongly to sea. She was so elated with her feat that, instead of landing when she struck the Boatley wharf, she continued up the west shore of the bay for quite a stretch. Several athletic young men who heard of her record determined to eclipse it. One of them, who started in the lead, was taken into the boat in an exhausted condition before he was half way across the bay. His sudden cramping up took the steam out of the others and they abandoned the attempt. Miss Shafter shows great coolness, ease and strength in going a distance. Alice Hager is another notably fine swimmer though she never makes an attempt to show her real ability in that line. No more do Miss Dean and the Misses Carolan who are also acknowledged to be among the leaders in the swim. The most graceful figure in the surf by far is that of Mrs. Walter Hobart. She is the regular Gibson type of woman, with clear-cut features, proud pose and an exquisite contour. The surf places most women at a disadvantage, but not Mrs. Hobart, who looks as much a queen of the water as she is of the ball-room.

Miss Alice Rutherford used to be considered among the champion naiads at Del Monte. That was when she was a girl of fifteen or sixteen. She is a singularly graceful swimmer, and has no doubt added to her powers in this line by experience in the Newport surf and at the Atlantic beaches.

Greenway the Host

Ned Greenway was very much to the fore at Del Monte this week. He was breakfasting, lunching, dining and suppering all the time. How he stands it beats me. The demands upon a society leader's digestion must be as great as the tax upon his tact and good nature, and yet Ned Greenway bobs up serenely every morning as if nothing had occurred the day before. He is extremely popular, too, despite rumors to the contrary. At Del Monte this year he was in great request, and no lunch, dinner or other social gathering was complete without him. He did a heap of entertaining, too, on his own account, and he is such a pastmaster in the art that no one thinks of shirking one of his reunions. He had the reputation of giving the most enjoyable dinner that was given during the week, Twelve couples sat down and enjoyed frogs legs and terrapin, not in morsels but in liberal profusion.

A Woman's Prayer

According to the *Examiner's* correspondent at Monterey, something shocking was sadly needed during the week to relieve the burdensome monotony. Reputations remained intact and so colorless was the whole affair that it could well be imagined that many a women as she removed her stays at night sent up a silent prayer, "Give us just one good scandal." Evidently the *Examiner* reporter didn't hear the story about the woman who couldn't remove her straight-front corset one night, and who prayed fervently with parched lips the next morning for just one more cold bot. Which reminds me that there is always more or less dissipation where society assembles for its summer outing. Even at our quiet country homes, enough stimulants are consumed nightly to float a miniature *Oregon*. Some very startling stories of reckless exhibitions have come to me from various watering places and from those stories one might judge that many of the younger set in the swim go to the country not to recuperate from the effects of a hard, gay winter and spring but to drink at their ease.

Mrs. Ashton Potter (Mary McNutt) is visiting at Del Monte. Lt. Potter will return from Manila in ample time to anticipate an interesting advent in the family.

Lord Sholto Douglas, of the house of the Marquis of Queensberry, who married the vaudeville actress Loretta Addis, is coming out here to meet his wife and child. Lady Douglas is on a visit to her family across the bay.

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The Dead Calypso

AND OTHER POEMS, BY LOUIS A. ROBERTSON.

While I cannot claim to have been the "discoverer" of Louis A. Robertson, whose poems have just been issued in book form by A. M. Robertson, the San Francisco publisher, I can truthfully assert that TOWN TALK was the first San Francisco paper to exploit his genius. And now I am glad to see that this genius has been acknowledged by such critics as James Hamilton Gilmour, Sam Davis, B. G. Lathrop and George Hamlin Fitch of the local papers, William Marion Reedy of the St. Louis *Mirror* and others of like knowledge and note.

This reminds me: Where is Mr. F. Bailey Millard keeping himself? Does he still consider Markham the champion odesmith, and still exalt the poetaster above the poet? Does he still rank "The Man With the Hoe" above "Paradise Lost"? I have seen no critique from his pen of Louis Robertson's volume.

I know of no better definition of poetry than Coleridge's: "The blossom and the fragrance of all human knowledge, human thoughts, human passions, emotions, language." The true poet is not a mere inventor or maker of metrical composition. "True poetry needs not to be explained. It goes direct from poet's to reader's heart." The metric or imaginative composition is forgotten in the thought conveyed. Though people in general have varied ideas as to what constitutes true poetry, they all—cultured and illiterate—agree in this, that it must reach the reader. To either his mind, his heart or his soul must be brought the sentiment of the verse.

The poems that Mr. Robertson has gathered together in this book are all the work of a few years, years when the author was undergoing the sad experience of slowly declining health. As the body became weaker, the mind expanded and these buds of genius blossomed. Very nearly all of the poems have appeared in TOWN TALK, some in other journals, and others first saw the light in their present form. One of the newest, and which seems to me to be especially adapted to republication as a song with musical setting, is

LOVE ME ONCE MORE

Love me once more. Ah, what have I to do
With love, or what has love to do with me?
And yet thy face all day and night I see,
And with this prayer my soul doth thine pursue,—
Love me once more.

Love me once more; and it will teach the pen
That pleads so feebly to thee on this page
To tell lorn lovers, in some after age
That love, though dead, may leap to life again.

Love me once more; for as the hart doth pant
To drink the water brooks, I thirst for thee;
Here, in the waste of life, I bend the knee
And murmur like a famished mendicant,—
Love me once more.

Love me once more; and these poor rhymes I write
In thrilling trumpet tones shall sound thy name,
Till it shall echo where the Peaks of Fame
Are bathed forever in ambrosial light.

Love me once more. Dost thou no longer heed
That which had once been life's supremest prize?
And wilt thou now the proffered gift despise
And turn away, to mock me, as I plead,—
Love me once more?

Others are:

HOVE-TO

Baffled, but bravely, like a stag at bay,
She faced the driving gale and angry sea;
Under short canvas and with helm a-lee,
Hove-to upon the starboard tack, she lay,
And looked into the wind's wild eye that day:
Over the great green rolling billows she
Rode like a storm-bird, and did seem to be
A mist-born phantom rising from the spray.

Her tightened weather-shrouds rang like a lyre,
Swept by the furious storm-king as he passed:
Wild ocean wraiths wailed in the thundering choir,
A thousand demons shrieked in every blast;
Yet better thus to battle with the gale,
Than drift o'er glassy seas with listless sail.

WHEN DREAMS DERIDE

(RONDEAU)

When dreams deride, and Fancy's train
Throngs to enthrone her in the brain:
When Reason, ruler of the day,
Her sober sceptre down doth lay,
To leave her sister free to reign:

Then Memory builds a wondrous fane
Her organ rolls a mimic strain,
And through the Past's dim aisles I stray,
When dreams deride.

Ah, fictioned fabric! it were vain
Thy weird devotions to explain;
Oft in thy shadowy shrine I pray
That sleep might steal my soul away
Some morn before thy cloisters wane,
When dreams deride

THOU UNSEEN HARP

Thou Unseen Harp, that hangest in the skies,
Chorded with beams that stretch from star to star,
Thy deep vibrations reach me from afar.
For every mighty string in music sighs
Till night's dark dome is filled with symphonies
O starry, midnight hymns! to me ye are
A comfort and a hope; no cloud shall bar
Nor dawn defraud me of the faith that flies
On climbing wing across the bridgeless night,
To where the din and discord of the day
Can never reach. Dear faces that I know
And sweet, familiar words, my soul invite,
Till all forgotten is the shackling clay
That binds me to this troublous scene below

THROUGH JOYOUS YEARS

Through joyous years, that ever show
Increase of gladness as they go,
May calm content and happiness,
And all life holds to crown and bless,
Be what the gods on thee bestow.

May summer skies above thee glow,
And favoring breezes ever blow,
Thy bark o'er tranquil tides to press
Through joyous years.

And tears,—if tears should sometimes flow,—
May they be April showers that owe
Their source to joy and not distress;
That vanish with the close caress
Of lips that love and fonder grow
Through joyous years.

While the erotic poems, with their Swinburnian and Wildean cast, may not appeal to the many as will the religious verses, it is in these that the poet's mastery of rhyme and rhythm shows at its best, with his wealth of historical lore and understanding of the English tongue's intricacies. "The Dead Calypso," the work that gives the volume its title, is of this type.

That difficult form of versification, the double ballade, is shown in one of the noblest poems—"The Man is Nothing, The Work is All." The poems of which religion is the theme have not the strong heart interest of the lay topics; the intellectual eye is pleased but the deeper feelings are not aroused. "Evolution," "The Truth Shall Make You Free" and "Havoc" are poems where reason holds full sway. A charming little drinking song is "Vive la Bagatelle." "Ataxia" reads like a man's soul laid bare.

The book will have many readers, and will draw adverse as well as friendly criticism, but no one can fail to deny that it is the work of a master poet and genius.

It is dedicated to Sands Forman, one of the author's warmest friends. THE CRITIC.

Why experiment with other brands when you can get Jesse Moore Whiskey at all times and places?

With a Different Ending

"It simply couldn't have happened," said the ingenue, "I hate these problem studies, they are so full of improbabilities."

The woman of the world shrugged her shoulders: "Improbabilities? Perhaps—yet to me they are like human souls laid bare."

A scarcely perceptible shudder pointed her words.

They were two of a theatre party occupying a row of the orchestra at the first night of "Mrs. Dane's Defense." The party was in honor of Mrs. Archie Browning, who was quite the prettiest of the women and the most modishly frocked.

But Mrs. Archie Browning looked bored. She appeared to pay no attention to the actors or the play, and dismissed with a frown the compliments her companion was confiding to her pink ear. Her husband also seemed distrait, though the ingenue tried her best to hold his attention during the entr'acte.

It was Tom Burling, who sat with me in a box, who gave me the reason of the Brownings' disinclination to enter into the spirit of the play.

"It's a true story," he said, "and though it seems like another Henry Arthur Jones problem worked out, its ending is quite different. You see Mrs. Browning. Well, she must be about thirty-five now. When I first knew her it was ten years ago, when I was a department clerk in Washington. Browning was the nephew of a Cabinet official, and he was no end of a prize according to the matchmaking mamma's idea. Handsome, not so stout as he is now, and rich as blazes All the Senator's daughters, the army and navy girls, and the residents' feminine offspring angled for him, holding the line with both hands, but he wouldn't be caught. He went about with a sweet smile on his lips, paid his devoirs to the mammas most devotedly but would not go near the daughters. By and by it leaked out why he was so impregnable. He was engaged. She was a clerk in the same department as mine, a young woman of no prospects and no lineage.

"Beauty? Well, you see her now," answered Burling, "and she hasn't changed much in ten years—same brown eyes, red lips and reddish hair. Archie's uncle kicked up a great shindy when the boy told him, but as Browning was six years over age and he was not guardian of his property, he couldn't do a thing but talk. Mazie—did I say her name was Mazie Dean?—and Archie were married and went to California on their wedding tour.

"When they returned to Washington, I fancied, with the rest of Archie's friends, that they'd have a deuce of a time getting into society. The women, you know, always act so offish when they are to sponsor something out of their set. But in this case I was wrong. The old uncle acted like a prince, sent out invitations for a grand reception and made the path easy for the bride. For the two weeks before the affair, she was invited out to teas and luncheons and all sorts of crushes, and the women began to copy her mannerisms and her gowns. That meant social success; if you'd ever lived in Washington, you'd know.

"Why are they in San Francisco? Pas si bete—that's the story. It was the night of the reception. All the official swim was there and I was there as one of Archie's friends. Mrs. Archie stood up by the host, the Cabinet officer. She looked like a lovely lily, all in white, with diamonds at her throat and in her hair. The only color about her was in her eyes, her glorious hair and her peachy cheeks. Swelldom passed before her and in turn was presented. All at once I noticed her turn white, as white as her gown. She seemed about to faint, and then she braced up and smiled and let herself be presented to an old chap covered with orders, a minister or something from a foreign court.

"I saw him talking later in a corner with Archie's uncle. It was all over town next day. It seems the old chap had known Mazie in South America, where she was the—well, let's call it morganatic wife of a Spanish usurper of the throne. Her father was a filibuster of no social grade in his own country—Texas, I think it was. Mazie was a young thing and perhaps didn't comprehend the enormity of her offense, but she did later when her Senor Don president was formally married to a lady of his own class and race. Then Mazie disappeared with her father. The old chap I saw at the reception recognized her at once, for he knew her well when he was his country's representative at the South American capital.

"So you see, boys, why the Brownings don't take much interest in this play. Don't fancy, though, that that is boredom you read on Madame's face—she's trying to conceal her heart pangs, I think. Look there! See the eye telegraphy passing between her and Archie. That third act must be a stunner for her to sit through.

"Yes, I told you the ending would be different. It seems the old uncle called her into his private cabinet after the show was over, and gave her the whole broadside at once. He had Archie in. too.

"'I don't believe a word of it,' cried the young husband.

"Then he looked at Mazie. She said nothing.

"'Tell him it's a lie,' said Archie, 'darling, I believe *you* before all the world.'

"'It's true,' she answered, and then she held up her head and pointed her brown eyes straight at the old man.

"'Yes, it's true,' she said, 'but I was young. I had peculiar advisers—but that does not condone.'

"Then she moved toward the door: 'I thought seven years of hard toil and virtue had expiated my sin. The man is dead. My father is dead. I was alone in the world and—Archie came. Could I help loving him? But I'll go now—far away. He is free.'

"The old man did not unbend, but I have heard he had to hold tight to keep from giving in, for he was awfully fond of her. It was Archie who showed himself a god.

"'You'll not go alone, Mazie,' he said, 'for I'll go with you.'

"And he did. They came out here because Archie remembered what a fine place they had thought it when on their honeymoon trip. Besides, he knew the conventions out here weren't so hard to climb around. Only a few people know the story, and they haven't spread it."

* * * * * * *

"How hard and cruel an ending," said the ingenue, as the callow youth placed her wrap about her shoulders, "it couldn't be so in real life"

"It could never be anything else," said the woman of the world.

"Not while moral law exists," added the lawyer.

But Archie Browning squeezed his wife's hand as he assisted her into the cab. *The Attache.*

Mollia

A TRAGEDICAL TALE IN EIGHT CHAPTERS

CHAPTER I.

"Oh," exclaimed Henry de Sullivan.

CHAPTER II.

And then he howled.

CHAPTER III.

He climbed back to the street again.

CHAPTER IV.

He had been bitten by a dog.

CHAPTER V.

The dog belonged to a man.

CHAPTER VI.

The man was his girl's father.

CHAPTER VII.

The girl was Mollia.

CHAPTER VIII.

The End

—The Realist.

They know you are a judge of good whiskey when you call for Jesse Moore at the bar.

The Return Trip

After a Sunday at Schuetzen with the Old, Original Taffy

Phyllis: 'Twas a beautiful picnic, now wasn't it dear?
I enjoyed every hour of the day.
Strephon: Yes, it was mighty nice, and we danced every set.
And the whole gang was jolly and gay.
Phyllis: I liked that part best where we strolled through the glen,
'Twas so dreamy, romantic and sweet.
Strephon: 'Twas the very best thing we could think of just then
Since the music had gone to our feet—
Phyllis: And the steams to our heads—yes, you gave me a kiss—
Strephon: And didn't you give it me back?
Phyllis: Maybe; did you ever see a day like this.
A day that had nothing to lack?
'Twas a beautiful picnic, now wasn't it, dear?
I can live o'er each hour of the day!
Strephon: And the best thing of all, sandwiches and steam beer.
All with never a red cent to pay!

—The Eavesdropper

The First Person Singular

Once upon a time there lived a Woman who had so many Friends that, like the Old Woman in the Shoe and her Children, she scarcely knew what to do with them.

They came to See her at all hours of the Day, and often when it was Inconvenient for her to Receive them.

But, being a very Obliging woman, she would Drop her Work or Give up a Pleasure she expected to Enjoy, and would Lend her Ear to her Friends' Condences. She was known to be as Deep as a Well, and would never Repeat anything confided to her. Therefore she was made a Sack into which countless vicarious Joys and Sorrows were poured.

She knew all about how He proposed to Her, what Her feelings were for Him, and she had to Listen to Her while she read several Tons of His love-letters. She sympathized with Miss Impecune because her Purse was Empty and her Papa could not give her a new Ball-Gown. She was told just how Many Times Mr. Gay went and took Other Women to Dinner, while he left his Poor Wife at home with one of her Terrible Sick Headaches. She sat Unmoved, though the chair was a Low-Backed one and she became very Fatigued, while that clever lad Cholly Bright read to her Yards of his Poetry. She was told by Mrs. Blank, Mrs. Dash, Mrs. Asterisk and many other Married Women how Happy SHE ought to be, because she was Single. And every one of her Numerous Acquaintance seemed to take it for Granted that He or She was the only person of Consequence in the confidant's world; that their joys, their sorrows, were the Only Things worth listening to.

As time passed by, the Woman with so many Friends began to think that she would like a little sympathy Herself. She had for so long listened to Other People talk monologues that she had almost forgotten how to Pronounce the word I. But she brushed up her knowledge of the First Personal Pronoun and started out to Practice what she had Studied.

When she called on the girl who had read Love Letters to her by the Pound, she did not give her hostess a chance to Begin, but started reading some of her Own Love-Letters.

Then she called on the Lady with a Brutal Husband, and related a pathetic Tale of Woe with the First Person Singular as the Passive Heroine. Mrs. Dash, Mrs. Blank and Mrs. Asterisk were all visited, and were treated to a dessertation on "How I Enjoy My Maidenhood."

When Cholly Bright called that same evening, instead of having the Delight of reading his Own Poetry, he was called upon to listen to an Original Essay on "The Oneness of the Ego."

And when the Woman retired that night, she said to herself:

"What a lovely day I have had! I had no idea that it was so Nice to let oneself talk a little. What sweet, sympathetic Friends I have!"

But the Friends one and all held an Indignation Meeting, compared Notes and unanimously reached the conclusion that the Woman was an Insufferable Bore; they wondered how they had Endured her so long, and that henceforth it might be better to Avoid her when they Met.

Which shows what an Elusive Thing is Friendship.

—*The Cynic.*

Missy, aged ten, causes consternation at the dinner table. She was at the Orpheum matinee and the handsome Dagmar made an impression hard to efface from her childish heart.

"Oh, mamma," said she, "I think she was the most *beautiful* thing!" Then she added, with a demure droop of her blue eyes—"And I hear she is *favorable to the Czar!*"

A Modern Mash Note

TO JULIA

O Julia Dean, O Julia Dean, Of stageland you're the reigning queen. No other girl so sweet I've seen, With jealousy I am bright green. When toward those other men you lean—And every word of this I mean, O Julia Dean, O Julia Dean.

—The Chappie.

They Have Moved

A constantly increasing business recently necessitated the removal of Geo. P. Ide & Co., from 526 to 514-516 Market street, and 17-19 Sutter street. This noted Troy firm, which manufactures the popular "Gold" and "Silver" Shirts, Collars and Cuffs, reports a constant increase of sales, the demand for these well known goods having steadily grown since they were placed on the market. Lately, Byron G. Mantle, the San Francisco manager, decided that the exigencies of the business called for a ground floor, which is more convenient to the trade. This is the wholesale department that supplies all the fashionable haberdashers on the Pacific coast with their requirements in the Shirt and Collar line.

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Variety is always a feature of the menu at Westerfeld's 1035 Market street, between Sixth and Seventh.

Dramatic World

At the Show this Week

COLUMBIA—"Lady Huntworth's Experiment"—a peculiar but not uninteresting drama; Hilda Spong is charming.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—"Brother Officers"—an old favorite still popular.

ALCAZAR—"Silver Mounted Harness"—clever.

TIVOLI—"Barber of Seville"—vivacious—"Mefistofele"—luxuriant.

ORPHEUM—Richard Jose the unexpected pleasure.

A Miracle Play

According to the London literary journals, the production of William Poel's miracle play, "Every Man," was quite a success, though in spite of its having been given under the patronage of the Princess Louise, some precautions were necessary in order for it not to have come under the ban of the censor, George Alexander Redford. Our English relatives cannot tolerate the blasphemy or profanity of permitting Biblical characters to appear on the stage, or be impersonated by professional actors, a relic of the good old times when the theatre and all things connected with it were anathema. Mr. Poel at first wanted to have his performance given in a church, but there seem to have been practical as well as sentimental and religious objections to this, so an open air representation was substituted with a cast of amateurs, though most of the characters were abstract virtues. One of the difficulties which beset the "stage manager" was that of making up, for the same processes which are found successful in the regular theatres, with artificial lights on all sides, produced unsatisfactory results in the natural daylight. Another failure was in the costumes, which were painfully new and glaringly bright, and one critic suggests that the characters should be compelled to wear them every day and all day, under all circumstances, for a full week, till they are toned down.

The Biblical Drama

The first of these "miracle plays" that have been so much written about since their Eastern introduction is to be presented at the Central theatre on September second. From the synopsis of its scenes I should judge that it will be one of the most striking productions ever seen upon a local stage. People who never attend the average theatrical performance will wish to see this play in which Edward Elsner has pictured the life of John the Baptist. Clay Greene's "Nazareth" was given but to a small public: "A Voice from the Wilderness" will be in easy reach of the masses. The scenery is now in process of construction and will be artistic and picturesque to a degree. A strong cast has been gathered to give perfection of detail to the production in which Robert Downing will play the principal role, the Prophet of Christ. Everything is to be historically correct.

The Story of the Play

Herodias, consort of King Herod, is violently enamored of John the Baptist, who repels her advances. This is the undercurrent that gives force to a series of magnificent scenes, transported almost bodily from the New Testament. The first act shows John and his followers in a rocky wilderness skirting the sacred river Jordan. The second act shows Herod Antiphas' palace, where John is denounced for his treasonable teaching and preaching against the Court. Herodias appears and asks that she be given the Baptist, that she may punish and torture him to confession of his guilt. Herod is captivated by John's noble bearing, nevertheless he yields the prisoner to his royal spouse who, herself recognizing in him a mysterious power which she is unable to resist, falls on her knees before the prophet of the Messiah pleading with him for consideration.

John is put on the rack but refuses to yield, and finally his followers rush in and make an onslaught on the king's guards. In the third act John appears in Herodias' private apartment, where he has been inveigled. The queen threatens

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[illegible] with mystery and beauty, and goes toward the window to draw the drapery that will permit the glow of light to signal the soldiers to do their work of butchery, all of which she has explained to the spectator—but he stands unmoved. Just as the curtains are drawn and a gleam of red flames flashes up, Herod who has been a witness of all, appears and gives to John his ring, which he commands him to use to protect himself and his people. Then Herod upbraids Herodias for her disloyalty and infidelity and moves as if about to plunge a dagger into her bosom. She pleads and defies him, then produces [illegible] convincing Herod that she was only tempting the Baptist. In the fourth act a beautiful view is given of the [illegible] in Jerusalem with several scriptural scenes, the last one where John surrenders himself to Pontius Pilate's soldiers.

The fifth act shows John in prison. This is the first scene; the second is the famous one where Salome dances before the King and is awarded the head of the Prophet as a reward for the sensuous pleasure she gives. This should be a most striking end to a very striking play.

Dramatized Novels

In spite of the predictions of the dramatic critics, the book play appears to be a pretty lively corpse. Beside the survivals from last season, there are promised in New York, Stanley Weyman's "Castle Inn," Booth Tarkington's "Monsieur Beaucaire" and "The Gentleman from Indiana," and Maurice Thompson's "Alice of Old Vincennes." Bertha [illegible] to be the [illegible] star of Maurice Hewlett's "Forest Lovers," Mrs. Fiske has a play founded on or extracted from "Miranda of the Balcony," and there is to be a new version of "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush." "The Crisis," it goes without saying, will have its stage presentation, and likewise, "Eben Holden" and "Joan of the Sword Hand." Stevenson's "Master of Ballantrae" is also scheduled, besides a play built from Longfellow's "Courtship of Miles Standish," and some experiments in melodrama drawn from the "Old Sleuth" and "Nick Carter" dime novels.

—*The Playgoer.*

Attractions Next Week

Though "Lady Huntworth's Experiment" is doing an admirable business at the Columbia another play by the same clever Carton is to be produced for the second week of the Frohman company's engagement. "Wheels Within Wheels" is said to be quite as bright and original as other works of Carton's, and its action deals with titled people of London. Hilda Spong, whom Willie Winter dubbed "the second Ada Cavendish," will have a principal role, that of Mrs. Onslaw Bulmer.

The Grand is also to have a Carton play next week, that dainty satire of modern society, "Lord and Lady Algy." This was one of the most successful plays ever given at the Columbia by Margaret Anglin and Henry Miller, and one can fancy Mary Van Buren making an exceptionally charming Lady Algy. Frawley will play the opposite role, and all the characters will be well distributed. An interesting feature of this week will be the presentation on Thursday evening of handsome souvenir photographs of Mr. Frawley to each lady present. New scenery is being prepared by Frank King especially for this production which will be mounted and costumed in a lavish manner. The scene at the fancy dress ball in the second act in particular will be brilliant. Following the Frawleys Joseph Haworth begins a short starring engagement, opening in Lester Wallack's great play "Rosedale."

The Tivoli will have "Mefistofele" again next week for four performances, "Il Trovatore" being scheduled for the alternating nights.

The Orpheum has been doing a boom business for the past three weeks, and next week's bill promises more packed houses. Vaudeville declining! Not a bit of it! Lucille

The Hunter's Paradise

The success of the deer hunter along the California Northwestern Railway this season is phenomenal. "Never in the memory of the oldest" have the deer been so plentiful. Marin, Sonoma, Mendocino and Lake counties seem to be teeming with them. They are not confined to any one locality but seem to abound in numbers from Novato to Eureka. Even in the foothills near the road deer have been killed daily. The deer are also frequently seen by passengers on the Overland Stage Line between Eureka and Ukiah and the old hunters of that section say they have not seen so many for years.

A. J. Ronshein and party camped last Tuesday and Wednesday near Greenwood for the purpose of picking huckleberries which are very plentiful in that section. But huckleberries were not all they got for they brought back with them a deer. Mr. William Cashman, 535 Market street, killed two deer about six miles east of Hopland near Benson's Ranch.

William F. James, Dr. Gerlach, R. W. Bridgeman and L. J. McKannay, all of San Jose, returned home a few days ago from hunting some few miles west of Ukiah and brought with them five fine bucks. Plenty of trout were found in the streams and between the fish and venison they feasted royally.



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THE "LOCOMOBILE" COMPANY OF THE PACIFIC

Saunders, late with the Metropolitan English grand opera company, said to be a dramatic contralto of the first rank, and as she is an American there is all the more reason for pride. She will sing for the first time in this city. Frederick Eugene Powell, also a novelty, is a trickster and illusionist. He will present a number of new experiments. His original cabinet trick in which he transfers persons while locked and sealed in trunks, is his latest success. The Cragg family of acrobats will present a new act introducing eight instead of six people and the Four Otts will continue their complicated skit, "The Smart Set." Richard Jose, the contra tenor who has met with such a hearty greeting, will change his songs, and Lefebre's brilliant Saxophone quartet will play new selections. Remarc and Rilay, the European grotesques, will be seen for their last week and the Biograph will show the tearing down of the New York Star Theatre, a work that required two months to perform. Louise Thorndyke Boucicault will make her farewell appearances.

Annette Marshall, the Central's new leading woman, though not a great beauty, is very pleasing and shows the possession of talent. She will appear as Henrietta in "The Two Orphans" next week.

Everybody remembers the production of "Romeo and Juliet" at the Alcazar last season and what a charming Juliet Florence Roberts made. She will repeat her successful interpretation next week, and White Whittlesay will as before play Romeo.

A Sam Davis Joke

I have just heard a good story about Sam Davis and the novel manner in which he unwittingly boomed the receipts and raised the salary of a mountain post office. It all happened years ago. In order to classify the offices and determine salaries, it is the custom of the Post Office Department to appoint a week every year or so, during which a close account is kept of the value of the stamps cancelled, and the postage value thus ascertained is made the basis of the computation. Needless to say, the office is not notified in advance, so that there is no temptation furnished for fictitious inflation. Shortly before the date set for this week of atonement, Sam Davis of the Carson *Appeal* and Holstein ranch, State of Nevada, published one of his inimitable articles in which he described at length and with much particularization his wonderful success in cultivating "aspercet" grass, which, according to Davis, was of German origin. This wonderful species of vegetation was represented as flourishing best in the dryest soil. Practical experiment on the author's ranch had proved that the more sandy the ground and the more carefully the roots and leaves of "aspercet" were protected from moisture, the greener the grass would grow and the more nutritive it would prove to livestock. The Grass Valley *Tidings* reprinted the article in its entirety, neglecting to label it "this is a joke." The weather was hot and the hills were bare and brown. The people craved verdure and the cattle fodder. With one accord urbanites and suburbanites addressed themselves to Mr. Davis begging to be informed as to where the seed of this phenomenal "aspercet" was to be obtained, as well as any further information he could furnish on the subject. The letters were dropped into the Grass Valley Post office during the annual "week of atonement," and the post-mistress had reason to bless Sam Davis' joking for her salary was increased to the extent of one hundred dollars a year. THE RACONTEUR.

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It is Postponed

The lecture on "Savonarola" by Rev. J. McNeil of St. Dominics, with musical numbers by Rev. Robert Sesnon, has been postponed. It is to take place on Monday, September second, in Metropolitan Temple.

Robert Tolmie, who has been spending his vacation in Trinity county, at his hunting lodge, returned to this city last week.

Mefistofele

Boito's "Mefistofele" on Tuesday night was given a splendid production making a series of beautiful stage pictures that reflect great credit on the artistic ability of Frederic McGreer who painted the scenery and Otto Romer who had charge of the mechanical effects, also Geo. H. Wolff whose electrical combinations

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added not a little to the general summing up. The ascension of Faust was as lovely a tableau as I ever witnessed also the classical Sabbath. But when one comes right down to Boito's own handiwork I must confess to disappointment. The opera is heavy. It is not tuneful in any sense and unless one viewed it from a Wagnerian standpoint and sought to see in the general chaos of sounds and weird discord a representation of some human emotion one would fail in reaching anything like appreciation of Boito's colossal work, for colossal it is in every sense of the term. The voices one and all did their best work. Dado was in good voice and received a positive ovation, though one was strongly impressed with the very un-Satanic aspect he wore in his make-up for the character. He was not little enough for his Satanic Majesty as we are led to fancy him. He is a trifle heavy and his red tights looked too much like the legs on a lay figure in a studio. But he sang the part finely. That is as far as one can go. He does the Barber of Seville much more cleverly. Agostini was thoroughly good as to voice and bearing. His singing was indeed uncommonly sweet in this character which suits his voice admirably. Montanari also was especially taking in her character of Margaret. Poletini was a good Martha. The house was packed, chairs were placed in the aisles. Before the third act nearly one third of the audience had taken their departure. It is heavy as I said and there is not enough tunefulness to redeem it. The study—first act—was fine and received great applause. The most melodious thing in the opera was the quartet in the garden which was beautiful and the duett between Faust and Marguerite in the prison, quaintly lovely. Perhaps in a second production one might see new points in its favor. It is often unfair to judge by a first night, but the first impression is one of weight and lack of animation. I think almost anyone who has known Gounod's beautiful opera of Faust will concede the fact that in no point is "Mefistofele" its equal musically or otherwise.

Interesting to Mandolinists

"Mandolin Memories" is the title under which a series of articles by Samuel Adelstein the mandolinist of this city, recently appeared in the *Cadenza*, varying from February to May inclusive. Through the courtesy of the publishers the articles have been republished under one cover in book form, the cover being of dark pastel green adorned in red and gold, presenting a very attractive appearance. Within it is profusely illustrated and the reading matter could not fail to be exceedingly interesting to lovers of string instruments as well as highly instructive to mandolin and lute players in particular. Mr. Adelstein gives a concise and well written history of the evolution of mandolin playing throughout the world wherever music has reached. He speaks with the surety of a man of experience of the mandolin as an instrument not neglecting the rest of the Plectrum family with their numerous kindred whose name is legion. Added to Mr. Adelstein's own personal experience is a bit of well timed advice to inexperienced players and those who merely have the art in contemplation. The frontispiece is a very good half-tone of the author

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An Italian Salad

Whoever supposed that our own littte Tivoli would one day be wholly given over to Italian opera? Yet it is even so. Up to the present season there were always some of the troupe who sang in German or good everyday Yankee, but this year they all warble in the honeyed syllables of the sweet south. An irreverent listener at one of the late performences tried to read over the list of artists as given on the program but finally gave up in despair exclaiming, "Oh, they all have raviogli names."

Where Ignorance is Bliss

In spoken drama the villain usually plays an unthankful part and seldom comes in for any of the applause no matter how successful his artistic efforts may be. In musical drama it is different. Two very good illustrations of this fact are apparent in the operas now running at the Tivoli. No two musical numbers are more highly applauded than "La donna e mobile" in "Rigoletto" and the Credo of Iago so superbly rendered by Salassa. Yet the sentimeuts of these two solos are as execrable, each in its own way, as can possibly be imagined. The volatile duke quaffs his wine and lightly sings of the mutability of women when at that very moment one of the two, to whom he owes his life, is dying to save him. And the audience applauds to the echo and demands another and another encore. So, too, the sentiments of Iago in the Credo are simply diabolical, and if really understood would cause his hearers to have cold shudders instead of rapture. All this goes to show that the beauty of the music and the art of the singer are the first consideration with opera lovers. It may be argued that this arises from ignorance on the part of the audience, as the operas are sung in a foreign language. But we have seen people who are perfectly conversant with Italian applaud as heartily as the others, and were these numbers rendered in English they would probably be received with equal enthusiasm. It would appear that in music drama the music is the more insistent art, the dramatic sentiment being a secondary matter often overlooked and forgotten owing to the more imperious claims of its sister art.

Little Critics

At the performance of "Il Trovatore," some of the audience were quite amused at the conversation of a trio of little children during the entr'actes. Harry Maurer and the Roeckel twins, Mario and Maria, were the children. The way they discussed the singing of "Stride la Vampa" and "Di quella Pira" would have edified older critics.

Sig. Fachutar, the well known mandolinist and Director of the Fachutar School and Orchestra, has closed his studio for the sammer season and will reopen September first.

Miss Eleanor Connell, who lately returned from Baltimore, will receive her pupils at 14 Grant avenue, Studio 65.

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Here and There

A new club has been formed under the title of "The Ensemble Club." The members are Miss Lily Roeder, soprano; Grace Morei Dickman, contralto; Walter B. Anthony, tenor; Homer Henley, baritone; Ethel Kathryn Holladay, violin and James Hamilton Howe, pianist and director. The object of the club is the production of high class music in concert both in Frisco and through the State. The program is already being arranged for their first concert.

Roscoe Warren Lucy has opened his studio in the Hotel Beresford, and reports a list of engagements for the season which will keep his hands full. The concert company of which he is pianist is already busy rehearsing for the season's work.

Mr. Pasmore intends giving several concerts this season, a welcome feature of which will be the performance of his three talented children, Mary, Susan and Dorothy. These little artists, who have appeared but few times before the public, do work of the highest class upon their chosen instruments, the piano, violin and cello, their concerted numbers being a marvel of excellence. Mr. Pasmore intends giving one concert in Sacramento where they were enthusiastically received last year.

It is said that at the recent production of "Elijah" in Pacific Grove there was an audience of two thousand, and several hundred were turned away from the doors. The soloists on this occasion were Mrs. Weaver McCauley, Miss McMillin, Mr. Anthony and Mr. Henley. At a production of Lili Lehman's "Persian Garden" the soloists were Miss Doane, Miss Smith, Mr. Lawrence and Mr. Kneiss. Miss Holladay assisted on the violin.

The San Francisco College of Music opens on Monday, August twenty-sixth for the fall and winter term, at 31 Post street—Director, James Hamilton Howe.

Miss Elena Roeckel, the contralto, has returned from San Anselmo where she spent a very delightful three weeks.

—*The Music Critic.*

World of Letters

Eighteen years ago Brander Mathews was proposed as a member of the Atheneum Club of London. He has just received the notification of his election. There does not seem to have been any special hurry about the business.

There are two Andrew Langs, two Robert Bridges and two Winston Churchills known to English literature, and the result is confusion. As all three pairs are using their legitimate names there does not seem to be anything to be done about it.

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Art of Advertising

On the subject of booming books in advance of publication in order to force large sales, W. Robertson Nicholl, English correspondent for the *Bookman*, says: "There is a very general feeling that the publication of second-class six-shilling novels has been very much overdone. In their anxiety to make a list, publishers have made advances to authors with only a moderate public, quite unjustifiable on commercial principles. I know one author whose books have an average circulation of between two thousand and three thousand. For his last book he had offered him an advance of three hundred pounds on royalties. This was declined and another firm gave an advance of five hundred pounds. The book has not got on, and its publication will mean a loss of about four hundred pounds. . . . We should be in a much healthier state if one-half the six-shilling novels being published at present were never written, or at least, never published." The same remark is applicable to our own country. By far the greater number of the works of fiction which are forced through press and thrown in the faces of readers are not worth the doing. The booming they receive from publishers is a premium offered to mediocrity.

Old Books Resurrected

Arthur W. Marchmont has written a letter in protest against the contemplated publication by the Amsterdam Book company of a story of his, "A Heritage of Peril," as a new work and warns the book trade of the United States that the volume, if it appears, will be neither new nor authorized. Mr. Marchmont says: "The story was written years ago for serial issue; it is crude, iumature, conventional, hackneyed and poor; it was not written for volume publication, and in my opinion is not fit for volume issue. I have not been consulted as to its production now, have had no opportunity of revising it, and had I been consulted would have vetoed the issue altogether. The proof of this is that although I still hold the British copyright, I shall not issue a British edition." Mr. Marchmont is not the first, nor will he be the last author who has been treated in this fashion.



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The late Charlotte Yonge was the author of one hundred and twenty books, and as the appraised value of her estate is twelve thousand nine hundred and fifteen pounds the average income from each was but little more than five hundred dollars, yet she was popular and her books had steady sales. The book publishers on the other side of the Atlantic have not yet mastered the art of booming.

Max Pemberton is about to dramatize his "Little Huguenot." It would be a good idea to follow suit with his "Cronnstadt."

—*The Bookworm*

The Santa Fe company has just issued an interesting illustrated and mapped pamphlet entitled "Summer Outings in California." It is the company's first step to educate the people of the Eastern States about California in the summer, and is a most readable description of the condition of things out here as they relate to tourist travel.



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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

Department No. 2

T. J. CROWLEY, Plaintiff
vs.
MATHEW M. GRENNAN AND AMELIA JANE H. GRENNAN, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in the office of the Clerk of said City and County of San Francisco

CULLINAN AND HICKEY,
Attorneys for Plaintiff
567 & 568 Parrott Building, San Francisco, Cal.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

Mathew M. Grennan and Amelia Jane H. Grennan, Defendants. You are hereby directed to appear, and answer the Complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, within ten days after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the Complaint, as arising upon contract, or he will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this twenty-second day of June, A. D 1901.

WM. A. DEANE, Clerk.

[SEAL] By E. M. Thompson, Deputy Clerk.

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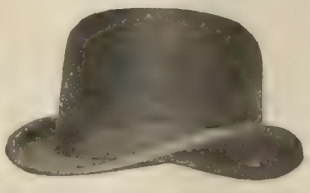
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Town Talk

THE LEADING WEEKLY.

VOL. 10—NO. 470 SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 31, 1901 PRICE, 10 CENTS



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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, August 31, 1901

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Theo. F. Bonnet, - - - Editor
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OUR OPINION

Pension Frauds

The perennial pension subject is before the public again, and the statistics make interesting reading. There are at this time some nine hundred and ninety-eight thousand on the roll, and notwithstanding a loss by death of over thirty-eight thousand, there is a net increase of four thousand two hundred. Some of these are veterans of the Spanish war, but the majority are claimants from the war which came to an end over thirty-six years ago. There are still a fair number of claimants of pensions, whose claims have come down from the Revolution, and if the existing laws are maintained, there will be on the pension rolls in one hundred and twenty years from now, beneficiaries who base their claims on our past and present troubles. The appropriation at the present time is a sum much larger than is expended by any of the so-called military nations in support of a standing army. There is no question but that some reform is needed in this matter but it is not probable that anything will ever be done about it, since any attempt at investigation or readjustment is sure to bring about a howl and lamentation about the old soldier being deprived of his pittance, but if the Grand Army of the Republic were to take the matter in hand, discourage the agents who exploit the ex-soldiers, and set on foot a reform movement which would limit the receipt of a pension to those actually in need, or disabled, the amount saved would be enormous. It is a well known fact that there are many fakers on the rolls. Not long ago there was a well authenticated case of deafness which did not make its appearance until nearly thirty years after the war, but which was traced back to the siege of Vicksburg. A supposedly blind man taken unawares, was found once reading a newspaper, and another was doing fine cabinet making, while another deaf man was in charge of a telephone. One total disability pensioner was able to act as chief of a fire department, and another was found drawing a good salary as clerk. There was a case of a woman murdering her husband, and then asking recognition as a soldier's widow, and another of a woman who as soon as the husband was off to the war found herself a new mate, and when the returned soldier died, claimed the assistance of the government. "Minor" children with children of their own occasionally turn up. An idea seems to prevail that everyone is entitled to a pension, and that once a pensioner, always a pensioner. The enormous pension appropriation has done much toward fostering a spirit of pauperism in America.

The Fall of Nation

Mrs. Carrie Nation, erstwhile known as "The Smasher," hailed by the prohibitionists and other cranks as an archangel of reform, and surrounded by a mob of abettors and imitators, now languishes neglected in her jail retreat and complains bitterly of desertion. She is serving time in lieu of paying the fine imposed on her for her hatchet work, and her train of attendants has melted away like the frost before the sunshine. The burden of her lamentations is that not a preacher has come near her, and the temperance folks who so blithely set about organizing Hatchet Brigades and Carrie Nation unions have left her meditations undisturbed. When theatrical managers offered her five hundred dollars a week she refused to be tempted from her mission, but where is the five hundred dollars or any other sum that the temperance people are willing to offer her? Mrs. Nation should be satisfied. She had her brief, meteoric career and organized a reign of terror which led to outrages and murder, and if she had not been protected by the chivalry which men display towards her sex as long as they can conjure up a shadow of a reason for it, she would have made the acquaintance of the tar kettle or the lynchers' rope. Mrs. Nation was a very good specimen of the hysterical female clothed with a little brief authority, albeit unlawful, and her hatchet campaign gave an insight into what may be expected when nerves instead of common sense are left to govern. She should have been summarily dealt with in the first place and imprisoned or fined for her malicious mischief in destroying property. If the people of Kansas were serious in their enactment of prohibition legislation, the courts should have been appealed to to carry out the laws, and until they had refused or otherwise failed, neither Mrs. Nation nor any other individual or band of individuals had any right to usurp their office. The practical results of Mrs. Nation's hatchet rule are worse than nothing. She did not advance the cause of temperance an iota, and she did set an example which is good neither to contemplate in the retrospect nor to be patterned after in the future. The cause of temperance is making as rapid progress as the majority are ready for, but as the United States Census Enumerators found in 1900 in round numbers two hundred and six thousand retail liquor

dealers, and as the total prohibition vote was but two hundred and seven thousand, it will be a while yet before the Nation tactics will receive anything like universal endorsement.

Drawing the Line

Sadie Martinot was recently ordered off Manhattan Beach because she wore a white bathing suit, and the other day a policeman escorted a young woman to her bath-house at Narragansett Pier because her bathing suit consisted of a blouse and skirt of white brilliantine with blue polka dots and pink tights. The suit looked all right when the fair one went into the surf, but when she came out and lay down on the beach in the sun, the morality of Narragansett Pier was shocked. The blouse was not decollete, and the tights were not too short, but the ensemble was considered too spectacular. If the young woman had been in the "altogether" she could not have attracted more attention. The authorities at the Eastern watering resorts are becoming prudish. If they are going to bar young women that attract attention to themselves by emphasizing their shapeliness, they will render their resorts unpopular. Women like to look attractive on the beach and in the surf. A dip in the water is with many of them merely a pretext for donning a smart suit. And if decency is to be gauged by the extent of the spectacular effect, many women will be barred because nature has rendered it impossible for them to escape deep scrutiny in a bathing suit of any pattern or shade. Some women attain spectacular effect in a Mother Hubbard. But there are more prudish people in the world than those of Narragansett Pier and Manhattan Beach. There is a resort on the shore of Lake Winnepesaukee in New Hampshire, whose authorities forbid young women to bathe with arms bared, and who have pronounced bare arms and exposure of the upper part of the chest, "shocking in men and much more so in women, and offensive to the modesty which becomes Christians." Evidently the prurient gaze in New Hampshire is more intense than in other Eastern States. At Atlantic City women walk from the hotels to the water in short sleeved suits, and they attract no attention en route The impropriety of a fashion depends largely on the temperament of the people to whose attention it is brought.

An Appeal For The Aesthetic

Now that commercialism is beginning to influence American character, and direct American sentiment, it is interesting to read the views of Ethelbert D. Warfield L. L. D., president of Lafayette college, on the subject of a neglected educational demand. Perhaps if other college presidents were to heed the note sounded by President Warfield we would in time become less greedy and sordid of soul, and our politicians and statesmen of the future would be less anxious to keep our country in the forefront of nations for the purpose of sharing in the spoils. President Warfield is in favor of encouraging a healthy culture which would relieve American life of much of the restlessness and dissatisfaction that now afflict the people. He believes that people should be taught that the pursuit of wealth is not the only pleasure to be derived from life, and to that end a department of aesthetics should make a vigorous claim for recognition in the educational field. He complains of the neglect of conscious education in the beautiful, as evident from the absence of comeliness in the average American town or village, the shabbiness of our public buildings, the lack of suggestion to lift the mind of any child to a recognition of beauty of form or of color. What is true in the material side of life is true also of intellectual tendencies. In speech there is little recognition of the fine phrases; oratory is neglected and the standard of musical taste in the country at large is astoundingly low. As for painting and sculpture they scarcely touch the average American. "We stand," says Dr. Warfield, "at a critical point in our history as a people. We have in a most marvelous manner mastered the elementary problems of national life. We have brought a great continent under control. We have developed a free and highly productive life. Now we must meet the problem first of making our life as wholesome as it is free, and as beautiful as it is comfortable." To accomplish what Dr. Warfield suggests our system of education must be changed, and our newspapers must be persuaded to devote less attention to the achievements of our Rockefellers, our Vanderbilts and our Morgans. A higher type of artisanship must be developed, involving higher mental faculties, and our boys must be imbued with the knowledge that successful industrial artisanship, the craft being lifted to the level of the age of the Renaissance, leads to fame. To that end our manual training schools should be fostered and an enthusiasm aroused for the highest type of craftsmanship. One of those schools properly equipped and in charge of men who appreciate the importance of a systematic and thorough training in the fundamental principles, could do more toward the promotion of culture than all the libraries which Andrew Carnegie has endowed.

The Lady and the Dog

It is remarkable that the women of the Newport swim are not afflicted with brain fag. They do such a deal of thinking that their freedom from mental maladies is surprising. To be conspicuous in the Newport swim a woman must have original ideas and put them into execution for some purpose. And nobody can have ideas without keeping the mind in good working order. The fashionable woman of Newport cannot expect to attract attention to herself or find her-

Season 1901-02
Fall & Winter Models
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Chas Keilus & Co.
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132 Kearny Street,
Thurlow Block.

self the subject of newspaper paragraphs unless she invents some new form of social function, or starts a fad. And it is somewhat wearing on the feminine mind to plan a baby party, a barn dance or a society circus. But the wives of the New York billionaires are never idle. They are ever on the qui vive for a new sensation, either mental or physical. The very latest fad is to be accompanied by a dog to match one's gown. It was introduced by Mrs. Willie K. Vanderbilt Jr., who is noted for her active brain. Mrs. Joseph Harriman thinks so well of the idea that she has three leashed poodles always with her. Mrs. H. O. Havermyer, II, Mrs. E. L. Ludlow and Mrs. J. J. Post are among those who have made their dogs a feature of personal adornment. The fad bespeaks great depth of thought in the woman by whom it was introduced. To be so closely identified with one's dog must be a source of exquisite satisfaction. There was a time when the large, overdressed woman who rode out in her open victoria with her pug dog excited sympathy, for it was supposed that the dog was the only animal that would condescend to accompany her, but the lady of the howling swell set who adorns her dog with her colors is of course quite a different person. We must admire her for her refined taste and her elegant ingenuity.

The Saunterer

A Theosophistic Sensation

Mrs. Hotaling, widow of the late millionaire liquor merchant and mother of Supervisor Hotaling, was almost prostrated the other day by the receipt of a telegram from Los Angeles informing her of the death of her friend Mrs. Davis, and asking her for instructions. Mrs. Davis, be it known, is a prominent exponent of theosophy who recently came hither from her home in the middle West, and during her stay here she has been generously entertained by Mrs. Hotaling, for the latter has become a most enthusiastic Theosophist. Such is her enthusiasm that she is ever ready to help along the cause, and her home, I understand, has become the Mecca of the representatives of the cult. Mrs. Davis had started for Los Angeles just the day before the receipt of the despatch, intending to mingle with the Theosophists of the citrus belt. The news of her death was consequently a great shock to Mrs. Hotaling.

The Blunder

But she was prompt in answering the despatch. "Have the body embalmed, and hold for further instructions," was her message. And then she wired to the daughter of Mrs. Davis, informing her of the sudden death of her mother. I have heard that the daughter was about to attend a wedding when she received the startling news and of course she was greatly shocked. A little later on it was ascertained that it was all a mistake. The Theosophists of Los Angeles had wired to Mrs. Hotaling for instructions as to how they should entertain Mrs. Davis, and the operator at this end made a mistake. "Mrs. Davis due here today," was received as though it had been sent, "Mrs. Davis died here today." Hence the shocks and the instructions to embalm a live woman.

It is Sad to Think

When Clement Scott read the story of May Yohe's escapade with young Strong in this city, he thought somebody had perhaps,made a mistake. He discussed the story in the London *Free Lance*, and suggested that perhaps the woman was not May Yohe. "It would be sad to think," he wrote, "that a young American burlesque actress, elevated to the purple and enrolled in the aristocracy of England,should be the heroine of so discreditable and unsavory a romance. Let us hope that this is a case of mistaken identity." Of course it is sad to think of any woman being involved in an unsavory romance, but the circumstance of her being enrolled in the British aristocracy should not intensify the sadness of the thought. So many representatives of that aristocracy have been involved in unsavory romances that nobody should be greatly surprised over the ventilation of a new scandal with a titled dame in the leading role. I suspect Mr. Scott of being somewhat of a snob.

Bancroft Again

The perennial Bancroft has come forward again, and this time it is the *Criterion* which is singing his praises. It does not seem to make an iota of difference how many times his methods have been exposed or how often his bubble reputation has been pricked. The *Criterion* tells us that "he devoted the best years of his life and millions of money to the preservation of the history of one-half the continent," all without recognition or reward. As to the making of that history, it has been told so many times that no more need be said on the subject. As to the manner in which it was sold, I remember a little district school on the Tulare plain where the eight or nine pupils were all of Mexican parentage, the eldest but twelve years of age, and fully half of them not able to speak a sentence in English, where for six months in the year there was no session, yet the library consisted wholly and entirely of twenty-one massive volumes of Bancroft's Histories, and an agreement to purchase the rest as fast as they were issued from the press.

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POMMERY & GRENO

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What became of them I do not know, and what possible use they could ever be in such a community passes my understanding, but there they were, bought and paid for though there was not a cent left available for the purchase of a box of crayon or slate pencil, a sheet of paper, pen, ink or pencil. It is all very well to compare the Bancroft histories to the government history of the Civil war in its importance and to the Encyclopedia Britannica in size, but I wonder if there is a single one of the band of peripatetic pedagogues who explored the backwoods recesses of California in the '70's and early '80's who can think without a groan of the solid masses of Bancroft's histories they encountered wherever they turned their footsteps. Bancroft did not have a legislative subsidy for his work, but if he left an available dollar in a single school treasury, until some overburdened district took the matter into court and found that there was a way to stop the avalanche before the pupils were crowded out to make room for the books, I'd like to know where the fortunate district was located.

Why Patton Was Asked

Charley Patton, the attorney, who has an itch for the Mayoralty job, was at a summer resort in the interior of the State a short time ago, when a mock trial was arranged for the amusement of the guests. He was asked by Colonel Henry I. Kowalsky, who had charge of the affair, to become the attorney for the prosecution. Patton assumed a tired air and declined in this manner:

"The law is my profession and I'm here for diversion. I should suggest that you get somebody to serve who is not a lawyer."

"That's why I'm asking you," said Kowalsky.

All Paris is Laughing

An occasional correspondent writes that all Paris is laughing at the letter written by young Ferdinand Peck of Chicago to M. Le Bargy of the Comedie Francaise inviting him to come to Chicago to teach the jeunesse doree how to dress. One French writer declares that it is in Chicago that they hire professors to teach them how to assume graceful poses when they sleep, and he suggests that it is a compliment to French elegance, that M. Le Bargy has been asked to teach that which he fears, however, is acquired only through years of culture. This reminds my correspondent of a story told about a well known American, who seeing Mounet-Sully in *Antigone*, asked, "I wonder what it would cost to have a theatre and acting like this in America." To which her French companion serenely replied, "Two thousand years, madame."

And the Other Guests Smiled

A San Franciscan writes from Paris that Mrs. William Moore is regarded as one of the greatest wits in the swim of the gay metropolis. As Mrs. Malaprop she furnishes great amusement but it is shrewdly suspected that the liberties she takes with the French language, and which *Figaro* has frequently reported, are the result of deliberation rather than of accident. One night recently, at a dinner at the English Embassy, her neighbor was the Russian Ambassador. Among the almonds of the dessert she found a double one, and offering one of the nuts to the Muscovite she remarked:

"Monsieur, voulez vous philopene avec moi?"

"With pleasure," he replied, "but you must tell me what it is, I do not understand."

"Ces deux amantes (amandes) sous la meme couverture—"

"Tres volontiers, Madame," he interrupted, "c'est quelque chose bien agreable."

And the other guests smiled.

The First Tip Wasn't Straight

The selection of the site for a new Federal building in Seattle filled some of the real estate speculators of the northern boom-town with dismay. My Seattle correspondent tells the story. Somebody started the rumor that the site to be selected was the corner of Third avenue and James street. This was known as the Yesler site. Then it became known that several Montana capitalists, headed by James Murray, the Butte banker, were quietly buying property in that neighborhood, on a tip given them by Ex-United State Senators John L. Wilson and Thomas Carter. The Seattle real estate men immediately began gobbling up lots, and they secured several pieces from the Montana capitalists at an advance on the original purchase price. Last week the news was received that the site selected was at Third avenue and Union streets, eight blocks from the Yesler site. Since then it has been learned that the Montana men were the first to be informed that the Wilson-Carter tip was wrong, and that they had unloaded in time to secure options in the right neighborhood. They are reported to have cleaned up a quarter of a million in the deal.

The Strike's Ominous Rumblings

Not a day passes without the citizens of this community being threatened with a coal famine or a flour famine, or some equally dire calamity. If the strike is not over soon we shall all be suffering from nervous prostration. I expect to wake up some day and find that our little industrial misunderstanding is about to superinduce an earthquake or a tidal wave. The fact is that all of us except some of the poor unfortunates, who are fighting for principle at the instigation of the labor leaders, are enjoying three square meals a day. Business has become somewhat dull along Market and Kearny streets, and in the retail stores of the residence districts, but commerce is not exactly rotting in the mart. I should like to see the strike settled, and the idle workingmen taken

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back at higher wages and shorter hours than they ever had before. But the members of the Employers' Association are a stubborn lot of fellows. They have presented a novel situation by meeting organization with organization. It is a selfish thing for them to do, but they are exercising a constitutional privilege, and it is idle to try to sneer them into dissolution and submission.

They say that they are prepared to arbitrate with their late employes, but they decline to meet the representatives of a Union even though these men be vested with authority from the strikers to settle the trouble. There's the rub. It is rather a haughty stand for the men of capital to take. Perhaps they should be more magnanimous. Perhaps their interest in the community at large should dictate a more amiable policy. If they could be forced to understand that the purpose of unionism is to secure higher wages,and that high wages mean prosperity for employer as well as employe,they might be willing to come off their perch. But meanwhile no one can successfully deny them the right to conduct their business just as they see fit. We may abuse them for not conducting it as we deem proper but unfortunately we cannot coerce them. It is easy to see that they are wrong, but in making the observation we must admit that here is a wrong without a remedy. And while we are thinking it all over many men are without employment and many families are in distress. When it is all over, whatever may be the wind-up, I shall suggest that the Union leaders devote themselves in the future to the education of employers, so that the latter may learn that it is to their interest to encourage organization among their employes.

"What districts are you counting on, Governor?"

"Well I don't know at this minute. I haven't been able to locate Kelly, Ruef and a few trading hedghogs for several hours."

A Remedy Suggested

Mrs. Anna Von Meyerinck of the Von Meyerinck School of Music has written to me on the subject of the looseness of morals in the New York theatrical sphere on which I commented last week. She suggests that the publication of such an article is an injustice to the vast number of artists who "lead a most industrious and morally wholesome life," and that "there is not much good in pointing out an evil if you cannot offer a remedy." I do not think the article referred to cast discredit on the virtuous women of the profession. Indeed the article did not refer to them. It dealt solely with conditions in the comic opera and vaudeville branches of the profession. I have no doubt that there are many virtuous women engaged in comic opera and vaudeville who are constantly being shocked by the escapades of their frailer sisters. But those that have maintained their virtue throughout a New York season are deserving of the highest reward bestowed on virtue in this world or the next. No injustice is done to the virtuous women of the profession to point out that chorus girls on Broadway need no longer depend on their salaries, and that many of them do not. The daily papers are constantly telling stories of the munificent treatment of New York chorus girls at the hands of rich men, and the highly respectable women of the profession have never joined in a protest.

Mrs. Von Meyerinck suggests a remedy. Here it is:

American woman has done so much for the betterment of the position of her sisters all the world over that she should make a strenuous effort to keep a profession that is a source of honest bread-winning for thousands of talented women open for those who have the honest desire to elevate this profession. We have heard of a few successful women managers in the musical line. Why should they not enter the theatrical profession as managers?

The suggestion is a good one. A few lady theatrical managers might be able to educate the moneyed men of New York up to an appreciation of a virtuous chorus.

How McChesney Lost His Job

When J. B. McChesney was fired from the Oakland High School a short time ago, a storm of indignation swept over the town across the bay. McChesney had been principal of the High School for many years, and he was beloved by thousands of men and women who had gone through that institution. The alumni, led by Fred Stratton and George Pardee, made a hard fight for McChesney, but the Board of Education decided, by a vote of six to five, to remove him. The reason given for this action was that the aged principal was not up to date in his ideas or methods. But there is another story.

The Lady's Vote

About ten years ago Dr. Myra Knox called to see Professor McChesney in reference to some matter affecting her daughters who were attending the High School She received somewhat curt treatment, for the principal was not in an amiable mood that day. Subsequently Dr. Knox met McChesney on the street, and the principal gave no indication of an acquaintanceship. A few years ago the lady was elected a member of the school board, and then the principal became most affable. Dr. Knox appeared to forget all about his conduct on former occasions, and thereafter there was no friction between them. But when the question of McChesney's removal was voted on, the directors were evenly divided until Dr. Myra Knox cast the vote that severed his connection with the school.

"August Mignon" Honored

Major and Mrs. John A. Darling will sail on the Hamburg liner for home in November. Major Darling is very well satisfied with the result of his work in Germany. His latest composition, a "Marche Religieuse," was played on the grand organ at the

Society women fortified themselves for the week of sports with Wm. Williams & Sons V. V. O. Scotch Whisky.

Engraved Wedding Announcements and Invitations

ROBERTSON, 126 Post Street San Francisco

Cathedrale de Lucerne recently by Mr. F. J. Breitenbach. This organ, which is one of the largest and finest in the world, was built in 1651 by Geisler of Salzbourg, reconstructed in 1862 by Haas, a Lucerne builder, and remodeled and enlarged about two years ago by the famous Goll of Lucerne. It is considered quite an honor for any new composer's works to be played on this organ. Had Major Darling's composition been a poor work it would not have been thus honored.

The Charles Josselyns, who have been spending the summer in and about New York, have gone abroad.

Why Mrs. Grundy Watched

At the time of the sudden death of Ben Holliday, the only son of Mrs William Luvin, it was hinted that he had been very devoted to a society girl, and that his devotion was not unreciprocated. After his death Mrs. Grundy watched Therese Morgan out of the tale of her eye to see whether she really had returned the unmistakable devotion of the young man. At first Therese did look a bit down-hearted but she has lived up to her favorite expression—"game." At Monterey the Morgan girls are playing at house-keeping and Therese is evidently full of fun and spirits, and keen for everything from golf to ultra-marine sketches. So either the dent in her heart was not very deep or she is finding the way to heal the wound. The romantically inclined, and there are few such among the Philistines, are disappointed. If they are looking for a girl to do the fade-away act like the heroines of old, they must seek beyond the confines of society. Modern maidens are too sensible and have such husky appetites that the girl "with a broken heart" is a rara avis."

Slandering Peter

Somebody appears to be intent upon spiking the wheel of Peter Martin's matrimonial coach. First it was thought that Hermann Oelrichs was interested in breaking off the engagement and when it was reported anent the postponement of the wedding, that there was an estrangement between Peter and Miss Oelrichs, the rumor gained currency that Uncle Hermann had accomplished his purpose. But I have been reliably informed that he has made no effort to interfere. Yet there are some very disagreeable stories being published in the East, and they are evidently being circulated for a purpose. One of them is to the effect that a woman had been found in San Francisco who claimed to have gone through a common law marriage with Peter Martin. Of course there is no truth in that yarn. Another story is that Peter is a flamboyant young man whose blood is easily fired, and who does eccentric things when in his cups. It is related that he embarrassed the members of the Bohemian club on one occasion when a number of army and navy officers, including Admiral Howison, were among the guests. He shouted three cheers for a heroine of the tenderloin, so it is said, at a very inopportune moment, and shocked everybody. The story is not even plausible. You can't shock the members of the Bohemian club in that way.

Have They Ruffles On?

No accident could ever tiptoe up to Mrs. Eleanor Martin and find her unprepared. Like the cathedrals that

> "In the elder days of art, builders wrought with greatest care,
> Each minute and unseen part, for the gods see everywhere."

so Mrs. Eleanor Martin dresses with greatest care, for the fatal day when she may be thrown from her carriage, meet with a railroad accident or whatnot. Her lingerie would make a Peoples Exhibit A that the polloi would come miles to see.

Mrs. Martin's trunks did not arrive an Del Monte with Mrs. Martin. There was a mixup somewhere on the line, and the lady had to keep her patience uppermost while the officials were straightening out the tangle. The next day Mrs. Martin promised to go coaching with "my Walter" at the reins. The others were already on the brake and the mettlesome ponies were getting restless but no Mrs. Martin hove in sight. Someone was dispatched to the hotel and returned with Mrs. Martin's regrets. "She was very sorry she couldn't possibly go today." Walter Martin was sure his mother must be ill so Mrs. Walter and one of her girl friends climbed down and hurried to the veranda where they found Mamma Martin serene and smiling.

"Oh, I'm perfectly well my dears, don't keep them waiting but go back."

"Well, why can't you go then," insisted Mary Scott Martin who has full heritage of the Scott stick-ativeness. But she didn't find out until after the drive when Mrs. Eleanor Martin went gleefully to the girls and told them that at last her belated trunks had arrived.

"I can go tomorrow but really I wouldn't have enjoyed a minute of the ride today. Supposing we'd met with an accident, and I in that set of underwear! Why 'they' didn't have any ruffles on!"

"Have 'they' ruffles on?" is now the password and countersign for coaching parties.

Marie Wells to be an Author

While it may not be of general interest to the literary world, it will no doubt startle the local smart set to learn that Marie Wells is writing a novel. What sort of a contribution to literature she will make, I am unable to predict, but as rumor sayeth that Truxton Beale is collaborating with her in the work I should imagine that the story is to be told in polished style, for Mr. Beale is a man of culture and

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knows how to write. As Miss Wells has had considerable experience in our fashionable set, she could doubtless supply the plot for a lively romance. And if she desired she could startle some of our snobs. Better than all, however, would be to make herself the heroine of the story, for Marie has figured in some very interesting social episodes.

He "All But" Reached the Mark

At the grand council of the Young Men's Institute last week, resolutions eulogistic of the late Senator White were adopted, and became the theme of an address by Frank Kierce. I noticed in the preamble to the resolutions that Steve White, "in his life, all but realized the ideal of the Y. M. I." Steve White was the ideal of the people of this State, in public life. It was generally believed that his character was without blemish, but evidently he did not come up to the mark set by the Y. M. I. Nevertheless it was not a graceful act to call attention to his failure to realize the Y. M. I ideal especially in resolutions in respect to his memory. I wonder if Frank Kierce has realized the ideal of the order.

The Latest Solution

"Do you think Peter and Lily will ever be married?"
"No, I think's it's a dummy engagement."
"What's that?"
"Oh, they agreed to be engaged so that she could be freer to go about with others, and he would be free of the match-making mammas."

A Play That Made Money

Ths revival of "Rosedale" at the Grand next week arouses recollections of its first production in New York city in 1863, when it had what was an enormous run for that period—one hundred and thirty nights of continuous success. At the time of its author's death in 1888, "Rosedale" had made for the various actors taking it out over one hundred thousand dollars. It was not young Wallack's first play, but "The Veteran" which preceded it, had not the living qualities of "Rosedale." He had also made a dramatization of Dumas' "The Three Guardsmen" which was produced at the Broadway theatre. At that time Wallack was known as John Lester and it was through "The Veteran" that it became known that the young actor-author inherited his talent from his father, the veteran James W. Wallack. The play was produced at Wallack's old theatre, at the corner of Broadway and Broome streets. At the curtain's fall on the "first night" there was a cry of "author." Then appeared the veteran Wallack who had enacted the title role, with the youth who had played the part of his son. He introduced Mr. John Lester as the author of "The Veteran" and his son.

He was a Splendid Actor

Few actors combined so many fine qualities as did John Lester Wallack. He came of an old theatrical family, his father, uncle and cousin all being prominent on the English stage. He was originally booked for the army and at twenty-two was given an Indian commission, but to please his mother he resigned and became an actor instead. It was when a juvenile in a Manchester company that he played Mercutio in "Romeo and Juliet," in which Charlotte Thompson was the star. Miss Cushman took a fancy to him and recommended him to the manager of the London Haymarket His American career is well remembered, for no actor was ever more popular. As a manager he had no superior in his time. Among those who appeared in Wallack's stock companies at different times were Edgar L. Davenport, Mr. and Mrs. John Gilbert, Mrs. John Hoey, Rose Wood (Louis Morrison's first wife), Edward Holland, Charles Matthews, E. A. Sothern, Charles and Rose Coghlan, Dion Boucicault, Charles Wyndham, Harry Montague, Charles Wolcott and Laura Keene.

Charming Julia Dean

Miss Julia Dean is the last actress to score a pronounced success with San Francisco critics and theatre-goers. Last year it was Margaret Anglin that met with such popular approval that she was secured by one of the Frohmans. Many of the most celebrated actresses of the American stage first gained recognition in this city. It has been remarked that there is a striking resemblance between Maud Adams and Julia Dean, both of whom were brought up in Salt Lake City, and first found favor with San Francisco audiences. Miss Adams originated the role of Dorothy Cruikshank when "Rosemary" was first presented in America. Miss Dean essayed the role in this city last week for the first time and gave a most charming and delightful performance. She is bright and talented and is destined to establish a great reputation in ingenue parts. She is a niece of Julia Dean Hayne, the famous actress who charmed California theatre-goers in the late seventies. Strangely enough, Julia Dean Hayne, Maude Adams, and her mother, Annie Adams, and Julia Dean all made their first appearance at different times on the same stage at Salt Lake City. Maud Adams made her debut as a baby in arms. She was educated principally in California, however. Miss Dean graduated from the Salt Lake High School before going with her family to New York. No young actress has a brighter future than she.

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The Graces are Known Here

The despatches from New York last week announced the engagement of Margarita, second daughter of Michael P. Grace, to the Earl of Donoughmore. This will be the second international marriage in the family, the elder daughter having married a wealthy British commoner of high lineage, Hubert Beaumont. The Graces are well known here, the brothers being John W., Michael, and William P. In the early eighties John was the resident member of the shipping firm here, succeeding J. F. Chapman. He was also at one time Consul for Peru and Uraguay. He lived in Fulton street near the Park, and was prominent socially as well as in the business world. Michael Grace lived in Callao,Peru, and if I remember rightly he married a fair Castilian, Spanish blonde. After William P. Grace became Mayor of New York, Michael also went East to reside. All of the Graces are self-made men, and are of Irish birth. I have heard that William took out his papers just in time to make him eligible for election as Mayor of the metropolis. They have all kinds of money and their banking house has a world wide reputation.

A wag has suggested that as there was once an Edward the Confessor, the reigning monarch might be appropriately dubbed "Edward the Caresser."

Why They Prefer New York

An aristocratic dame of the Southern set, desiring to set me right, and answer the question propounded by the philosophic clubman, Mr. Thomas McCaleb, in last week's issue has sent me the following:

"I cannot understand," said Mr. McCaleb, "why they don't prefer to stay here where they can live better, enjoy more luxuries, soar higher and suffer less inconvenience." If the gentleman who made that observation had been a San Francisco resident all his life he would better understand the reason why so many of the rich people of this city prefer to live in New York. They *can't get in* here—into society I mean. Those who judge of San Francisco's society solely by what they read in the papers must not fancy that those whose names are mentioned as being at Del Monte and other places during great social festivals are *all* of the swim. Indeed, they're not. There are some who can stay at Del Monte because they are able to pay, but money cannot buy them the entree into the Holy of Holies. You must be born to that, or else have married into it. Therefore, my dear *Saunterer*, you can see why some of our rich people prefer to spend their money and energy in the attempt to "break in," to Newport's smart clique than to "live better," "enjoy more luxuries" and "soar higher" here. It is the "inconvenience" they suffer in "breaking in" here that sends them East—on the same principle, vous comprenez, that the fameless actor, painter or writing person goes abroad. And 'tis better to be "pilled"in a London or New York club than in a home organization where everybody will hear about it and wonder why.

A Wedding in Old St. Luke's

I remember very well the first marriage of the widow who this week became the bride of Captain Metcalf. Annie Cave was the daughter of a lady who kept a fashionable private boarding-house, and her marriage to Mr. North was quite a society event. It was solemnized in old St. Luke's. The church that is now one of the most pretentious sanctuaries in Van Ness avenue was then located in Pacific avenue just around the corner from Polk street. The bride was given away by the late David J.Staples, and his pretty daughter Kittie (afterwards Mrs. Herbert Yemans) was one of the bridesmaids. Few remember that St. Luke's was ever situated anywhere than on its present site, but the old church was quite as popular in its day with the smart set as is the new edifice. Reverend Gregory S. Lines was the rector then, and he was followed by the Reverend Mr. Fackenthal, the gay young priest of God who became known to newspaper readers through his agency in the marriage of young Horace Hawes' widow and Jack Schroeder.

"Who was the first summer girl?"

"Why, Rebecca, of course. Didn't she stand by the well every day in her best clothes waiting for the only man to come?"

"And Issaac came."

It was not Miss Ives

My contemporary, the *Chaperon*, made a slight error in awarding to Miss Florence Ives the distinction of being the introducer of the fashion of going without gloves at the theatre. It was Mrs Clarence Mackay, who sponsored the fashion here. When Mrs. Mackay, Kitty Duer that was, was in San Francisco on her wedding jaunt, she one night graced a box at the Columbia, and it was noticed that her hands were gloveless. Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels and her sisters, Mrs. Joe Tobin and others, immediately took up the fashion and probably Miss Ives was of the number.

Why Slack is out of it

It has been frequently asserted and denied that ex-Judge Slack would be nominated for Mayor on the Republican ticket. The general impression is that Judge Slack could have the nomination if he would accept it,but that he could not be persuaded to retire from his law practice. While it is true that Judge Slack could have had the nomination two years ago and is still available, he is no longer considered by the powers that control the destinies of the Republican machine. He would not accept the nomination two years ago because he was not in a mood to lead a forlorn hope, but now that the task seems much easier he is quite willing to get into the running. But it leaked out a short time ago that if he became Mayor he would use the job as a stepping-stone to that goal of all ambitious Republicans—the United States Senate. Judge Slack confessed that he had senatorial aspirations, and the bosses immediately placed him in the category of unsafe men. A Mayor with an eye on the toga finds it hard to act conscientiously at all times.

Another lot of NAVAJO Indian Blankets and Baskets just received at H. E. SKINNER'S—416 Market street.

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A Cooling and Delightful Drink

Barrett Not a Candidate

Our Democratic bosses appear to be afraid that somebody whom they do not like is going to bob up for a job. They have therefore started a plan of campaign by which they purpose to smash everybody who appears to be strong enough to worry them. In pursuance of this plan they selected John J. Barrett, the attorney, as a victim. But they seemed to be in doubt as to whether he would be boomed for Mayor or District Attorney. There was no occasion for alarm. Mr. Barrett is engaged in a lucrative legal practice which he does not care to desert, and no nomination for local office could lure him into active politics.

In An Insane Asylum

"And this young man," said the Superintendent, "is a victim of mammonmania. He imagines that he is worth a billion dollars, that he owns twenty yachts, a string of horses and a harem full of beautiful women of all nations. But he is not incurable."'

Visitor: Don't you think it would be an outrage to cure the young man of such a delicious delusion?"

Mrs. Dinmore's Return

The return of Mrs. Walter Dinmore to town occasioned the surmise that she was instituting a suit for divorce. From her interviews in the dailies it appears that she lost interest in her husband the day they were married; and that she is not even bothering herself about regaining her freedom. I have learned, however, that she wired Walter Dinmore from Ogden that she would be here Saturday evening, and asked him to meet her. He did not do so, whereupon she proceeded to tell the reporters how unworthy he was of her. Mrs. Dinmore is a somewhat eccentric woman. She was once an actress of mediocre ability, but of prepossessing appearance, and she married a Denver mining expert named Cone, from whom she inherited about fifty or sixty thousand dollars. She came to this city several months ago and formed the acquaintance of Walter Dinmore, the wine agent, at the Palace hotel. She thought she loved him and decided to marry him. Immediately after the wedding breakfast which was a rather elaborate affair, they parted, and they have not been together since.

Some Coincidences

The fact appears to be that the affections of Mrs. Dinmore were alienated by Joseph Van Praag, a young New Yorker of good family who is connected with the Brunswick Rubber Co., and who officiated at the wedding. They went away together, a circumstance that may have been a coincidence. But they met in all the large cities, another coincidence that would probably cut some figure in a divorce suit if one were instituted. But neither Dinmore nor his wife seem to care for a divorce. The husband involved himself in considerable notoriety and trouble through his marriage, for as soon as the knot was tied creditors began to pursue him. One of his creditors was the H. S. Crocker company, and it was only the other day that Dinmore accosted Charles Crocker of that firm in front of the Palace hotel, and abused him in very harsh language for having instituted suit against him. It appears that the suit was based on certain notes which, according to Dinmore, he executed under an agreement which had been violated.

Bohemian Cafe, 711 Market street, serves the purest liquors and the daintiest lunch in the city.

Mrs. Field's Girlhood

"I remember Sue Swearingen very well," writes a constant reader, apropos of the death last week of Mrs. Stephen J. Field, "and her sisters Mollie, Sallie and Belle. Their mother kept a boarding-house, but was highly respected and her daughters all went with the best people. They all made rich matches, too, and with men of talent and position. Sue married Mr. Field, who was a great lawyer and who distinguished himself on the Supreme bench by his splendid talent. Sallie married a Washington, D. C. man—Mr. Condit-Smith. Her daughters have often visited San Francisco; one of them was in Peking during the bombardment of that city not long ago. Mollie married George Whitney and became a power in the Oakland swim. It was at her house that her sister Sue passed away. Belle married A. B. McCreery, who is a millionaire. She resides abroad and rarely comes to California."

In that same Grace Church where the last services over the body of the aged woman took place, years before in all the freshness and vigor of her young womanhood, she was married. And down Stockton street went the funeral procession past the old home of the Swearingens, where once all fashionable San Francisco gathered. And now the place is on the edge of Chinatown. Among those who gathered at the coffin-side were some who had attended the Field wedding. Of those I noted in the group were Judge Samuel Holladay and wife, Miss Carrie Gwin, Mrs. William H. Keith and Mrs. Frances Egerton.

The Genuine Ha! Ha!

Charlie Dickman is now an artist with an established reputation and is holding forth in a cozy studio in old Monterey. His long sojourn at the French capital was productive of such good results that as yet he has not had time to turn his attention to scenes around him. He is still engaged on commission work on French subjects, the compositions for which were made abroad. Mayor Phelan called on Charlie during the sports week and gave him an order for a portrait. There is a dramatic club at Monterey and a show was given there recently, managed by Dickman, who has held similar office in the Bohemian club for ten years. The first rehearsal Charlie attended was fierce: A young lady tripped to the


JESSE MOORE
A A
WHISKEY
BEST ON EARTH

footlights, glanced at her admirer wfth proud scorn and said:

"You shall never again address me, Mr. Binks." Then she stopped suddenly. Charlie looked up and said.

"Well! Go on."

"Why," said the young lady, "Diggs has to come in here. It's his cue."

"No, it ain't," growled a voice from the rear, evidently that of Diggs. "She hasn't said 'Ha! Ha' yet."

Dickman threw his book down. "Come on, Diggs," he shouted, "come on; don't waste time. Never mind the 'Ha! Ha!' The audience 'll give you that."

University Clubbite—A man should be proud of winning the love of a young and innocent bud.

Pacific-Unioner—I should be more proud of winning the love of a mature and experienced belle, because then I might flatter myself that she had found in me something that was not possessed by any of those that went before.

University Clubbite—Your money, for instance.

A San Rafael Comedy

A story that might suggest a plot for a French comedy comes from San Rafael. At one of the hotels in the suburban burg a merchant of this city is sojourning with his wife. In a cottage connected with the hotel lives the wife of a liquor drummer and her six-year old daughter. Of course the drummer is away. Drummers have ever been conveniently absent for comedy purposes. One morning recently, the six-year old daughter, who happens to be quite a favorite with the merchant, frowned upon him, and when asked for an explanation, she told him that she was not asleep the night before, and that she intended telling her papa when he returned. The merchant was astounded. He questioned the child, and was surprised to learn that she was positive that he had visited her mother. Fortunately he could prove an alibi to the satisfaction of his wife, for he had been to the theatre with her in the city, and he had never left her side. But he was not sure of satisfying the drummer. He told his wife about the matter, and from her he learned that he had a double in the person of a San Rafael lawyer who had been seen in the neighborhood of the cottage. A happy thought occurred to him. He went to the lawyer for advice. The next day the drummer's wife disappeared.

High Priced Probate Proceedings

Not many weeks ago I predicted that the practice of parceling out patronage would some day involve the Superior Court in a big scandal. Some judges are too generous with the property of litigants, and they have not the slightest hesitation in allowing exorbitant fees to their pet attorneys, administrators and receivers who enjoy a monopoly of court patronage. When "Happy" Jack Chretien and his colooters were exposed in Judge Troutt's court several months ago his Honor posed as the unfortunate victim of a gross piece of imposition. Lawyers about town smiled, and remarked that though Judge Troutt had been imposed upon he seemed willing to take desperate chances, in view of the character of the men that had handled the estate. But the other day, a case bobbed up in Justice of the Peace Daniels' court, of a woman who was sued for an attorney's fee. She was entitled to one-eighth of an estate valued at over five thousand dollars, and her attorney demanded two hundred for services rendered. But it appeared that after the estate had gone through probate iu Judge Troutt's court, the one eighth of it amounted to only a little over one hundred. And yet the woman's attorney had not deducted his fee.

How the Estate Faded

The records show that one Pistolesi was appointed special administrator of the estate by Judge Troutt, and that he selected Martin Stevens for his attorney. Stevens and Troutt are intimate friends. Pistolesi may not have been appointed with the understanding that he would hire Stevens, but that is how many a lawyer gets a job in the Superior court. And it is a singular fact that though the whole bar is aware of the pernicious practice and gossips about it, the judges don't seem to care a rap Pistolesi was allowed over six hundred dollars for administering on the estate and Stevens was allowed six hundred more for acting as his attorney. Yet the whole period of administration was less than a month, and the bulk of the estate was administered on in Oregon by an administrator appointed in that State. Perhaps the estate was not looted. It is not improbable that both Stevens and Pistolesi earned their fees or that Judge Troutt thought they did. But in justice to the court it should be stated that he has been on intimate terms with Stevens for many years, and has given him a deal of patronage, and maybe he appraises the latter's services at a very high figure. But I only cite the case to emphasize the importance of judge's refraining from playing favorites too strong. The practice has a tendency to promote scandal. It sometimes warrants the suggestion that, perhaps the attorney divides with the Court.

No bakery in the city bakes such bread, or makes such delicious cakes as Westerfeld's, 1035 Market street. 2

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O. M. BRENNAN, Proprietor

The Charges Against Humphreys

It was reported in the despatches from Chicago last Tuesday, that Judge Abram Humphreys of Honolulu was very ill and was about to submit to an operation that would in all likelihood prove fatal. From private advices I have learned that Judge Humphreys is now in Washington, D. C., and that he went there to answer charges that have been recently preferred against him by his political enemies in Honolulu. The original charges were so trivial and absurd that the Attorney General dismissed them without consideration. Some days ago additional charges were filed by the schemers of the Missionary party, and Judge Humphreys went to Washington to learn the nature of them. It is true that he is to submit to an operation in the near future, but it is not of a serious nature.

Frances and Bob

The matrimonial microbe is still stalking, and according to experts its latest victims are Frances Hopkins and Bob Eyre. "That's going to be a match sure" say those who are trained in casting horoscopes of the heart. It would be quite natural that Frances should follow the examples of her dearest friends who have been keeping the wedding bells merrily jingling. First there was Mary Crocker; then her cousins, Helen and Edna Hopkins; Mary Scott's turn came next and Caro Crockett's is a certainty; Georgie Hopkins, too, has had her affections copyrighted though the engagement has not yet been officially announced Frances Hopkins certainly should follow on their heels and unless the gossips have missed their guess "Bobby" Eyre is at least first on the list of favorites. Frances Hopkins is one of the most popular girls in society. She has one sister, Mrs. Warren Clark, who was also a belle. The Eyres have a fine place down near the Hopkins country home. Since the death of Colonel Eyre they have been living very quietly but the Eyre home has always been noted for its lavish hospitality.

The A. M. Bergevins with their retinue of attendants are at the Palace, having arrived last week from Chicago. The prettier of the Wickersham sisters of Petaluma certainly knows how to spend the money she inherited from her parents. Their rooms at the hotel are like private apartments, for the Bergevins always surround themselves with luxuries if they only intend remaining over night in town. It will be remembered that the other Wickersham heiress married Captain Thomas Maclay, cashier of her bank in Petaluma about a month ago.

A Letter to Vanderbilt

A correspondent having read in last Sunday's Supp of the *Examiner* that Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt is suffering from an overdose of inherited wealth, and that he complains bitterly of his fate, has addressed the following open letter to the millionaire through these columns:

My dear Mr. Vanderbilt:

I hear that you have the life-ache and I long to be of service to you. I know just how you feel. If you have been enervated by inherited wealth, I have been over-stimulated by inherited poverty. I've had the time of my life trying to make one dollar do the work of ten—and there is nothing like this occupation to produce real joy vibrations! But the eager happiness of the thing begins to pall upon me. I'm positively racked with the bliss of my "blessed heritage!" Just wait until you've laced the very breath out of your expenses in your effort to make the very ends of your income meet, if you want to know what sport is! There is one objection to it. It's too exhilerating! I long for a surcease of excitement and would fain dally with an income long enough not only to meet, but wind around several times and tie in an Alsatian bow! The languor of over-exertion is upon me and if I wish for anything, it is the power to gaze upon a thousand dollar bill as if it were but thirty cents! So I want to take your place in the gloomy atmosphere of wealth and let you come out into the clear sunshine of poverty. I'm sated with the joy of being poor and respectable, so you need not hesitate to accept my offer. I'm worn out with the dissipation of plain living and high thinking, so send me the key to your French Chateau and a certified check for your balance in bank and I'll send you the recipe for being 'a gentleman on three cents a day.' You'll love it when you get used to it!

Ever yours, ROBERTA.

P. S. Please don't mention this matter to Mr. Carnegie. He just pines for poverty but he's too proud to accept help.

Society's Churlish Conduct

There was little old-fashioned courtesy in evidence at Del Monte, despite the alleged lengthy pedigrees of the Burlingame set. The women were unsparing in their criticisms of each other, looks, manners, dress and reputations being pulled to pieces quite unreservedly and with malice aforethought. Mrs. Gilman Brown had an unpleasant experience during her contest with Miss Caro Crockett for the Ladies' Golf Championship. Mrs. Brown was made aware upon her arrival that she did not belong to the "set," and although she had just come from a hard won battle in the enemy's camp at Burlingame she was taken no more notice of than if she had been a stranger. She was permitted to practice to her heart's content upon the links unmolested and unobserved, save by the men, who conscientiously praised her skill, but when it came to the game with Miss Crockett, there was a change of circumstances. All feminine Burlingame turned up to encourage their favorite and this they did by crowding so enthusiastically and so unpleasantly that the officials on the ground had to put aside their society politeness and peremptorily bid them stand back.

Mrs. Brown had a hard time. She had none the best of luck and she played the most determined uphill game ever witnessed on golf links in the face of open hostility. Every successful stroke made by Miss Crockett was vigorously applauded, while Mrs. Brown, who was four down at the beginning of the second round and by steady, determined play not only reduced her opponents advantage but passed her by two holes, making six straight, raised not a murmur of appreciation save from one or two men who were in-

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dignant at the unsportsmanlike conduct of the others. At the end Mrs. Brown broke down under the strain and she lost a match she should have clearly won. When it was over she expressed only satisfaction that she would not have to undergo such an ordeal a second time. At Burlingame, when she won, matters were made so conspicuously unpleasant for her that she was actually forced to tears, yet her courage pulled her through. Nearly every male golfer on the links was sorry to see her lose at Del Monte.

Feminine Envy

When pretty Miss Rowena Burns came down there was a tumult. Brakes are popular at Del Monte, and of course Miss Burns and her party monopolized Charlie Dunphy's four-in-hand. It was decided upon the spot that Miss Burns was too thin, too small, that her complexion was not what it ought to be and that she had no business at Del Monte anyway. Dunphy acted the part of a chivalrous gentleman and never left Miss Burns' side during her stay. The same thing occurred when Miss Marie Wells arrived to take the hearts of men by storm. She was unmercifully snubbed by all the women, but she had her revenge, for the men were around her in swarms, more than one prominent society sportsman forsaking his up to that time constant companion to bask in the sunshine of Miss Wells' smiles. In the dining-room and ball-room, on the porch, on the polo ground and in the surf Miss Wells attracted a great deal of attention.

Aristocratic "Knockers"

But this "knocking" is not confined to outsiders, by any means. The Burlingame people are constantly involved in internecine wars They squabble among themselves about smallest trifles, though they are careful to be effusively gushing toward one another in public. This condition of things is widely observed, and one man, high in favor with the set, remarked: "There is not one honest friendship in the crowd." There is trouble, too, among the men, and the polo game was nearly broken up one day because Cyril Tobin refused to play on the same side with Walter Hobart. Hobart, whatever he may have felt, showed no annoyance whatever. He smiled pleasantly, said "All right; make what changes you like," and played the game afterward as if he had not a care in the world. Hobart is a fine rider, with a cool, clear head and consummate judgment. This is noticeable both in the polo field and on the race course.

Mrs. Hobart's Allowance Discussed

Walter Hobart was the subject of some very caustic criticism at Del Monte. And all because somebody started the report that the exact allowance he made his wife had sprung a leak. They tossed it over the tea tables and declared that it was no wonder his wife had never had any of the fine feathers that should go with her husband's financial plumage. But perhaps the gossips have not hit upon the true reason. Perhaps Mrs. Hobart doesn't care for dress. Perhaps if she had calculated whether a new chiffon flounce would make her gown too expensive, it was because she is naturally economical. That should suggest itself to people who are not fond of malicious gossip. They prefer to deal in reminiscences, however, and wonder whether Mrs. Hobart ever turns the pages back to the old days when Bert Dibblee looked like Prince Charming. But Walter Hobart carried off the American beauty, and Mr. Dibblee married her cousin, Miss Rogers.

Strike or no strike, everybody drinks GILT EDGE WHISKEY For they know it is the best WICHMAN, LUTGEN & CO. Sole Proprietors, S.F.

Popular Tom Driscoll

Tom Driscoll is a good fellow. He was the most popular horseman at Del Monte, with a kindly word or a pleasant smile for all. An incident characteristic of the man was witnessed after the conclusion of the second day's racing. Tom was driving back to the hotel, perched upon a lofty tandem cart and by himself. He was, as usual, driving a full galop along the winding road from the race course, when he overtook two ragged little urchins footing it laborously. In an instant he had pulled up and in another the two little brats were huddled together on the vacant seat by Tom's side. With their grimy faces, their mouths extended into broad grins showing all their white teeth, they made a picturesque spectacle worthy of a snap-shot. As the tandem cart with its added freight flew past a hotel bus, a passenger called out:

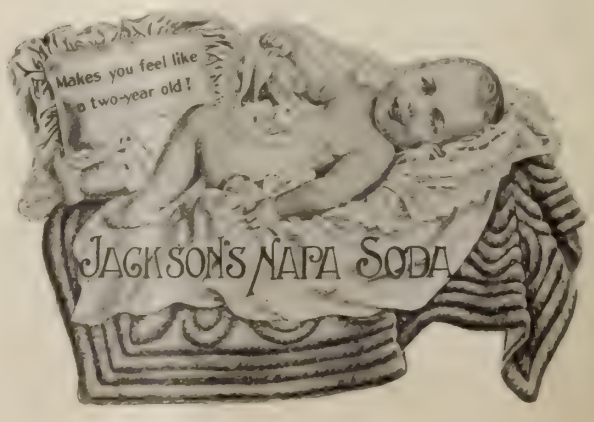
"You're a good fellow, Tom."

Tom Driscoll laughed. "I guess they don't like walking any better than I do," he replied, and the next instant he had vanished in a cloud of dust. Tom Driscoll was easily the star of the polo field.

One of New York's 400

The dailies devoted no space to Rutgers Van Brunt the starter at Del Monte. Mr. Van Brunt is not a stranger here, but he has seldom mingled with the members of our smart set. He is a New Yorker of Dutch stock, and he is a prominent member of the Union club. He has long been a chum of Freddy Gebhard, and accompanied the latter to this city years ago with the Langtry menage. He now represents the Astors and Vanderbilts in some mining projects in the northern part of the State. During his brief stay at Monterey he devoted considerable attention to Marie Wells.

The ball on the last night of the Del Monte festivities was a genuine success The room was not crowded by any means, but about twenty-five couples did the light fantastic and did it well. The dances were short and there were a great many of them, a



much better idea than the old fashion of long drawn out polkas and schottisches. The orchestra was good, too. Among the very best dancers were Mrs. Walter Hobart, Mrs. Will Crocker, Mrs. W. H. Taylor Jr., Miss Frances Hopkins and Miss Collier.

Americans Abroad

From London an occasional correspondent writes:

A favorite point of vantage for Americans this season is Russia. Anthony J. Drexel and party of the *Margarita* were received very cordially at St. Petersburg by the Grand Duke Vladimir and Grand Duchess Maria Pavlovna. In the Drexel party are Mrs. Drexel, Prince and Princess Henry of Pless, Miss Yznaga, Mr. Brinley Fitzgerald, the Hon. Reginald Lister and Mr. Van Voorhis. At the Aquarium theatre, where these rich Americans were the guests of Royalty, they occupied the Imperial box. They were also entertained at dinner by *the* grande dame of the Imperial capital—Princess Beloselsky-Belozersky, a daughter of Russia's great general, Skobeloff. General Beloselsky-Belozersky, her husband, is aide-de-camp-general to the Emperor and a most distinguished and genial officer. His son, Prince Sergius, married Miss Whittier, daughter of General Whittier and is aide-de-camp to the commander-in-chief of the Imperial army. There are a number of Californians in Russia, and I have heard comments on the beauty of one—Mrs. Genevieve Goad Martin. She visited the Imperial domain in company with Mrs. S. G. Murphy and Miss Adelaide Murphy. The Murphys have many friends in London, where Miss "Attie" was presented at Court a few seasons back. London's social whirl, by the way, has stopped short again, owing to the death of the King's sister, Empress Frederick.

A San Francisco Girl's Prospects

Somebody made a mistake in chronicling the marriage of Helen Woolworth and the Italian Count Machi. It was not Miss Woolworth who was the bride—not rich enough—but Miss Blanche Woodward. The former is at Lucerne with her mother. They are at the Hotel National, and Helen is studying so many languages that in talking it is first a word of French, then Italian, and I suppose in a few months it will be German. Miss Woolworth is very pretty and attractive, and her red hair is greatly admired, the Latin races having a crush on blondes of any shade. She is fascinated with European life and will likely marry a foreigner, as her ideas and education tend that way. But it takes a large fortune to buy a Duke or Prince over here. At a ball at the Lucerne hotel lately, Miss Woolworth led, with the host. She wore a pale blue crepe gown and made a decidedly striking appearance. Miss Stanford, another Californian who has been visiting Lucerne, will leave for home in September.

At the London Theatres

Frank Belcher, once the star of the Stanford quartet, is in London and opens in "The Whirl of the Town" in September. He has the part of a Western cow-boy. Frank has lost no flesh and his voice is bigger and better than ever. Madge Lessing has the leading role in "The Whirl" and is said to play leads also with the manager, who is none other than McClelland, Pauline Hall's husband. There is a story going the rounds of Californians in London that a little star then singing at the Shaftesbury had an unexpected visitor not long ago. He had once upon a time been a prime factor in her life, and when in London on his wedding trip he thought he would call on his ex-chum. But she gave orders to the stage hands to keep him away. "I paid the salaries of this company too long to be denied admission to the stage," said the visitor, "stand aside." And back of the scenes he went. He saw the star, and after his exit, the story goes that she fainted, while the company smothered its smiles.

Alice Nielsen's Ambition

Alice Nielsen is said to be aiming at grand opera. By the advice of Lady de Grey, who runs Covent Garden through her social set, the little comic opera songbird will go to Italy and see what the great voice builders there think of her grand opera possibilities. Alice sang sometime since at a reception at which Lady de Grey was hostess, and the latter immediately fell into raptures over the Californienne. She took her to Manager Russell of Covent Garden, and one of the papers said that he signed her for "Romeo and Juliet" and "Faust," providing she coached for those roles in Italy. This report is doubted by other London papers, but the fact remains that Alice has gone to Italy. Remembering the fiasco of Lillian Russell in grand opera it is hard to believe a woman with as good a business head as Alice Nielsen's would try to leap with the possibility of a heavy fall before her. But a woman of Alice Nielsen's ambition and determination can oftentimes succeed where others with greater gifts fail.

Dr. McNutt has passed his two degrees in London medicine, and has only one more to get before he will rank as a full-fledged English M. D. I hear that there is general regret in Berlin over the retirement of Mr. Andrew E. White from official life in Berlin. The American Ambassador is very popular and so is his wife.

"What a long neck the Recording Angel must have," said Edythe.

"Why?" asked Florence.

"Why, always rubbering, to be sure, else how can it record?"

The Curtains Were Too Much

All the way from a small town in the interior of New York comes to me the story of the social eclipse of an ex-Californian woman who figured in the divorce court here a few years ago. Her first husband is in business here. It was to marry an aristocratic New Yorker, a representative of colonial stock that she deserted her San Francisco husband. She accompanied hubby No. 2 to his home in New York, and found in the little town quite an aristocratic social set—provincial but very exclusive. They looked askance at her, knowing her to be a divorcee, but her husband's social pull was tremendous and she was received. A little later on her first husband sued her second husband for alienating the lady's affections, and then provincial society was shocked. But the pull was too strong, and though the blight upon the ex-Californienne was hard to overcome she managed to retain her position, notwithstanding her past with its scandalous sequel. But quite recently, writes my correspondent, she put red curtains in her windows and now she is tabu. The exclusives could stand the divorce suit and the other suit, but they drew the line at red curtains.

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Where Man Balks

WHEN a woman makes up her mind to yield to temptation, unless you understand the feminine character very well her demeanor would not reveal her determination. When she makes up her mind that there is only one thing to do, and she intends to do it, she is as gay as a child with a new toy. She fights and fights the devil within her until, all at once, she questions, "Pourquoi? Qui bono?" Life is short—she determines to yield. And she goes to her moral death as blithely as the old Marquis of the French Revolution went to the guillotine.

'Tis then the man holds back. The enormity of his offense begins to loom up before him just as the prize for which he has striven so hard is within his reach. 'Twas always thus, and ever will be, world without end, amen.

* * * * * *

Madeleine turned the Madonna face of her dead mother to the wall. The eyes haunted her! She threw a pink kimona over her father's portrait and buried her sister's miniature in a far recess of the bureau drawer. She would just as soon they would not know, and their eyes had such an irritating way of staring reproachfully at her when Madeleine's acts were such as would not meet with their approval.

Madeleine hummed a bit of ragtime as she dressed. She never felt so merry in her life. It is so grand to feel that at last you have the courage to do and dare. She put on her daintiest lingerie, slipped her prettiest silk petticoat over her brown head, and laid her most fetching frock within easy reach.

When the final coil was wound about her head, she crept carefully into her gown. Such a dear sweet gown—all pink and shining and with diaphanous guimpe and sleeves through which her arms and neck showed like pink-tinted pearls. Madeleine smiled contentedly at the charming image that smiled back at her. Another daub of powder on her classic nose, another brush to the smooth brown hair, and her lips parted on her white teeth as she laughed softly.

Full of an expectant rapture that comes once only, in a first love, Madeleine waited for the summons that would tell her the cab was at the door.

* * * * * * *

Nelson had never known her in such a joyous mood. She had always been so reserved, but tonight her spirits positively overflowed.

"Third floor," she said to the elevator attendant before Nelson had an opportunity to indicate his preference.

"I'm going to eat, and eat, and *eat*," she said, as she slipped out of her raglan, "and we must have lots and lots of champagne, with eau de vie and every nice thing we can think of."

She went into the inner room and came back hatless. Nelson wished she had chosen the Grill instead of this place. What made her so different tonight?

Madeleine did not wait for his invitation to pull her chair close to his. Usually she sat straight and stiff opposite her companion. He remembered any number of little dinners for two of that temperature.

Madeleine prattled gaily throughout the first course. Once he caught her sweet eyes looking at him with an expression in them he had never seen there before. She laughed aloud at some inconsequent remark of Nelson's, rose and stood above him as he mixed the salad dressing. She leaned over him and ran her cool fingers through his close-cropped hair. Every nerve tingled within him as she put her rosy hand on his shoulder.

"Go away," he said roughly.

Ah, how he longed to take her in his arms and kiss the lips that were pouted so prettily, as she continued her innocent blandishments. She did not know, he thought, and he went on mixing the dressing with hands that shook.

"What makes you so cross, so distrait, tonight?" asked Madeleine, "and I thought we'd have such a lovely time. I had made up my mind to enjoy every minute. But you—you are so cold."

Nelson had waited long for this moment. Through months of steady endeavor he had striven for this reward, and now it had come to him he could not take the gifts the gods vouchsafed.

He knew so much: she, so little. Fancy a hardened man of the world feeling compunction of this kind. Incredible!

When the liqueurs and cafe were placed before them and the waiter's leering face and downcast eyes had disappeared to return no more, even then he did not unbend.

Madeleine stood behind him as he lighted his cigar, but she would not take a cigarette herself.

"No, you don't like it," she said, "and I'm not going to do a single thing to displease you tonight."

She put her arms around his neck. God! how hard it was for him not to turn and crush her to him in a mad embrace. But, dear little girl, he had not understood till then what she was to him. He was years older than she; if his first child had lived she would have been nearly Madeleine's age. And Madeleine must not become like those others he remembered.

"Come, we must go," he said coldly.

"But it is only eleven," she answered, taking his watch from his hand.

"Well, that is late enough."

He pressed the button for his check and told the waiter to call the cab. Then he helped Madeleine into her raglan, successfully resisting his wild desire to fold her, coat and all, in his arms. She went into the inner room to don her hat.

"Come," she called, "see if my hat is on straight, please."

"Your mirror is a better judge than I," he returned, and lighted another cigar.

Madeleine, with all her vivacity departed and that wistful look in her brown eyes, was harder to turn from than Madeleine with all her joyousness.

"I want to kiss you," she said, "just one little friendly kiss."

He could not refuse that invitation, but he just brushed her lips with his own. Even that careless contact was like a match to powder.

"Come," he said, crushing her hand almost cruelly, "the cab is waiting."

* * * * *

Nelson, on his knees before the Unknown God, that night gave fervent thanks that he had been able to resist temptation; that Madeleine had been saved from herself.

* * * * *

The girl tore her pretty gown as she discarded her clothes. She threw her silken hose and dainty shoes into a corner of the cupboard.

"I hate him—hate life—hate everything," she murmured.

Then she turned the portrait of her mother so that the face again looked at her. The eyes seemed to smile at the daughter's upturned face.

"You can smile," said the girl, "but it isn't my fault that they're not tears instead."

And Madeleine cried herself to sleep.

THE IMPRESSIONIST.

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A. ANDREWS, Proprietor.

His First Proposal

"Well, didn't you have a good time at Monterey ?" asked Percy Pratt, addressing his friend Jack Follansbee.

"Yes, I had a fairly good time."

"Well, you're looking very glum for a fellow who has been spending a lot of time with a new girl. I believe you said she is the only girl you ever really, truly loved, and that she loves you."

"That's what she said," said Follansbee in a somewhat dubious tone.

"But aren't you sure ?"

"About as sure as a fellow can be about that sort of thing."

"You've had a lot of experience with girls old boy, and I've known of a few myself that were badly infatuated with you. And from what you have dropped in previous conversations, this latest has given strong testimony to her devotion and warm passion."

"Very true, Percy, but she has started me guessing. I don't mind confessing to you that I asked her to marry me. That was the first time I ever did such a thing. No girl ever had me going that hard before. You see she's really the first that I ever thought I would like to have to myself all the rest of my days. And I felt that with marriage for a *motif* I could nerve myself to break loose from all my old-time associates of the gay world.

"So," explained Percy Pratt, "and of course she consented, and now you are kicking over your foolish break. What a fickle chap you are !"

Jack Follansbee corrugated his brow as though in pain.

"No Percy, she didn't consent."

"She didn't ?" was Pratt's ejaculation of surprise. Did she give any reason for her refusal ?"

"Yes, she said that in our case marriage would be a work of supererogation."

"Clever girl," soliloquized Pratt.

"But if she loved me as ardently as she says she does," said Follansbee, "she would become my wife. She evidently fears that her passion will soon grow cold."

"Nonsense, old boy, why Jack, I'm surprised."

"Surprised at what ?"

"At you. It's marriage that makes passion grow cold. Why I actually believe that you are living away back in the last century."

THE PHILOSOPHER.

Things Not Generally Known

Mr. Jack Asserly is going to a sanitarium for the purpose of recuperating. Mr. Asserley is suffering from a neurotic disorder superinduced by his efforts to carry the whole school department on his shoulders and our system of education in his head. Mr. Asserly has quite a head. During his absence the schools will not be closed.

Colonel Dan Burns has returned from Monterey, where he was engaged in gathering atmosphere and data for his forthcoming book, "How it Feels to Run with the Swells." His other work, "How to Boss a Political Party on a Bluff" is now in its steenth edition. Colonel Burns is no longer desirious of breaking into society through the United States Senate. He will be content with a polo player for a son-in-law.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott of Blingum has changed her mind. She is not going to England to snub the Duchess of Marlborough. The Duchess received Mrs. Deacon who was snubbed by Mrs. Scott, but since that famous snubbing Mary Scott married Walter Martin and Walter Martin's brother, Peter, is going to marry Lily Oelrichs whose uncle is the husband of a sister-in-law of the Duchess of Marlborough. There is nothing like keeping peace in the family.

Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan is coming to California to attend the convention of Episcopal Bishops. There is no truth in the report that he is to be accompanied by Lillian Russell or any other song-bird. Mr. Morgan likes singing, but in the Episcopal convention he will be satisfied with sacred music.

The floors were scrubbed in the *Examiner* office the other day, and the rumor gained currency that Mr. Hearst was coming to town.

"Beyond Human Power" is the title of the Norwegian drama by Bjornsterne Bjornson, which is to have its London presentation by Mrs. Pat Campbell.

Going East ?

Why not have your tickets read over the Northern Pacific from Portland, and ride on the "North Coast Limited," one of the finest trains in the world, electric lighted throughout, dining car service unexcelled, observation car a beauty, tourist sleeping car upholstered in leather? Through tourist sleeping car San Francisco to St. Paul every Wednesday morning. Why not stop off at Yellowstone National Park? only requires six days additional. Send six cents in stamps for 1901 Wonderland to T. K. Stateler, Gen'l Agent, 647 Market street.

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DEWAR.

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Dramatic World

At the Show this Week

COLUMBIA—"Wheels Within Wheels"—a spicy comedy.
ALCAZAR—"Romeo and Juliet"—modern Shakespeare.
GRAND OPERA HOUSE—"Lord and Lady Algy—an especially good production.
TIVOLI—"Il Trovatore" and "Mefistofele"—good drawing cards.
ORPHEUM—Vaudeville—a top-notch bill.

Two Views of London Society

We are being presented this week with two pictures of London's smart set. One, "Lord and Lady Algy," we saw before, but the other Carton comedy, at the Columbia, is quite new. I am inclined to think that our critics take Carton too seriously in "Wheels within Wheels." It is true that the piece is hopelessly vulgar—but Mr. Carton is in that very vulgarity presenting only a slightly satirized picture of modern London society. "Lady Huntworth's Experiment" did not please our public because the plot was pronounced impossible. "Wheels within Wheels" has nothing improbable about it. The situation of a woman sacrificing her own reputation to save her sister-in-law is not novel. We have had it in all sorts of ways, beginning with Oscar Wilde's "Lady Windemere's Fan." It is too strong a situation, however, for a farce of such flimsy qualities as "Wheels within Wheels." Lady Huntworth was a nice, refined little thing, and not devoid of humor. Mrs. Onslow Bulmer is anything but nice and refined, but she is a good natured, whole souled sort of woman, and with her, wit takes the place of humor. I am surprised that Hilda Spong should be able to assume such opposite characters so well. Miss Spong was not overrated by her advance notices; she is a charming and clever actress with beauty of a rare order and an individual style. One shudders to think what Mrs. Bulmer would have become in the hands of a lesser interpreter.

Mary Van Buren has done nothing better than her Lady Algy. It takes a lady to act a lady, and Miss Van Buren is Lady Algy to the life. She has the same refinement of voice and bearing that Margaret Anglin brought to the part, and she invests it with a dash that was lacking in Miss Anglin's interpretation. Mr. Frawley, too, is quite at home in his role of Lord Algy.

When She Was With Goodwin

I saw Annie Russell in Chicago when she was leading lady for Nat Goodwin. That was when Nat was attempting to divorce himself from American comedies, and make a name for himself in revivals of legitimate comedy. He appeared in "David Garrick" and "Lend Me Five Shillings," but though he did them well, the public would have none of them, and he had to go back to his old line of work. Miss Russell has become a star since then, and will appear here next week in "A Royal Family." I believe she was formerly the wife of Eugene Presbrey, the gay playwright who was manager for Palmer during that memorable engagement at the Baldwin, when May Brookyn committed suicide. That was when we saw Julia Arthur in "The Dancing Girl." It was also Wilton Lackaye's first visit to this city.

He is Eccentric

Another notable individual in the company is W. H. Thompson, one of the greatest character actors in the country. He is an eccentric chap and has seen all the ups and downs of an actor's career. I have heard it said that Isabel Irving married him to reform him and that she succeeded admirably. When "A Royal Family" was in New York, a friend wrote me that it was the greatest play that had been produced that season, and that Thompson's cardinal was a wonderful creation. "A Royal Family" is a great josh on Royalty. When it was produced in London it aroused the indignation of Albert Edward. I believe I can safely assure my readers that they will find this play the greatest treat they have had for a long time.

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Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday

An Amusing Malapropism

A correspondent writes me from New York that Manager Brady received an amusing letter the other day from a woman commending his play "Foxy Grandpa." She said that she saw the play with her grandchildren, and that "it is a play which is as interesting to those in infancy as well as those in adultery." *The Playgoer.*

Attractions Next Week

There will likely be a delegation of clergymen, incog, at the Central next week, and I predict a deal of talk from the pulpits anent this production of Biblical scenes. This performance of "A Voice From the Wilderness" is to be Robert Downing's star attraction for his coming tour. It promises to be of rare interest, with picturesque scenery and striking situations. A strong cast will interpret the characters. Miss Marshall, the new leading lady, will enact the role of Herodias. The plot of the play, which I gave last week, makes Herodias one of the marked characters.

Florence Roberts is reviving some of her old legitimate successes, and this week repeated her old hit as Juliet. A feature of the production is the appearance of Barton Hill as the Friar. Next week "Ingomar" will be given, with Miss Roberts as Parthenia, one of her most charming roles. "The Taming of the Shrew" will follow.

The Columbia is having some very strong attractions this season. Next week "A Royal Family," by Captain R. Marshall, one of the Lyceum theatre's strongest successes, will be given. Annie Russell, now in her third season as a Frohman star, and who is one of the handsomest actresses on the American stage, has the leading role.

Joseph Haworth, who, according to Dorothy Dix, is one of the few stage lovers who know how to make love as it should be done, will come to the Grand next week in a revival of Lester Wallack's old success, "Rosedale." The production has been carefully arranged, cast and mounted, and should draw large houses. Joe Haworth is very popular here, and this revival of the play that was once such a favorite will therefore be of double interest.

The past week at the Tivoli of "Trovatore" and "Mefistofele" has been one of profit to the management, and great enjoyment and instruction to the audiences. The Boito opera in particular, its production and careful rendition have provoked no end of favorable comment. Tonight "Trovatore" will be sung, and tomorrow, Sunday evening, "Mefistofele" will be given its last presentation. For the coming week, two strong operas are underlined, Bellini's "Norma" and Thomas' "Mignon." "Norma" will be presented on Monday, September second, and on each alternate evening. This brilliant opera has not been heard here for some years, and should bring out the admirers of Bellini in force. The title role will be sung by the fine dramatic soprano, Barbareschi. A strong contralto role is in the able hands of Poletini, and Clotilda, the other female role, is sung by Sannie Kruger. The Roman, Pollio, a favorite part with heroic tenors, will be done by Castellano. Dado has another fine part in Oroveso, the father of Norma, and Cortesi, who has done good work in late operas, is to be Flavius. Frederick will be sung by Politini.

Another novel program will be presented at the Orpheum next week: J. Aldrich Libby, the singer who introduced "After the Ball" to the world, will begin his first vaudeville engagement in this city, in conjunction with Katherine Thayer and John D. Gilbert, musical comedians. "The Debutante" is the medium which will serve to introduce these fun-makers, and Mr. Libby, as the stage manager and "Buffalo Bill," Miss Trayer as the debutante, and Mr. Gilbert as the actor and Italian tenor, will sing "The Honeysuckle and the Bee," "In the Cathedral," "The Tie that Binds," "Marie Louise," and "Mister Volunteer," the latest song successes. The Five Sunbeams, pretty girls and singers and

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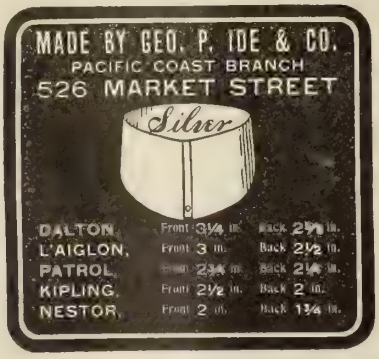
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dancers from the principal European Music Halls, will make their initial appearance in this city. They are said to be immensely clever and their costumes are revelations of the modiste's art. The Le Valle Trio, composed of two lady harpists and a violiniste, will play for the first time. Mademoiselle Lotty, who created such a furore at the Orpheum two years ago, comes direct from Paris with the latest European sensation, and "Talkative Miss Norton," one of the most entertaining conversationalists in the country, and Lucille Saunders, the dramatic contralto are also on the bill.

It is reported that Maurice Hewlett is writing a play for Bernhardt.

"Shore Acres" is going on the road this season under the management of Mrs. James A. Herne.

Freeman Wills' new play, "After All," is a dramatization or a dramatized adaptation, of "Eugene Aram."

Joe Hart did not stay long in vaudeville. He likes musical comedy work better and has gone into that again. "Foxy Grandpa" is the name of the piece and Carrie De Mar is with the company.

Annie Russell in "A Royal Family," Willie Collier in "On the Quiet," Seabrooke in "A Modern Crusoe," "Florodora" and Sarah Cowell Le Moyne in "In a Balcony" are Columbia futures.

Lester Lonergan takes Tyrone Power's place in Mrs. Fiske's company this season. Max Figman and Annie Irish are members of the company which is now rehearsing "Miranda of the Balcony" for production at the Manhattan.

William Pruette and Winfred Goff are with Manager Savage this season. Mr. Savage has secured the American rights of Puccini's new opera, "Mme. Butterfly" and expects to make the first production of the work in this country one of the features of the Broadway theatre season.

Emma and the Rear Admiral

Emma Nevada has written to a friend in this city that she intends to return this winter to the land of her birth. She will make a concert tour through the West, and will introduce a young Italian 'cellist, Sig. Pablo, whom she presented to the music lovers of Paris last year. Emma Nevada, by the way, is very ardently admired by Rear Admiral Schley. He was a feature of her last concert tour in this country. In Philadelphia, where she sang "The Star Spangled Banner" because he was in a box, the Rear Admiral arose and bowed. And then he kindly went over to New York and did the same thing at the Metropolitan. She may not have his cooperation this winter, but if he should happen to drop into one of her concerts, he will not make a loop to get out of the way if she should sing "The Star Spangled Banner."

The Fashionable Store

Every large city has its one fashionable shoe store—the store to which every well groomed man and woman that demands stylish shodding turns when in search of new footwear. The shoe store that has long enjoyed the reputation of being the fashionable one of San Francisco is Koenig's at 123 Kearny street. This reputation was acquired through years of judicious management and by establishing business relations with the leading factories in the world. The Koenigs import from every point where first-class up-to-date shoes are made, and their assortment is large and varied. They have shoes for the society belle and the stylish matron as well as for the schoolboy and the merchant.



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Music World

William Worth Bailey

Before we know "where we are at" the musical season will be upon us in all the whirl of concert-going with its promise of some new talent and some of the old faces that are none the less welcome for having been previously tested and found not wanting. Among the new artists promised us for this winter is William Worth Bailey, the blind violinist, of whom it is said that his ear is as keenly and distressingly sensitive to discord as was that of Mozart, who fainted once at the mere unexpected blast of a trumpet. The *Courier* has the following interesting anecdote: "Not long ago Bailey was attending the rehearsal of the orchestra. Owing to the carelessness of the librarian the music on the musicians desks was disarranged. So it happened that in obedience to the conductor's baton, violins, violas, cellos, contra-basses, bassoons, horns, flutes, oboes, trombones, drums, cymbals and tympani all joined in the most inharmonious blast heard since the walls of Jericho fell. Young Bailey incontinently swooned. . . . Bailey holds that the *sine qua non* of the violinist is purity of tone; that if he possess every other virtue and yet is addicted to false intonation he is a failure." (a sentiment that will be heartily echoed by some of us whose ears have been tortured by false tones produced by would-be violinists.) "He has committed himself to this opinion: 'I believe that a violinist is such by the grace of God. Unless nature has endowed him with a true ear, he can never become an acceptable violinist. No amount of study and practice will overcome the difficulty—the unpardonable sin is bad intonation.'"

Young Bailey's style is said to be peculiarly elegant, his intonation flawless,and purity of tone his most charming characteristic. He is said to belong to one of the most exclusive of Southern families, his father being a Southern gentleman of the old school. His advent will be looked for with more than ordinary interest, both on account of his unusual talents and the fact of his being afflicted and *yet* accomplishing such wonders.

Psalms 117, 148, 149, and 150 used in the SOLEMN VESPERS OF THE VIRGIN MARY, Steiner and Union streets, at four o'clock, Sunday afternoons, have been specially arranged with harmonies for the voice parts to Gregorian Tones, III, VII and VIII, by the organist and director, John Harraden Pratt, F. C. M. The beautiful settings of the "O Salutaris" and "Tantum Ergo', are also his arrangement from solos of Hændel.

The members of the concert company under direction of Roscoe Warren Lucy are Grace Davis, soprano, Mrs.Sedgeley-Reynolds, contraltoi J. F. Veaco tenor and Mr. von Lingham, baritone.

Cavalleria Rusticana will be sung during October in New York by Madame Emma Calve and Mr. E. Gilbert both of whom sang the two principal parts at the first performance of this opera in Paris. The tenor, Gilbert, will also sing Aida in Italian, and Tannhauser, Lohengrin, Carmen, Romeo and Faust in French. Mr. Louis Crepaux, one of our local teachers, was the discoverer and teacher of the tenor Gilbert who made his Parisian debut at the Opera Comique with Sybil Sanderson in Massenet's "Esclarmande."

Tivoli Grand Opera

"Mefistofele" improves on acquaintance or to be more just the people who are "doing" the opera are more familiar with their parts and the whole opera went more smoothly this week than last. To be sure not only Agostino but Montanari got slightly off key once or twice but otherwise everything went well and one had an inkling of what this tremendously dramatic work of Boito's would be given by a company of artists who were thoroughly familiar with the composer's idea, which as one studies it becomes decidedly Wagnerian in character. The grand celestial theme, the fickle, restless music that proceeds Mefisto and the twinkling, peculiar theme of the Celestial bodies — one could go on indefinitely but it must suffice to say that Steindorff has done wonders with these people in so short a time to present such an opera so well. Dado did much more satisfactory work this week and seems to have gotten more thoroughly into the spirit of his part though his interpretation still leaves much to be desired in the way of elasticity.

Sig. Fachutar, the well known mandolinist and Director of the Fachutar School and Orchestra, has closed his studio for the summer season and will reopen September first.

The music at the morning service of the first Presbyterian church, Alameda, included selections from Chauvet (organ) Barnby, Massenet, West and Mozart, including a solo by Miss Blanche Eisdale. At the evening service the solo was rendered by Miss Gertrude Halsey. The members of the choir are Mrs. Charles Allardyce, soprano, Miss Gertrude Halsey, cantralto, Dr. O. S. Dean, tenor,

LEGAL NOTICES

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

In the Matter of the Estate of MARY DONEGAN, Deceased. } Order to Show Cause Why Order of Sale of Real Estate Should not be Made and Ordering Publication.

Annie Kroutch, the Executrix of the last Will and Testament of Mary Donegan, deceased, having filed her petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of the real estate of said decedent, for the purposes therein set forth.

It is Therefore Ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Friday, the 27th day of September, 1901, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of said Superior Court, at Department No. 9 thereof, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Annie Kroutch, Executrix as aforesaid, to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week, for four successive weeks in TOWN TALK a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated Aug. 23rd, A. D. 1901.

J. V. COFFEY, Judge of the Superior Court.

JOHN J. BARRETT, Attorney for Executrix. 4t

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO

In the Matter of the Application of WILLIAM SMITH, for a change of name. }

The petition of WILLIAM SMITH respectfully shows:—

That he is over the age of twenty-one years and for more than ten years last past has been and still is a resident of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. That he was born at Mount Eden, Alameda County, State of California, on the 8th day of May A. D. 1875; and your petitioner now resides at 4½ Scotland Street in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

That many years ago his parents, CHARLES SMITH and SOPHIE SMITH, separated and ever since continued and do now live separate and apart from each other; and during all of this time your petitioner has lived with and in the custody of and taken the name of your petitioner's grandfather, WILLIAM JOHNSON; that said WILLIAM JOHNSON lives in the City and County of San Francisco, and your petitioner has always been and continues to be known by the name of WILLIAM JOHNSON. That in all transactions in which he has been engaged he has been so known; that the name WILLIAM SMITH is a name commonly used and to be known by such name after the use of the name WILLIAM JOHNSON would lead to many complications.

That his mother SOPHIE DROSTE resides at Mount Eden, Alameda County, California, and his father in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

WHEREFORE, your petitioner prays this Court make an order changing his name from WILLIAM SMITH to WILLIAM JOHNSON.

Dated August 20th, 1901.

WILLIAM SMITH.

LENT & HUMPHREY, Attorneys for Petitioner.
Crocker Building, San Francisco.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

In the Matter of the Application of WILLIAM SMITH for a change of name. }

Upon reading and filing the petition of WILLIAM SMITH for an order changing his name to WILLIAM JOHNSON, it is ordered that Monday the 7th day of October 1901, A. D. at 10 A. M. of said day at the Court Room of said Court, Department No. 7 thereof in the said City and County of San Francisco, be fixed as the time and place of hearing of said petition.

And all persons interested in said matter be required to appear at said time and place to show cause, if any they have, why said petition should not be granted.

It is further ordered that a copy of said petition and of this order be published in TOWN TALK, a newspaper published in said City and County of San Francisco, once a week for four weeks prior to said date of hearing.

Dated August 26th, 1901.

5t F. H. DUNNE, Judge of said Superior Court.

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and Mr. Ralph T. Fisher, bass. The organist and director is Miss Elizabeth Westgate, latter of the Unitarian church.

Last week a typographical error made the criticism of Dado's make-up read—"he was not *lith* enough to represent his Satanic Majesty as we have been led to fancy him." I always write "Satan" with a capital S, as I believe him to be large and nobly proportioned in all his devilish development. The copy should have read "He was not *lithe* enough" and I think most witnesses of Dado's performance of Mefistofele will agree with me in this.

Elizabeth Westgate has arranged her engagements so she is able to resume charge of the music of the vesper services at the Unitarian church, Alameda, from whose choir she recently resigned for a position in the First Presbyterian church. The vesper services are held at an hour which enables her to officiate and the Unitarians are accordingly delighted.

Musical people at large will be glad of the news that Hugo Mansfeldt sails for home on November tenth. Mrs. Mansfeldt will remain some three months longer in Paris before returning to her native land.

Marion Bean, who won high favor in her recital last year, given on her return from Europe, contemplates giving another public recital this year, though her plans are not yet matured enough for publication.

The San Jose *Mercury* gives a flattering notice to little seven-year-old Irene Goudly pupil of Joseph Beringer of this city, on account of her playing recently for the Vendome Parlor of Native Daughters, San Jose. It speaks of her playing as being "wonderful for such a small child."

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When She Was "Kittie"

Katherine Ruth Heyman, as she is booked for her tour under London Charlton's management, was once plain Kittie Heyman, a native of Sacramento, where she grew to young womanhood and in the High School of the capital city developed somewhat unusual literary ability. Music was ever part and parcel of her very existence. Her father, A. Heyman, one time agent of the Steinway piano in Sacramento, was unceasing in his efforts to make a superior musician of his only daughter. That he succeeded is shown today in the artistic work and finished style of the young pianiste. She is artistic in every sense of the term and since her study in Europe has become what would be apparent to the most critical of listeners, a virtuoso. Her parents are both now passed away, but she has many friends who will gladly welcome her if kind fate—and London Charlton—bring her to this coast. Her former recitals are held in pleasurable memory.

When Carmen Got Mad

Collamarini, the favorite Tivoli singer, is said to be possessed of her share of temper and capacity for demonstrating it. Recently, while arguing with a fruit peddler over the price of some peaches, her wrath was aroused by the temerity shown by the vender of the fruits in defending his wares, and suddenly as the thunderbolt falls, a handful of peaches flew from the diva's fair fingers and—the curtain fell.

Opera in English

There has, time out of mind, been under discussion, the subject of singing in English—its possibilities—its advisability, its probability. It has been argued for and against, first one taking up the cudgel in its defense, then another tearing down the hardly won platform. Now comes to the front a woman with a voice—I speak advisedly, all singers have not voices—with the stage, the operative stage as her objective point and that in the near future, who says she will have an American opera in good plain English in which to make her debut! She argues that with the proper method of tone production, and there is absolutely but one correct way to sing, English is as easy to enunciate in a singing tone as Italian or any other foreign tongue. This is a consummation I have striven for ever since I first put pencil to paper to write a criticism, and it is pleasing to note that there are a few sensible people who are convinced of the truth of this fact and are willing to demonstrate it. English is the lnnguage of the future not alone for nations, but for the music world—I think we shall live to see the dawning at least of the day that shall usher in that era in music.

The Minettis

To come down to home matters, it is welcome news that the Minetti quartet is to be heard in concert again this year with new music and it may be an innovation that will prove both welcome and most interesting. There will be more definite news of this later on.

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MISCELLANEOUS

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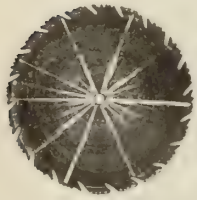
A prominent Montreal clergyman, the Rev. James H. Dixon, Rector St. Judes and Hon. Canon of Christ Church Cathedral, writes:—"Permit me to send you a few lines to strongly recommend PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER. I have used it with satisfaction for thirty-five years. It is a preparation which deserves full public confidence."

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Bits of News

Percy Dow has returned from his camping trip and has already heard several new voices for which he predicts much under training. He will continue this year as last the Popular Pupils afternoon recitals and evenings at his studio in Larkin street.

A New Opera

The prospect of Saint Saens' Samson et Delila in the near future, at the Tivoli, calls attention to the fact that he has a new opera, "Les Barbares," upon which he is hard at work. Efforts have been made to discover the plot, but the wily Frenchman has given it out that the only way to discover the plot is to be in attendance on the opening night. This in accordance with Fred R. Comer who publishes an interview with Saint Saens recently held when he personally made the attempt.

At Mrs. Fairweather's Walkure lecture on the evening of Tuesday, August twentieth, the musical motifs were given on the piano by Mr. Fred Maurer. Mr. Henri Fairweather rendered vocally the "Spring Song" and "Wotan's Farewell" in an admirable manner.

Miss Esther A. Mundell has just returned home after a successful season of study in New York, and has resumed her piano classes at her Post street studio.

—The Music Critic.

World of Letters

An Idea for an "Ad"

Someone with an eye to the possibilities of book-booming, has come forward with a practical suggestion which ought to be taken up by some enterprising publisher and "while you wait" author. Noting the crowds which assemble about show windows where practical illustrations of the art of blowing soap bubbles, working some exercise apparatus, weaving rugs, engraving glass, and other such mysteries are unfolded and the consequent enormous sales, it is asked why a popular author should not be exhibited at work with pen, typewriter, or amanuensis, composing the book which is to sell by the hundred thousand to the gaping throng. There could be a lineotype or a force of compositors in fact, a miniature publishing house set up in full view, and the finished product could be sold hot from the factory, after the manner of roasted peanuts or popcorn crisps. The average book of the day, and this is the day of fiction, is a commercial product to the making of which there goes but a modicum of thought or brains.

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Words are all that is needed, and the result is dry fodder about as nourishing as the other stuff. If writers—one cannot call them authors—see nothing objectionable in the modern style of advertisement, silly anecdotes, exploitations of their taste in dress, food, wine tobacco and wives, photographs of themselves in all stages of dress and undress, and at every conceivable occupation, the latest of which is the Reverend Cyrus Townsend Brady "dictating to his secretary," they should be ready to leap at the chance of exhibiting themselves in show windows. It might be feasible to arrange a sort of royal progress about the country, with advance bills and dodgers after the manner of the circus. For that matter, why not travel with the circus as an intellectual side show? There would be an advantage in that, for the elders would then be emancipated from the necessity of making the children an excuse when they wanted so visit the show.

Sound Common Sense

"Our Children in Peril" is the title of a little pamphlet of some sixty pages prepared by Elizabeth Strong Worthington. Mrs. Worthington does not waste words. She is thoroughly imbued with the importance of her subject and she has mastered the art of saying what she means. Her first protest is against the modern cramming process which seeks to take the sharp edge off every subject of human knowledge before the unfortunate pupils of our schools, public and private, have passed into their 'teens, and the fallacy that all children, whatever may be their natural inclination, temperament, inheritance, environment or ultimate destiny, must be forced through the same curriculum. She is one of the first, if not *the* first to recognize the fact that the school is taking the place of the home to an alarming extent, not only in that the children are in the schoolroom almost as many hours out of the day as they are at home, but the home work leaves little if any time for family intercourse, and the fad of sewing-classes, cooking-classes, etc., still further removes the child from home association. We are over-educating the majority, not only fitting them for the practical duties of life which must fall to their lot, but actually unfitting them for the only positions in which they have a reasonable chance for earning a livelihood. The second count, The Growing Immorality of Children, is a grave subject, and though it is a question whether the children of the twentieth century are really more immoral than were those of an earlier time, there is no question but that they are bad enough. When Hamlin Garland spoke, in one of his stories, of the obscenity scrawled in the wayside dust by school children, there was a howl from the unobservant, and a protest against the libeling of innocent childhood, yet Mr. Garland noted only the simple fact, and the same condition is obvious to any but the totally blind, where indecency of all kinds is scrawled on fences and bill boardings, and if we accept the axiom that the natural tendency is to write on the level of the eye, it is a pitiful arraignment of the morality of children of that age and size. Mrs. Worthington has handled her subject with both strength and delicacy. Her book should go into the hands of both parents and

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For the Hammock

"The Cost of her Pride," the latest issue of Lippincott's "Select Series," is a fair specimen of Mrs. Alexander's work, and a very good "hammock and veranda" novel. Mrs. Alexander could hardly manage without the orphan girl as a heroine, but Leslie Seton is not a bad specimen of her class. She marries out of pride a man whom she does not love in the rapturous style that is supposed to be the correct thing, because she overhears the son of her step-father make some common sense remarks on imprudent marriages, and she decides to take the first opportunity of showing him that he need not flatter himself that he has captured her heart unsought. The result is desertion by her husband in less than a year's time, he having found more attraction in the wife of a retired Anglo-Indian general who conveniently dies in time to save the family from a scandal. The price of her pride is paid in a few years of polite nagging from a mother-in-law, a divorce and another marriage, which, so far as the data furnished goes, may not turn out any better than the first one. Pure love matches, so called, end in the divorce court quite as often as those entered into from other motives which are not base, and though the apparent moral would seem to be, marry only for love and not to spite the other fellow, one might interpret it to be, don't try to live with your husband's mother especially if she holds the purse. People who like light reading unmixed with history, religion, science or some other pill in the jam will find this book sufficiently entertaining without being complicated by other considerations. It is a good vacation story.

Bits of News

Mrs. Everard Coates (Sarah Jeanette Duncan) is about to publish a volume of personal impressions of things in general, and an Indian garden in particular. After the usual fashion, the book is to be known in England as "Outside the Latch," while the American edition is to be called "The Crow's Nest."

The fad of "nature study" has brought forth a demand for the books of Henry D. Thoreau. It may surprise a good many people who talk learnedly of "the recluse" to know that Thoreau's so-called "wilderness" was almost in the back yards of Concord, and that however averse he was to working at a regular trade or profession to earn money by which to live as others, he did not despise creature comforts. A visitor who once expressed some natural astonishment at finding Walden Pond so near to the Emerson home was answered by Mrs. Emerson with the remark that "Henry took good care not to get out of sound of the dinner horn."

Elbert Hubbard is about to publish, through the medium of the Putnams, a novel, "Time and Chance." This is a re-issue, since the story was published some time ago in a limited two-volume edition from the Roycroft press. The present issue has been considerably abridged and altered from the original. John Brown of Ossawatomie is the principal figure.

The Appletons are about to publish a novel by Elia W. Peattie, her first. If one may judge by her short stories, it is safe to say we shall have something both out of common and extra good.

—*The Bookworm*

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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

Department No. 2

T. J. CROWLEY, Plaintiff
vs.
MATHEW M. GRENNAN AND AMELIA JANE H. GRENNAN, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in the office of the Clerk of said City and County of San Francisco

CULLINAN AND HICKEY,
Attorneys for Plaintiff
567 & 568 Parrott Building, San Francisco, Cal.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

Mathew M. Grennan and Amelia Jane H. Grennan, Defendants. You are hereby directed to appear, and answer the Complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, within ten days after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the Complaint, as arising upon contract, or he will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this twenty-second day of June, A. D. 1901.

WM. A. DEANE, Clerk.

[SEAL] By E. M. Thompson, Deputy Clerk.

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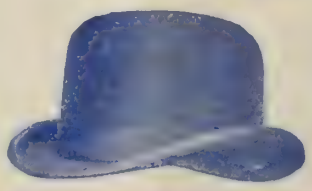
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Town Talk

THE LEADING WEEKLY.

VOL. 10—NO. 471 SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 7, 1901 PRICE, 10 CENTS



MOTHER.

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LEGAL NOTICES

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

In the Matter of the Estate of MARY DONEGAN, Deceased } Order to Show Cause Why Order of Sale of Real Estate Should not be Made and Ordering Publication.

Annie Kroutch, the Executrix of the last Will and Testament of Mary Donegan, deceased, having filed her petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of the real estate of said decedent, for the purposes therein set forth

It is Therefore Ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Friday, the 27th day of September, 1901, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of said Superior Court, at Department No. 9 thereof, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Annie Kroutch, Executrix as aforesaid, to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week, for four successive weeks in TOWN TALK a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated Aug. 23rd, A. D. 1901.

J. V. COFFEY, Judge of the Superior Court.

JOHN J. BARRETT, Attorney for Executrix. 4t

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO

In the Matter of the Application of WILLIAM SMITH, for a change of name.

The petition of WILLIAM SMITH respectfully shows:—

That he is over the age of twenty-one years and for more than ten years last past has been and still is a resident of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. That he was born at Mount Eden, Alameda County, State of California, on the 8th day of May A. D. 1875; and your petitioner now resides at 4½ Scotland Street in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

That many years ago his parents, CHARLES SMITH and SOPHIE SMITH, separated and ever since continued and do now live separate and apart from each other; and during all of this time your petitioner has lived with and in the custody of and taken the name of your petitioner's grandfather, WILLIAM JOHNSON; that said WILLIAM JOHNSON lives in the City and County of San Francisco, and your petitioner has always been and continues to be known by the name of WILLIAM JOHNSON. That in all transactions in which he has been engaged he has been so known; that the name WILLIAM SMITH is a name commonly used and to be known by such name after the use of the name WILLIAM JOHNSON would lead to many complications.

That his mother SOPHIE DROSTE resides at Mount Eden, Alameda County, California, and his father in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

WHEREFORE, your petitioner prays this Court make an order changing his name from WILLIAM SMITH to WILLIAM JOHNSON

Dated August 20th, 1901.

WILLIAM SMITH.

LENT & HUMPHREY, Attorneys for Petitioner.
Crocker Building, San Francisco.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

In the Matter of the Application of WILLIAM SMITH for a change of name.

Upon reading and filing the petition of WILLIAM SMITH for an order changing his name to WILLIAM JOHNSON, it is ordered that Monday the 7th day of October 1901, A. D. at 10 A. M. of said day at the Court Room of said Court, Department No. 7 thereof in the said City and County of San Francisco, be fixed as the time and place of hearing of said petition.

And all persons interested in said matter be required to appear at said time and place to show cause, if any they have, why said petition should not be granted.

It is further ordered that a copy of said petition and of this order be published in TOWN TALK, a newspaper published in said City and County of San Francisco, once a week for four weeks prior to said date of hearing.

Dated August 26th, 1901.

5t F. H. DUNNE, Judge of said Superior Court.

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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, September 7, 1901

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OUR OPINION

The Professional Fraternal Man

The other day one of the dailies suggested a prominent citizen as an available candidate for Mayor, and declared that he would have a big following because he was a member of several fraternal societies. Some day the public may become impressed with the notion that the "good joiner" is not a good man to elect to public office. The average man that joins every fraternal society under the sun and then becomes a job-chaser, seldom proves a conscientious official. There are men that have a mania for joining fraternal orders. They join conscientiously and honestly, and through a strong fraternal feeling. Some men find that there is no better way to dispense charity than through a lodge. And there are other men who derive a peculiar satisfaction from attendance at lodge meetings. But every lodge has its share of professional fraternal men. They join every lodge they can get into and they are actuated solely by selfishness. They are the men that bring discredit on fraternal orders. They join on the theory that all the brotherly love in the world is concentrated in fraternal societies, and that the obligations require that injustice be done to non-members whenever they are in conflict with those on the inside. There are lawyers and doctors of mediocre ability that build up a large practice by preying on the members of the numerous fraternal orders to which they belong. But worse than all are the transparent hypocrites that take the solemn obligation of a score of lodges with intent to use their fraternal pull for political purposes. The Masonic and other large secret organizations are not founded on principles calculated to foster those mutual advantages for which membership is sought in these latter days. They have higher and worthier purposes beyond the appreciation of the "good joiners" who parade their membership and foist themselves on the public on the strength of the numerous badges with which they deck their person. It is time to suppress the chronic fraternal faker. He is a social nuisance and in politics he is a menace to good government. The lawyer or doctor or other professional man that spends all his time augmenting his fraternal connections, in nine cases out of ten is a "lightweight" in his professional sphere. He seeks fraternal backing to compensate for his lack of ability.

The Dawn of Violence

Perhaps the local strike may come to an end without any very serious disturbances. But that is not likely. When men with families are idle for a long period, and they feel that their poverty and distress are due to the injustice of those that are prosperous, they become enraged and desperate and are easily impelled to deeds of violence. Their misfortunes may be due to their own stubbornness. A false conception of their rights may have been responsible for their miserable plight, but it is not easy to convince them that they have not been treated harshly and unfairly. And when men are in the state of mind to which the strikers of this city are drifting, it is wise to take precaution against trouble. The leaders of the labor organizations are not inclined to promote bloodshed, for they know that rioting is the beginning of the end. They cannot hope to win their fight without public sentiment behind them, and as soon as it becomes apparent that peaceful methods have been abandoned, and that coercion is being resorted to, the contest ceases to be confined to the laboring element and the organization of employers. It is then that the people take a hand and the people of this country have never been slow in ending a strike after rioting has begun. It should therefore be to the interest of the labor unions to preserve peace and discourage the sporadic acts of violence which are becoming more frequent. They should be eager to support the police department in its efforts to preserve order, and they should not be misled by stories of bias and prejudice on the part of the police officials. Moreover they should not care to have the police magistrates exhibit great leniency in dealing with law-breakers. The police judge that dismisses a striker who has been guilty of an assault, for the purpose of winning the favor of organized labor, is not a friend of the laboring people engaged in this industrial controversy. Such a man should be regarded only with contempt.

The Latest Newport Novelty

The dog has come to stay in Newport society—at least until the novelty wears off. The smart set's jaded palate is in constant need of novelties. It cannot be titillated without them. Hence the presence of the dog in the swim. The ladies of the smart set, as we reported last week, recently discovered that the dog as a companion was not to be despised, and that to match one's dress with a canine was the proper fad to adopt. Thereupon, no fashionable woman considered that she was completely dressed if she did

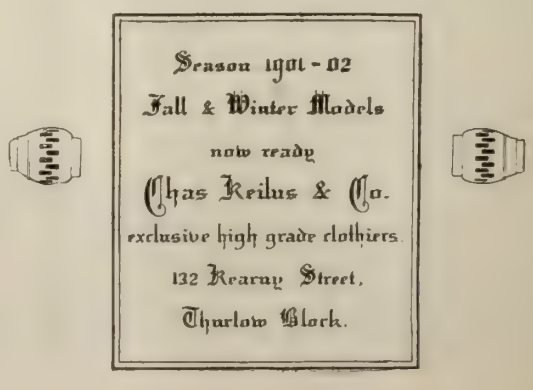
not have her dog at her side. And now comes Harry Lehr, the wine agent, who made himself popular by ministering to the degenerate appetite of the decadent rich, with something new and original in the way of entertainment. He has issued invitations for a bow-wow dinner, each guest being asked to bring his or her pet dog along. The dogs are to be fed along with the other guests. Wouldn't that jar you ? The more we read of the doings of the rich, the less envious should we become. If we are to believe that wealth breeds ennui to such an extent that entertainment may be found only in such freakish ways as it is sought at Newport, it would surely be better to remain unsurfeited with the pleasures we can now afford.

That Ancient Bluff

The Board of Education has happened to remember again, as it does periodically, that there is a rule to the effect that female teachers who marry must forfeit their positions, and there is the usual amount of discussion as to the fairness and legality of the enactment. It is not worth while to get up any excitement about the matter, for in the course of a very short time the Board will find a short memory a convenience. This rule has been in existence for twenty years or more, but most of that time it has been ignored. As long as the teachers who marry are nobody in particular resignations are looked for, but let some daughter, sister or other relative of a political power decide to marry and hang on to her position, and either no member of the Board becomes aware of it or something happens to make the enforcement a matter of doubtful expediency. There is a good deal of nonsense talked and written about the retirement of married women from salaried positions being against public policy because such enforced retirement will discourage matrimony. But the continuation of married women as bread-winners serves as a very reprehensible example. Young men once expected to support their wives from their earnings, and women looked forward to keeping house and managing a small income to the best of their ability, but now the man takes it for granted that his wife will earn as much as he does, that he should spend all he makes, or nearly all, on himself and his own pleasures, and that he need contribute little if any toward the home other than his valuable society. The wife has no ideas of domestic economy or of management. She does not like to be troubled by the details of housekeeping. She likes her freedom and she holds on to her independence. A boarding house is her idea of a home and a pet dog supplies the place of a family. Men who might have been spurred to exertion which would have made them of some importance in the business world if they had been compelled to find a subsistence for wife and children and to pay taxes and insurance on home and furniture, are content to settle down into poorly paid clerkships when their wives hold salaried positions from which nothing short of dynamite can dislodge them. Women who continue to hold their places after marriage under the delusion that in a short while, with two salaries coming in, they will be able to retire on a competence, are much more likely to find themselves indulging in the luxury of supporting a husband, and the unmarried women who are wise enough to take warning by the examples before them conclude that single blessedness is preferable. Anything which deprives children of home care is against public policy, and for that reason, if no other, married women should not be permitted to hold public positions. Time was when children were sure of mothering of some sort till they were old enough to cross the street alone, but the kindergarten stepped in to relieve women of even that small share of duty, and the latest improvement in the plan is one whereby the infants are called for and returned, like the wash. Infants of three years and upwards can thus be disposed of from eight in the morning till four in the afternoon, and if they are put to bed reasonably early in the evening, mamma is practically relieved of all responsibility. Later on the public school and the street takes them off hands, and still later, a private institution or a public reform school may step in. Mothers of children of ten and twelve years actually boast that their children can do without them perfectly well, and it is perfectly obvious to all the world that they not only can, but *do* do without the children. Marriage does not in itself unfit a woman from earning a salary by teaching or anything else, but it should substitute other and more important duties for that of money-making. It is not a question of whether married teachers cannot do without their salaries, but whether the schools would be at any loss by dispensing with their services. It is of more importance to the community at large that children should be properly trained in morals, manners and civic virtues than that their mothers should dress well and have more leisure. With the number of teacher-factories supported at public expense in California, there is not the least danger that the supply will give out—there are now not less than two teachers available to every school. The crying need of the present day is not a chance for the married women but a chance for the children. What they need, and need badly, too, are homes, mothers and big back yards to take the place of boarding-houses, teachers and the public streets. But no one need worry over the action of the Board of Education. It may need a few vacancies just now, but before long there will be the usual wave of oblivion.

Minister Wu

Wu Ting Fang is to be transferred to London, and some people appear to think that we should rejoice over his departure. TOWN TALK regrets that the Chinese Minister is to leave us. We believe that England's gain is our loss. Minister Wu is entitled



to rank with the greatest statesmen of his time. No diplomatist has in recent years so well represented his country in Washington. Men of learning regard his as an intellect worthy of their highest respect. No man of average intelligence who has kept in touch with his official acts, or who has followed his discussions of national, scientific, religious and historical topics could fail to appreciate his wit, his tact, his mental grasp and his genuinely democratic character. He has succeeded by his ingenuity and his brains in arousing a sympathy among broad-minded people for his country and his countrymen. He is indeed a genius. He has made it apparent that a nation's representative abroad need not be merely ornamental. He has accomplished more in the matter of usefulness to his country than any other envoy who has been sent to Washington in over a decade. The average envoy enjoys the social gayety of Washington and Newport, and spends an occasional quarter of an hour at the State Department. His knowledge of the American people is derived solely from his impressions of the smart set. Wu Ting Fang has attended strictly to business, and he has captured our esteem and our respect.

The Saunterer

A Characteristic Omission

Another Scott dinner is the subject of gossip. Mrs. Henry T., she of McKinley hospitality fame, gave a dinner at Monterey last Saturday evening, and Mrs. Gilman-Brown was not "among those present." Of course Mrs. Gilman-Brown does not possess the cachet entitling her to rank among the elect of our newly-rich snobocracy, but she is a gentlewoman, with a far better pedigree than many of our local fashionables. She participated in the events at Del Monte that had their culmination in the Scott dinner, and her opponent, Miss Crockett, was the heroine of the function. But Mrs. Gilman-Brown was not invited. Probably she wouldn't have accepted if she had been.

Social Contrasts

Over in San Rafael they have more of savoir vivre than is exhibited in society at Blingum. As I stated last week the Blingumites at Monterey in the haute saison treated Mrs. Gilman-Brown in a most churlish manner. Contrast their conduct with that of society in San Rafael toward May Sutton, the precocious tennis player who defeated Alice Hoffman. The clever little athlete from the south received all sorts of encouragement, and after her victory she had no warmer friend or admirer than Alice Hoffman, who proceeded to make her the object of most generous hospitality. But, as everybody knows, Alice Hoffman is to the manner born. She is not of the newly rich who quarrel over questions involving the superiority of one's coachman, or one's furniture or one's house.

Mrs. Gilman-Brown

Mrs. Gilman-Brown certainly did not care whether she met the 400 at Mrs. Henry T. Scott's dinner or not, but she was entitled to fair treatment during her contest on the links. There is no doubt of her superiority over Caro Crockett, but it was almost impossible to win with a crowd of unmannerly females asserting their sympathy for her opponent in an annoying and boorish fashion. Mrs. Gilman-Brown is one of the most popular women in San Rafael. She is a womanly woman, whose poise, and grace in speech and manner bespeak the woman of good breeding. The Gilman-Browns, by the way, are soon to have a home in San Rafael. It is now being constructed on property owned by Frank Johnson. They formerly resided at the Hotel Rafael, but incurred the displeasure of Baron Von Schroeder by failing to sympathize with him when he was engaged in scrubbing his escutcheon.

The Envious Female

Miss Jeffreys is still a conspicuous figure in the social whirl at San Rafael, but the women do not flock to her. There are times when the gentle sex cannot be magnanimous. Human nature balks, and gentle breeding is of no avail when it comes to extending the glad hand to the fairest of her sex whose physical and other charms give her a trust-cinch on the attentions of the discriminating male biped. The sex appears to labor under the delusion that one woman, no matter how charming, cannot hypnotize all the men in her set unless she resorts to unfair tactics. Either that, or they hope to mar the illusion by starting a social boycott, perhaps upon the theory that when a woman ceases to be popular with her sex she becomes interesting to men. But Miss Jeffreys is a most independent woman and appears to be oblivious to the envy she arouses She is versatile, handsome, prosperous and happy. I hear that her parents are soon to join her. There has been a deal of speculation as to how her father made his money, and I hope he will tell us when he arrives. But I cannot understand why the source of his wealth should cut any figure in the matter of his daughter's social rating in this neck of the woods. A conglomerate aristocracy made up of daughters of milliners and chambermaids and sons of highwaymen and professional insolvents need not be expected to draw an embarrassing line.

THE STANDARD FOR CHAMPAGNE QUALITY IS

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A Priest With Gold Buckles

While on the subject of social affairs in San Rafael, I am reminded of Rev. Father Sesnon, the Catholic priest, who has become quite a social lion in Marin county. Father Sesnon is a man of contrasts. If there is anything about him suggestive of the priest, it is that he is so different. Fancy a priest wearing patent-leathers in the evening, and patent-leathers with gold buckles, too. I have been so long accustomed to associating the sombre, unobtrusive garb of humility with the priesthood, that I was almost shocked at the first glimpse of the gold buckles. But Father Sesnon, even though of spectacular ensemble, is no shirker in the Lord's vineyard. He is devoted to his flock, and is most attentive to the convicts in San Quentin.

He Is Popular

And he is as popular among the Protestants as in his own religious circle in San Rafael. Judging from a story he tells, perhaps he is even more so. The story is about an Irishwoman who shied at the patent-leathers and told him that she "niver saw sich on a priest's fut before" Father Sesnon originally studied for the operatic stage, but found that he was more adapted for the priesthood. He is a dramatic tenor. Like Father Ducey of New York and numerous clergymen of the Protestant church, he believes that indulgence in some of the luxuries of life is not a bar to the performance of clerical duties. Father Ducey dines at Delmonico's. Father Sesnon dines occasionally at the Palace Grill. Father Sesnon has a pronounced English accent but he was born in East Oakland.

She Was Not Snubbed

A prominent matron of the smart set has taken me to task for stating that Marie Wells was snubbed at Monterey by envious women. "There is no more popular girl in society," she said. "It may appear that she is being snubbed because wherever she goes she immediately becomes the centre of a group of male admirers, but the women like her too. If they did not you would not hear of her so much in society. When a girl is snubbed she is not invited out, and Marie Wells is invited everywhere."

Alice Moffitt in New York

Word comes to the relatives in Oakland of Mrs. George Doubleday that she is now domiciled in New Rochelle and likes the East very much as a place of residence. The marriage of Alice Moffitt and George Doubleday was one of Oakland's most romantic hymeneal hitchings. The Eastern man fell in love with the Oakland girl's picture, which was displayed among those of the other bridesmaids of a smart wedding, in a local Sunday Supp. He came out here afterwards on a visit, and one of his first moves was to hunt up the picture's original. He found Miss Moffitt prettier than her portrait, charmingly unique, and a champion at golf. Cupid, with cross shots from his magic bow, sped the New Yorker's wooing and the Oakland girl fell a willing victim to the arrow aimed her way. She went East to live after the marriage and is as happy as the day is long. New Rochelle is one of the most picturesque spots in Westchester county and is adjacent to Larchmont Manor where the Gilligs and Sloat Fassetts live. It was a Huguenot settlement and the original inhabitants count themselves among America's bluest-blooded.

Ben Wheeler's Bad Break

President Benjamin Ide Wheeler of Berkeley has denounced the reporters that wrote about the hoodlum antics of some of the University students, as "a mercenary lot." He explained that the reporters manufactured news to swell their space bills. But it appears that the Berkeley correspondents are salaried men, and that what they wrote was true and that the only misrepresentation in connection with the whole matter was that to which Dr. Ben Wheeler resorted to protect the reputation of the brawlers. You should be less reckless in your assertions, Ben Wheeler. You should be more careful to protect your reputation for veracity than that of a gang of rough students for peace and quiet which they do not know how to observe. As president of a big university it does not become you to slander men engaged in an honorable profession. Besides it is a dangerous practice, for they may get indignant and decide to write all they know about affairs at Berkeley and incidentally about Benjamin Ide Wheeler. The wise man in public life refrains from goading newspaper reporters to activity.

Joullin in the Nude

A friend who returned the other day from Mexico, where he spent several months, tells me of a living picture that he saw down there, a snap-shot of which would make a valuable addition to the Bohemian club's collection of rare works. The central figure was that of Bohemia's star artist, Amedee Joullin. Imagine the picturesque Joullin in the nude, engaged in painting, and with his feet in a tub of ice water. What a splendid subject for one of our local caricaturists! It has been very sultry in Mexico, and Joullin has been swelling his assets by the sweat of his brow, but he tries to keep as cool as possible.

Bruce-McMullen

Those who read the announcement of the engagement of Miss Frances Bruce to Lieutenant Joseph McMullen, U. S. A., did not probably connect the notice with little Fanny Bruce, so well known to visitors in the Yosemite valley. She is a niece of Mrs A. H. Washburn, whose husband has extensive interests in the valley, and Fanny has been in charge of the office and telegraph station at Wawona for such a long time that she, too, seems a part of the scenery. She is a very clever girl, and one of a trio of bright sisters. Lottie, the youngest, is a student at Stanford. Their cousin, Jeanie Washburn, married Charles Higgins, the pharmacist and politician, who was given a

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government position in Manila after the Philippines became United States territory. Mrs. Higgins is a strikingly handsome young woman. Through her mother she claims direct descent from Robert Bruce, greatest of Scottish hero-kings. Mrs. Washburn is a very brilliant woman and has published more than one book of poems. Her sister, Mrs. J. J. Cook, has also written and published poems of merit.

Genius, even In Cog, Never unappreciated Here

Now that Giacomo Minkowsky has had another of his operas accepted by an Eastern manager, and "The 'Broidered Belt" is to be produced with Helen Bertram in the title role,the San Francisco critics may pat themselves on the back when they remember that they were the first to give word-encouragement to this young composer. Minkowsky came here from Europe practically unknown, with an opus in his pocket that was shown to several managers before the Bostonians' oracle accepted it. Barnabee, Macdonald and Frothingham liked "The Smugglers of Badayez," and they backed up their liking by producing the opera. Minkosky was emboldened by this success to return to New York, where he started a School of Music and became musical critic for the *Journal*. Then he came back here and married his first and only love, Miss Wanda Galland,whose bright eyes had always beamed encouragement even when the sky of fame was overcast with clouds. I am told by one who has heard the score that "The 'Broidered Belt" is far superior to Minkowsky's earlier work. Its libretto was written by one of the brightest of the New York wits.

The Composer's Personality

Minkowsky is a very striking looking man. Even if you didn't spot him for a genius, you'd say he was Somebody. He is not above medium height but appears larger because of his great breadth. He has the real Tartar face, broad and with large features. He is dark-skinned, dark-eyed and clean-shaven. His manner contains much of the old world courtesy, rare among men of today whether geniuses or dandies. Mrs. Minkowsky is a very pretty brunette and a finely educated musician.

His Latest Discovery

Minkowsky recently made a find that has gladdened the heart of the renowned basso, Edouard De Reszke. The big basso endowed Minkowsky's School of Music to the extent of a two thousand scholarship, which was to go to a "poor boy with a great voice." A New York correspondent writes me that Minkowsky at last succeeded in finding a poor boy with a voice to fit the provisions of the scholarship. The composer has a way of dropping in at odd corners of Bohemia, and in this manner he happened one evening into a Twelfth street cafe. He heard one Guillaume Duchesne, by occupation a waiter at Delmonico's, sing in an impromptu program that was delighting the cheap cafe's patrons. His number over, much to Duchesne's wonderment he found himself embraced by Minkowsky, who cried: "The lost Italian voice! Come with me." 'Twas the "poor boy" found, and now the two thousand dollar scholarship will be Guillaume Duchesne's.

A Good Tonic—Wm. Williams and Sons V. V. O. Scotch Whisky

An American by adoption, French by birth and Italian by ancestry, Duchesne is said to possess the famous "Italian voice" which was thought to have been lost. Only two tenors possess this heaven-sent gift, and they are old. Musicians say that the real Italian voice is soft, fine and of a peculiar thinness, and it possesses a quality "not of earth." And Giacomo Minkowsky says that Guillaume Duchesne has this voice.

When Knighthood Was in Flower

So we are to have the Knights Templars annual conclave again! I remember the last time the Knights convened here, nearly twenty years ago. It was a gallant assemblage and brought us representatives of wealth and lineage from each of the States. But the idol of the women was not a Knight, nor yet a Commander, but a drum major. And he was a drum major indeed—never had his like been seen here before, and never has one come after to equal him. He was with the Chicago commandery's band, and was a most magnificent personage. He could swing his baton with a skill I have never seen except in a vaudeville juggler. Perhaps that drum major is on the vaudeville circuit now for all I know. There must be many feminine hearts that beat more quickly now as they think of the last triennial conclave of Knights Templars held in this city. The opening ball and after receptions held in the Pavilion were society events. Colonel Fred Crocker and Reuben Lloyd were prominent figures among the Knights, and even then the latter was considered splendid game for matchmaking mammas. However, no one succeeded in snaring his heart.

A Romance of the Conclave

It was during that convention that a little love story was lived that had a sad ending. One of the most fascinating of the pretty flower-girls who kept the Knights decorated with boutonnieres was Lillie Bennett, daughter of A. A. Bennett, the old architect. She had been out several seasons, but had preserved her peachbloom complexion and childlike demeanor, and she had that nice little way with her that never loses its attractiveness. Though there were younger and prettier flower girls in the band, no one was so admired by the Knights as was Lillie Bennett. Among her devoted adorers was State Senator Dorsey, a young man of political prestige and a prominent Knight. He wooed Lillie Bennett persistently, and held his own even against a strong rival, an Eastern Knight. Everybody thought that he would win his suit and that when the conclave was over the flower girl would become Mrs. Dorsey.

But everybody was doomed to disappointment. Lillie Bennett married "Lucky" Baldwin, disregard-

Engraved
Wedding Announcements
and Invitations

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ing the facts of her bridegroom's damaged reputation and great age, and that she was the successor of others still living. It was said that filial affection drove her to this step. Her father was on the verge of financial failure and seriously ill as well, and it was thought that she sacrificed herself for her parents, and that she might surround her little sister with the goods only wealth can bring.

"Why didn't Dan Burns take the ribbons at Del Monte last week?"

"Didn't dare show how his pull has weakened, I guess."

Rudeness Resented

At the time of the Scott-Martin wedding, I speculated as to the reason why Miss Katherine Dillon was represented only by a present. I am now able to relieve the minds of those that were as curious about the matter as I was. A short while before the wedding Miss Dillon gave a luncheon for Miss Scott and some of her friends. On the occasion of the luncheon the members of the Burlingame clique acted in a manner most rude toward their hostess. At Blingum the prevailing notion is that to be swagger one must be rude even to one's hostess, and I have been told that as Mrs. Walter Hobart and Mrs. Jack Casserly have not acquired the insolent air, they are regarded as dull and stiff. Miss Dillon was not impressed by it. She rather resented it and that was why she stayed away from the wedding.

Del Monte is as gay as ever. Among those still at the hotel are Mrs. Low and Miss Flora Low, Mrs. Phoebe Hearst and her niece, the Walter Speyers, Douglas Watsons, I. N. Walters, J. A. Folgers, Frank Johnsons, the Baxters and Mrs. Hugh Tevis.

The engagement of Miss Culver of St. Louis to Dr. George Preston Wintermute of this city has been announced. Miss Culver is the daughter of the late H. H. Culver,the St Louis millionaire and philanthropist. Dr. Wintermute is a prominent young physician and clinical professor of neurology in the College of Physicians and Surgeons of this city. It was two years ago in the Orient that the two became acquainted, and the friendship there formed has this pleasant ending. The marriage will take place in St. Louis on September ninth.

Colonel Mazuma in Los Angeles

Los Angeles having voted two million dollars for a bond issue for the purchase of water works from the company which has been supplying the town with water, stories are beginning to leak out concerning the methods employed to persuade certain city officials to put the deal through It was originally proposed to provide for an election for an issue of bonds to the amount of two millions and a quarter. If that deal went through, it was rumored, the quarter was to have been "cut up." Certain members of the city council, for whom no provision has been made, rose up in virtuous indignation, denounced the conspiracy and knocked the job on the head. Then it was decided to reduce the amount to two millions, and the scheme was conducted more cautiously. Every councilman of importance was "consulted." Even the newspapers of Los Angeles were convinced of the righteousness of the measure, and not even that Prince of Kickers, General Rubicon Otis, unsheathed his pen or tongue in protest. Mayor Snyder who hopes to be governor some day on his "good fellow" record, was enthusiastically in favor of municipal ownership, and when the deal went through he came to San Francisco to celebrate. Los Angeles is a great place for golden harmony. Great is Mazuma in the citrus belt.

The Widow Dean

"The Widow" is here, and she intends to write up her impressions of San Francisco society in the near future. Whatever she writes is well worth reading, for hers is a trenchant pen, and besides she has a large and eager ear, and a well developed nose for news. "The Widow" in private life is Mrs. Teresa Dean. She lately returned from the Philippines, where she acted as special correspondent for New York *Town Topics*. She was introduced at the Bohemian club on Wednesday by Captain Randolph and those Bohemians who happened to be around at the time promptly surrendered. The men of Bohemia pronounce Mrs. Dean the most charming and interesting woman writer that ever met the Owl. She is anywhere between thirty and forty, a blonde and very distingue, with gowns of the most ravishing style.

Her Journalistic Career

The Widow Dean, for she is a widow, is a brilliant writer of the Alice Rix order. Her first venture in the literary field was as the author of a book entitled "How to Be Beautiful." There was not much in it suggestive of the title but it sold well. Later on she went to Chicago and wrote chatty paragraphs for the *Herald*. Her work attracted attention, and then she began her "Reveries of a Widow" sketches which first appeared in *Town Topics*, and subsequently in book form. They were very clever and caused a deal of speculation as to the authorship. Mrs. Dean told me the other day that the "Reveries" were suggested by the story of the elopement of Mrs. Bradbury of Los Angeles. When the troops went to Tampa at the beginning of the war, Mrs. Dean followed them, and her correspondence was of the liveliest and most interesting character. The secret of her success as a war correspondent is her knack of winning the favor of army officers. They have given her many an important bit of official news.

DEWAR'S
SCOTCH WHISKY
HIGH BALL

Small piece of ice in glass, pour whisky over ice and fill glass with syphon or plain water

A Cooling and Delightful Drink

Have you visited Mrs. Cole, the leading Chiropodist and Manicure at her pretty little office in the Parrott Building? Room 460. Telephone Howard 2585.

One of the week's weddings was that of Miss Charlotte Holzheiser, only daughter of Mr. P. Holzheiser, and Mr. Edwin Schmidt, elder son of Val Schmidt, the pioneer pharmacist. The marriage was a quiet home affair, but when the happy pair return from their wedding tour there will be given a large reception in their honor, at the residence in Vallejo street.

She Still Goes in for Sports

A San Franciscan just returned from Tahoe tells me that the star oarswoman on the lake this summer is Mrs. Martin Chase of Riverside. The smart sets of this city and Oakland best remember Mrs. Chase as Bertha Crouch, tennis champion. She is still as handsome as when she was a maiden, and her interest in gowns and athletics continues unabated. Mr. Chase, who managed to chain the heart of a very fickle maid when he persuaded Bertha Crouch to marry him, probably ensnared her through their mutual love of outdoor sports. It was Sam Van Camp's love of fine raiment that at first, I am told, drew Miss Crouch's fancy in the direction of that gay St. Louis Beau Brummel. But she married Martin Chase, and is happy as a bird.

The Chases' beautiful Riverside home, that was burned down some time ago, is being rebuilt after a new and picturesque plan. Mrs. Chase's parents have returned to their old home in Oakland. They never cared especially for Los Angeles, and went there more for their daughter's sake than their own. All their old family friends live in Oakland or San Francisco.

The Tale of an Epicure

Alfred Fuhrman, attorney-at-law and erstwhile agent for the collection of delinquent taxes, is a burly German who is quite a character around the two halls of justice. He told a story one day to his friend, lawyer Wascerwitz of his extensive travels in foreign parts and the wonderful experiences he enjoyed. He dwelt with impressiveness upon the Hawaiian islands and declared that no man's education was complete without a sojourn under its tropical skies. He spoke of a dish that he tasted, superior, in his opinion, to the most famous productions of Brillat-Savarin. He said:

"Ven I vas in Honolulu, I met mit a man who vas a chef mit King Kalakaua. He mate me a dish. Ach Gott! I dink I ead him now. He dake one 'duk' whole, bury him in glay, built a fire unter and roasd him till he is tone. It vas fine, I tole you."

"Roasted a duck whole, did he?" mused Wascerwitz, "vell, what did he do with the feathers?"

"Fedders?" echoed Fuhrman, "who sait dings aboud fedders? I tole you it vas a 'duk'—D-O-G, duk!"

A Favorite of His Majesty

Mrs. Alice Keppel is reported to have arrived in New York. Mrs. Keppel is rumored to be the latest object of King Edward's platonic affections. Her husband is George Keppel, a younger brother of the Earl of Albermarle, and he represents Sir Thomas Lipton's tea agency in New York. Tom Lipton has been very kind in providing George Keppel with a job in New York and Edward VII appreciates his kindness very much. As a consequence the tea merchant enjoys His Majesty's favor. When the king had a narrow escape from serious injury on *Shamrock II*, it was rumored in the clubs of London that Edward went aboard the yacht to keep an assignation but the newspapers refrained from exploiting the story. The nearest they came to it was to deny the rumor, and to mention incidentally that Mrs. George Keppel was among those on the yacht when the incident occurred.

The King's Soft Snap

One of the advantages of being a king in England is that your peccadilloes are carefully screened by the newspapers. They may gossip about you in the clubs, and over the tea-cups, but you never know what they are saying and consequently you are not worried. And if you are the mistress of the King or are the object of the King's admiration you enjoy similar immunity. You are not only tolerated but you are received. The King never accepts an invitation to a social function unless he is permitted to look over the list of invited guests, to scratch out the names of those that he does not care to meet, and to add the names of those that he wishes to be there. And he never omits the name of Mrs. Keppel. So if you are a hostess in the British aristocracy, and expect to be popular, you must be willing to foster the King's "affairs." How would you like to be the King?

The Queen Likes Her

Mrs. Keppel enjoys the rare distinction of standing as high in the favor of Queen Alexandra as in that of King Edward. She has a fine house in Portman Square, close to that of the King's daughter, the Duchess of Fife. That she is a charming woman is evident from the fact that she interests the King. Last year when it was rumored that she was about to visit Newport, society was much agitated over the question, "Shall we receive her?" But then came the period of court mourning, and the King needed some one to revive his spirits. Mrs. Keppel abandoned her voyage. But she is no longer merely the friend of the Prince of Wales. She is now the chere amie of the King and the King can do no wrong. Newport will receive her and will give her a good time.

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Rates on the American plan from $2.50 to $5.00 per day for one person. Special terms by the month. Guests desiring rooms without board will be accommodated.

O. M. BRENNAN, Proprietor

Is She or Not?

While Miss Ethel Keeney, with her own red lips, asserts that she is not engaged to anybody her friends are saying that if she isn't, she will be before she returns from the East. For Ethel has decided to spend the coming winter in New York. Both she and her cousin Leontine Blakeman had a remarkably fine time during their seasons in the East, and Ethel especially enjoyed herself. By virtue of her mother's and grandmother's membership in the Daughters of the American Revolution, Miss Keeney was in for all sorts of functions from which the non-elect are cruelly barred. And so it is because she likes New York so well, says Miss Keeney, that she intends to go thence this winter—and for no other reason whatever.

He Was Not a "Rough Miner"

My paragraphs of a few weeks ago relating to the marriage of Mrs. Elenor Truax O'Neil to Captain Harris, were evidently read with a great deal of interest in the little town of Wallace, Idaho, where the lady's first husband, Charles O'Neil, resided. A letter signed by F. F. Johnson president and Henry White, vice-president of the First National bank, and other prominent citizens of the town has just reached me. They declare that my reference to the late Charles O'Neil as a "rough miner," might create the impression that he was a man without education or social training, whereas "he was not only an educated man and an able lawyer, honorable, refined and cultured, but was an ideal gentleman," They also inform me that he was engaged to Miss Truax for some time and that the wedding day was set, but that on his way to the place where the ceremony was to be performed he became seriously ill. The marriage was thereupon quietly solemnized at the home of the bride's sister. I take pleasure in giving publicity to the testimony of deceased's friends.

Harry Veuve's Decline

It is not pleasant to discuss the matter, but all who know Harry Veuve admit that he is approaching the end of his gay career. "Dear old Harry," as they affectionately refer to him at the Pacific-Union, is a victim of locomotor-ataxia. That terrible disease has confined him to his home for weeks. He has surrendered his wine agency to Carroll Mercer. There never was a more popular clubman in San Francisco than Harry Veuve. He has always been admired for his kindliness, his wit and his capacity for determining the proper thing to do in emergencies. Whenever a clubman was in trouble, he sought Harry Veuve for advice. He was particularly adept in suggesting remedies for love affairs. His honor was never questioned. If a bet were to be made in the club, Veuve was always agreed on as stakeholder. If a man believed that he had been insulted, Harry Veuve was consulted as to the proper course to pursue.

The Hoodoo Table

He is one of the last of those who sat at the "Hoodoo table" at the Pacific-Union, to be stricken with disease. Fred Crocker was the first to go. A little later Russell Wilson tottered on the verge of death. For nearly three years he has lingered on, avoiding all excitement, but some months ago the disease again took hold of him. He has remained at his home in Burlingame ever since. Bobby Grayson was one of the "Hoodoo table" group. He was found dead in his bed several weeks ago. There are others whose names have slipped my mind, who have passed away, and others who being somewhat superstitious moved to another table.

A Genuine Athlete

Alice Hoffman has given up active participation in nearly all sports except driving. Though she went into the tennis tournament at San Rafael, it was only with her genuine sportsmanlike desire to help out and make the affair a success. She did not train. She never does. She does not specialize. She doesn't care for trophies, but prefers to become proficient in all sports and enjoy the exercise and the excitement. She has won medals for swimming, and at Del Monte last year she was third, I believe, in the golf tournament, being beaten by Mrs. Brown and Miss Crockett, who make a specialty of golf. She is also an expert billiard player, and last year when her brothers were building a house at Lake Lagunitas she worked as well as any of the men. When she was in Honolulu several years ago, she made several thousand dollars in sugar. So she is also a good financier. Now she spends her time driving in Marin county with a four or six-in-hand, carrying a load of young people. I seldom become extravagant in bestowing praise, but Miss Hoffman has enthused me Among other things I like her shoulders. She has the most beautiful shoulders I ever saw.

Marie Oge's Engagement

The report that Marie Oge and the young man seen shopping with her so much of late were likely to become engaged is all moonshine. Miss Oge is already engaged; has been for some time past in fact, to young Mr. Williams, a handsome, manly chap who is now in South Africa, busily engaged in his professional calling, mining engineering. He is a Berkeley man and is quite well known there, as is his father. Shortly after his graduation he was offered the excellent position he now enjoys and he is making the most of his chances. Before he left here Miss Oge and he came to a thorough understanding over the condition of their hearts and I don't doubt that if the Boer troubles had been settled he would have found time to get back here and claim the girl who is waiting for him.

At the Buffalo Exposition the visitors guard against sickness by draughts of Chapin & Gore's Old Reserve Whiskey.



JESSE MOORE

A A

WHISKEY

BEST ON EARTH

It Pleases Mamma

There is one member of Cal Byrne's family that is not, I am told, displeased at the dissension in Cal's household that lately ended in his wife's application for a divorce. This well contented person is none other than Cal's widowed mamma. Mrs. Margaret Irvine did not approve of her son's marriage with the fair divorcee, Hope Ellis Sherwood, and if she could have done so would have put in a demurrer at the altar. Mrs. Irvine had other matrimonial views for her son. Some say it was a Los Angeles heiress, but I can't vouch for that. At any rate, Cal Byrne's mother was not ill-pleased at Hope Ellis Sherwood Byrne's latest move.

At the time of the reconciliation of Cal Byrne and Mrs. Sherwood, he was the happiest man in town. He visited all the newspaper offices and supplied pictures of himself and future bride. And he told the whole romantic story of their former engagement, and of the little tiff which resulted from his caustic criticism of a too decollete gown. The joys of married life passed away with the treacle moon, and now the friends of both say it was a case of too much mother-in-law.

"I have a miserable memory," said the Man of Brains.
"Oh, how delightful," remarked his vis-a-vis.
And he stared uncomprehendingly, until he remembered.
She was a Woman with a Past.

When Ward McAllister Collapsed

"Judge" Ward McAllister is reported to have learned French before he did English. But he has been forgetting it since reaching California. Yet his friends believe that he thinks in French. When Madame Barrios of Central America was at the Hotel Rafael, Mrs. Warfield gave a dinner in her honor. As it was popularly supposed that the proper means of communication with her was the diplomatic tongue, McAllister was chosen as her escort to the dining-room. He was resplendent in full evening dress and so was she. As he took the hand of the lady, he said with a faultless Parisian accent:

"Je suis Monsieur McAllistaire."

That was about the limit with him and he trusted to heaven for the rest. Madame Barrios went at him in French until he almost collapsed. Discretion prompted silence on his part until the lady turned to him saying with the most charming Southern accent:

"But why speak French, Mr. McAllister? I was born in New Orleans, you know."

Gerald Hughes' Revenge

If there is truth in the story of the purchase of the Baxter home in Denver by Gerald Hughes, the jilted fiance of Cornelia Baxter-Tevis, then perhaps that charming young widow should be congratulated rather than censured for having changed her matrimonial plans. According to the story Mr. Hughes was guilty of a somewhat mean and petty trick, and if he be capable of a bit of spite of that sort, he is not of the character that impresses a well bred woman. Young men of that stripe are usually unsuccessful in their love affairs. By the way, I hear that the stork is preparing for a visit to Mrs. Tevis That being the case, the daughter of Hugh Tevis by his first wife will have to share her fortune which is to come from her paternal grandmother.

Romance of a Jewess

Here's a how d'ye do! Pretty Edna Lewis, that was, has just returned here to get a divorce from her very recent husband, and thereby hangs a tale. Euerybody in the Jewish colony knows Edna Lewis. Her grandfather is one of the richest Hebrews in town and is President of the Eureka Benevolent society. Her father is almost as well known and occupies a natable niche in commercial affairs. The Lewis girls were lorgnetted a good deal at the time so many young Eastern shoulderstraps were out here on their way to the front at Manila. At that time Madame Grundy insisted that the elder sister, Gertrude, was on the eve of marrying a frivolous young lieutenant. Papa Lewis thought he made a clever flank movement on the soldier suitors when he whisked Gertrude East and promised her anything she desired provided she would give up the lieutenant. For years her heart had been set upon the stage and she promised to be good on condition that her father would start her on a professional career. So Papa Lewis, after a consultation with Frohman, bought her trunksful of stunning gowns and Manager Frohman gave her a chance to play great thinking parts while she exhibited her gowns on the stage to the best advantage. Her dressmaker's creations eclipsed the scene painter's art in more than one society drama in which she appeared. As her friends out here heard only that she was in the big casts she was thought to be winning brilliant laurels in the histrionic world. Papa Lewis paid all the bills for those same laurels and I don't doubt he can figure out to a nickel what all the flubdub cost.

A Wedding and Its Sequel

Jewish circles were considerably agitated some six months ago when Gertrude found time to sail out this way in all her swagger clothes and prevail upon her younger sister to accompany her East as a sort of companion. The family stoutly said nay for awhile but finally the pleadings of the sisters prevailed and they disappeared over the Eastern horizon and were lost in that vague nimbus, the Eastern theatrical

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world. Edna did not go upon the stage. She simply posed around and looked her prettiest in order to enhance all the loveliness surrounding her sister. Next came the surprising news that she had privately married the manager of the Syracuse Grand Opera-house. He is a man of her own faith. Outside of that the most to be said of him is that he lives in Syracuse and knows enough to use an umbrella when it rains—and snap up a supposedly pretty heiress when she comes along. The family is divided in opinion whether things could have been worse if the rakish lieutenant had been taken into the family when he offered himself. At any rate the honeymoon of the Syracuse marriage suffered a quick eclipse and now Edna is back home most anxiously awaiting the efforts of the family to get her out of her unhappy fix. So there is to be a divorce. The family has retired from the Richelieu and gone into the seclusion of a residence near the Pacific end of Van Ness avenue. Meanwhile the lovely Gertrude and all her stunning gowns are domiciled in a handsome flat in New York.

Morality is a matter of climate; but it might be suggested to the people of San Francisco that the winter season is approaching.

When Miller Played to Cahill

Before Henry Miller went away he told this story on himself with great zest. While he was rehearsing for "D'Arcy of the Guards," he was doing his level best to acquire an Irish accent for the dare-devil young officer. He was determined to be an Irishman or die. The *Examiner* sent Ed. Cahill, who is an Irishman himself and consequently knows an accent when he hears it, to write something about the rehearsals. Cahill is tall and thin, with a perpetual expression of cynicism. He is a silent, Bill Nye sort of a man, who sees the fun of nearly everything. Day after day, with a perfectly expressionless countenance he watched the actor mumbling his Irish to himself. Miller knew that Cahill did not approve of his accent. He felt that he could not play until he had conquered the obstinate, silent man, who seemed to sneer incessantly, though undoubtedly unconscious of the fact. Miller played to Cahill. The newspaperman was his audience. At last the day of the dress rehearsal arrived and, as Billy Baxter says, Miller swelled up and got chesty. Cahill arrived with a reproach in his eyes. Miller was confident. He watched Cahill's face and presently saw the writer smile. He knew he had won a victory. At the end of the second act he approached the *Examiner* man, expecting to hear his words of approval.

"What part of Ireland is D'Arcy supposed to come from, anyway?" asked Cahill.

And Miller wilted.

The Newspapermen's Club

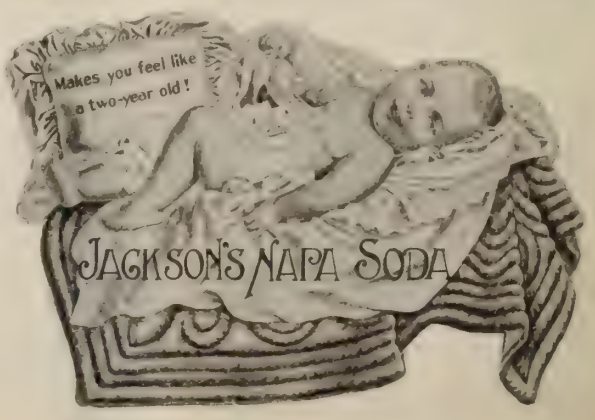
The newly elected officers of the Press club expect to accomplish great things during their term, and it does appear as though interest in the club is being revived. For several years the club seemed to be dominated by the associate members who are not of the newspaper profession, but of late considerable enthusiasm has been aroused in newspaper circles, and many artists and reporters have joined. The working newspaper men have taken hold of the management of the club, and it is their intention to impart to it more of the atmosphere of the profession than it has heretofore enjoyed. It is unquestionably the only bohemian club in this city, for in no other is the spirit of bonhommie so well defined, and in none is a member more free from the pests of commerce, the snobs of society, and the inevitable bores of clubdom. And withal it is not lacking in luxuries and literature that give repose and drive dull care to more congenial haunts. Mr. L. E. Stover, the new president of the club, is a member of the *Call* staff and one of the most popular men in the profession.

Mr. Carl G. Brown, the well known insurance man, has been promoted to the position of special agent of the Frankfort Accident Insurance Company, with headquarters at Salt Lake. His friends banqueted him at the Poodle Dog the other night.

The marriage of Miss Adelaide Edith Rodust and Dr. John F. Laughlin will occur on the eighteenth of the month. It will be a home wedding at the residence of the bride's parents in Washington street. After a tour of the South, the young couple will settle down in the new home which has just been built for them in Alameda.

Fruit for Miss Roberts

The ways of the successful dramatist are varied and some of them extremely original. Charlotte Thompson, author of "The Silver Mounted Harness," gave up her position as a teacher, at eighty dollars a month, to become a playwright, and as she has made about fifteen hundred dollars in the past year she feels that her position is assured. Miss Thompson is a diplomatic young woman. Florence Roberts has done much toward exploiting Miss Thompson's talents. When Miss Thompson started on her literary career she cultivated the friendship of the actress. Every morning she arose early, went to the market, bought a basket of the choicest fruits and placed them on Miss Roberts' table with her love. And in time Florence Roberts discovered that Miss Thompson wrote clever plays.



Lady Hope in the Mikado's Realm

Captain Strong and his charming appropriation have found a haven of rest at last. Not only that, but they are receiving the homage of princes. So a prophet is not the only beggar who has to wander far to he r sweet praise for a noble life. The latest boat in brings the news that the Captain and Lady Yohe are now in Japan posing as models of a transcendentalism which requires no mumbling priests to unite two souls in heavenly bonds. They are visited daily, it is said, by the nobility of the kingdom, who, stretching out their arms from the shadowed Orient, are crying for the light of the West and longing to know just how the thing is done.

"M. ny years ago," said a Japanese gentleman, "you sent people to us to explain that we must not unite ourselves until we had received strange words from one of you. Now comes another of you, younger than the others by many years, who says that these strange words are vain, and that we should rush together and be happy as our hearts command."

The gay Putnam Bradlee Strong as a transcendentalist of the heart business and an apostle of the George Eliot creed is too sublime a character to be treated by any cheap poet of the day, sublimized with an affection of the liver.

A Honolulu Interview

On their way over, the Captain and the Lady had r ther a lively time. From a correspondent I learn that they remained in Honolulu three hours, but during that time a reporter, who by the way was a San Francisco product, found them out. They had put up at a rather quiet place, and the reporter, being an intelligent young man, did not send up his card and wait. Instead, he sent up his card and followed it. He was face to face with the lady when she read his name. He bowed low.

"I am from the *Advertiser*," he said, "and I have the honor of addressing Lady May Hope, have I not?"

Lady May Hope did not bow. She rose to her full height and landed on him—a full swinging blow with the back of her hand, and the imprint of the ducal diamonds was left deep in his cheek.

"I have been grossly maligned by the newspapers!" she cried, and swept from the room.

Five minutes later, the negro with a bundle of small grips and a leash of dogs was slowly trailing his way back to the ship.

"De Lo'd ha' mercy," he was heard to mutter, "will dis ting eber cease?"

McCue's Bon Mot

Mr. J. B. Stetson is thinking of retiring from the presidency of the railroad which he has managed for many years. The other day he met Jim McCue, coming over from San Rafael on the boat, and they entered into a discussion of the possibility of improving the service.

"I should think," said McCue, "you ought to be willing to do as much for the road as Mr. Huntington did for his."

"What was it that Huntington did for his road?" asked Stetson in surprise.

"He died for it," was the reply.

The Busy, Busy Stork

There was a notice in one of the dailies this week of the visit of the stork to the home of the Dr. Redmond Paynes. There was a slight error in the notice. The stork arrived on time, but his burden was of the male sex. Dr. Payne is not the father of a daughter as reported.

Anent the stork, I am reminded that he contemplates a visit in the near future to the home of a prominent turf magnate, whose unexpected marriage several months ago, was read with a great deal of interest in sporting and theatrical circles all over the continent.

And perhaps at this time I should state that the busy bird has no intention of visiting the home of the aged hardware merchant and railroad magnate who married a wealthy widow against the wishes of his children.

Judge Coffey Writing a Book

The reason why Judge Coffey was so reticent about his doings on the other side of the water is now fully explained. His Honor of the Probate Court has written a description of the land whence he obtained his name, in a very able article in a daily paper. It was well written, too, and full of graphic description. It has ever been Judge Coffey's complaint that he was misquoted. No reporter appears to have satisfied him in the chronicling of his witty sayings from the bench of Department 9. His cry has always been, "Save me from my friends!" Yet the Judge contrives to receive as much free advertising as any one in the business, despite his open aversion to the interviewer. His long service on the bench, with its resultant familiarity with men and things, has supplied him with such a store of historical knowledge that his memoirs should be worth something. He is said to be engaged on such a work at the present time, but wild horses cannot drag him into open confession, nor will his best friend be permitted to see one line of what he has written until the whole bursts forth upon an astonished world.

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A Reporter With a Valet and a Drag

Instances of rich young men entering the profession of journalism as reporters are very rare. Rich young men that hope to become distinguished journalists usually buy papers and hire brains. The case of Herbert Walter, a *Chronicle* reporter is therefore an unusual one. He is a scion of the Walter family who are in the wholesale carpet business, and he was until recently a student at Stanford. Like many other university students who have recently drifted into the newspaper business, Walter developed a fondness for amateur journalism at school, and later on, despite the plans of his parents, he scorned commercial life, and started in as a police reporter on the *Chronicle.* And there is no more enthusiastic reporter in the business. But it seems strange to his confreres for a reporter to engage in the pursuit of suicides, murders and robberies in an expensive drag. Young Walter sports a drag and a valet, and participates in paper chases at San Rafael when he is not attending to his "detail." Who knows but that this rich young society man may elevate the profession from the depths to which Benjamin Wheeler thinks it has fallen?

Clothes should not make the man, but they should at least cover the woman. Openwork stockings are but a poor protection 'gainst the blasts of winter.

The Allans of Canada

The despatches from New York having announced that Mrs. Nellie Grant Sartoris has purchased a magnificent residence at Cobourg, Ontario, from Miss Allan, daughter of Sir Hugh Allan, a Canadian correspondent has favored me with the following interesting particulars. You can't travel more than a mile in Canada without hearing of the Allans; they are among the richest and most prominent people in the Canadian provinces.

The Allans are known on this side of the line as "the Vanderbilts of Canada." They are so rich that they could throw dollars into the sea, by the sack, and not miss them. The Allan steamship line is the third largest in the world,and its ships carry mail on every sea and to every port. Sir Hugh, the founder of the great shipping firm, was a canny Scot who, while captain of an unpretentious brig that traded with Canada in pioneer days, conceived the idea of building up a shipping firm. His idea was so well worked out that Queen Victoria rewarded him by making him a Knight. In the firm he was joined by his three brothers, Andrew, James and Alexander. Andrew died about six months ago. At Sir Hugh's death it was found that in his will he left one hundred and fifty thousand dollars to each of the girls, not to be paid until Arthur, the youngest child, attained his majority. In the meantime they were to have an annual allowance. Sir John Abbott, who was premier of the Provinces at the time, did not draw up the document carefully, and it was immediately contested by two of Sir Hugh's sons-in-law, Colin Campbell and Mr. Milbourne. They objected to waiting till the boy came of age, and asked for the immediate receipt of the one hundred and fifty thousand dollars by their wives.

The Children's Lot

Poor Sir Hugh's money made no one happy after all. When Arthur Allan came of age he received one million dollars, but he did not enjoy his inheritance long. He was suffocated in the elegant apartments he had just moved into, a fire having been started, it was presumed, by his having dropped a lighted cigar. The eldest son, Aleck, had been disinherited by Sir Hugh, who considered him a vaurien. Montagu, the second son, got what should have been Aleck's, if the law of primogeniture had held good—the Allan home, Ravenscrag, and the bulk of the family shekels. He married a millionaire's daughter, Margaret McKenzie. Edith Allan married an Englishman, a Tom Routledge, in Montreal. She met him when she was traveling in Calgary and fell in love with him, which was considered absurd in a family where everybody else was marrying money. Routledge had only his Calgary ranch. Poor fellow! in a race he was riding he was thrown and had his leg crushed, and it was amputated. He died a few years ago.

Decidedly the cleverest of all these "Canadian Vanderbilts" is Jack, a son of Andrew. Discovering that Jack had brains, he was placed at the head of the steamship company, but later he went out to Australia to found an independent fortune as a sheep farmer. One of Andrew's daughters is now well known in society at Winnipeg. She was a divorcee when she married her present husband, Fred Brydges. Her brother Willie is also in Winnipeg engaged in banking. Bryce Allan became entirely American in his proclivities and always preferred a residence in Boston to one in Montreal. Hugh Jr. married his cousin, a Miss Rae; and Andrew Jr., the beautiful Miss Torre of Quebec. Sir Hugh's daughter, Mrs. Milbourne, lives in London where she is considered one of the beauties of the swim.

Where Mrs. Sartoris Will Live

Cobourg, where Mrs. Sartoris has bought her new residence, is a university town and has a most beautiful situation on the shores of Lake Ontario. It lies directly opposite Charlotte—pronounced with the accent on the second syllable—the port of the American city of Rochester, and is a favorite resort of Americans. It is chiefly people from the Southern states who have made Cobourg a popular summer resort. About twenty-five years ago the late Colonel Chambliss of Cincinnati purchased a handsome residence at Cobourg and he became so enamored of the place that he was instrumental in founding a large hotel built after a splendid plan. General McClellan spent many seasons at the "Arlington," as the hotel is called. The place bought by Mrs. Sartoris is not the ancestral home of the Allans, as some have fancied, but was originally the old family home of the Castles, who sold it to Miss Allan.

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Why the Wheels Go Round

A Refined Modern Society Comedy Drama by P. S. Tartan

Characters: Lord Tremens, a modern noble with no bank account but several castles and lots of blood; Lady Tremens, his wife, who after doing her duty and bringing an heir and two heiresses into the world, is now enjoying life according to the up-to-date method; Lady Flagrante Delictu, a wealthy widow who owing to a heavy golden gloss is enabled to do pretty much as she pleases; Hon. Miss Innocent Kidd, sister of Lord Tremens; Monsieur le Comte de Plaisirs, a gay roue from cher Paree, with a penchant for innocent young women, but who is unfortunately wedded; Algy Clubboy, in love sometimes with Lady Flagrante, occasionally with the Hon. Miss Kidd, and more often with himself; lords, ladies, butlers, footmen, maids, etc.

Second Scene, Act III: A boudoir in Lady Flagrante's house; sleeping room opening from it. Lord Tremens discovered lolling on a couch. Lady Flagrante enters from inner room.

Lord T.: Do you believe that's true, what the fellow—what's his name—says, that to marry is to domesticate the recording angel?

Lady F.: Can't speak from experience, Trem, mon cher—haven't been married for so long.

Lord T.: Well, as I said in the first act, and Lady T. confided to you and the children in the second act—sixth scene—I have decided to be bored by Lady T. no longer. Lady T's too slow for me and she says I ain't her ideal. I——by Jove! she's asleep!

Lady F. (waking): Pardon, sweet? Oh, yes—well, if you would only speak in epigrams, I could keep awake. It is only old world mummies, dear, that tell family histories in three volumes nowadays. (Presses button for her secretary) Now, that was good, wasn't it? (Enter secretary). Please take down this epigram. (Repeats, while secretary transcribes).

Lord T. Yes, I shall divorce Lady T.—easy enough to find a co-respondent. Clubboy's been seen in her boudoir several times lately, and I saw him give her a present the other day, which she gurgled with glee to receive. Then I shall take my sister—

Lady F.: Innocent? (looks carelessly in the direction of inner room, whose door is slightly ajar.)

Lord T.: Yes, she's a nice girl, and not such a bore as Lady T. Besides she's a better model for my children than their mother is.

Lady F.: Ah! In what way?

Lord T.: Don't drink or smoke, you know; don't play the races; goes to church and has a class in Sunday school; makes pinafores for the poor—and all that sort of thing.

Lady F.: Maybe she will marry, and then where will you be?

Lord T.: Oh, Inno won't marry for some years. She is shy as a fawn, hates men. She's only lately from the schoolroom.

Lady F.: Oh!

Exit Lord Tremens. Enter from inner room, the Hon. Miss Innocent Kidd, laughing.

Miss K.: Bon Dieu! did you ever? What a fool Trem is in some things! Say, Flag, I'm just famished for a B. & S., and a Persian—one of those nice little ones that Algy Clubboy always buys. But Flag, sweet, wouldn't that jar you to have your own brother think you such a muff? Now, Flag, ma chere, you just make yourself scarce. I want the use of this boudoir for a few hours. (Hastily bundles Lady F. D. out of apartment.) Now, dear, go and drive abroad. Why not go and see my dear, sweet sister-in-law—the one I'm too good and proper to associate with! (laughs merrily and slams door).

Enter Monsieur le Conte de Plaisers.

M. le C.: Ma chere petite (gives the Hon. Miss Kidd a long kiss), I could scarcely wait until I saw that old woman drive off. How good of her to lend us her house to meet in so often.

Miss K. (laughing): Lend it? She knows nothing of it. I just send her *out*, that's all, and she goes.

M. le C. (with a rapturous hug and kiss): What magnetism you possess, my sweet child. All, all obey your slightest wish.

The name is a guaranty of its purity—Jesse Moore Whiskey is always right.

Miss K: Magnetism bosh! It's her past. I know a thing or two about her that she'd rather not have repeated.

M. le C (in the midst of a prolonged caress): Ma petite fleur, I can bear this no longer, this constant strain, the fear we *may* be discovered. We must fly——

Miss K: You bet we must (sound of footsteps approaches) but not far this time. (Drags him into inner room and closes the door).

Enter Lady Tremens and Algy Clubboy

Lady T. (weeping): I had hoped dear Delictu would be at home, but the man said she is out and he does not know when she will return. I am in terrible trouble (sobs aloud).

Algy: Horse lost?

Lady T: Oh, nothing so easy.

Algy: Bridge?

Lady T: I wish it were only that.

Algy: Well, is it anything I can fix up for you?

Lady T: No—it's—it's Tremens.

Algy (startled): Had 'em again?

Lady T (laughing through her tears): Oh, you funny fellow—no. But he wants to get a divorce. He says married life's a bore, and that——oh (crying on Algy's shoulder) that I have found it so, and that——*you* are the cause!

Algy (shaking off lady's head from his shoulder and calmly lighting cigarette): Really! I am honored.

Lady T: No, you're not. Give me one please (lights cigarette airily)—but I know it is the proper thing now in our set to be real Frenchy, vous comprenez, and so I—I let him think we were—well, Platonic lovers.

Algy: That's all right. You know I am always willing to assist ladies in distress. I am a kind of a Knight Errant, you know, and that sort of thing.

Sound of voices in hall and footsteps approaching.

Lady T: I am lost. 'Tis Trem—if he discovers me he will believe *everything*.

Algy (calmly): He'll not discover you. Go into that room and stay, while I will remain here (door of inner room, being held by two pairs of hands, resists Lady T's efforts to open it).

Lady T (screaming): It won't open!

Algy with all his strength forces door open and Lady T falls into the room, whence immediately issue smothered shrieks as Lord T. enters.

Lord T: I knew it. Where is my wife? I am sure I heard her voice.

Algy (lighting another cigarette): Ah?

Lord T: Yes.

Algy: Really?

Lord T: I said so.

Algy: Saying so doesn't always make it so.

Lord T: Men have lost their lives for less than that.

Algy: The palmist told you, you remember, that you'd die young.

Lord T. tries door of inner room. It will not open.

Lord T. (to Algy): There's a woman concealed in there.

Algy (apparently shocked): And you locked her in? How dreadful!

Lord T (pushing door with all his might): Open.

Lady F. D (entering): What Trem, back again? Delighted to see you. And Algy? I called at your club for you but missed you. What's the matter, Trem? Oh, no, dear, you can't go in *there*. That's my bedroom and is full of all sorts of state secrets. Why, certainly you can peep in (receives ominous wink from Algy which is understandingly returned by raised eyebrows). Well, if you must know (violent push from Lord T. sends door open and reveals M. le Comte de Plaisirs; the ladies have hidden themselves in a cupboard.

Lord T: Oh, *that*?

Algy (reproachfully): *That*?

Lady F. (puzzled but game): Yes, *that*. Believe what you will.

Algy (sadly): And I believed in you.

Lord T: And I intended to make you the second Lady Tremens.

Lady F. (gayly): Well, now, gentlemen, perhaps you'd better adjourn to the smoking-room. I'll join you there later.

Algy, Lord T. and M. le Comte (reproachfully): Goodbye;

farewell; adieu.

Lady T (from cupboard): Are they gone?

Miss K. (entering): Is my wig much mussed? Hat on straight? I'm due at a Society for the Promulgation of Moral Literature at four.

Lady T: I'd never have thought it of you, Delictu—heard Trem.

Lady F: What? Oh, you couldn't hear a thing in that cupboard. But you can't speak to me any more when we meet. Your brother won't let you, Innocent, and of course Lady T. couldn't have me any more at her house.

Miss K: Never mind, dear, I'll drop in to see you often on the Q. T.

Lady T: (kissing Lady F.): I'll do as much for you, dear.

Exit Miss K and Lady T.

Lady F. (ringing for secretary): I've just thought of a clever thing. When the cats away the mice will play, but often it's the poor cat that is caught.

THE DRAMATIST.

The Philosophy of a Kiss

He lingered ere they parted
And besought of her a kiss,
She falteringly replied: "Kind sir
A question 'tis of this—

"Would you reverently impress it
On the hand, 'twere then respect;
On the forehead 'tis for friendship.
Don't you think you'd first reflect?

"On the lips it might be either
Or perchance be both, or more;"
He paused in meditation, till
She thought him quite a bore.

Then he looked, she stood before him
Her little hat tipped low,
Her hands tight clasped behind her,
Could he keep her standing so?

ANNA W. WEIR.

NEW YORK CITY.

His Great Passion

Once upon a time there lived a Young Man of good Immoral habits, who lived an irregular life with Marked regularity. He had followed the Primrose path ever since he abandoned Knickers, for he was a Gay Butterfly with Passionate wings that never grew weary. Everything came Easy to him, and he was never troubled with Heart Burnings for the reason that he never Sipped too long on the same Flower. His motto was that Lovers should Change their diet. He felt sorry for other chaps who were Constantly being Entrapped. But one day he discovered that he had been nursing a Great Passion, one that couldn't be frapped in a freezer. He admitted to Himself that his wings had been Singed, and strange to relate he was Satisfied, and yet Indignant at his folly. For about that time his heart affairs were in a somewhat Complicated shape. He had not quite reached the End of the Last affair, and it was a Hot One. He felt that if he could persuade the Woman of the Affair to Cool her ardor he would be able to Nurse his Great Passion to his Heart's Content. But how to Persuade her without Breaking her tender heart was a difficult Problem. He wished that he had been a less successful lover, that women could get tired of Him just as they tire of other men. Why had he been endowed with such Fatal powers of Infatuation! He was so sensitive that if a woman committed Suicide on his account he would Forever feel like a red-handed Murderer. And all this time he was giving Rein to his Great Passion and it was going along at a Mad Gallop. But one day while he was worrying worse than ever over his Amatory complications, he received a missive from the Woman of the Affair whose Heart he was so reluctant to Break. She told him that he was a Mistake and just a trifle Slow at That. She guessed he might have been all right Once, but nevertheless she had concluded to Skip with a Book-Maker who wore a Big diamond.

Moral: Never be sure that you're the Real Thing.

—*The Fabler.*

"Old English" style of engraving increases in favor not only for calling cards but for invitations as well. Messrs. Cooper & Co., the Art Stationers, make a specialty of this style.

Purveyors To The Queen

When Queen Victoria died, her Royal Warrants as purveyors to Her Majesty died with her. Among those who held the distinction of her Royal Warrant was Dewar's Scotch Distillery. King Edward has recently renewed this Royal Warrant to Messrs. Dewar, thus showing the high opinion in which Dewar's Scotch is held in the Royal Household.

They Are The Best

When the name *M. B. Moraghan* is on the box of frozen oysters, that means every oyster is just what it should be, a delicious morsel to tempt the appetite of a seasoned epicure. Moraghan's is the synonym for the best oysters to be obtained in San Francisco; depots, 47, 48 and 68, 69, 70 and 71 California Market.

Roanoke Rye, Honey & Horehound

The Shea Bocqueraz Company has been so fortunate as to secure the distribution on the Pacific Coast of this celebrated Virginia Rye. Under the above combination, as a stimulant and invigorator, it is unsurpassed.

Absolutely straight and pure.

The half-tone of the beautiful painting "Mother," that appears upon TOWN TALK's cover, was made by the William Brown Engraving Company.

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Dramatic World

The Star of "A Royal Family"

The literature of the day has made us acquainted with all sorts of royalties, from Princess Flavia in "The Prisoner of Zenda" to Flavia of "The Puppet Crown," the Queen in "Via Crucis" and any number of others. A very charming and dainty Princess is Annie Russell, lovable, lovely and altogether all the part calls for. When the women in an audience fall head over heels in love with a heroine, it is a sure sign that the interpreter is all right. And that is what the women in the Columbia's audiences this week have done with Annie Russell. From her first entrance and first revealing of her rebellion against a marriage for political reasons, until the scene where she gives her hand as she supposes to a stranger, and then looks up to find in her bridegroom the man of her heart, her acting is nature itself. It is this unconstrained quality in Miss Russell's art that renders it so delightful. And her soft, clear voice and admirable diction lend their charm to the pleasure afforded by her conception. No actress who has visited us for many a day has so instantly magnetized an audience.

The Play

Captain Marshall's play is a pure love story, and after all, what can one ask for that is more truly pleasing than a love story? It is not a Weyman-Hope-Crockett story of swashbuckling, sensational adventure and thrilling romantics. Its plot is all interwoven about the Princess, and her marriage to a neighboring Prince. There is a plotting Cardinal who is the deus ex machina of the royal family, and if ever there were a dear old plotter 'tis this diplomat who is not in the least a villain, but more like a fairy godmother. The King is another fine character, human and winning, and the Dowager Queen is another strong part, to which many of the best lines in the play are given. The lover is lovable, and that is all that is necessary; he is manly and sincere and very much epris with the Princess whom he woos apparently by proxy. The Queen Consort is stately and handsome and the "fillers" are what they should be with royalty to the fore. The dialogue is full of quaint humor and in the second and third acts never flags for an instant. Of all the situations the public betrothal is the best. It is the touch of human nature that makes the whole audience kin.

Mrs. Gilbert got an even warmer welcome on the opening night than did the star. This dear old gentlewoman's art never grows old. She is a distinctive figure as the Dowager. Mr. Thompson well fills the Cardinal's character, and Mr. d'Orsay, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Bennett and Miss Sanford are all excellent. Never was a play better cast.

"A Voice From the Wilderness"

There was a lot of money spent on the production at the Central this week, and one cannot ask for anything finer than the stage settings and costumes. It is a production that would do credit to a much more pretentious playhouse than the Central, and to a city of ten times San Francisco's inhabitants. Everything is historically accurate and of this one is sure because Mr. Downing has the word of our local rabbis. Harry Duckett and Edward Williams, who painted the scenery, may well feel proud of their share in making "A Voice from the Wilderness" a success. But the scenery and costumes are not too well supported by the play, which judging by the first night's performance contains far too much "reading matter." I believe Mr. Downing, assisted by Mr. Frank Robinson or any one of our newspaper men who understand those things, could have arranged a stronger play. A big blue pencil is needed through all the talky scenes, and just enough dialogue should be left to tell the tale of the tableaux. There's no use trying to make a Wagnerian masterpiece out of a spectacular Biblical play. We can stand all that recitative in the Nibelungen Lied because of the grand Wagner music-frame, but Edward Elsner's "Voice from the Wilderness" is not cut out of that kind of cloth. I wish Charles Ulrich had been given a whack at it, or John P. Wilson. The tableaux are fine.

It is the actors that lend their individuality to their parts who make strong what could easily be otherwise. I hope everybody will see Robert Downing as John the Baptist. While not built on the sparse lines of the prophet of the New Testament, as we are led to fancy him, in voice and demeanor he is verily the forerunner of Christ. He brings out the holy, spiritual side of the role, and his hold on his disciples is easily understood. The character of Herodias is a dominating one, and its possibilities are well understood by Miss Marshall. Her face and figure are far better suited to a part such as this than any other one could imagine her portraying, and her large voice, also, fits her conception of the character. Herodias, as this play shows her, is a passionate woman, almost coarse when her lower nature is in the ascendency. It is impossible to mention all the characters in such a long cast. Miss Waldrop, while she does not look in the least like the Salome of the famous painting, gives a very intelligent idea of the historic character. It is a question, however, if her dance were as full of sensuous curves and seductive charm as history tells us was the one that caused a King to break his word and lost St. John the Baptist his head. A very simple and pleasing bit of acting was that of Mr. Downing's young daughter, Minnie, as Huldah the little maid.

Where Marriage Marred a Career

Julia Dean Hayne, mentioned by my colleague the *Sauntérer*, last week as being the aunt of Julia Dean, the favorite ingenue of the Neill company, was a prime favorite in the old Broadway theatre, New York, before the war. Most old Californians remember her, and her charming stage presence. She had any number of wooers who pressed her to marry and leave the stage, but until the appearance on the scene of Dr. Hayne she refused one and all of her offers. It was thought that she was socially ambitious, and that Dr. Hayne's ancestry was what inclined her in his favor. He was

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the son of Robert Y. Hayne, the famous orator of South Carolina, whose debate on the Nullification issue is a part of American history. But the marriage, in spite of Dr. Hayne's noble name, was not a happy one. And the beautiful young actress, who had hoped to leave the stage forever after her wedding, found that her husband was unwilling for her to pursue this course. She found that he was willing to live on his wife's earnings, and most reluctantly she looked for another engagement.

However, the public did not seem to care so much for its former pet when billed as Mrs. Hayne, as it did when she was Julia Dean. She was just as beautiful, and her acting was as powerful as ever, but perhaps her unhappy home life prevented her talent from having free scope. At any rate, rather than be humbled in her pride in the city where she had so long been idolized, she went West and for years acted in Salt Lake City. Her next step was to divorce Dr. Hayne on the plea of non-support. It was some time after that she married a rich New Yorker whom she had met in the mining regions of the West. She expected to continue on the stage for a few months, in New York, and then resign for good and all. But again fate was unkind. She took a severe cold which developed into pneumonia and had a fatal ending.

Hymeneal Mixings

Eugenie Blair, whose name came into newspaper prominence this week in connection with her husband's desire for a divorce. was Mrs. Forrest Robinson before she married Robert Downing. After the divorce from Forrest Robinson, the latter married Mabel Bert, also a divorcee, and the ex-wife of Ed Bert, onetime manager of the Grand Opera House here. It was Mabel Bert, by the way, who was the cause of the separation of the McKee Rankins, long before Nance O'Neil came upon the scene. She is a very handsome woman of a frigid type and her last appearance in this city was, I believe, with the Henry Miller company at the Baldwin.

Miss Tempest's Past

Marie Tempest is now being lauded as the American prima donna. As she was born and raised in Ireland, and studied and sang in England for many years before coming to this country, it should appear that the title is a misnomer.

Here and There

The death of Lorimer Stoddard, the young playwright, at Sag Harbor, announced in the Sunday despatches, terminated a career of brilliant promise. Stoddard it was who adapted Hardy's "Tess of the d'Urbervilles" for Mrs. Fiske. He was also known in San Francisco through his play "The Question" which had its premier with the Frawleys, when Blanche Bates, Frank Worthing and Gladys Wallis were with the organization. Though "The Question" never achieved a marked success, it was a clever play all told with one especially strong and original situation, that where the women all gather together and "talk over things," just as they do in real life.

The new adaptation of "Vanity Fair" which has probably been put on the stage of the Prince of Wales theatre by this time, is in five acts. The action extends over the period from 1815 to 1826, beginning in the house of Miss Crawley and ending in Rawdon Crawley's house in Curzon street. Act two is located in Belgium and act four at Gaunt House. The name of the authors, or rather adaptors, has just been made public—Robert Hitchens and Cosmo Gordon-Lennox.

George Lask arrived in New York the other day, from Denver, where he had a big success with a comic opera company. He expects to come to this city with a Florodora company, though he has a contract to stage-manage for Blanche Walsh.

Excursion to the State Fair

Southern Pacific sells round trips daily until the fourteenth, limited sixteenth, from all California points to Sacramento for fare and a third. Seven trains daily from San Francisco. Go see the great exhibit and fine racing. 613 Market street.

There's a deal of comfort and cheer to be gained from a glass of Wm. Williams & Co.'s V. V. O. Scotch Whisky.

Notice of Intention to Apply For Parole

To the District Attorney of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to whom it may concern:

You will hereby please take notice that the undersigned, Lee Mong Wing convicted of murder of the first degree on July 15th, 1891, in the Superior Court of the said City and County of San Francisco, Department No. 12, Honorable D. J. Murphy, Judge, intends to, and will in due course, apply to the State Board of Prison Directors of the State of California, for admission to parole, as by law in such case is made and provided.

Dated, August 20th, 1901. LEE MONG WING.

AMUSEMENTS

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—Week of September 9th—

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NOTE:—The management announce a Surpassing Revival of 'SAPHO" for the final week of the Florence Roberts' engagement.

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Attractions Next Week

Joseph Haworth has done well in the first week of his season at the Grand, and as Elliott Gray in "Rosedale" shows that he is one of the best actors of the day. He will appear next week in a character that won him praise from Eastern critics, that of Vinicius in "Quo Vadis." We have seen several versions of this play but the Stange version is the one to be given by Haworth. Herchal Mayall, who has been leading man of the Pike theatre stock in Cincinnati for the past four years, will make his local debut as Petronius. McGreer is painting new scenery for the production which will be magnificently mounted.

Annie Russell in "A Royal Family" will have another week at the Columbia; Seabrooke in "A Modern Crusoe" will follow.

The Alcazar management has reserved "The Taming of the Shrew" as one of the dainties to be served during Florence Roberts last month at this theatre. It will be given next week. It is the Daly version that was used by Ada Rehan and John Drew; Florence Roberts will appear as Katherine and White Whittlesey as Petruchio. It should be a very interesting production.

"Faust" and "Carmen" will be sung at the Tivoli next week. Montanari, Agostini and Dado will be a great trio in "Faust." Salassa will be Valentine and Poletini, Siebel. Collamarini will be the "Carmen" prima donna, with Russo as Don Jose, Repetto as Michaela and Ferrari as the Toreador. The opening night of "Carmen" is already sold out.

For Native Sons' week the Orpheum will have a bill of nearly all novelties. George W. Leslie, an old favorite here, will be supported by Lester Wallack Jr., Miss Louise Willis and Miss Eleanor Leslie, presenting, by special arrangement with Charles Frohman, the New York *Herald's* one thousand dollar prize play, "Chums," by Thomas Frost. "Chums" is called a one act comedy, and is said to be near enough to genuine comedy in its tone to be termed a polite farce. Ernest Hogan, the "Unbleached American," and the best negro comedian and song writer extant, will sing his latest songs and tell his drollest stories. Hogan was here with the Black Pattis, and that was not his only visit. He's always good. J. Aldrich Libby, Katherine Trayer and John D. Gilbert will change their songs and specialties. La Vallee trio will also be heard in new selections for harp and violin. Mademoiselle Lotty will introduce new light and color effects, and the Five Sunbeams will present some acrobatic dancing surprises. Powell has saved his best and most mysterious program for his final week in San Francisco, and the biograph will show the latest Eastern and European views. Dorothy Morton, comic opera queen, will be heard at the Orpheum shortly.

"The Voice from the Wilderness," has been received very enthusiastically at the Central, and will go all next week.

A Handsome Hostelry

Among the hotels favored by our distinguished visitors from the East and Europe, this year, one of the most popular is the Hotel Pleasanton. Its situation, at the corner of Sutter and Jones streets, is central and convenient to several car-lines, two of these passing the door. Its furnishings are new and elegant, the cuisine and service unsurpassed. The view from the windows on the top floor is most comprehensive, commanding a birdseye glimpse of the entire bay front and city.

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A jolly time for everybody. Tickets on sale Friday, Saturday and Sunday, September sixth, seventh and eighth, good returning until Tuesday next. Only $10.80 round trip including steamer trip around the beautiful lake. Stop at any resort you like. Consult agents Southern Pacific, San Francisco, Oakland, Alameda, Berkeley and east.

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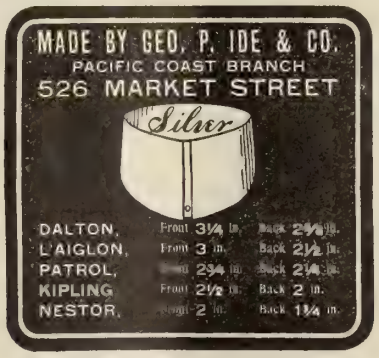
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A SOLID INSTITUTION

Report of the Secretary and General Manager

TO THE

President, Directors and Stockholders

San Francisco, Cal., Aug. 31, 1901

One of the best legacies to leave a family is a good home, and the only way to get the home, unless one has plenty of cash, is through a Building and Loan Association.

In the past seven years the CONTINENTAL has assisted 850 of its stockholders to build their own homes, and the people who have built these homes have taken no greater responsibility on their shoulders than the men who have continued to pay rent, because they would not assume this "responsibility" as they term it; when, as a matter of fact, if they intend to be good citizens of this commonwealth and keep their families decently, they have not shifted one particle of responsibility, but on the contrary have increased it by leaving nothing but a legacy of "What Might Have Been" as a shelter for their families. But, says someone, "I am willing to take my chances. This world owes me and my family a living, and I have faith enough in fate to believe that they will get it."

If people who have this idea in their heads could look up the path of the future, they would see it crossed by beggars, disappointments, suicides and shattered man and womanhood. Better let homestead memories trace their indelible lines across the minds of your children—memories which bring out the best in humanity and prepare them to handle the difficult, vexing problems of life.

The very thought of HOME brings smiles and happiness. It is a common source of joy that serves to hold the family together. The ambition to improve the home makes carpenters and gardeners of the boys and housekeepers and decorators of the girls. The possession of a good home for his loved ones is in the breast of every conscientious father. He knows, should he be taken away, that it will stand as a constant barrier between his family and want.

Some people, as a matter of course, expect to own a home some day, but it must come without any exertion on their part however, instead of by the sweat of their brows.

Alice Cary has expressed this sort of fellow and suggests his remedy in her poem entitled:

"WAITING FOR SOMETHING TO TURN UP"

"And why do you throw down your hoe by the way,
As if that furrow were done?"
It was the good farmer, Bartholomew Gray,
That spoke in this wise to his son.

He had thought to have given the lad such a start
As would bring him at once to his feet;
And he stood in the furrow, amazed, as young Bart,
Lying lazy, and smiling so sweet,
Replied: "The world owes me a living, you see,
And something, or sooner or late,
I'm certain as can be, will turn up for me,
And I am contented to wait."

"My son," said the farmer, "take this to your heart,—
For to live in the world is to learn,—
The good things that turn up are, for the most part,
The things we ourselves help to turn!

"So, boy, if you want to be sure of your bread,
Ere the good time of working is gone,
Brush the cobwebs of nonsense all out of your head,
And take up your hoe and work on."

Continental Building and Loan Association—July 1, 1901

ASSETS

Loans on Mortgages		$1,429,581.43
Loans on Stocks		65,414.43
Real Estate		201,071.57
Members accounts in arrears		19,996.82
Furniture and fixtures		1,600.00
Sundry advs. secured by Mortgages		23,220.33
R. E. sold under Con'ct		39,589.95
Sundry Debtors		47,689.79
Cash in Bank		80,793.33
Cash in office		6,823.35
		$1,915,786.70

LIABILITIES

Dues on shares		942,670.85
A E B	395,663.90	
F	435,420.50	
I	111,586.45	
Apportioned profits		215,018.98
Insurance Reserve		26,846.80
Saved from Life Insurance		8,878.36
Death loss acum'lation		1,201.83
Dues, Paid Up & Prepaid Stock		449,383.98
"D" Old	77,500.00	
"C" Old	1,239.00	
"B"	65,478.00	
"C"	319,258.00	
"D" Deposit	55,283.98	
"H"	625.00	
Advanced Payments		
A E G I		12,341.76
"F"		38,821.38
Loans due and Incomplete		166,119.34
All other Liabilities		
Inerest due Paid Up Stockholders		10,135.94
Repayments acct. Mtg. Loans		39,656.26
R.E. sold under cont'ct		3,506.16
Sundry accts. payable		1,205.06
		$1,915,786.70

Earnings for the year have been as follows:

Class "A" & "I" stock				9	per cent per annum
" "F" "				8	" " " "
" "C" "				6	" " " "
" "D" "				5	" " " "

Homes built for members during year 156
" " " " " past seven years 850

Music World

Mrs. Wallace Wheaton Briggs having retired from her position of soprano at St. Mary the Virgin, Steiner and Union streets, Mrs. William A. Taaffe has succeeded her. The choir as it now stands, is well balanced, and the music constantly improving under Mr. Pratt's leadership. The other members are: Mrs. Marguerite Wilbourn, Mr. Chester W. Rosekrans, Mr. Will S. Smith and Miss Myrtle Morgan the cornetist.

The Season's Opened

The season has fairly opened with the concert given by the Western Concert company—Miss Grace Davis, Mrs. Sedgley Reynolds, Mr. Veaco, Mr. Van Lingrem and Mr. Lucy—assisted by the Colonial Ladies' quartet—Mrs. Mead, Miss Kerr, Miss Roberts and Miss Arden—Walter C. Campbell, basso, and Mr. H. J. Jenkins, elocutionist, to the officers, their families and the naval apprentices of the Goat Island United States Naval Training station. The concert took place on Tuesday of last week and the fine program given was greatly enjoyed. The apprentices made a very striking appearance in their white suits and seemed thoroughly to appreciate the unusual treat. No less enjoyable was the novel trip over to the island. The program was under the direction and management of Roscoe Warren Lucy.

Sunday, September tenth is the date of the next concert on the list which is to be given at the First Unitarian church, Oakland, by the new trio, Miss Helen J. Hagar, pianiste, Mr. John R. Lewis, violinist, and Mr. Lovell Langstroth, cellist—assisted by A. H. Cogswell baritone. Miss Hagar is well known professionally in Oakland for her good work of last season. Mr. Lewis is a pupil of Sir Henry Heyman and though very young made a decidedly artistic success in his few appearances of last year. He is modest and disclaims anything like praise but his friends are watching his career with interest since it is certain that he has a future of promise before him. Mr. Langstroth is also well known and the trio is a strong combination of talent. Mr. Langstroth has just returned from study in Brussels and this is the trio's initial appearance. Some fine work is being prepared for future performances. Tuesday's program will be performed from numbers by Raff, Locatelli, Gounod, Bazzini, and Schubert.

At the California Conservatory of Music on Tuesday evening was given the first conservatory evening. As this was the first "evening" of the season there was to be no performance by pupils. It occurred too late for comment in this issue.

The Grand Opera

Probably as fine a performance of "Mignon" as the Tivoli ever gave was that of Tuesday night. Success was assured from the start when the overture which embraces all the gems of the opera was given a rousing encore. Repetto was an ideal Filina as the part is eminently fitted for her sweet, flexible soprano and Collamarini was at home in the part of Mignon. True, she makes of it a more wilful, tempestuous sort of character than we are used to in Mignon, more the gypsy than the nobly born Mignon, as Emma Abbott who studied the part with Thomas himself, presented her. Nevertheless it was a very natural Mignon. What a splendid voice this Collamarini has—a magnificent organ—and what a pity she has not a better method. Tones taken in at least three or four different ways divide her lovely voice up into a sort of musical patchwork at times. But she puts a vim into all she does that excites one's admiration for the woman and wins instant forgiveness for what may be lacking in method.

Going East?

Why not have your tickets read over the Northern Pacific from Portland, and ride on the "North Coast Limited," one of the finest trains in the world, electric lighted throughout, dining car service unexcelled. observation car a beauty, tourist sleeping car upholstered in leather? Through tourist sleeping car San Francisco to St. Paul every Wednesday morning. Why not stop off at Yellowstone National Park? only requires six days additional. Send six cents in stamps for 1901 Wonderland to T. K. Stateler, Gen'l Agent, 647 Market street.

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Lia Poletini did her best work of the season in her part of Frederick and sang the lovely little gavotte charmingly. I do not like Russo's Wilhelm Meister so well as some other things he does though his voice was pleasantly subdued to the part.

Not in the Bill

In the third act, when Mignon is brought fainting from the burning castle, when the curtains should have closed gracefully over a pathetic scene, the right hand curtain went on a strike and refused to budge. Colliamarini stood it as long as she could, but it finally became apparent that she was not reposing on a bed of down and growing desperate she rolled a bit behind the other curtain and rising to her feet beat a hasty retreat amid the laughter and plaudits of the audience to whom a bit of comedy is never an unwelcome feature of a performance.

A regular monthly musical service will be inaugurated at the Central M. E. church tomorrow evening at 7:45 o'clock. The following music will be rendered: The Lord is my Light, Allitson, Miss Logan Toohy; Come Unto Me, Gounod. The People that Walked in Darkness, from The Messiah, Mr. George R. King; Holy Father, Don, Male Quartet; For My Soul Thirsteth, Bartlett, Mrs. M. McMurray; "The Radiant Morn, Woodward, Organ selection, Nocturne E flat, Chopin; Grand Choir, Guilmant, Mr. Roscoe Warren Lucy, organist and choir master.

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Bits of News

Miss Dorothy Goodsell has returned from her vacation and has resumed teaching in her studios in Alameda, Berkeley and Redwood City. Miss Goodsell sang the Sancta Maria by Faure at the Vesper service of the Unitarian church, Sunday, August twenty-fifth. Mr. Richard Jose Ferrer, a pupil of Ysaye, played a delightful obligato as well as rendering the Andante from Mendelssohn's violin concerto. Mr. Ferrer also played the Largo from Semele (Haendel). At the opening of the service Miss Goodsell sang "I Mourn as a Dove" from Benedict's "St. Peter."

Leopold Godowski, who gave some very interesting recitals here last season, has yielded to the importunities of the ambitious and has decided to take a limited number of advanced piano pupils. Mr. Godowski has become a permanent resident of Berlin, which is also the home of Teresa Carreno and other celebrities.

The Synagogue in Taylor street is preparing an elaborate musical program in anticipation of the coming Jewish holidays, the music being under the direction of Cantor Davis. The choir is to be greatly augmented and there will be an orchestra. The soloists are Miss Millie Flynn, soprano; Miss Ella V. McCloskey, contralto; Mr. F. Lenau, tenor and Mr. F. G. Mills, basso; Mr. Henry Bretherick, organist.

News has been received from Master Xavier Mefret who is now considered one of the most promising pupils on the violin at the National School of Music at Tours, France. He has won honors for himself and his former teacher, Sir Henry Heyman, in his rapid advancement and has now been awarded the first second-prize with medal, at the annual "Concours." Young Mefret was a pupil of Sir Henry Heyman some three years ago and from his tutelage went directly to the "Ecole National de Musique" at Tours. There were fifty-eight applicants for admission but only eight were considered. Of these, young Mefret was No. 1 and was admitted to the superior class. The first year he obtained second honorable mention. The following year he gained a *first* honorable mention and this year he comes off with the *first* second-prize and medal which is considered a very rare honor indeed for so young a boy. Young Mefret's father is the well known Professor X. Mefret of San Francisco.

James Hamilton Howe Mus. B., has been engaged as organist and director of St. Dominic's church choir, Bush and Steiner streets, and entered upon his duties last Sunday. He announces that he has in preparation for the third Sunday of this month, evening service, the second portion of Gaul's beautiful cantata, the "Holy City" which is very popular here. Mr. Howe contemplates augmenting the size and strength of his choir and will build it into a large chorus capable of rendering portions of oratorios which they will present in the near future.

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MISCELLANEOUS

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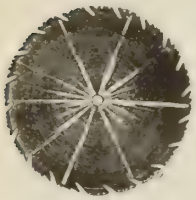
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Mr. Samuel Adelstein played "The Palms" and "The Lost Chord" as lute solos, with organ accompaniment, at the Alameda Unitarian church last Sunday. He also appeared on the program of Bay City Lodge, I. O. O. F., last Tuesday evening, rendering two numbers.

Miss Ella V. McCloskey has returned from her vacation and has resumed teaching at her residence, 1451 O'Farrell street.

Miss Lotte Siegel has returned from her vacation trip and has resumed teaching. —*The Music Critic.*

World of Letters

A Summer Hymnal

A book that will attract lovers of nature is "A Summer Hymnal," by John Trotwood Moore, of Columbia, Tennessee, just from the press of Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia. This is Mr. Moore's first novel though he is the author of several charming short stories that have appeared in the magazines. "A Summer Hymnal" reminds one in a way of James Lane Allen's "A Kentucky Cardinal." There is much of bird lore in it, and nature is in and about all the characters. These are but a few of the many thoughts scattered throughout the pages, thoughts worth culling:

Home building is half of life. Give two sensible young people a home, paid for and their very own, and their future is half made, their destiny is half solved. If you strike the home idea from the life of the Anglo-Saxon race, in a few generations they will be tribes of Arabs. Those who have no homes have no anchor in life, no fixed purpose, and hence not very much to live for.

Only people with the mating instinct in their hearts ever make true singers. Only good lovers make good poets.

Cheerfulness is the smile the soul owes to its Maker.

It takes a splendid combination of good parts to make a complete success, but I have never known a dead earnest and honest man yet to be a dead failure.

Infatuation or love? For there's a big difference in the two. Ah! I see you understand. One is passion, the other is principle. One is body, the other is soul. One is fire, leaping through the eyes to set the heart aglow; the other is sunshine, flooding the windows of the soul with sweet and wholesome light. Like the fire, one will quickly burn up all within its reach, even the home of sunshine, the home of love, and leave only the ashes of regret behind. Like the sunshine, the other will come day after day, always fresh and sweet, always pure and strengthening and wholesome. It makes a great difference which one we marry on.

If I were the parent of a homely girl, I'd start her to riding in her infancy. If that doesn't save her she is past-grand mistress of homeliness.

The character of the Blind Man, the kindly philosopher, is the principal one in the little book and close beside it stand those of the old negro Wash', Miss Cynthia and Thesis.

Juvenile Literature

It appears to have dawned upon the minds of contributors to literary periodicals, all and several, and all of a sudden that despite the large and increasing

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quantity of books prepared for children there is very little for children to read. Books are written from the standpoint of the grown-up, and the first requisite, according to their notion, is that they shall be "improving." The children's books are, therefore, but mild reflections of the "best selling" abominations which engross their elders, weak rehashes of history, cheap morality and fag ends of science revamped into a semblance of fairy tales, and the time-honored classics of childhood are rewritten down to the supposed intellectual capacity of the young generation. Books about children are plentiful enough, but books about children, written for children, have almost disappeared. Boys have not fared so badly as their sisters, but there is not today a single writer who can come within sight of Sophie May or Louise Alcott. In truth, the flat, the boarding-house and the kindergarten have elimilated the child, and it is a matter of some speculation whether in the course of another generation a glossary will not be needed in order that the curiosity seeker amongst the younger generation may learn the meaning of play, doll, fairy, ball, and such obsolete expressions. The little girls who figured in Miss Alcott's books as giving dollies' dinner parties in the corner of the porch and making bead necklaces can scarcely be expected to prove interesting to the small grown-up of the twentieth century, who attends evening parties, goes to the matinee of her own selection unaccompanied by an elder guardian, disports herself on the bathing beach, and tears madly about the public streets and highways on her bicycle, yelling and screeching to her companions of both sexes, her all too scanty skirts flapping and flying in the wind till they may as well have been omitted, and her mouth full of the latest slang. The small person of the day does not want a book such as interested her mother and aunts at the same age. She wants to be abreast of the times, to know what is going on, to penetrate all the mysteries, and to squeeze her orange dry. She selects her own books at the library, reads what she pleases without let or hindrance so far as her parents are concerned, and has a pretty well defined idea of her rights, which are summed up in a sentence, to do what she pleases, when she pleases, and without accounting to anyone. Little girls of ten or twelve years of age who are taken, or permitted to go to the theatre and witness such productions as "Sapho," "Camille," and the general run of problem plays have gone far beyond the reach of children's books. The courses of reading prepared for children are of as little practical value as Mellins' food would be for their stomachs. They have cut their wisdom teeth full young and there is no means of reversing the process of dentition. A district school library recently made a substantial addition to its stock of books such as would have been hailed with delight by the girls of former generations. A little miss of twelve glanced over the titles of the acquisitions and turned away with a look of disgust—"Not a single love story." There is not much encouragement to write stories for children, and especially for girls, until we once more have a generation to read them.

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A Modern Advertising Way

The lawsuit with the Pearsons and the consequent advertising of Hall Caine's "Eternal City" will go far towards making it a "boom book." It seems there is still another controversy concerning it, for Heinemann, the publisher, announces that the volume publication is to be verbatim et literatim et punctuatim, as written, and Pearson, holding a manuscript copy, is ready to prove that there have been changes, and that it is these changes which have made it unfit for publication in the *Ladies' Magazine*. Meanwhile, just as in the Tolstoi-*Cosmopolitan* feud, the curious-minded have had opportunity to gratify themselves if they so willed, for *Collier's* has continued the publication without expurgation. It is quite likely that when Caine has reaped the benefit of the notoriety and the Pearsons have doubled their subscription lists on the strength of a reputation for exceeding great care for the morals of their readers the whole thing will be forgotten. But this thing of advertising books by giving them an evil reputation while the cocoon is still unwound may be overdone. It will become like the stolen theatrical diamonds—the next thing will be to prove that there was anything to steal.

—*The Bookworm*

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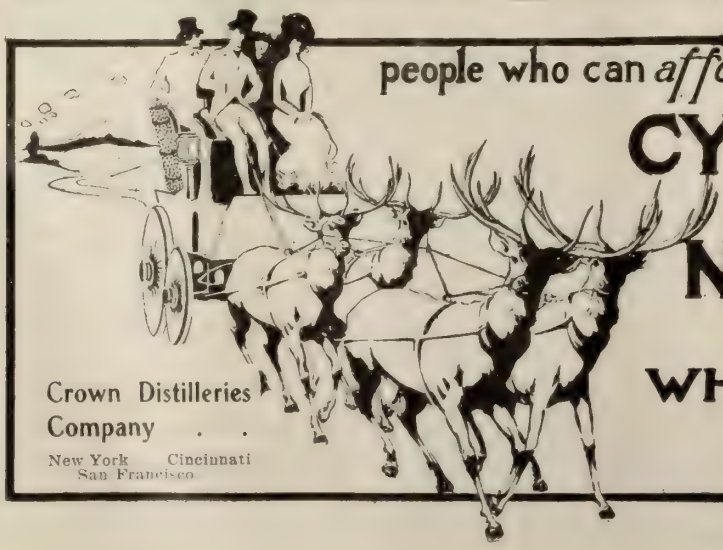
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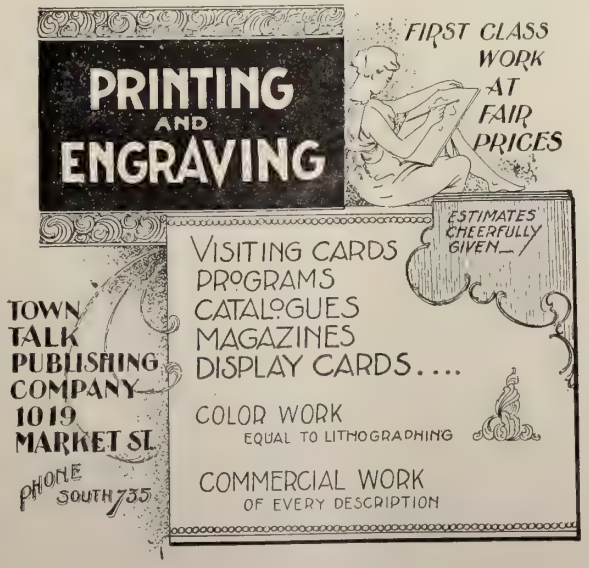
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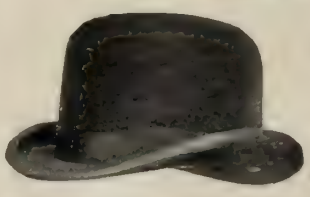


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Town Talk

THE LEADING WEEKLY.

VOL. 10—NO. 472 SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 14, 1901 PRICE, 10 CENTS

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LEGAL NOTICES

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

In the Matter of the Estate of MARY DONEGAN, Deceased. } Order to Show Cause Why Order of Sale of Real Estate Should not be Made and Ordering Publication.

Annie Kroutch, the Executrix of the last Will and Testament of Mary Donegan, deceased, having filed her petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of the real estate of said decedent, for the purposes therein set forth

It is Therefore Ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Friday, the 27th day of September, 1901, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of said Superior Court, at Department No. 9 thereof, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Annie Kroutch, Executrix as aforesaid, to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week, for four successive weeks in TOWN TALK a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated Aug. 23rd, A. D. 1901.

J. V. COFFEY, Judge of the Superior Court.

JOHN J. BARRETT, Attorney for Executrix. 4t

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO

In the Matter of the Application of WILLIAM SMITH, for a change of name. }

The petition of WILLIAM SMITH respectfully shows:—

That he is over the age of twenty-one years and for more than ten years last past has been and still is a resident of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. That he was born at Mount Eden, Alameda County, State of California, on the 8th day of May A. D. 1875; and your petitioner now resides at 4½ Scotland Street in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

That many years ago his parents, CHARLES SMITH and SOPHIE SMITH, separated and ever since continued and do now live separate and apart from each other; and during all of this time your petitioner has lived with and in the custody of and taken the name of your petitioner's grandfather, WILLIAM JOHNSON; that said WILLIAM JOHNSON lives in the City and County of San Francisco, and your petitioner has always been and continues to be known by the name of WILLIAM JOHNSON. That in all transactions in which he has been engaged he has been so known; that the name WILLIAM SMITH is a name commonly used and to be known by such name after the use of the name WILLIAM JOHNSON would lead to many complications.

That his mother SOPHIE DROSTE resides at Mount Eden, Alameda County, California, and his father in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

WHEREFORE, your petitioner prays this Court make an order changing his name from WILLIAM SMITH to WILLIAM JOHNSON

Dated August 20th, 1901.

WILLIAM SMITH.

LENT & HUMPHREY, Attorneys for Petitioner.
Crocker Building, San Francisco.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

In the Matter of the Application of WILLIAM SMITH for a change of name. }

Upon reading and filing the petition of WILLIAM SMITH for an order changing his name to WILLIAM JOHNSON, it is ordered that Monday the 7th day of October 1901, A D. at 10 A. M of said day at the Court Room of said Court, Department No. 7 thereof in the said City and County of San Francisco, be fixed as the time and place of hearing of said petition.

And all persons interested in said matter be required to appear at said time and place to show cause, if any they have, why said petition should not be granted.

It is further ordered that a copy of said petition and of this order be published in TOWN TALK, a newspaper published in said City and County of San Francisco, once a week for four weeks prior to said date of hearing.

Dated August 26th, 1901.

5t F. H. DUNNE, Judge of said Superior Court.

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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, September 14, 1901

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OUR OPINION

The Deed of a Degenerate

There was no occasion for the country to grow wildly excited over the shooting of President McKinley. The assassination of the Chief Executive of a nation is a shocking blow to the people of the nation. It inspires them with horror, and with resentment towards the assassin, and towards those responsible for the sentiments that inspired him to the deed. If the shooting of President McKinley had been due to the political or social prejudices of a large element of the people, then there would be occasion for excitement and for anxious solicitude for the stability of the government. An attempt to assassinate the Russian Czar would be regarded as a great national calamity, because nihilism is the social religion of a large and powerful class of people in the dominions of the Muscovite ruler, and the doctrine of extermination is preached as the remedy for existing evils which can be traced to the system of government of which he is the Chief Executive. Assaults on the President of France inflame and excite the people of that country because they know that there is a possibility of the government being upset by the Royalists. But in the United States there is no such nervous dread as that which affects the people of countries whose government rests on a less solid foundation. If it appeared that President McKinley's assailant was affected by a delusion growing out of our industrial disturbances, there would be occasion for alarm, though not of a very serious character, for the spirit of the American people is so well understood that the laboring element would not attempt to take advantage of the unfortunate situation. The simple fact is that Czolgosz is a degenerate. His life is a failure. He longed for notoriety, and the vaporings of an anarchist suggested the way of achieving it. It is unfortunate that such men exist, and that cranks of the Goldman type are permitted to stimulate their soggy brains, but to grow wildly excited over the dastardly deed of a Czolgosz is absurd. We can sympathize with our unfortunate President and deplore the misfortune of his encounter with the degenerate, without affecting a melodramatic air. At this time President McKinley is resting easily, and the probability is that he will recover. We sincerely hope that he will recover, and be vouchsafed by Providence the privilege of serving his people to the end of his term.

Where the Blame Should Rest

Of greater importance to the country than the life of a President is the liberty of the press. Unbridled license is deserving of the severest condemnation. Appeals to passion and prejudice calculated to promote disorder and anarchy are in abuse of the liberty of the press, and should be regarded as treasonable utterances and punished accordingly. But it would be unfortunate indeed, if the bullet of an anarchist should start a cry throughout the nation for curtailment of the liberty of the press. A pastor of one of the local churches declared in his Sunday sermon that there was "too much abuse of public men in this country." No doubt there is and in some instances there is too little. We have had many public men deserving of severe condemnation and abuse and in most instances the truth concerning them was not more than half told. And by the way, the newspapers are not always the severest critics of our public officials. There are firebrand pulpit orators who are much more daring than the press in their attacks on public men. Usually when the yellow journals have reached the limit of editorial denunciation, they invoke the aid of the clergy to give fresh impetus to the campaign of vilification. And when it comes to hurling invective the fierce Doctors of Divinity make the editors of the land look like tyros in the noble art. But what would happen if newspaper criticism of our public men were prohibited? There is an abundance of corruption notwithstanding the liberty of the press, but without that liberty to what extremes would malfeazance in office go? When a newspaper abuses the liberty it enjoys, it can be suppressed. There is no more effective way of suppressing it than by the withdrawal of patronage. Neither Mr. Hearst nor any other newspaper proprietor is in the publishing business for his health or for glory. If Mr. Hearst is guilty of treason then every person who contributes to the maintenance of his papers is guilty of complicity in his crime. TOWN TALK disapproves of the policy of Mr. Hearst. We believe that he is conducting an industrial campaign in this city on the theory that the end justifies the means, and he should be forced to understand that he is wrong. We believe that Mr McKinley has been treated with great discourtesy and indelicacy, but the circumstance of a crank having attempted to assassinate him should not persuade us to argue that because such men are influenced by newspaper criticism of public men, therefore newspaper criticism of public men should be prohibited. The critics of President McKinley should not be held responsible for the act

of a disciple of Emma Goldman. More reasonable would it be to place the responsibility on our law-makers by whom the Goldmans and Mosts are tolerated in this country. Let the anarchists be driven out, and then there will be less occasion to be worried over such incidents as that which shocked the nation when that cowardly attack was made on the life of our President.

The Kiss

"There is much ignorance and misapprehension on the subject of kissing," writes one of the editorial solons of the *Bulletin*. Nobody that has read discussions of the subject in magazines and newspapers would question that assertion. After reading the dissertation of the *Bulletin's* expert kisser, one is impressed not only with the ignorance that prevails in some quarters, but with the temerity of the ignorant in daring to enter into an analysis of something that they know nothing about. The fact is that the first kiss of love sends the average young man into such raptures that, if he be a professional writer, he is impelled to rush into print, to flaunt his knowledge of the exquisite sensation. His knowledge is, of course, merely rudimentary, but with the conceit of his sex he imagines that he knows it all, and he rejoices in the opportunity to discuss it in all its phases. When he grows older and becomes a Past Master in the art of imparting as well as deriving pleasure from the kiss, he regards the osculatory act as something sacred, and has no desire to rhapsodize over it, or to soil it with printer's ink. But harken to the *Bulletin's* expert:

> The kiss is an arbitrary expression like shaking hands. * * * In itself a kiss has no moral color. If custom had not made kissing our mode of expressing intimate affection, there is no clearer reason why smacking the lips should signify love than why touching the elbows or the toes should signify love. * * * A kiss is attractive because it is forbidden.

When you encounter such "ignorance and misapprehension," you cannot help sympathizing with the author. His notion of the kiss is that it is nothing more than a mere form of salutation. It is a custom with no more depth, purpose, influence or sentiment than that of shaking hands. The *Bulletin* writer is undoubtedly a bachelor, and in all probability somewhat of a recluse. The delicious, exhilarating kiss of passion, the solution of lips and soul in the humidity of ecstatic communion, the carnal commingling of lips, are features of that which he coldly terms an "arbitrary expression." That is the kiss that has never been dreamed of in his philosophy. His is the knowledge only of

> The kiss, so guiltless and refined,
> That love each warmer wish forebore.

But there are other varities of the kiss. Some of them are not so pure as the first kiss of love that Byron sang about, but they go to disprove the assertion that the kiss is an ancient custom like that of shaking hands. They are of the variety that Secundus loved to write about, and Secundus, by the way, was a kisser of the old school. Lovers kissed long before kissing became a form of salutation. Lovers have always found it an excellent adjuvant to amorous dalliance and many regard it as an essential concomitant. Many volumes have been written on the subject of the kiss, and to attempt to explain its significance, its origin, its purpose and its effect, in a short editorial, is vain and absurd and the best evidence in the world of a lack of profitable and enjoyable experience.

An Author's Fake

Mr. Hall Caine's new book, "The Eternal City" will no doubt achieve popularity. It has been "pushed" with all the skill that is exercised in spreading the fame of a patent medicine. Many people will enjoy it though it is easy for them to spend their time to much more profitable advantage. People who have never glanced over a novel from the pen of Hugo, or of Dickens, or of Thackeray pride themselves on their familiarity with up-to-date literature. Charlatans of the Marie Corelli and Hall Caine type are their favorites. And strange to say, our modern seats of learning—the universities—are in a large measure responsible for the perverted taste. The professors of literature tell us that Longfellow was a jingler, and Walter Scott a mangler of history, and that Rockefeller resembles Shakespeare, from an intellectual standpoint. And those same professors dignify Richard Harding Davis and writers of his tribe by discussing them as though they were exponents of a high literary cult. They will probably find much to admire in Hall Caine's latest, though it is deserving of no higher criticism than that elicited from Oscar Wilde when he was asked, concerning an earlier work of the same author, if he did not consider it immoral. His reply was: "It's worse: it's badly written." There are good reasons why "The Eternal City" should sell. It was first announced as a serial in the *Lady's Magazine*. After the publication of a few chapters, the rest was withheld on the ground that it was immoral. The real purpose of the stoppage, was undoubtedly to advertise the book, and it was accomplished. Hall Caine brought suit against the publishers for damages, and thus was public curiosity concerning the novelist and his work kept alive. A few weeks ago a little more free advertising was secured through the medium of a fellow who declined to pay his subscription to the *Lady's Magazine*. The bookseller threatened to sue him, and he justified himself on the ground that the publishers had failed to fulfill their promise by stopping the story. We should rejoice to learn that the reading public had concluded that a book in need of so much preliminary advertising is not worth reading.

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The Saunterer

Dole's Job in Jeopardy

Here is a bit of news that comes to me from an official in Washington who is in touch with Cabinet affairs. If President McKinley had not been shot at Buffalo, Governor Dole of Hawaii would have been removed from his office within thirty days. According to my informant, during the investigation into the charges against Judge Abram S. Humphreys, who is still somewhere in the East, the revelations concerning Dole's queer administration were of such a sensational and disgusting character that the Federal authorities openly discussed the advisability of putting the quietus on the Missionary party in the islands. Moreover, it was shown to the satisfaction of everybody that the charges against Humphreys were concocted in furtherance of a political conspiracy in the interest of Dole and his satellites. Humphreys surprised his enemies by producing court records to show that all his judicial acts complained of were not only regular, but that they were in harmony with a high sense of judicial propriety and integrity. His enemies had made the absurd mistake of trying to convict him not only by misrepresentation and a *suppressio veri* but by an absolute falsification of the records. I am assured by my correspondent that he will not only be sustained but commended.

The Story of Iwilei

"It appears," writes my Washington informant, "that the greatest grievance of the Dole clique arose through Judge Humphreys' charge to the grand jury in relation to the institution known as Iwilei. He wanted the managers of the institution indicted, and was therefore accused of political partizanship. The complainants, however, failed to state the character of that institution or to go into details, but during the investigation it transpired that Iwilei is an immense stockade in which reside about two hundred and fifty harlots. The place is conducted in violation of law under rules and regulations established by High Sheriff Brown, a protege of Governor Dole. He gives the inmates protection, and it is a well known fact that female minors reside there, and that the place is visited by boys; also, that the regulations recognize the business of the men who are at the head of the institution and who reap a harvest therefrom. Judge Humphreys' crusade against Iwilei won him the commendation of the decent element in the community. I have seen letters here addressed to the Attorney-General by prominent divines in the Islands commending Judge Humphreys for his course, and the records here show that his charge was followed by one delivered by Judge Estee to the Federal grand jury along the same lines. From what has been written by Hawaiian correspondents controlled by Dole's clique, one would suppose that Humphreys' was the representative of the lawless element which is opposed to the Missionary party. The fact appears to be that he has the backing of all the clergy, and that the so-called Missionary party is not connected with the church. It consists of the descendants of the old missionaries but they are now in trade and politics.

Why the Lawyers Object

Continuing, my informant states that the circumstance of the Bar Association applying for the removal of Judge Humphreys should not be regarded as discreditable to him. From what has been disclosed in Washington it appears that the Bar Association of Honolulu is in a very rotten state. Judge Humphreys appears to be somewhat after the style of Judge Coffey of San Francisco. He is evidently of the opinion that litigants have some rights, and that attorneys are not entitled to all in sight. He undertook to conduct his court after the style of an American court and the lawyers kicked. He refused to allow lawyers to talk with him about their cases outside of court, at the club or in the hotels. This was an innovation that startled the profession. One day he refused to settle a bill of exceptions on the street, and was accused of being "too high." Another objectionable rule required trust funds to be deposited. He had learned that clerks and even judges were in the habit of dipping into them and leaving their I. O. U's. One judge forgot to settle up until six months after he left the bench, and he was one of the complainants against Humphreys.

A Threat of Pretorian Guards

One of the charges against Humphreys was that he made a personal attack on Attorney-General Dole in open court from the bench.

"As this is a sample case," says my correspondent, "I'll briefly narrate the facts as disclosed by the records. The Attorney-General claimed that he was exempt from testifying before the Grand Jury. During his argument he deliberately turned his back on the court, and addressing the audience declared that the Governor had the power, whenever it became necessary, to call upon the military and naval forces of the United States, summon the *posse comitatus*, call out the militia or suspend the writ of habeas corpus. Judge Humphreys called him down in this language:

" 'Why the alleged powers of the Governor are paraded before this court, the court is at an utter loss to understand. But if the idea of the counsel was to coerce this court in arriving at a conclusion, such statements could only inspire in any court and in this court the most unspeakable contempt, a contempt which extends to the author of such sentiments whenever they are uttered at the Bar of this court. This court in the performance of its constitutional duties will not be intimidated or coerced or influenced by any threat of Pretorian Guards, nor even by an intimation that the Governor in resisting the process of the court, has at his beck and call the land and naval forces of the United States.' "

An Unfounded Rumor

The story of an impending rupture in the Oelrichs family will not down. It was revived by a New York paper the other day, apropos of the report that Fred Gebhard had gone to Dakota to obtain the necessary papers of freedom. This was the language of the New York journal:

Is there any truth in the rumor that Mr. Hermann Oelrichs is going to Dakota to keep Mr. "Freddie" Gebhard company? *Arcades Ambo?* What a pair they would make in the wild western pursuit of freedom!

THE STANDARD FOR CHAMPAGNE QUALITY IS

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THE WORLD OVER

Though I have more than once called attention to the seeming antipathy of Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs to cohabitation, I think I can safely answer that there is no truth in the rumor. If the rumor should be given currency that Mrs. Oelrichs was going to Dakota to establish a residence for divorce purposes, then, perhaps, I would not be sceptical, but I cannot imagine Hermann doing anything so rash.

He Knows a Good Thing

Mr. Hermann Oelrichs is too gallant to make his wife a defendant in a divorce suit. That would mean a contest, and he would gain nothing but his freedom by a fight. And surely he is in need of no more freedom than he is enjoying, for Mrs. Oelrichs has never done anything suggestive of a desire to keep him at her side. Did she not start for Europe the day before he arrived in New York some months ago? No, if a divorce were contemplated, the gallant Hermann would volunteer to pose as the defendant. Otherwise he couldn't get a cent of his wife's fortune, for it is not community property. Mr. Oelrichs is well satisfied with his lot. He is on Easy street, and the friction of domestic ties has never caused an abrasion of his cuticle. Who ever heard of a twentieth century society man divorcing a fortune?

She Nearly Met the King

An interesting story comes to me from New York about an ex-Tivoli chorus girl—Blanche Woodman—who recently returned from London whither she went with the Alice Neilsen company. Blanche Woodman will be remembered by many of the club men around town. She was one of the prettiest girls ever in the Tivoli chorus, and she was a sort of a protege of the gallant Ned Greenway from whom she received considerable encouragement. Well, Miss Woodman had a very pleasant experience in London. She was entertained by an American millionaire from Chicago, and through him she came within an ace of meeting King Edward. The King will probably never know what a narrow escape he had. However she did meet Mrs. Keppel, the King's favorite who is now being feted by the snobs of Newport. The American millionaire was introduced to Mrs. Keppel by the King, and the millionaire being an American King reciprocated in a way by introducing his favorite to His Majesty's favorite. One day Blanche and the millionaire visited Mrs. Keppel and they arrived just a few minutes after Edward had left. That was as near as the chorus girl from the Tivoli came to meeting the King.

Mrs. Keppel Described

The amusing part of the story, according to my correspondent, is that Mrs. Keppel didn't know that Miss Woodman was a chorus divinity. She supposed her to be a rich American girl, and invited her out riding in an automobile. "I suppose," said Miss Woodman in telling the story, "she'd have had a fit if she knew I was only a chorus girl." She describes Mrs. Keppel as a tall, thin woman, with no style, but of a very magnetic personality. She is about thirty-five years of age. Ex-Tivoli chorus girls, by the way, are becoming the rage in the East. There were three of them in Alice Neilsen's company, and there are two in "Florodora". As a rule they have better voices than many of the principals in the musical comedies of New York.

The Liquid Air Fraud

The Tripler Liquid Air company which was advertised extensively in this city some months ago, has come to grief in New York through a row among the directors. This is the company which was organized to put liquid air on the market for a dozen different commercial purposes, and which promised fabulous wealth to those who invested in its stock. Since the row the fact has been revealed that the production of liquid air for commercial purposes has never been started, and that the process for producing it has never passed beyond the experimental stage. Yet the directors have sold nearly two hundred thousand dollars worth of stock by means of glowing advertisements which recited that at an expense of fifty dollars a day two thousand dollars worth of liquid air could be produced for commercial purposes. The expose of the fraud in the East is interesting to me because I warned people against the Tripler Air company months ago. I knew nothing of the demerits of the corporation, but it was sufficient for me to know that Howard Taylor, that prince of hot air financiers, was at the head of the local agency which was engaged in gathering in the shekels of the unwary. This is the same Taylor who has been posing as a banker and a boomer of oil company stock. I am at a loss to understand why the grand jury never devotes any attention to the numerous wild-cat schemes that are being promoted by the nimble fly-by-night brokers and agents who infest our tall office buildings. They are far more dangerous than the bunco-steerers who are driven out of town by the police.

Perhaps They Are Grateful

When it was announced that General Jim Smith was returning to his home, the members of the First Regiment proceeded to make preparations for a grand reception to their old Colonel. It is hard to believe that this is the same Jim Smith they spoke so disparagingly about when they came back from the Philippines. The State of California owes a great deal to Jim Smith and the First Regiment owes much by way of reparation. If it were not for Jim Smith many of the gallant volunteers from California who are now posing as veterans of the war, would have started on the homeward journey about as soon as they reached Manila. Because he insisted on keeping them there, and exacting from them a strict performance of duty, they began to malign him in a most shameful manner. They charged him among other things with using them for his political advancement, but brave Jim Smith has since demonstrated that he

Another lot of NAVAJO Indian Blankets and Baskets just received at H. E. SKINNER'S—416 Market street.

Engraved Wedding Announcements and Invitations

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was the most unselfish patriot that went to the Philippines from this State. His conduct reflected credit on the regiment, and it was due to his tenacity of purpose that the regiment came back crowded with honors. Perhaps gratitude inspired a little of the enthusiasm over the news of his coming.

The O'Connell Memorial

That memorial to Dan O'Connell that has been more than once the subject of agitation is at last to be erected. The site selected is a gore lot in Sausalito, a prominent spot easily accessible, and one said to have been a favorite of the late poet. There will be a monument—just a simple seat in granite with approaching steps of the same stone, the style of memorial that would have appealed to O'Connell himself. The last poem written by the beloved Bohemian will be inscribed on the stone:

THE CHAMBER OF SLEEP

I have a Castle of Silence, flanked by a lofty keep,
And across the drawbridge lieth the lovely chamber of sleep;
Its walls are draped with legends woven in threads of gold,
Legends beloved in dreamland, in the tranquil days of old.

Here lies the Princess sleeping in the palace, solemn and still,
And knight and countess slumber; and even the noisy rill
That flowed by the ancient tower, has passed on its way to the sea,
And the deer are asleep in the forest, and the birds are asleep in the tree.

And I in my Castle of Silence, in my chamber of sleep lie down,
Like the far-off murmur of forests come the turbulent echoes of town,
And the wrangling tongues about me have now no power to keep
My soul from the solace exceeding the blessed Nirvana of sleep.

Lower the port-cullis softly, sentries, placed on the wall;
Let shadows of quiet and silence on all my palace fall;
Softly draw my curtains * * let the world labor and weep,—
My soul is safe environed by the walls of my chamber of sleep.

Mr. Newton, J. Tharp and Robert Aitken have volunteered to execute the memorial and the granite is also a gift. About fifteen hundred dollars are needed for the memorial, of which five hundred have already been subscribed. Charlie Peters has donated his moonlight painting "Santa Inez Mission" which is to be raffled for one thousand dollars, to obtain the rest of the necessary sum. The plaster model of the seat and its setting is now on exhibition at the Bohemian club-rooms.

A Novel Operation

Pulling a tooth with a corkscrew is the somewhat remarkable feat performed by Dr. Hodgdon of this city. Nothwithstanding the achievement, however, he has no intention of recommending the corkscrew as a valuable acquisition to the dentist's instruments of torture. It happened up in the Sierras whither Hodgdon, Joe Sheldon and Walter Kaufman recently went on a camping trip. One day their big, burly guide began to suffer from a tooth-ache. His sufferings were so great that he threatened to leave the party, and start for the nearest village to find a dentist. Rather than lose him Dr. Hodgdon undertook to remove the troublesome tooth. He filled the guide up with Scotch whisky and then went at him with a jack-knife. After loosening the tooth with the blade, he resorted to the corkscrew and pried the tooth out. When the operation was over the guide called for more whisky.

Bohemian Cafe, 711 Market street, serves the purest liquors and the daintiest lunch in the city.

From the Citrus Belt

The J. W. Mitchells of Los Angeles are spending a few days at the Palace. Mr. Mitchell is one of the leaders of the Los Angeles bar. The other day he became the attorney for the administrator of an estate the appraisement of which is the highest ever made in Los Angeles. Mrs. Mitchell is a cultured woman who distinguished herself by her activity as a director of the Whittier Reform school.

The wound inflicted by Czolgosz is not to be compared with the insult involved in the suggestion that it is possible to kill the ruler of these United States with a 32-calibre bullet. The incident reminds me of the story of the Western cattle raiser who seeing a small boy with a 32-calibre pistol asked him what it was, and when told, remarked,

"Waal youngster, if I should ever find out that you hit me with that thing, I'd tear the hide off you."

Off to Europe

Mr. Garrett McEnerney intends leaving for Europe in a few days. He will be accompanied by Mr. Louis Rosenthal, the well known insurance man. They expect to be away about three months. No other lawyer in San Francisco has devoted himself to his professional labors so assiduously as Mr. McEnerney, and he is surely entitled to a rest. And incidentally it may be stated that no other lawyer has met with the success that has crowned his labors. He is today, though only thirty-six years of age, at the head of the profession in this State.

Cora Budde: Mrs. Stoutleigh must have a big bank account.

Lena Belle: Why do you think so?

Cora Budde: Well I can't imagine Stoutleigh marrying her for anything else.

No More of it for Jim

Because ex-Governor Budd has earned a fee of one hundred thousand dollars out of the Fair estate, the impression prevails that he will be willing to spend a little of it in chasing the gubernatorial job again. Not many weeks ago Mr. James H. Budd assured me that he was no longer ambitious of political honors and that he would not take the nom-

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ination for Governor. He finds the practice of law much more profitable, and that it involves much less wear and tear. He came out of office with an empty purse, and for a whole year thereafter he was kept busy explaining why he had not given a job to every man that voted for him. Now it is generally conceded in Republican as well as Democratic circles that he was the best Governor the State ever had, and he doesn't care to take any more chances with his political scutcheon.

The Nurse Got a Present

I hear that John I. Sabin, upon receipt of the telegram notifying him that his daughter, Mrs. Redmond Payne, was the mother of a boy, immediately sent off a check for one hundred dollars to the nurse who assisted in the heir's arrival. Mr. Sabin was much disappointed when his first grandchild turned out to be a girl. At that time he said if the little one had been a boy, he would have given the nurse a present of one thousand dollars. His enthusiasm had evaporated ten per cent by the time of his second grandchild's advent.

Little Marjorie to the Front

When President McKinley left San Francisco I fondly hoped that the George Morses would retire into the obscurity from which they had shortly before emerged. But Fate has decreed otherwise. President McKinley having been shot in Buffalo, the tragic episode is seized as an excuse for the publication in this city of a picture of little Marjorie McKinley Morse, who is said to have been a favorite of the President during his brief sojourn in San Francisco. Certainly Mrs. Ida McKinley Morse, the mother of Marjorie, the favorite of William, otherwise known as the grand-niece of her grand-uncle, didn't give that picture to the *Examiner*. Mrs. Morse doesn't like notoriety. She said so herself some time ago, and I believe it. I have no doubt that when Mrs. Morse saw that picture in the paper she was wildly indignant.

A Much Engaged Heiress

Parental opposition appears to be the reason for the denial which followed closely upon the announcement in the despatches of Miss May Van Alen's engagement to Hero Hobson. It seems not so long ago that the Van Alens were denying the engagement of Miss May to Mr. Collier, which was but a postlude to similar denials in which the names of Harry Lehr and the Duke of Manchester could be substituted. My New York correspondent writes that the dowager Duchess of Manchester was the one who put into circulation the rumor of her son's betrothal with James J. Van Alen's daughter. The Duchess, when she was Consuelo Yznaga, was a great friend of Mrs. Van Alen, and when Mr. Van Alen wanted someone to chaperon the social debut of his motherless girl, he thought at once of the Duke of Manchester's widow. That's how the latter happened to come over to Newport a few years ago, and that is how it happened that the report gained currency of the young Duke's engagement to Mr. Van Alen's daughter.

No Longer an Anglomaniac

Miss May Van Alen is one of the swellest looking girls in the Newport swim. She and her younger sister Sarah lived abroad for a long time and became saturated with the odor of foreign courts that gives such an air to even the least distingue. When they returned to Newport for May's debut they brought with them not only the young Duke and his mother, but the former's sister, Lady Mary Montagu. At that time May was strikingly English in her prejudices but since then she has become wholly American—which perhaps explains her penchant for Hero Hobson.

That Deferred Wedding

The fact that the marriage of Miss Lily Oelrichs and Peter Martin has been deferred until next spring seems to bear out what I wrote a few weeks ago anent the match. It was a private advice from New York that informed me of the plans made by the family to stave off the wedding and keep the young people on the tenterhooks of expectation until something could be thought of, of sufficient potency to kill their absurd fancy for each other. Mrs. Oelrichs says that it would be the height of insanity for her daughter to marry a man of such a small income as Peter Martin's. Again Mrs. Oelrichs, who was a De Loosey, does not consider the Downey–Martin pedigree of sufficient blueness to mate with her own. If Lily were a plain girl of no attractions, any catch of fair size might be considered worthy, but Lily is one of the prettiest girls at Newport. She is a fearless equestrienne, drives with precision and courage, and is an adept at all outdoor sports as well as drawing-room accomplishments. Like her cousin Dora, the daughter of the Theodore Havemeyers, she attracts admiration everywhere, and according to her mother's idea, should be able to land as big a matrimonial fish as was caught by Kitty Duer. That is the real reason why the wedding day has again been postponed. Of course in the meantime the fiances may take fate into their own hands and have a runaway match, but in Newport that would be such a breach of propriety that its possibility is not to be considered.

Crowell-Freeman

San Rafael had a pretty wedding this week, when Miss Alma Newell Crowell, daughter of C. I. Crowell of the firm of John Sroufe & Co., was united to Mr. Harrison Freeman of Hartford, Conn. The marriage was solemnized at the residence of L. H. Sweeney, and was a very elaborate affair. The charming bride, in regulation white satin and orange blossoms, was attended by Miss Ada Burrowes of Redbank, N. J. The bride's little niece and nephew, Alma and Osborne

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Crowell Doane, the children of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Doane, acted as ribbon bearers. Mr. R. J. Davis of Ross valley was the best man. Mr. and Mrs. Freeman are at present enjoying a honeymoon trip to Southern California, after which they will leave for their future home in Hartford. Mr. Freeman, who is a graduate of Yale and one of the cleverest lawyers in Hartford, is a member of the Connecticut state legislature.

Age Cuts No Figure Nowadays

The idea seems to be becoming general that a woman has as good a right to marry a man younger than herself as a man has to marry a woman of less years than his own. The line of reasoning is that if a man of forty can marry, without fear of unkind criticism, a girl of eighteen, a woman of forty or thereabouts has an equal right to wed a youth of tender years who happens to please her. And these marriages are becoming more common every day. Lieutenant Perry, who married Mrs. Mary Hooper Jouett last week, is some years younger than his bride, yet the union promises to be wholly happy. Mrs. Jouett is a very fascinating woman, and the lieutenant was a devoted suitor for a long time before Mrs. Jouett consented to be his.

Another Pleasing Instance

Phil Mighels, who is out here on a visit from London, furnishes additional proof that there may be a happy marriage where the difference in age is slightly to the lady's disadvantage. Most of his success Mr. Mighels owes to his clever, energetic wife, Ella Sterling Cummins that was. He was the usual type of newspaper man, bohemian in temperament and though not without ambition he did not possess any particular incentive to spur him on. But all that was changed when he fell in love with Mrs. Cummins. The courtship and marriage contained all the elements of a three-volume romance, and his devotion was only crowned with success through the intervention of a good fairy in the person of the widow's daughter Viva, now Mrs. Doan.

What's In a Name

With his metamorphosis into a benedict, young Mighels became a different man. He wrote with more vigor and interest, and pursued his art studies in New York with redoubled enthusiasm His wife persuaded him to sign his full name to his articles—"Philip Verrill Mighels"—for as she said:

"What chance has a man named *Phil* to have his copy read?"

The elongated name took, and Mr. Mighels is now quite a prominent figure in the literary world of New York and, to a greater degree, of London. His book "Nella" had a good sale and he has another in press. Mrs. Mighels did not come west with her husband, but staid in New York where they intend to reside henceforth.

Dorothy in a New Role

Since the untying of the nuptial knot that bound Dorothy Studebaker to her spendthrift spouse, Scott McKeown, that eccentric damsel has been going the pace along the primrose path faster than ever. And Dorothy has had a narrow escape from being involved in a very nasty police scandal. Since her divorce she has found congenial diversion in the company of a local clothier with sporting proclivities, and through him she became acquainted with a wealthy merchant. One night quite recently the merchant became the guest of the fair Dorothy in her apartments in a tenderloin lodging house. A little later the merchant received a letter through which he was informed that a good large stack of the coin of the realm would serve to enjoin silence on the topic of his amour with the gay grass-widow.

Seymour's Warning

Though a man of family, this rich merchant did not quake with fear and play gracefully into the hands of the blackmailer. He followed that wiser course of presenting the whole matter to Captain of Detectives Seymour, and relying on that gentleman for protection. Captain Seymour has dealt with such matters before. He sent for the young man whom he suspected of being the author of the letter,and informed him that a repetition of the offense would result in relentless prosecution. He said that consideration of the family of the intended victim was all that saved the blackmailers from exposure. The young man indignantly denied having written the letter and he also exculpated Miss Studebaker. It was afterwards learned that a third party who had heard of the merchant's adventure was the author of the letter.

An Insolent Army Officer

A story comes to me of the insolent demeanor of Captain Charles T. Baker of the United States transport *Sumner* on the occasion of a visit to that vessel of a Lieutenant-Commander of the British navy when the *Sumner* put into Kobe on her last trip. The British officer visited the *Sumner* to extend the usual courtesies and was received in a manner so insolent as to shock and embarrass the Americans by whom it was witnessed. Captain Baker was recently admitted from the volunteer service.

Gossip About a Thirst

And now the gossips are wagging their tongues about a young widow in a beautiful home on the shores of the Pacific, not many hours' journey from San Francisco, who is mourning the loss of a husband whose untimely death in a foreign land aroused the sympathies of all society. The gossips say that the young widow has entirely succumbed to her fondness for stimulants. They are not sufficiently charitable to suggest that her sorrow is so great that perhaps she is trying to submerge it. And when you stop to think about it, that isn't so bad as to undertake the quenching of an unquenchable thirst.

DEWAR'S
SCOTCH WHISKY
HIGH BALL

Small piece of ice in glass, pour whisky over ice and fill glass with syphon or plain water

A Cooling and Delightful Drink

The Grace Church Choir Row

The rumor has reached my ears that when the Episcopal Bishops come to town to hold their powwow, the case of Mrs. Eunice Westwater will be called to their attention. The case is so old that I have almost forgotten all about it. Mrs. Westwater, as I recall the affair, was the contralto of Grace church choir and having been dismissed without the six months notice provided for in her contract, she sued the church for damages. The case is still pending in the Supreme court. It was rather a bitter affair—that choir row, and it must have been very humiliating to the rich swells of Grace church to have their congregation involved in such a matter. Mrs. Westwater's contract was only a verbal one between the Reverend Dr. Foute and the lady, but the lady's husband wrote an open letter, in which he declared that if the clergyman would go on the witness stand, and deny that there had been agreement as to the six months' notice, he would dismiss the suit. This was an excellent offer but it was not accepted. Nevertheless the church has never confessed damages. What will John Pierpont Morgan and the Belmonts and the Vanderbilts think if they hear about the Westwater case ?

"'Tis a kind providence," said Maude, "which decrees that money and beauty shall seldom go together."

"How true!" sighed Ethel, "and that must be, Maude, why you and I are both so hard up."

Then they both looked in the mirror.

A Dangerous Faker

There are advertisements of a certain character which are barred from the columns of TOWN TALK. And though my contemporaries see fit to publish them I do not care to criticise them for doing so, but there is a certain faker who obtains space for hire in the dailies to whom I desire to direct the attention of the Board of Supervisors. It is in the power of that body, in my opinion, to enact legislation prohibitive of advertisements of the character of the one through which the announcement is made that "every lump in a woman's breast is a cancer." The charlatan by whom the advertisement is inserted declares that he can cure the disease. Of course he is a liar, but I care not for his pretentions. What I object to is the announcement which has a tendency to unduly alarm women of a nervous temperament. Such is undoubtedly the purpose of the mercenary and contemptible faker who seeks to profit at the expense of the health of weak women.

Annie Myers Indignant

Dissensions of a trivial nature have arisen in the Tivoli's comic opera company. The company opened in Portland a few weeks ago and Annie Myers made a big hit, but when she read the papers the next day she found that Josie Davis was given all the credit. Thereupon Annie Myers consulted the program and discovered much to her indignation that her name was omitted and that of Josie Davis substituted. As Miss Davis is in the chorus, and as she is the object of Ferris Hartman's ardent affections, the Tivoli's soubrette became somewhat suspicious. Comedian Hartman is the stage manager of the company, and it occurred to Annie Myers that perhaps he was responsible for the error and that his purpose was to bring Miss Davis to the attention of theatrical managers. But of course that is nonsense, and I suppose by this time all is harmony in the company once more.

A New Style of Petticoat

The woman of slim build and meagre limbs who has been reveling in the flare skirt that has held its own for some seasons will have to go into retirement this winter—or else pad. For the pull-back is in again, and a very pronounced pull-back, too. At the smartest Kearny street store they are showing the latest thing in petticoats to be worn with these pull backs, and which will intensify the fleshing effect. The petticoats are like a short ballet-skirt, divided, and of silk trimmed with lace, with a huge flat bow at the knee. At this point the divided skirt is drawn in with an elastic band that makes it quite close-fitting. I can fancy some of our stout belles going in with avidity for this new fashion. Miss Dillon, Mrs. Sam Buckbee, Miss Blair and others of their build will look their best in the tight skirt over this chic petticoat. But what will the long and slender limbs of Mrs. Gus Taylor and Mrs. Will Taylor look like in this mode of garment? They will likely shroud themselves in raglans—which are still to be worn, we are told, though cut after a new pattern—or else abjure trips down town on windy days.

The Bruguiere Divorce

Madeleine Bruguiere has gone East without suing for the much talked of divorce from her husband Pedar Bruguiere. After looking over the field of chances and discussing the matter with her attorney, she decided that it was a better business proposition to wait. I am told on good authority that the Bruguiere family heard of her dilemma and offered her fifteen hundred dollars as a settlement. Mrs. Bruguiere icily declined with an intimation that fifteen thousand dollars would be nearer the proper figure. This was too much for the family and all negotiations were declared off. Pedar takes the whole matter in his usual debonnair way and apparently takes no interest in the question of his matrimonial deliverance. The family, through the lawyer, handles all his side of the case and therein lies the obstacle the young wife meets with in trying to get a monetary settlement. If Pedar had charge of the cash box he would promptly say: "Give her what she asks and end all this botheration." Pending the next annual discus-

There's a deal of comfort and cheer to be gained from a glass of Wm. Williams & Co.'s V. V. O. Scotch Whisky.



JESSE MOORE

A A

WHISKEY

BEST ON EARTH

sion of the much debated question Mrs. Bruguiere will return to the New York stage where she has a part to fill next season in a new play. It calls for something new on the English speaking stage: all her lines are in French, as she has the part of a Parisian just arrived from aboard.

Their Social Aspirations

Since the marriage of Cornelia Baxter to Hugh Tevis, that young woman and the members of ex-Governor Baxter's family have not had much of a chance to get beyond the range of the public eye. The latest bit of gossip concerning them is that they have social aspirations. I have just had revealed to me some elaborate plans evolved by the ex-Governor with a view of securing the sesame to the holy of holies These plans contemplated a grand reception to the social editors of San Francisco, the theory being that such a function would lead to the publication of some very fine notices. The scope of these notices has already been agreed upon. The point that the projectors of the enterprise desired to have emphasized is that the Baxters were well connected socially in Denver, and that the ex-Governor is descended from a very fine Southern family, that he is a graduate of West Point, and has the reputation of being a clever raconteur.

A Sample Press Notice

From a copy of the original press notice submitted to me I excerpt the following:

He possesses in addition a quiet, subdued bonhommie and a never-failing gift of story telling which makes him a universal favorite. * * * The Baxter home in Denver has long been the centre of the most exclusive social life of the city. In Mrs. Baxter and her eldest daughter, now Mrs. Hugh Tevis, there is an indefinable charm.

There is much more laudation in the same strain, and if it were all true I should be heartily in favor of opening up the portals of the smart set to the Baxter family. But I am inclined to think there is some exaggeration in the notice I saw. If it were true the Baxters would be entirely too swell for the richstocracy of Blingum. Even Newport would scarcely be up to the mark. Nothing short of the Old World would be fit to catch their social game.

The Looters of Marin

Writers of funny paragraphs about the summer boarder and the avaricious hotel keeper may find abundance of material for comment over at Belvedere. There the fashionable residents and transient visitors are about to throw off a yoke that has chafed them through a long weary season. They believe that they have submitted long enough to the unmasked robbers who march down from the Marin hills, in the guise of merchants and loot their helpless victims. There is but one slender water pipe reaching into Belvedere, and at the end of that pipe stands a greedy corporation which charges for water as though it were wine. And yet it is unfit for drinking purposes unless it is distilled. Lately this water supply gave out, and water is now imported in casks and sold at seventy-five cents a bottle. And the farmers have raised prices all along the line. Eggs are sold at Klondike prices and fruit is quoted as though the orchards of the State had been devastated by a pest. But the arkites and cottagers have banded together, and a supply boat is to be run over to Belvedere to foil the Marin highwaymen.

At the Buffalo Exposition the visitors guard against sickness by draughts of Chapin & Gore's Old Reserve Whiskey.

The Overworked Stork

The overworked stork that has been wearing out its wings plying between San Francisco and Burlingame recently received a "hurry" call to New York on behalf of three Californian brides. Mrs. George Doubleday, nee Moffitt, is the happy mother of an infant daughter. And glad tidings are expected daily at the homes of Mrs. Sam Steifel, a daughter of B. Schweitzer, and the beautiful Mrs. Lou Stern (Lucy Cahen).

"Not so much fun at Monterey this year as last," says everybody, "and why?"

Echo answers: "Too many snobs."

Scott Did It

Irving M. Scott's fame is not to rest on the building of the *Oregon*. I was told the other day that he was responsible for the Czar's famous peace proclamation. After the Spanish war, Mr. Scott felt that the nations of the earth were anxious to see the man who won it. So he started off on a triumphal tour. When he met the Czar the latter began talking business. He said he was thinking of buying some warships, and he wanted to know what the approximate price would be in the event of a dozen or so being ordered at one time. Mr. Scott smiled blandly and after a moment or two of thought he replied: "Oh, if Your Majesty orders that many at once I can let you have them for about four millions each."

And the next day the peace proclamation was issued.

Cards are out announcing the marriage on August twenty-eighth, of Miss Anna Pridham Wainwright to Mr. Victor Edward Mathews. The bride is the younger daughter of Mrs. Clarke Wainwright and a sister of Harry and Will and the late Ed Wainwright. She is a very attractive Titian blonde and has always been a social favorite. The bridegroom is secretary for Rathjen Brothers.

G. H. MUMM & CO.

EXTRA DRY

The Great Leader of Champagnes. Importations in 1900, 119,441 cases, being 79,293 cases more than any other brand, is a record never before approached.

P. J. VALCKENBERG, Worms O|R, Rhine and Moselle Wines.

J. CALVET & CO., Bordeaux, Clarets and Burgundies.

FRED'K DE BARY & CO., New York

Sole Agents in the United States and Canada

E. M. GREENWAY, Pacific Coast Representative

Dave Jordan's Philosophy

"For the first time in two years," said a local daily, "President Jordan met the Freshman class upon its entering the University, and dropped a few pertinent epigrams by the wayside." As far back as is in the mind of the oldest University dog, President Jordan has met each entering class and delivered unto each the same pertinent epigrams. So that the older students—those who had weathered all the storms of the two committees of expurgation—grew to know the epigrams by heart. The talk was always the same. It began with:

"Do not burn the candle at both ends; put out your light; go to bed. Bismarck once said that there were three classes of students in Germany—'Those who drank themselves to death; those who studied themselves to death and those who governed Europe.' "

The old students would gather in the rear of the gymnasium where this talk was given and make responses much in this way:

Jordan: Do not burn the candle——
Students: Hurrah for the candle——
Jordan: ——at both ends.
Students: Hurrah for both ends.
Jordan: Bismark once said——
Students: Hurrah for Bismarck——

——and so on down to the end.

His Latest Epigram

After missing two classes, the president came back this year with this new epigram. It was:

"When I see a student who wants to study about the destiny of mankind, I put him down as insane; the same student is satisfied to be a part of the destiny of mankind."

The older students. who have graduated and are now making a bluff at work around the newspapers, the insurance offices and the banks of this city, did not expect anything new, and naturally were not present to give it proper greeting, but they met later in a pleasant little rotisserie called, "The Bug and Louse" and drew up the following report which they left to their secretary to forward:

To David Starr Jordan, President of Leland Stanford Jr. University, written, on this the tenth day of September at the sign of the Bug and L——. Greeting: "Hurrah for the student: Hurrah for insanity: Hurrah for the destiny of mankind."

The Test of Greatness

Lawrence D' Orsay, Charles Frohman's leading man now playing with Annie Russell at the Columbia, is a good-looking Englishman with a well-developed sense of humor. He is a man who has had to struggle from the ground up, and in the early days of his stage career knew what it was to be in want. Among leading men of the profession in London, Mr. D' Orsay rejoiced in the friendship of John Clayton, a very brilliant actor who was identified chiefly with Pinero's plays, "The Parvenue," for example. Mr. Clayton (since dead) gave the young beginner some excellent advice and assisted him in procuring his first engagement. On one occasion D' Orsay was hard pressed to find something to do so went down to the Court theatre, where John Clayton was playing. Clayton received him kindly, listened to his tale of woe and said:

"I'm sorry I can't offer you an engagement just now. I don't wish to discourage you, but the stage is a hard career. You will have to be content with anything you can get, suffer on and wait your opportunity, then seize it quickly and push your way to the front. Have you anything or anybody to recommend you?"

"Well, I've got heaps of press notices in my scrap-book at home," said D' Orsay

"Press notices be hanged," growled the famous actor. "I don't go much on them. I know, speaking from my own experience, that I have always received the kindest notices when I have been at my very worst."

"I think you mistake me," put in D' Orsay,gently. "I've heaps of press notices, but they are all, without exception, very bad ones."

"Then you must be a d——d good actor," returned Clayton, impressively.

A Titled Lady's Precaution

D' Orsay was a great friend of Corney Grain, the man who made popular the style of drawing-room entertainment that was afterward taken up by George Grossmith. Grain was a college-bred man, brother of a famous Old Bailey lawyer, and was received in the very best houses in London both socially and professionally. His forte was musical sketches, describing his own experiences in society, exposing the weaknesses of people and occasionally roasting great people in a pleasant way. Being a huge, good-natured lump of humanity, he delighted to tell stories on himself occasionally. In one of his sketches Grain told his audience how he had been summoned by a well-known Duchess to help entertain her guests at a reception. He arrived at the house, went upstairs and was graciously received by Her Grace, who said:

"So good of you to come, Mr. Grain. I hope you are in good voice. Quite a crowd, is there not, I shall call upon you by and bye. Meanwhile, Bertie here will show you round. Bertie. this is Mr. Grain And now you will excuse me, as I have more receiving to do."

So saying, the Duchess bowed pleasantly to Grain and resumed her position at the head of the stairs.

Now, Bertie was the son and heir of the house and was an enfant terrible. He led the genial entertainer through room after room, till they reached the music-room. It was a huge, somewhat bare apartment, with a lot of upright chairs and a grand piano at either end. Grain took it all in and proceeded to question his youthful guide.

A Good Tonic—Wm Williams and Sons V V. O. Scotch Whisky

HOTEL PLEASANTON

Corner Sutter and Jones Sts , San Francisco

The leading Family and Tourist Hotel. Situated in a pleasant part of the city. Convenient to the Theatres, Churches and Stores. Two lines of cable cars pass the Hotel; Sutter Street line direct from the Ferries and to the Golden Gate Park and other points of interest. All modern improvements for the comfort and safety of the guests. Sunny and elegantly furnished rooms, single or en suite, with or without private bath. The excellence of the cuisine and service are leading features, and there is an atmosphere of home comfort rarely met with in a hotel.

Rates on the American plan from $2.50 to $5.00 per day for one person. Special terms by the month. Guests desiring rooms without board will be accommodated.

O. M. BRENNAN, Proprietor

"Bertie, what do they want with two pianos in one room?"

Bertie smiled up at his questioner. "Well, you see," he replied, "it's this way. That piano over there is for my mother and us. This one's for the entertainment—it's a hired one. Mother said she wasn't going to have Corney Grain thumping on her best piano."

Gossip from Seattle

The polished society grafter from the East has been working Seattle, writes my correspondent. She registered at the hotel as "Mrs. Colonel" something, but that did not suffice to warn the provincial society folks of Seattle. Shortly after her arrival the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution gave a banquet, and "Mrs. Colonel" sent for the president of the society and introduced herself as the granddaughter of Ethan Allen and the niece of Ralph Waldo Emerson. She was invited to the banquet and became the guest of honor. Through that little affair she obtained the entree to some of the most fashionable homes in Seattle. After borrowing about two thousand dollars she disappeared.

The daily papers of Seattle and Tacoma are at war again. There had been a cessation of hostilities for some months during which Tacoma had a street carnival which was boomed by the Seattle papers. But the other day the Tacoma *Ledger* copied from the Washington *Post* an interview with Chairman Burton of the Congressional committee on rivers and harbors and published it as a special dispatch, but changed the wording in a way that transferred a compliment from Seattle to Tacoma. The *Post-Intelligencer* of Seattle pointed out the dastardly fake and now the war is on again.

Incompetent Boat Builders

Not long ago the papers of Seattle and Portland were at war but a peace proclamation was issued and terms were agreed upon. About eighteen months ago a government torpedo boat was built by a Portland firm. It was to be christened the *Goldsboro*. It was sent to Puget Sound for her trial run, and there was a break-down. The Seattle papers told all about it. Three trial trips were had and they were all failures much to the delight of the people of Seattle, but the Seattle papers maintained a strict silence. The reason of their change of attitude is that there has been trouble at the shipyards in Seattle where the battleship *Nebraska* is in course of construction. The naval authorities at Washington have kicked up a row over the work and it has been greatly delayed through the incompetency of men employed by the Seattle builders. But through a reciprocity treaty the Seattle papers refrain from comment anent the *Goldsboro* and the Portland journals are silent as to the *Nebraska* fizzle.

Humphreys' Triumph

Since writing the paragraphs which appear in this department concerning the charges against Judge Humphreys, I have received a despatch from Washington informing me that the charges were dismissed Thursday and that the Bar Association of Honolulu had been roundly scored. This is the first hard blow dealt the Dole Administration.

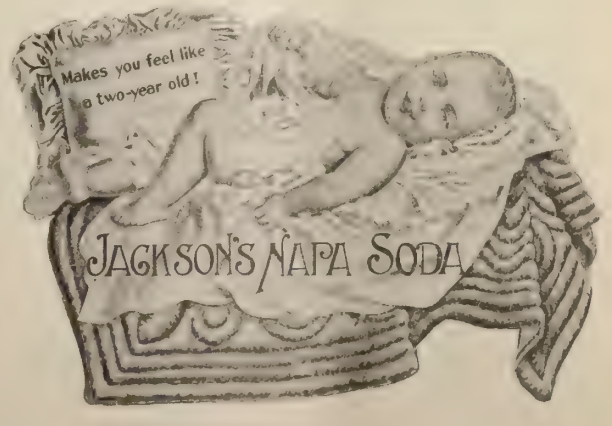
The Row of the Admirals

Rear Admiral Schley may be all wrong, but I rather doubt that Rear Admiral Howison ever won any medals by exhibitions of a fine sense of honor and integrity. When he was challenged as to his competency to sit as a member of the Naval Court of Inquiry, he stated that he did not care to sit but that it was customary for him to obey orders. Neither the discipline nor the etiquette of the navy enjoined silence on his part when he was appointed to act as a judge in a matter concerning which he entertained some very positive views. I am not a defender of Rear Admiral Schley. I think it unfortunate that men of the Schley, Sampson and Howison character ever rise to prominence in the navy. The supposition is that the training that men get in the naval academy equips them with all the attributes of a gentleman, but the old saw about the difficulty of fabricating a silk purse is strikingly demonstrated every day.

The latest way the gossips put it is; "Yes, Lily may marry Peter in the spring if she does not find him out meanwhile."

The Eccentric Egry

Paul Egry, the eccentric Hungarian violinist, has worn out the patience of his wife and a number of his best friends. She has just obtained a decree of divorce from him on the grounds of habitual intemperance and wilful neglect. Egry made no defense. Nothing illustrates his character so much as the story told about the way he jumped the Josephine Stanton opera company in Auckland, New Zealand. He left Honolulu with the company bound for Auckland as a first-class passenger. Several weeks later the Honolulans who knew him intimately were amazed to see him uncouthly disguised steal down the gang plank of the steamer *Sierra*. Very shortly after the *Sierra* left Auckland Egry had been rooted out of cover as a stowaway. Captain Houdlette turned the virtuoso over to the mercies of the steward who put him to peeling potatoes and onions and shifting grub where it would do the most good. He was the galley roustabout. Fearing that he might be carried on to San Francisco in this distressful plight he disguised himself as a wrecked beachcomber and stole ashore. He carried an empty violin case in one hand. Miss Stanton declares Egry left Auckland with a valuable violin belonging to Mr. Hallam of her company If he did it was "fiddled into froth." And now Egry without his once-loved wife and much beloved violin is going to begin a virtuoso's life all over again.



The Coming Bishops

J. Pierpont Morgan is to be accompanied on his journey to this city with a corps of servants from Sherry's, and they are to be installed in the Crocker home where they will provide good things for the clerical palate. As the great financier is reported to be intent upon preventing the Bishops from making the divorce law too stringent, he will perhaps try to win them through the stomach. The Henry T. Scotts are to extend the hospitality of their home to Bishop Nichols. There will be no charges. Mrs. Monroe Salisbury is to entertain the Bishop of Salt Lake.

The Curates Don't Speak

It is to be hoped that when the bishops come to town they will endeavor to restore the entente cordiale between the curates of the Mission of the Good Samaritan. Owing to illness, the rector, Rev. William I. Kip, has retired from active work in the parish, and the clerical duties are performed by the Rev. Mr. Turner and the Rev. Mr. Ramsay. The former's genial, sympathetic disposition has won for him the admiration of the women of the church and he is very popular. But Mr. Ramsay, who is of an ascetic temperament, does not like him. So wide is the breach that the curates do not speak as they pass by.

A Divorce Expert Coming

Mr. Theodore H. Eaton, of Detroit, is among the vestrymen who are coming to this city to vote on the divorce question He is well qualified to discuss the question in all its phases for he has been divorced and remarried. He is therefore somewhat of an expert. His second wife is the sister of Rev. Rufus W. Clark, who is also coming to the convention Of Mr. Eaton it must be said that, at least, he did not go outside of the church for his second wife.

"A mind-reader told me a splendid fortune today," said Mr. Prevaricate Jones.

"Oh, really? He must be fond of fiction," returned his wife.

The Source of Barnes' Eloquence

The funeral oration of General Barnes over the body of General Hart was a masterly piece of word juggling. It reminded his admirers of Ingersoll. It was so good that the relatives of the deceased applied for a copy of the speech. General Barnes told them that it was entirely extemporaneous, but he said that he remembered that Mr. W. H. Mills was present and that Mills was noted for his wonderful memory. He advised them to go to Mills. They did so and Mr. Mills promised to think it over. The following morning he dictated it to his stenographer and when it was submitted to General Barnes he made only three corrections. He pronounced it the most remarkable feat in memory he had ever heard of. His friends, however, pretend to discredit the story, and they declare their belief that Mills writes Barnes' speeches.

Society's Condescension

Smart society is becoming more en rapport with the theatrical profession every day. There was a time when the elite held themselves aloof from the people of the stage. Only those of the profession who could exhibit a certificate of character were received, but society is becoming more liberal. It makes concessions when genius is concerned. Genius covers a deal of impropriety. Besides society people are gradually adopting stage morals, and rather like them. Unconventionality is now the hall-mark of culture at Newport, Blingum and other places where they give dog dinners and marry to get rid of one another. When Margaret Anglin was here she was entertained by Mrs. Jack Casserly and the actress was tremendously popular down at Burlingame. She looks prettier and younger off the stage, and she is a gentlewoman. Her father is a judge in Canada, and so it was easy for the smart set to be civil with her. Every one remarked how greatly improved Margaret Anglin's clothes were. I have heard it from Mr. Frohman himself that he required Margaret Anglin to go to the dressmaker he selected and wear the dresses that were given her.

Others That Entertain Stars

Mrs. Hall McAllister and Mrs. Walter Hobart have entertained theatrical people. Last year the Hobarts gave dinners and suppers to the Damroschs'. Mrs. McAllister and Mrs. Casserly feted Fritzi Scheff, who was supposed to be immaculate, but afterward it was learned that there was a German nobleman in her train under an assumed name. At Greenway's supper in her honor she insisted on her cher ami sitting by her side and poor Ned was shocked nearly into apoplexy. Some years ago the Joe Tobins entertained John Drew and his niece, but the Drews received the social brand in New York. Miss Barrymore is even a greater pet than Miss de Wolfe, who was born in the purple. Mrs. Charles Webb Howard, who is the society oracle on the other side of the bay, gave a luncheon in Annie Russell's honor, and the guests were of the very inner circle of the western Athens. The Neills have been entertained by many of our smartest hostesses, and Julia Dean was always included in the invitations. Everybody remembers when the De Youngs entertained Patti and Nicolini. It was a very smart reception, attended by many smart people, and the prima donna reciprocated the attention on the De Youngs' next trip abroad, when they were her guests at her castle in Wales.

Leaders of the ton prefer Chapin & Gore's Old Reserve Bourbon and Rye Whiskies to any other brands.

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The Finest Bottled Beer in the Markets of the World to-day. It is famous for its : : : : :

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PACIFIC COAST AGENTS

Our dainty book of Menus, "Some German Suppers", free on request. The American Brewing Co.

Mrs. Crocker and Bernhardt

But Mrs. Will Crocker was the pioneer in entertaining stage folks. Her famous effort was such a frost that she has never attempted anything in that line since. Sarah Bernhardt was the guest of honor. It was her first visit and in those days San Francisco was jayly provincial. But Mrs. Will Crocker loves genius, and she no doubt felt that the piquant peccadilloes of the divine Sarah were excusable in one so great. Those who did not decline invitations to the function went to see what would happen, and went away as soon as possible Now you hear that function referred to occasionally as the one dark spot in Mrs. Will Crocker's past.

A Crocker Triumph

"Mrs. George Crocker has taken another step upward on the social ladder," writes an occasional correspondent from Lenox, that most exclusive of Eastern resorts. "She came to Lenox the other day with Mrs. Frank Sturgis. To be sponsored by a matron of the Sturgis rank is quite an achievement. It is a triumph beside which the attainment of leadership in Newport pales into insignificance. Mrs. Crocker has been 'in it' over at Newport. She has hobnobbed with Mrs. 'Ollie' Belmont, 'Mayme' Fish, Mrs. Tessie Oelrichs, and others of the Lehr school of culture, but the social push of Lenox considers itself just a bit more aristocratic. The 'Willie' Sloanes are the leaders at Lennox, and the community is more exclusive than that of Newport. Besides it has prejudices. The Vanderbilt, the Sloane and the Whitney influence predominates. And since a Mrs. Sloane became a Mrs. Perry Belmont, and a Mrs. Vanderbilt became a Mrs. Ollie Belmont, under circumstances somewhat scandalous, there is a chasm between the two sets. So you can see that when Mrs. Crocker attains prominence in both, she will be in the swim indeed."

If Wu, Why Not Yow?

Minister Wu has been cutting a great figure in the smart set this season. Not only has he dined at notable functions, and talked brilliantly, as he always does, but he has danced with the best of the society dames. Mrs. "Stuyve" Fish, Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, Mrs. Charles Pomeroy and several other ladies of the exclusive colony have waltzed and two-stepped with him, and made it evident that China and the social world "do move." I met Minister Wu in this city and found him to be a most delightful chap. He was particularly impressed by our French restaurants and their resources for lovers of diversion. Though it was reported that he was to be sent to England, a strong pull has been exercised to hold him here and there is likelihood of his staying. He is recognized in Washington as a rare combination of Oriental wit and wisdom. It is said of him there that he delivers speeches in better English than his hosts. As he has received the Newport social brand I shall be surprised if local society does not lure his brother-in-law Ho Yow into the charmed circle. Minister Wu must have believed Ho Yow's family to be of the true blood for he married one of the daughters. Ho Yow is as cultured as his brother-in-law. Since his advent here he has been invited out chiefly by Mrs. William Willis and the George Knights, but the social attentions bestowed on him in no way compare with those vouchsafed the incomparable Wu.

Mr. and Mr. Robert Dewey Bristol, who have been visiting relatives here, left for New York on Tuesday.

England's Warning

Only three weeks ago England sent out word to the nations of the world that she was taking special precautions against anarchists because police reports indicated that there was about to be an unusual stir in anarchistic circles. The warnings came to this country but they did not do any more good in preventing the cowardly attack on President McKinley than did the extra secret service men who were guarding him. England felt that she should make the warning because, from recent secret service sources, she gleaned the news that the first attack of the rousing anarchists would be made against herself. She was beginning a new reign and the eyes of the world were turned upon her King whose movements were so often unceremonious. The guards were doubled about him and special aids were given the Secret Service corps to guard him and the German Emperor during the obsequies over the Queen and the Empress Frederick.

The De Youngs in Paris

A correspondent writes me from Paris that a dinner of twenty covers was given, August twenty-seventh, by Mr and Mrs M. H. de Young, in their apartments at the Continental hotel, in honor of their daughter's birthday.

Have you visited Mrs. Cole, the leading Chiropodist and Manicure at her pretty little office in the Parrott Building? Room 460. Telephone Howard 2585.

WRITING FOR PUBLICATION

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A Bachelor's Diary

Monday: "I'm looking for a virtuous husband." I smiled cynically. I'm a bachelor, but I know a great many married men, and not one of them has ever pretended to me that he was virtuous. I've often felt that if I were married I'd be a model husband, for I've had many "affairs" in my time, and long since reached the conclusion that there's nothing in being a Mormon; at least not after you've had the experience. I could settle down now with the right kind of a girl, and be true to my wife. But when this sweet creature said she was looking for a virtuous husband, I thought of the ancient philosopher who made that famous search for an honest man. But she explained that she was not looking for a virtuous married man. What she wanted was a man who could marry and be virtuous. Our eyes met. I could not help blushing for I knew I had been discovered. She was a beautiful creature, and I thought to myself I could be virtuous with her. She had such a frank face and such a swell figure. But I hesitated. If I confess, I thought, she'll choose me and then—

Tuesday: I'm glad now that I didn't confess. The fact is I had a date at Marchoni's for lunch today. And if I sealed my fate yesterday, why to keep my good resolutions, I should have had to break the date.

Wednesday: I kept the date. Went out driving this afternoon with Miss Giltedge. She told me she loved me and I thought of her father. He has money. Then I thought of the beautiful creature who wanted a virtuous husband. In the evening I dined with Miss Soubrette. I could love her dearly if it were not for her past. She is constantly exciting my admiration for my predecessors. My hatred for them grows with my admiration.

Thursday: Met the beautiful creature in search of a virtuous husband again. I held her hands and she drooped her eyelids. It was on the square, too; no fake about that droop. I thought how nice it would be to marry a woman without a past—one who could not be making comparisons. On second thought, being confident of myself, I was willing to stand for comparison. Just then she looked up into my eyes, and I kissed her. She screamed. So I concluded she liked it and kissed her again. That second kiss thrilled me all over.

Friday: I thought about that kiss all night. And I reached the conclusion that her husband wouldn't have the slightest difficulty in being virtuous.

Saturday: We're engaged. More kisses. Discovered today that she's a grass widow.

Sunday: Engagement wasn't necessary; so we broke it.

—The Rake

For the Vaudeville Stage

A SCENE AT A RESTAURANT

It was at the Maison de l'Argent.

A very charming brunette whose vis-a-vis was an epicurean looking old gentleman, sat staring at her consomme in a perplexed manner.

"I really cannot eat this soup," she sighed.

"Very well," answered the vieux moustache, "garcon—another bowl of soup."

The waiter, blushing as he looked for imaginary specks of black on the immaculate surface of the Crown Derby, hastened to fetch another bowl.

The pretty brunette, a smile dimpling her rosebud mouth, stared for a few seconds at the second bowl, and again sighed:

"Positively, I can't eat this soup."

The garcon without waiting for the reproof he felt coming from the brunette's companion, sought the head waiter.

"Tres bien," he said, "I cannot wait on that Mees. Comme ca—she has the keeck coming avery time I breeng la consomme."

"Grand ane!" cried the head garcon, "I veell vait on these keeckers myself."

With air of the haughtiest, but manner of the blandest, the head waiter, followed at a respectful distance by the discomfited garcon, approached the table where the pretty brunette and her companion sat.

"Now, I am sure there is nothing the matter with the soup, my dear," he was saying.

She smiled an enigmatical smile.

To them arrived the head waiter and his satellite.

"Ah, m'amselle, deed I comprehend that you find sometheeng wrong veeth la consomme?"

"I did not say so," smiled the charming brunette.

"Et vous!" cried the head waiter, turning to the obsequious garcon at his elbow, "did you not say m'amselle ordered her soup removed?"

"Now really, my dear," said the old gentleman, feeling sorry for the unnerved garcon, "you said you could not eat the soup."

The pretty brunette laughed all over her chic face, and even the disconcerted trio could not help joining in.

"I certainly said that," she answered, "and I meant it. I can't take soup without a spoon."

The garcon supplied the lack, a liberal douceur salved his wounded feelings, and the meal moved on.

The Diner Out.

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Dramatic World

A new Katherine and Petruchio

That little hoydenish air that Florence Roberts occasionally assumes goes well with the character of Katherine in "The Taming of the Shrew." We who have recollections of Ada Rehan in this role, which the late Augustin Daly's star made so completely her own, are apt to contrast the queenly Ada with the petite Florence. But after all, comparisons in stage criticism are the most odious of all. Miss Roberts is as shrewish as the most carping auditor would wish in the earlier scenes, and her subjection is thus rendered all the more effective. She makes a beautiful picture in her red wig and rich costumes, and her rendering of the lines is perfect. It is very pleasant to have Shakespeare read as Miss Roberts reads it, so that none of the wit is lost through careless diction. She has a delightful Petruchio to play to in White Whittlesey. The latter's Romeo gave no indication of what he can really do with Shakespeare. He is an ideal Petruchio and indeed had the advantage of acting the role with Miss Rehan. His face and figure are well adapted for the robust role, which he grasps so intelligently. Barton Hill shows in his conception of Baptista how superior is the acting of the old school. All of the characters are acted so well that the stock company takes on almost the air of a star organization. I should award special praise to Agnes Ranken's Bianca, George Webster's Grumio, Carlyle Moore's Hortensio and Walter Belasco's Tailor.

Another "Quo Vadis"

We have had "Quo Vadis" so often that the pessimists predicted the present one would play to empty houses. Far from it, for the Grand has been filled every night this week. It is something to see a new Petronius and a new Vinicius. The feminine roles do not call for the attention that these strong masculine parts excite. Nero, also, is a strong role. Herschall Mayall is a very graceful Petronius and brings out all the dignity of the part. It is to Petronius, the Epicurean, that all the best lines fall. But Vinicius is the man of action, the hot-blooded lover of the Christian girl. Joseph Haworth is the best Vinicius we have seen here. His acting is full of youth, of verve, and in his love scenes he is so animated yet so tender. Laura Nelson Hall makes a very sweet Lygia and as a rule the other parts are admirably done.

During the latter part of the week Miss Hall's illness necessitated the substitution of Florence Stone as Lygia.

The Voice

"The Voice from the Wilderness" has been considerably shortened and consequently improved. The public has taken this production very much to heart, and is still flocking to the Central in large numbers. The cast of "The Voice" is certainly a strong one, and when actors like Edwin Emery, Ernest Howell, Stanley Ross and Herbert Farjeon are willing to enact characters that are little more than "thinking roles" it shows a most praiseworthy feeling. Mr. Downing finds in John the Baptist a part that calls for intellectual interpretation, and this he is well able to give it. Downing's voice is a magnificent organ, just such a one as the prophet of Christ must have possessed, full, strong, clear, and capable of wonderful modulations. Miss Marshall reminds one very forcibly of Fanny Davenport in some of her scenes Her best work is in the great third act—which, by the way, is still too long, and might be strengthened in dramatic interest if cut a trifle more. I think the second scene of the last act could be rendered more effective than it is now by making Salome a more important figure, giving the whole of the voluptuous dance instead of just the finale, and having the head of John brought in on a salver as it is in the Bible account. But altogether "The Voice" is a splendid production and complete in every respect, music, scenery and costumes. The lack of a pronounced plot does not detract from its value as a series of historical pictures.

Aubrey and His Father's Play

"The Jilt" has been played here again after many years. And it may not be generally remembered that a revised version of "The Jilt" was played here some eight years ago, under the name of "The Favorite." Nobody said anything about "The Favorite's" relationship to "The Jilt" until long after. The former was exploited as the unaided work of young Aubrey Boucicault, the child of genius and of Dion Boucicault. At this same time young Alessandro Salvini was visiting us, and the *Examiner* ran a page of Aubrey and Alessandro, as two famous sons of famous fathers. Scenes from "The Favorite" were quoted as evidencing the wonderful aptitude for playwriting inherited by Aubrey Boucicault. The play was produced at the Columbia—then Stockwell's—theatre. Society and the critics attended the premier and made much of the young author who enacted the hero's role. Teddy Henley had the twin star part, and Victory Bateman—later a prominent figure in Aubrey's private life—was the charming heroine. "The Favorite" was beautifully mounted, finely acted, and came in for no end of praise from the press which was unanimous in saying that Dion Boucicault's mantle had fallen on his son. It was not till, overwhelmed by debts and misfortunes, the Boucicault-Henley season came to a dismal end, that it was acknowledged that "The Favorite" was but a feeble plagiarism of that virile racing play, "The Jilt."

Some Reminiscences

"The Jilt," by the way, had its initial performance in this city at the old California. That was the time that Dion Boucicault inflated us with a little hot air. He said that our critical judgment was better than that of Boston, and that that was why he produced the play here. In those days we were not familiar with the expression "trying it on the dog." Louise Thorndyke made her first appearance in this city in that play. She had shortly before lured poor, tottering Boucicault away from the mother of his children. They left here for Australia, and they were joined by Gerald Eyre, a handsome English actor who had a few months before deserted his wife to go with Mollie Fuller, who is now in vaudeville. Eyre left town without Mollie, and the latter had quite a crying spell at the Australian dock.

An Eastern Favorite

Thomas Seabrooke, who will appear here shortly in "A Modern Crusoe," is much better known to Eastern audiences than to those west of Chicago. He is a funnier comedian than either Hopper or Francis Wilson, say many critics. I saw him in Toronto, where he has a large following, and where he ranks with Robson, Crane and Nat Goodwin. Isabelle Evesson, who was in his company then and will appear in "A Modern Crusoe," visited San Francisco not long ago on the Orpheum circuit. She is a handsome woman with a superb figure. Apropos of Seabrooke, he did not begin his working life as an actor but was a clerk in a Westchester

There is nothing in the world more delightful than a drink of good whiskey—and Jesse Moore is good whiskey.



SHEA, BOCQUERAZ & CO, Agts., S. F.

county bank. After nine years of banking he decided that he was not cut out for that line of business, but had talent as a tragedian that should be developed. He thereupon went on the stage. It is an interesting story how he switched over from tragedy to comedy, in which latter line his greatest successes were perhaps in "The Isle of Champagne" and "Tobasco."

He Played "Richard III"

One of Seabrooke's first "heavy" parts and one in which he considered himself a kingpin, was Richard III. On a memorable occasion the star and his company found themselves in the little town of Roscommon, in Michigan. The theatre was only a barn, and the hay had to be pitched out and seats built in tiers before the play could be given. The audience was entirely of men, who came in broad-brimmed hats and spurred boots. The tickets sold for one dollar and a half each, and every seat was occupied. This was for "Richard III." Now, it was the custom every Saturday night for the company to give a comedy, but Seabrooke would never appear in any but serious characters. Therefore when "Ten Nights in a Barroom" was billed, and it was found that no Sample Switchwell could be found for love or money, the manager came to Seabrooke and said:

"Tom, old man, I–I would like very much to have you grant me a favor."

"What is it?" asked Seabrooke.

"Well, you see I have wanted to give 'Ten Nights' for a long time, but to save me I can't find a man to——"

He Took Ten Dollars

"What!" exclaimed Seabrooke in his haughtiest Richard III manner, "would you have me—me—*Thomas Seabrooke*, taint my reputation by appearing in a low-down comedy?"

He would not listen to the proposition and the crestfallen manager reluctantly postponed "Ten Nights." Not many days later however he tried a new tack and offered the great tragedian ten dollars a week increase in salary if he would play Switchwell. Seabrooke's bank experience stood him in good stead here. Reason swallowed pride and he accepted the raise. He made such a hit in the part that even the actors laughed aloud at his characterization of Sample. And after the performance was over, Louis Barrett, a brother of Lawrence, who was a member of the company, went up to Seabrooke, clapped him on the back and said:

"Tom, you damned fool, if you ever play anything but comedy after tonight I'll fire you from the company."

And after that Seabrooke played nothing but comedy.

A Once Popular Company

In the road production of "Florodora" the part of the millionaire perfumery merchant, Cyrus Gilfain, will be played by William T. Carleton. Just think how many years Carleton has been on the stage, and how many characters he has created. For years he had his own company, and it was as popular as the Bostonians became afterwards. "The Mikado" was first made known to us through the medium of the Carleton company, at the old Bush srreet theatre, and I know of no Mikado before or after that was so satisfactory in the role as Carleton was. In its prime his company contained Fanny Rice, Clara Wisdom, Alice Vincent, W. T. Fitzgerald and Charles Drew. In the production of Gilbert & Sullivan operas the organization had no peer. But its popularity declined. When it appeared at the Baldwin in "The Gondoliers" with J. K. Murray and Clara Lane to swell its talent it no longer had the prestige of former years. Other companies had gone ahead of this one, and had ousted it from favor. Most of the principals went into vaudeville later on, except Fitzgerald. He was at the Tivoli, it will be remembered, for a time, and is now I believe with the Bostonians.

With "Florodora" by the way, will come George Lask and the company's prima donna is Laura Millard, an erstwhile Tivoli favorite.

Your medicine chest is incomplete if it is not stocked with Jesse Moore "AA" Whiskey.

Here and There

Georgie Cooper is shortly to be starred.

Fanny Young is in the cast of "Foxy Grandpa."

"The Strollers" goes on the road next season.

Sadie Martinot is completing a novel to which she has given the title "The Eternal Question."

Among the announcements of novels selected for dramatization is to be found Balzac's "Duchesse de Langeais."

In Sadie Martinot's support this year are Mrs. McKee Rankin and Jeffreys Lewis. Clyde Fitch has written Sadie a new play.

The perennial Vernona Jarbeau is starting out under Lederer & Leavitt's management this season in "Mazeppa." Fancy Jarbeau as Mazeppa!

Beryl Hope, the clever Los Angeles girl who appeared here in "Way Down East," is engaged for this season with the Blaney stock company in Newark, N. J.

Maude Granger is coaching a debutante in the leading role of her old play "Inherited," of which she has sold the rights and which is to be given in London this winter.

J. H. Benrimo is one of the San Francisco boys who has steadily progressed in his stage career. He is in the cast of "The Palace of the King," Viola Allen's company, this season.

It may not be generally known that Eleanor Robson is a daughter of Madge Carr Cooke. The latter is pleasantly remembered here as a favorite member of the original Frawley company.

Cincquevalli, the greatest juggler living, is going on the Keith vaudeville circuit again. Cincquevalli first toured America with the Hopkins Trans–Atlantic Vaudevilles. He is a splendid athlete and a physical marvel as I remember him.

Wilmott Williams, who has signed with Amy Lee for character leads in "Foggs Ferry," is a California boy, the grandson of Mr. Grosvenor C. Francis, and a nephew of Eric Francis of Wells, Fargo & Co. He always had a fondness for the stage and was prominent in amateur organizations here before he became a professional.

Going East?

Why not have your tickets read over the Northern Pacific from Portland, and ride on the "North Coast Limited," one of the finest trains in the world, electric lighted throughout, dining car service unexcelled, observation car a beauty, tourist sleeping car upholstered in leather? Through tourist sleeping car San Francisco to St. Paul every Wednesday morning. Why not stop off at Yellowstone National Park? only requires six days additional. Send six cents in stamps for 1901 Wonderland to T. K. Stateler, Gen'l Agent, 647 Market street.

Notice of Intention to Apply For Parole

To the District Attorney of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to whom it may concern:

You will hereby please take notice that the undersigned, Lee Mong Wing, convicted of murder of the first degree on July 15th, 1891, in the Superior Court of the said City and County of San Francisco, Department No. 12, Honorable D. J. Murphy, Judge, intends to, and will in due course, apply to the State Board of Prison Directors of the State of California, for admission to parole, as by law in such case is made and provided.

Dated, August 20th, 1901. LEE MONG WING.

Arthur Byron is to be starred by Wagenhals & Kemper this season. Byron is well known here, where he started his career playing very humble parts. As a son of Oliver Doud Byron, a nephew of Ada Rehan, and a member of the family that has produced others of more or less fame, it was quite natural for him to choose the stage as a profession. He has been in John Drew's support for several seasons, and is only now starting out on an independent career.

One of the new season, Weber & Field's, witticisms:

Weber: Why does the cashier of a bank have bars in front of him?

Bernard: So that he can see his finish.

Alice Coleman, a sister of Lillian Coleman (Mrs. Edward Morrison), is another San Francisco girl to adopt a professional career. She left recently for New York, to join the "Florodora" company. *The Playgoer.*

Attractions Next Week

"The Taming of the Shrew" goes another week at the Alcazar, and will be followed by a sumptuous revival of "Sapho."

"A Voice from the Wilderness" will go all next week at the Central.

"Faust" and "Carmen" have packed the Tivoli all this week and owing to the demand will be continued next week. "Pagliacci," "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Nabucco" are to be the next productions. The last named contains a big part for Salassa.

At the Grand next week the old favorite "Richelieu" will be given. Since Macready's day nearly all of the great actors, including Forrest, Booth and Barrett, have played the role of the Cardinal. Mr. Haworth's portrayal of the character is said to be the greatest since Booth's time.

The novelty next week will be at the Columbia, where Thomas Q. Seabrooke will present "A Modern Crusoe." This is said to be one of Sydney Rosenfeld's cleverest works. The prices to prevail for the remainder of the season at the Columbia are $1.50, $2.00, 75c, 50c, 35c, 25c.

Dorothy Morton, who is not a stranger to San Francisco, will appear at the Orpheum next week, and will introduce the latest Eastern song successes, including "When Mr. Skakespeare Comes to Town." The Misses Delmore, supported by Walter Caryll, will present "The Bridegroom's Reverie," a musical sketch that has set the entire country talking. Direct from London come Mr. and Mrs. Karsy, who will play upon their wonderful instrument the "Giant Myriophone," seventeen feet wide and fourteen feet long. The tone produced is said to be sweet beyond description. Stella Lee, a pretty and vivacious comedienne, will make her initial San Francisco appearance, as will also Marsh and Sartella, refined entertainers and novelty singers and dancers. George W. Leslie, Lester Wallack, Jr., Louise Willis and Eleanor Leslie will again present "Chums;" Ernest Hogan promises five new songs. Libby, Trayer and Gilbert will change their vocal offerings and Mr. Gilbert will present new surprises in the comic opera line. The Svengalis, who have the most mysterious act before the public, are coming.

Papa Thought She Was Right

"Mamma," said Tommy, as he saw his mother take two coppers that she had received in change at the bargain counter, from her purse, "Mamma, I like those little cents. Can't I have them?"

"Little sense?" questioned his mother absent-mindedly, not having taken in the force of his remark, "oh, ask your father. I have none."

—The Bonne

AMUSEMENTS

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"QUO VADIS"

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"R-I-C-H-E-L-I-E-U"

Mr. Haworth as Cardinal Richelieu

Popular Prices: 10, 15c, 25, 50, 75c. Good Orchestra Seat all Matinees 25c.
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Music World

Mrs. W. A. Taaffe, soprano of the choir of St. Mary the Virgin, Steiner and Union streets, sang a prayer by Tosti at Vespers last Sunday. It was rendered with force and expression, showing that she has temperament. She will sing "Sancta Maria" by Himmel tomorrow. Mr. Rosekrans repeated Mr. Pratt's "Ave Maria" which he sang two weeks ago.

The Jewish New Year

This is an important and interesting time of the year in Jewish circles, inaugurating as it does the Jewish New Year with its splendid ceremonials. The synagogues are all prepared for the celebration of the High Festival this morning beginning at ten o'clock and none more so than the Temple Emanu-El, where the music will be more than ordinarily interesting. For some months back, Cantor E. J. Stark has been working on the festival music which he has composed himself, using the Oriental idea but clothing it in a modern garb which does not detract from its beauty but rather enhances it. With the exception of one or two numbers the entire musical program is from Cantor Stark's pen and as he not only directs but lends his own well known baritone voice to the rendering of it, the effect may be promised as something extraordinarily fine. Another interesting feature of the festival music is a soprano solo with chorus composed by Louis von der Mehden Jr. Cantor Stark has given particular attention to ensemble work and the choir has been greatly augmented for the occasion, to assist the regular double quartet, and is composed of some of our best known singers, besides which there will be a string orchestra and some brass numbering twelve performers, which will assist the organ in the instrumental work. The regular choir of soloists is composed of the following singers: Miss Daisy Cohn, soprano; Mrs. H. Kelly, contralto; Mr. Manloyd Jones, tenor; S. Homer Henley, basso. Mr. W. A. Sabin is the presiding organist. The chorus choir consists of the following voices: Mrs. F. Wright, Mrs. W. Taaffe, Miss Bagley, Madame Bernardi, Mrs. J. Driscol, Miss E. D. Brown, Mrs. M. Wilbourn, Mr. Chester Rosecrans, Mr. S. Hopcraft, Mr. T. G. Elliott, Mr. J. Sandy, Mr. L. von Lingrem and Mr. Hiram Page. An elaborate program has also been prepared for the Day of Atonement ten days later, September twenty-third, when strings alone will be used in the orchestra with the addition of a harp which will be played by Madame Inez Carusi, and will assist in Mr. Stark's version of the ancient Kol Nidre melody "Day of God" and in the musical numbers of the Memorial Service.

Rose Relda's Success

Rose Adler (Relda), who is now with the Opera Comique, Paris, has signed a three years' engagement as first soprano with the Royal Opera-house, Frankfort. She has a repertoire of twelve operas in German and sings the prima roles in Lucia, Traviata, Magic Flute, Il Trovatore, Rigoletto, Romeo and Juliet, Don Juan, Barber of Seville, William Tell and Les Hugnenots. The manager considers this young Californian girl a marvel in coloratnre work.

Miss Carroll's Welcome

The program at Miss Grace Carroll's concert on Tuesday night was varied, displaying to good advantage the compass and possibilities in Miss Carroll's voice. "A Narrative" by Mildenberg brought out some good high tones and showed the depth and resonance of the low tones. The "Divinities du Styx" by Gluck brought out the fine compass of her voice as well as displaying its fine dramatic quality. "At My Grave" by Franz Arens, who coached Miss Carroll on it himself, is one of the most weirdly descriptive compositions for the voice I have ever heard and she gave it a most intelligent interpretation. For all of her study East, I yet remember a Lullaby that Miss Carroll once sang before the Saturday club in Sacramento some years ago, which was as artistic and expressive a bit of melody as she will ever do again. Even at that time her enunciation was perfect and this rare accomplishment she has not lost. It is one of the chief pleasures in her singing that one gets the sense of a song as well as its musical conception.

Of Richard Jose Ferrer, too much can scarcely be said. That he comes from study under the renowned Ysaye speaks for itself. He plays with perfect ease and the abandon of the true artist. The voice that speaks under his fiddle-bow is a human one and makes one's heart ache with its intensity. The Moszkowski "Ballade" was a revelation of interpretation. In the "Mazourka," Zarzycki, technical difficulties were overcome with greatest facility. On the lower strings his tones are velvet, a quality for which Ysaye is renowned. Miss Carroll's numbers were accompanied by Miss Ethel Judson Bates and Mr. Ferrer was seconded by Mr. William B. King.

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An Enjoyable Recital

The recital at the California Conservatory of Music last week was a great success, and an audience of some seventy persons had the pleasure of listening to a choice program performed by Mr. Bendix himself. The numbers were selected from Beethoven, Chopin, including the lovely ballade and other favorites, Liszt, (the etude, "Will o'Wisp") and Rubinstein. The occasion was an inauguration of the season's recitals preparatory to the pupils concerts and was greatly enjoyed by all present.

Bits of News

An invitation recital was given on Thursday evening the twelfth, at Sherman-Clay hall, by Herman Genss pianist and Harry Samuels violinist. It is a well known combination, both performers having many friends here.

Some Boston papers lately received, contain pictures of Dr. H. J. Stewart and give lengthy accounts of his work in London and in San Francisco, giving him great praise for his ability and announcing his formal taking possession of the Trinity choir. Horatio Parker left the choir in so fine condition that Dr. Stewart intends making no changes for the present. Boston has received Dr. Stewart warmly as he deserves, and while we regret his absence it is a pleasure to know that he is appreciated in his new field of musical labor.

Emil Paur, whose symphony orchestra is expected to make us a visit this season, will present Nordia, Arthur Hockman, the brilliant baritone, Zeldenrust the "Dutch pianist," Fritz Kreisler, Sydney Biden and Emil Fisher among other artists. Which of these will accompany him on his California tour remains to be determined, though I believe Zeldenrust is regarded almost as a certainty.

At the morning service at St. Dominic's tomorrow the following musical program will be rendered: Organ prelude, "Allegro," Wehli; Asperges, Dethier; Solemn Mass, Brosig; Veni Creator, Hamilton Howe; offertory, "Fac Ut Portem," Rossini, sung by Miss Maude Fay; Postlude Fourth Movement, Sonata, Mendelssohn. At evening service there will be special music, opening with "Toccata and Fugue" in D minor, organ, after which will be given the second half of Gaul's Cantata "The Holy City". The offertory will be "Saint Cecelia", Batiste; O Salutaris, Dr. Franklin Palmer, Tantum Ergo, Rousseau, with a postlude on the grand organ "Fanfare," Lemmens. The soloists are Misses Roeder and Joseph sopranis, Miss McCloskey and Mrs. Clark contraltos, Messrs Onslow and Longbottom tenors, and Messrs Webb and Kneiss bassos. These will be assisted by a full mixed chorus

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At the second of "Our Mission Musicales" the vocalists were Mr. Henri Fairweather, Miss Una Fairweather, and Miss Henriette Grothwell. Of Mr. Fairweather's abilities as a singer it would be superfluous to speak; suffice it to say that his selections were rendered with his usual taste and admirable vocal method. In response to an insistent encore he added the old English ballad, "A tear fell gently from her eye," and Rubinstein's "Good Night" to the numbers already on the program. Miss Una Fairweather possesses not only a full, rich voice, but also a personality which infuses her vocalism with an individual interest. She sang "The Captive" (Lalo) and "Love is Forever" (Brahms). For an encore she gave "Land o' the Leal." Miss Grothwell gave a pleasing interpretation of "The Water Lily" and "The Swan" by Grieg. Mr. Fred Maurer was pianist of the evening. His selections, Barcarolle (MacDowell), Spanish S renade (Scharwenka) and a Grieg number, Norwegian Ballade with variations, were enthusiastically received.

The Tivoli possesses an excellent comedian in the person of Signor Giulio Cortesi. This was especially apparent in his rendition of Don Bartolo in "Il Barbiere di Siviglia." In both make-up and action he was irresistible. He was no less good in the smaller role of Laertes in "Mignon," giving to this part an uncommon individuality.



Concert at the Presidio

The program of the thirty-fifth weekly concert at the Presidio general hospital, on Wednesday of last week, was furnished by Madame Coursen-Roeckel, soprano, Miss Elena Roeckel, contralto; M. Joseph Roeckel at the piano. The pretty hall connected with the hospital building was filled with the army officers, their wives, and the wounded soldiers. Many of the last were rolled in, in their invalid chairs, and many nurses were in attendance. It was a very attentive audience, and Colonel Girard said afterwards he had never seen the men so enthusiastic. There were seven numbers rendered, ranging from operatic and classical to simple Scotch ballads and the ever favorite "Old Folks at Home." Madame Roeckel sang "Comin' thro' the Rye" as an encore to her second number. I know of no one, with perhaps the exception of Susan Galton Kelleher, who can render this ballad with such delightful expression as Madame Roeckel. "The Last Rose of Summer" was given as an encore, as a duet, the soprano and contralto tones blending beautifully. One of Miss Roeckel's best received numbers was "The Rose" (Roeckel), and a later encore, "I'm ow'er young to marry yet" (old Scotch). Professor Roeckel's stirring patriotic song "Thy Flag," roused great enthusiasm, as a matter of course with such an audience.

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Carrie Roma is touring Scotland with a grand opera company, singing the prima roles in Lucia di Lammermoor, Il Trovatore and Faust, beside the Wag-

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nerian operas. Later she will return to London to sing in Audran's last opera, a very charming French creation, at a new West End theatre. The opera has had a long Paris season and will probably be heard in New York later on, with a metropolitan cast. Roma has the prima role in the London production.

Miss Ella V. McCloskey, contralto of St. Dominic's church and Taylor street synagogue, resumed teaching September first at her residence, 1451 O'Farrell street.

A New "Nero"

Apropos of Boito, who has been brought to our recognition through the recent performance of his "Mefistofele," according to recent reports this dramatic composer has very nearly finished his "Nero." It is announced that it will shortly be ready for the engraver and will probably be produced at La Scala during the season 1902–3. This work has been written without a break in the last two or three years and it is said will reveal absolutely new and personal lyric forms.

In interesting relation to the above comes the news that inspired by "Quo Vadis" an Italian musician named Sandron has written a symphonic poem in four movements—Lydia, Orgy, Burning of Rome and Death of Nero. There are rumors of its being turned into an opera with grand ballet. In this case would it become a rival to Boito's Nero?

A new operetta entitled "The Debutante" has met with considerable success in Leipsic where it was given its first performance. It is to be the opening novelty of the next season in Berlin at the Theatre des Westens. The composer is Alfred Zamara of Vienna.

From Walling's Muse

Three new pieces for the piano issued by the John Church company and composed by John C. Walling of Oakland are "Slumber Song," "Album Leaf" and an "Impromptu." The style is simple so that young players would have no difficulty with the technic: they are more in the way of morceaux than otherwise and could be used together. Of the three the "Slumber Song" shows most originality and has the most graceful swing. It is quite a dainty bit and in the style of a song without words. Mr. Walling is one of the most ambitious of California's composers. He is never idle and is always studying that he may do better work. He has composed several charming songs, little classics in their way, and is now busy with what will be his magnum opus. That his compositions are of the best is shown by the favor with which they are received in the East, and the standard firms that have accepted and published them.

Shipman Brothers, the New York theatrical managers, announce that they will direct the tour of the Pollard Lilliputian opera company of Australia on its forthcoming American tour. The season will open with a six weeks engagement in San Francisco and the opening date will in all probability be about October sixteenth, though this

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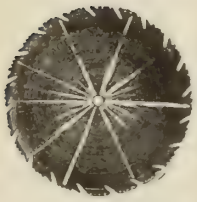
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Mrs. Mary Fairweather's lecture on Tuesday evening of last week, closed the Ring cycle. We do not need to go abroad for exponents of the master while we have among us such an accomplished Wagnerian as Mrs. Fairweather. Mr. Henri Fairweather sang the Curse from Die Gotterdamerung superbly, while as usual, Mr. Maurer at the piano rendered the motifs so as to command and to deserve the highest appreciation. The lectures on Tristan and Isolde and Parsifal will conclude the Wagner course. —*The Music Critic*

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World of Letters

A Study of Manners

As a story, "The Successors of Mary the First" deserves but little attention. As a study of manners it has a different value. Mrs. Hollis is the mistress of a menage of three. For thirteen years she has been spoiled by a good servant, Mary the First. At the end of that time, Mary concludes to take charge of a home of her own, and her erstwhile mistress, who has heretofore been saved from the mental and physical exertion of even pressing the button, is all at sea. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps has striven to give a pathetic picture of the refined and educated housewife at the mercy of a horde of incompetent servants, but what she has done is to set forth the absolute ignorance and uselessness of the mistress herself. The trials of the unfortunate lady are extended over a year's time, during which she had thirteen separate kitchen assistants, with intervals of boarding out, trying to do her own work, and putting up with an "emergency woman," and all but collapse of the Hollis domestic machinery in consequence. The wonder is not that it did not break down completely, but that it endured so long. A man who would attempt to carry on an enterprise with no more knowledge, practical or theoretical, of the details of his business, but who calmly abandoned everything to Providence and a hired assistant at four dollars a week would find himself in the insolvency court before the year was out, and precious little sympathy would he get or deserve. One could not look for much wisdom from a man who, on the salary of a Massachusetts teacher, would select a wife from a household where it was the custom to "touch the bell and ring for Maud to ask Mary to tell Jane to tell Thomas that we'll have the carriage at three," and perhaps, all things considered, he had reason to be thankful that things turned out no worse than they did. Mrs. Hollis is a club woman, with abundant leisure to attend the meetings of the Omniscient Suburbans and to write papers on "Architecture nd Biology," but without a moment to

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bestow upon the training of her one child, a pert and slangy miss of twelve, with neither duties nor obligations, outside of school hours, except to ride about on her bicycle and go "somewhere with Popsie," which concerns neither of her parents, and is as ignorant of the simplest household tasks as if she had lived all her life in a wigwam. Mrs. Hollis is described as "a woman of brains, sense, ability and average health," but if this is to be taken literally, Heaven help us, for the American housewife is in a bad way, and the good old Yankee virtue of faculty has disappeared. Our first introduction to her is as she is seated in the study surrounded by encyclopedias, while she fishes and forages for her club paper, and Mary looks after the essentials. Mary could hardly have been such an utter failure at the club as her mistress was in the kitchen when "she went out to get luncheon—a thing she had not done twenty times in thirteen years. She had forgotten how. She did not know her way round Mary's spotless and orderly pantry. She had no definite idea what was in her refrigerator. She needed a directory around her kitchen," and later on we have another picture of her bewildered astonishment when she finds the attic room without fire which has been assigned to the servant to be cold, with sloping ceiling and narrow windows. One has to question somewhat the author's knowledge of culinary matters, when she tells us that the schoolmaster comes home to find a four-course dinner in the final stage of preparation and his wife making the gravy, and when she collapses, it takes the daughter an hour and a quarter to get the food to the table, in various stages of overdoneness, lukewarmness and uneatableness. The book might well be called a discourager of matrimony. Must a man in moderate circumstances, to whom "a dollar a day meant a great deal," expect to find his wife, who ought to prove a helpmeet, such a useless and goodfornothing creature and so absolutely dependent on her maid of all work that at the first kink in her domestic arrangements she must desert her hearth and home and fly off to her mother to indulge in a fit of nervous prostration? Must he find his only child so left to her bicycle and her own devices that she cannot make her own bed or dust the parlor? The American husband and father of daughters is proverbially patient and long suffering, but is he to sit complacent while his offspring's knowledge of household matters is confined to a demand that she shall be addressed as Miss Hazel and have hot cake cut for her on demand? Is a discussion of the Australian ballot at the club to rank so far in advance of all else that having overheard a stranger comment on the young lady as loud, and so far forgetting his humble position as to suggest that mamma should give some slight attention to her manners he is told "Considering what an inferno this house has been since Mary married—remember (if you *could* remember) that my whole struggle for existence has resolved itself into cooking or getting a cook—and if it should by any chance occur to you that the process has brought me to this sofa, and keeps me here! Train my daughter? I have no more strength left to train my daughter than I have for any other of

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the higher duties of life. I feel so sick—all the time. Why don't you train her yourself?" Imagine a man collapsing in this fashion because the janitor had "quit his job." If this is a picture of the average mother of an average American family we are in a bad way indeed. Mrs. Phelps has extricated her babes from their wood, but instead of making use of the common sense which she tells us her Mrs. Hollis was so plentifully endowed with, and since a dollar a day was a large sum in the household finances, setting herself to work to manage her household and to train her useless hoiden of a daughter to something besides careering about on her bicycle till dark, so as to save not only the greater part of the servant's wages and the board of an extra member in the household, but to be independent of such catastrophes in the future, she supplies another housemaid who relieves the overburdened wife and mother of even the small pretense of looking after the girl at all. As an answer to the query, "Why do not men marry?" this is a clincher. It is an elaboration of the famous advice of Punch.

Eden Phillpotts has completed a new novel of about the same size as "Sons of the Morning" and "Children of the Mist," and dealing with the same class of characters. Though anything that Mr. Phillpotts has done is worth while, both as to the doing and the reading thereof, his later book, "Good Red Earth," is by no means equal to these earlier works. The title of his new novel "The Striking Hours," is taken from a sentence of Dr. Martineau's: "God has so arranged the chronometry of our spirits that there shall be thousands of silent moments between the striking hours."

This is the way the London *Academy* criticises Crowley's "Soul of Osiris" "It is forceful, rather than forcible, influent rather than affluent; not broad and opulent, but straight and intense. It is a geyser rather than an ample and irresistible river. For he is, alas! often tense instead of intense."

—*The Bookworm*

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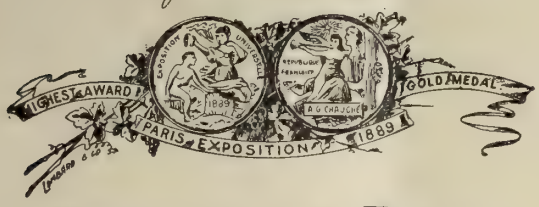
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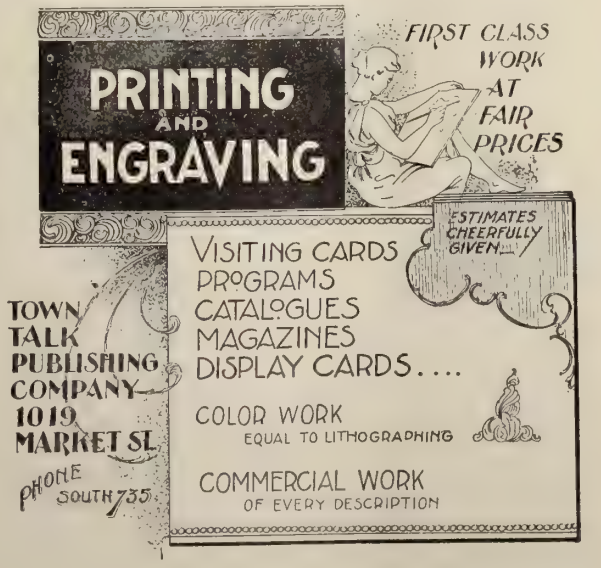
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LEGAL NOTICES

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

In the Matter of the Estate of MARY DONEGAN, Deceased. } Order to Show Cause Why Order of Sale of Real Estate Should not be Made and Ordering Publication.

Annie Kroutch, the Executrix of the last Will and Testament of Mary Donegan, deceased, having filed her petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of the real estate of said decedent, for the purposes therein set forth.

It is Therefore Ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Friday, the 27th day of September, 1901, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of said Superior Court, at Department No. 9 thereof, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Annie Kroutch, Executrix as aforesaid, to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week, for four successive weeks in TOWN TALK a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated Aug. 23rd, A. D. 1901.

J. V. COFFEY, Judge of the Superior Court.

JOHN J. BARRETT, Attorney for Executrix. 4t

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO

In the Matter of the Application of WILLIAM SMITH, for a change of name. }

The petition of WILLIAM SMITH respectfully shows:—

That he is over the age of twenty-one years and for more than ten years last past has been and still is a resident of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. That he was born at Mount Eden, Alameda County, State of California, on the 8th day of May A. D. 1875; and your petitioner now resides at 4½ Scotland Street in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

That many years ago his parents, CHARLES SMITH and SOPHIE SMITH, separated and ever since continued and do now live separate and apart from each other; and during all of this time your petitioner has lived with and in the custody of and taken the name of your petitioner's grandfather, WILLIAM JOHNSON; that said WILLIAM JOHNSON lives in the City and County of San Francisco, and your petitioner has always been and continues to be known by the name of WILLIAM JOHNSON. That in all transactions in which he has been engaged he has been so known; that the name WILLIAM SMITH is a name commonly used and to be known by such name after the use of the name WILLIAM JOHNSON would lead to many complications.

That his mother SOPHIE DROSTE resides at Mount Eden, Alameda County, California, and his father in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

WHEREFORE, your petitioner prays this Court make an order changing his name from WILLIAM SMITH to WILLIAM JOHNSON

Dated August 20th, 1901.

WILLIAM SMITH.

LENT & HUMPHREY, Attorneys for Petitioner.
Crocker Building, San Francisco.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

In the Matter of the Application of WILLIAM SMITH for a change of name. }

Upon reading and filing the petition of WILLIAM SMITH for an order changing his name to WILLIAM JOHNSON, it is ordered that Monday the 7th day of October 1901, A D. at 10 A. M of said day at the Court Room of said Court, Department No. 7 thereof in the said City and County of San Francisco, be fixed as the time and place of hearing of said petition.

And all persons interested in said matter be required to appear at said time and place to show cause, if any they have, why said petition should not be granted.

It is further ordered that a copy of said petition and of this order be published in TOWN TALK, a newspaper published in said City and County of San Francisco, once a week for four weeks prior to said date of hearing.

Dated August 26th, 1901.

5t F. H. DUNNE, Judge of said Superior Court.

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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, September 21, 1901

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OUR OPINION

The Lesson of the Tragedy

We now know that the head of the Government of the United States is as much the object of the hatred of Anarchists as the sovereigns and rulers of Europe. We have harbored them for years, lulling ourselves into a feeling of security by fostering the notion that anarchy would never raise its cowardly hand against the Chief Executive of a Government whose institutions are the freest and most tolerant on earth. We have paid the penalty of a rash theory. It has been urged at times that it was a shame to harbor a brood of cowards, degenerates and cranks, who were engaged in plotting the assassination of the rulers of foreign countries, but the usual argument against their suppression was that freedom of speech was one of the blessings guaranteed by our Constitution. Freedom of religious worship is also guaranteed but when we concluded that polygamy was a menace to morality we interfered with the practice of the Mormons. We know that the Anarchists have availed themselves of the right of free speech and of the liberty of the press to circulate pernicious doctrines that are a menace to all forms of government, and yet we have tolerated them. These men do not subscribe to the principles of our republican government and they should not be permitted to live among us. It is time to realize that we are under a responsibility to ourselves as well as to the people of Europe. The spirit of anarchy which is present in modern society and which menaces the civilization of the world must be discouraged. Its antipathies are not directed against any individual ruler, good or bad, beloved or hated by his people, but against government of itself. But that spirit despised by all good citizens should not be confounded with those sentiments which inspire a contempt for the corrupt influences affecting our government, that excite distrust among the people. Let us not be led into error through our resentment toward the cranks and degenerates responsible for the Buffalo tragedy. We can protest against the trust ring in Washington without being truthfully accused of having designs on the ruler of our country. We can inveigh against corrupt judges and the hirelings of corporations that are serving as members of legislative bodies without subjecting ourselves to the suspicion of being promoters of anarchy. The official crooks of our government and those by whom they are subsidized are now loud in their denunciation of those whom they are pleased to accuse of "resistance to the working of a law of human development." They point out the assassination of the President as an example of what is sure to follow political agitation of popular passions. The impulse that nerved the arm of Czolgosz came from a spirit of savage vindictiveness against civilized government, and from a love of notoriety which is acute among degenerates who are a failure at everything they undertake. Every Anarchist aspires to distinction of some sort, and if he lacks the talent to rise to legitimate prominence he either kills himself or somebody else. It is that sort of a man the Government should guard against. Our Immigration laws should be amended to provide for his deportation, and incidentally we should improve our Secret Service organization. The testimony of laymen and of unprofessional eyes was that the man with the covered hand was distraught and restless as he moved in the line toward the President. Yet the appointed guardians of the President's life saw nothing unusual in his conduct and made no effort to restrain him or to ascertain whether he was a crank. There is certainly room for improvement in our Secret Service organization.

Slavery in Hawaii

One of the unfortunate consequences of the assassination of President McKinley is the new lease of life achieved by the Dole Administration in Hawaii. Just before the Buffalo tragedy the authorities in Washington came into possession of some startling facts concerning politics in the islands. They were surprised and amazed to learn that Governor Dole was the representative of the worst element in Hawaii and that the government was being conducted in the interest of the rich planters who were despised and distrusted by the natives. The story of the stockade with its dens of infamy conducted under the supervision of a sheriff appointed by Dole, opened the eyes of Washington officials. But it was not of a more sensational character than the evidence of political corruption in the various departments of the government. So varied and important are the duties that will devolve on President Roosevelt during the first six months of his administration, that he will not be able to devote any time to Hawaiian affairs, but it is to be hoped that he will soon appreciate the necessity of prompt action. He will scarcely fail to do so when his attention is called to the report of the special and secret investigator of the Labor Bureau on the subject of the stockade, which was recently referred to the Attorney-General. TOWN TALK has secured a

copy of that confidential report from the Department of Justice. It is the report which shocked President McKinley It was a shock to him to learn that within a mile of the centre of the City of Honolulu, a system of slavery more absolute and despotic than ever existed in the United States was conducted with the connivance of officials of this Government for whose acts he was responsible. This report gives a full description of the slave-pen which is owned by a Japanese company, and of the buildings which are rented to the slave owners for fifteen dollars each per month. According to the report,

> The inmates of this moral pesthouse gain nothing from their occupation beyond a bare subsistence; they are allowed to retain no money whatever, but are required to promptly turn over all receipts to their masters who closely watch them and keep careful watch of the number of their guests each night, usually collecting their ill gotten gains as rapidly as earned, by entering the room of the slave as soon as it has been vacated by a visitor. But where a man owns several slaves, and business is brisk, he is frequently unable to follow this course; and, in order that he may not lose any of his legitimate income, the miserable creatures who earn it are brought together after two o'clock a. m. in a room within the stockade specially provided for the purpose, and are there required to hand over to their owners any moneys not previously collected during the course of the night.
>
> Any attempt at insubordination or revolt is promptly and severely dealt with, the brutality with which the poor women are treated occasionally reaching such lengths of cruelty as to call for expostulation by the policemen detailed to keep inmates and visitors from indulging in disorderly conduct.

It also appears from the report that, during the business hours of the night each slave is supposed to earn at least five dollars. If she is unable to bring in this much revenue, she is regarded as unprofitable, and is forced to exert herself more industriously, or else, if by reason of decaying physical charms through sickness or advancing age she is absolutely unable to meet her owner's requirements, she is sold to some Mongolian who desires a personal servant. She has no voice or choice in the transaction. Most of the women are Japanese but there are also French women in the stockade. And such is the system of slavery conducted under the supervision of the scions of those Missionaries who went to the islands to spread the light of Christian civilization.

Pedagogues in the Philippines

Scarcely have the American teachers landed in the Philippines when the complaints and lamentations begin to reach us. Firstly and foremostly, it is discovered that the Commissary stores are not open to them, and instead of the best to be had being furnished at the lowest price, they must buy where they can and on such terms as they can make. The result of this is to leave a very small margin between the salary paid and the necessary living expenses. Then, instead of well equipped schools in settled neighborhoods, with plenty of military society and good times, some of the schools are out in the backwoods, in sections which are only called pacificated by courtesy, and the classes are assembled in any kind of huts or sheds that can be made available. Popular prejudice is against co-education, and apparently, also, it extends to cleanliness. The decree is that all instruction shall be in the English language, of which the pupils have not so much as a letter, while the teachers are as blissfully ignorant of Spanish or the various native dialects, so that the English text books are useless and the teachers themselves are in need of instruction. Complaint is already made that the natives do not seem to understand or appreciate the motive of the Americans, and that it would be both wisdom and common sense not to send out any more women. Almost equal dissatisfaction is expressed from Cuba and Porto Rico, and the Cuban teachers who have been attending the summer schools in the East are discontented with the limited opportunities afforded them. With the rush of inexperienced pedagogues who stampeded to the new countries nothing can be done. It is comparable only to that first wild stampede of tenderfeet into the Klondike, and the effects will be little better in kind. The microbe of higher education has gotten in its deadly work so that it is useless to hint that anything short of University graduates loaded down with big theories and ponderous tomes could be employed to teach the half naked little Tagalogs, but if the top-heavy commissions could only be persuaded to think in less than three syllables, and to cast their courses of study and methods of instruction to the fishes, and lay in a stock of cheap, bright colored picture books, and trust the rest to the discretion of the teachers they would lay a foundation on which to build an education in the future. A nation cannot be metamorphosed in a night. Reasonable allowance must be made for temperament and for the natural resentment of the conquered toward the conquerors. This whole scheme of Philippine education has been entered upon in too much of the picnic spirit. Young men and women have set out with a desire chiefly for adventure—a good time that would cost nothing and might net considerable returns in coin as well as fun. They are beginning to discover that it means work, that the fun is extremely doubtful and that the cash returns show alarming signs of dwindling. Resignations will shortly outnumber applications.

The Abuse of Kipling

If Kipling takes himself one half so seriously as the rest of the world does, he must have a contemplative time of it. He has been held responsible for every ill that has befallen the world since his "Plain Tales" made their appearance, and if the literary lights are to be believed, battle, murder and sudden death, all three at once, would be a light judgment for

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him. Kipling took the world by storm. He was praised indiscriminately, and all he could turn out was seized upon and paid for at almost any price. It is not unnatural that he should have made the best of his market, but there is no record that he has sought praise or done any log-rolling. If the public and the literary journals exercised no discrimination, why should Kipling be blamed? It is all very well to talk about art for art's sake, but would anyone of the carpers hesitate for a moment if he could do what Kipling does? People may have stopped reading his books, but it is not at the behest of the critics. All the critics in England and America combined could not make the ordinary rank and file of readers read a second book by any author if a first proved unsatisfactory. It is late in the day to discover the enormities of Kipling's soldier stories, when only a year or two ago it was a poor Sunday that some enterprising Supp. Editor had not discovered a new and original Mulvaney.

The Saunterer

Our New President

Our Rough Rider President may not be a man of destiny but he has certainly flirted successfully with Fate, and she has showered her favors on him with a prodigal hand. While mourning the loss of our ill-fated McKinley, the idol of his people, we may pause before that picturesque prodigy, who, but a short time ago we were inclined to regard as a Bombastes Furioso and who now commands our respect, our admiration and our loyalty. His career is more suggestive of the meteoric variety than that of Lincoln, the rail-splitter, Grant, the indolent engineer, or Cleveland, the Sheriff of Buffalo From Police Commissioner of New York to President of these United States is a big jump, but it has been accomplished by Roosevelt while yet in the prime of life, and with no more effort than an heir to a throne is called upon to exert to receive the crown he is born to wear. Roosevelt was forced to take the vice-presidential nomination for two purposes—to render him innocuous in the political arena and to lend glamour to the candidacy of William McKinley. He served the latter purpose well, but those who calculated upon the shelving of the strenuous Rough Rider reckoned without the element of luck which has figured so conspicuously in the moulding of his career.

His Recent Conduct

And now that Roosevelt, the hero of San Juan Hill, the lusty exponent of the strenuous life, the dare devil cow-boy, the terror of the jungle denizen, and the pet subject of the scarifying cartoonist, is the Chief Executive of this great nation, let us not hesitate to exclaim, "Long live the President." That Theodore Roosevelt is all right I have not the slightest doubt. Even though he had not deemed it necessary to anticipate misgivings by announcing a sound, sensible and sedative policy I would not have become an alarmist. Mr. Roosevelt is of the spectacular species, but he is more than a poseur. He has the courage of his convictions, and his convictions are not hard to reach. He is patriotic without being chauvanistic. He never impressed me so well, however, as since the crime at Buffalo. His conduct since that day has been that of the modest, sympathetic, tactful gentleman. He acted with prompt and delicate decision in an embarrassing emergency. There was nothing in his conduct suggestive of pose.

Physicians would not recommend Jesse Moore Whiskey if they did not know it to be the best in the market.

The Cartoonists Bespeak his Worth

The cartoonists have given us an exaggerated Roosevelt. That is the purpose of the cartoonist. A caricature is ineffective if it does not exaggerate, but his is the individuality which has never been distorted to excite our derision or contempt. We have laughed at the Roosevelt teeth and at the rakish costume of the rough rider, but we have never lost sight of the fact that there was never anything that savored of the faker about "Teddy." He did fight and he did imperil himself for his country. He did rough it on the plains and among the cow-boys, and he has shown conclusively that he is imbued with that spirit of recklessness and daring which revels in the pursuit of danger. The cartoons of Roosevelt are funny but they do not excite our distrust. It is safe to assume that if he were not a pretty clean, decent and intelligent man, the cartoonists would long ago have been more vindictive and effective in their attacks. As Police Commissioner of New York city and Governor of New York State, Theodore Roosevelt was acknowledged to be an incorruptible official free from mean and sycophantic traits—a reformer but not a demagogue. But I think the best evidence of the fact that he is a man of whom the nation may well be proud is the esteem in which he was held by the men that followed him up San Juan Hill.

Apropos of the Pecks

Mrs. Hearst is chaperoning one of her nieces again this season. Every season she bestows her favor on one or more young girls, generally the daughter of an old friend, or else a relative. This time it is one of the Peck girls. There are several of the Peck children and all are more or less clever.

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THE WORLD OVER

Orrin has won fame East and West for his paintings, which even New York was willing to accept. John, the eldest, was killed in a hunting accident somewhere in the early seventies and later this gave rise to rather an ugly lawsuit. The Peck children's father died while they were quite small, and their uncle assumed their guardianship. When this uncle died, years afterward, Mrs. Peck claimed that she inherited her son John's share. The uncle's widow or the executors, or perhaps both—or possibly they were identical; I don't quite remember—disputed her right on the ground that the boy's death before the uncle disposed of John's right. Then Mrs. Peck sued for the whole estate for her children, alleging that the uncle's widow had been a wife in name only. She did not succeed in this suit nor in getting John's five thousand dollars and after the aunt's death there was nothing much left anyway to quarrel about.

A Picturesque Courtroom Play

The trial was one of those tableau affairs. Mrs. Peck was a very pretty woman and all three of the children were attractive, though Helen was then a grown girl and Orrin a young man. But they were grouped in effective pictures and made a delightful impression, as I remember, on spectators and reporters. The uncle's widow had a house in Powell street, the same, I believe, that later became the Cosmos club's headquarters and is now given up to offices and a restaurant. She was a spiritualist and had a horror of corners, for some reason, so it was said that there was not an angle to be found in the dwelling. She was a philanthropist in a way. During one of San Francisco's dull times, with not a bit of work going on in the whole time, Orrin Peck's aunt had endless alterations and improvements made in her property, just to give workmen a chance to earn salt even if they had to beg the bread to spread it on. She never looked at a bill or had an estimate made, but planked down the cash without question.

When Helen Peck Taught School

Helen Peck is Mrs. Sanborn and lives out in the Mission. A portrait of her, painted by her brother Orrin, was shown at the Bohemian club exhibition of two seasons back. Before her marriage she was a teacher in the Fairmount primary school. It was about the time that a spasm of economy seized the Board of Education and they decided to consolidate classes and drop one of the teachers. The rule was "last in, first out" and that would have ousted Rebecca English. She was a sister of John English, but he was not the power in politics then that he afterwards became. It made a big difference to Rebecca, for she was the real support of her family. Helen Peck, who was as generous in disposition then as she is now, saw how things were shaping and as she was going to resign shortly and marry, she proposed to give up her position at once and make the vacancy. That was rather different from things as they go now, when teachers venturing into matrimony hang on to their jobs as far as the altar and as long thereafter as possible.

Miss Coolbrith's Illness

I hear that Ina D. Coolbrith is very ill, and will never be able to rise from her sick-bed. Her trouble is a complicated form of Brights disease. Miss Coolbrith is one of California's true poets. Of late years she has not published much, but her earlier verse will always keep her memory green. She is one of the few women distinguished by having been made an honorary member of the Bohemian club.

"Mrs. E. Z. Morrells is getting herself talked about with several men."

"Oh, she is but observing the old moral precept."

"And that?"

"Oh, giving happiness to the greatest number."

A Denman Girl's Romance

An article in last Sunday's *Examiner* on the Denman school pupils who have distinguished themselves in various walks of life, did not mention one of the pupils whose romantic marriages certainly entitled her to a few lines of comment. This was Adah Richards, now Mrs. Ellis Wooster. It was in the early eighties that Adah Richards attended the school. She was a pretty, plump and petite blonde and she emerged from her school days ready for the fray in Cupid's field armed with the weapons of beauty and wealth. It was in the month of brides, June, 1893, that Miss Richards became the bride of that sweet-voiced tenor, Clarence Wendell. It was not only his voice that won her love, for he was young and handsome as well. He was a clerk in a business house and in his spare moments used to warble with the California quartet at concerts, musicales and political meetings. When the Bostonians came this way and tuneful tyros went before the Barnabee–Macdonald tribunal Clarence Wendell was the tenor whose voice was favorably passed upon. A little later he was called East by a telegram from Barnabee to join the company.

When Sweet Bells Jangled

Mrs Wendell followed him a month or so later. A vacancy suited to her husband's talents had not occurred in the company, but Mr. Barnabee made good to the young man what he had lost by coming to New York. In the meantime the fair Adah did not like the way things had turned out. There were dissensions in the harmony of their domestic life and finally, in his most dulcet tenor tones, Clarence told Adah she had better go home to her mother. She went, but a few months afterward filed a suit for divorce on the ground of failure to provide.

They Were Both Experienced

When Wendell was served with the papers, he was absolutely thunderstruck, and rushed westward as fast as train could carry him. He took immediate steps to file an answer to the non-support allegation. But he finally decided to close the matter without publicity, re-considered his determination to file a

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cross-complaint and the divorce was granted Adah Richards Wendell, who did not even ask for alimony or counsel fees. Two days later she was in Reno, the bride of Ellis Wooster. He was an old admirer of hers, and they had renewed acquaintance in New York, when Mrs. Wendell went on to join her husband. Wooster, it will be remembered, was, before his farewell to California eight years ago, secretary of the Wooster Paper company and was before that with Shainwald, Buckbee & Co., and president of the California Fireworks company He was divorced before he married Mrs. Wendell, his former wife having been Miss Emma McMillan. He had enjoyed three years of wedded life before his wife divorced him, and Mrs. Wendell had one more year of hymeneal bliss to her credit.

When McKinley Impressed Hanna

The severest criticisms directed against President McKinley during his political career were those that dealt with the subject of his intimacy with Senator Hanna The story of the origin of that intimacy is an interesting one. Many years ago when William McKinley was a struggling lawyer in Ohio, the coal miners of that State went out on a strike and a bitter industrial war followed. It resulted in bloodshed and many of the strikers were indicted. The mine owners, prominent among whom was Mark Hanna, started in to prosecute them, and thereupon young McKinley volunteered his services as attorney for the defense. He succeeded in acquitting all but one of the men, and the case against that individual was an exceptionally strong one. McKinley's argument to the jury was the feature of the trial. He pleaded in extenuation of the conduct of the men, that they had suffered great hardships and many wrongs, and that they were fighting for a great principle upon which depended the welfare of their families and the preservation of their homes. He talked of the arrogance of wealth and the injustice of the mine owners, and he pointed out the fat and sleek Hanna as a type of the autocrats who were responsible for the troubles. When the strike was over Hanna cultivated the friendship of the man who had dealt severely with him in court, for he knew that he was a man of ability, and one who was strong with the laboring element. And it was through Hanna's influence that McKinley was first nominated for office. Thus began the friendship which continued through all McKinley's political career, and thus it was that the friend of Labor became the champion of Capital.

The relations which existed between the late President and Senator Hanna were unique and quite different from what is generally supposed. The popular notion, derived from newspaper cartoons and paragraphs that Hanna was in the habit of tramping noisily into the White House, gruffly giving his orders and then tramping out again, is all wrong. It was McKinley, not Hanna, that controlled. The masterful, self-willed, nimble witted, impetuous, virile Hanna in the presence of the placid, imperturbable, emotionless, diplomatic McKinley became deferential and considerate of Presidential dignity. It is known to all men familiar with the late Administration that in the differences which came up in the discussion of affairs of the Government when Hanna was consulted, he almost invariably yielded his opinion to McKinleys. The friendship—one might call it almost the infatuation of Hanna for McKinley—was inexplicable on any other theory save that of the affinity of opposites.

The President's Guard

When the President was out here I remember joining a group who were discussing with George Foster the Secret Service detective, who was specially detailed to guard him, the chances of his assassination. The local men pointed out that nothing could be easier than for an assailant to pick off McKinley with a smokeless powder rifle from one of the adjacent buildings, as was the case of Goebel. Some one suggested that an anarchist might use dynamite and escape; another spoke of a knife thrust in a crowd. The late President, as is well known, was a very agreeable and patient prey to the camera fiends. "What could be easier," said the ex-detective, "than for the assassin to fix a pistol in a camera and get safely within a few feet of the President, point it at him and then fire." Czolgosz did practically the same thing only he used a handkerchief as a blind. Foster waved all these suggestions aside by declaring that he had to do the best he could under the circumstances and that he was constantly on the lookout for just such emergencies. Those who saw him walking beside the President's carriage during the parade here will remember that he not only scrutinized the surrounding crowds but that occasionally his quick eyes swept the windows and roofs of the buildings lining the way as if a possible danger might lurk there. And yet he overlooked Czolgosz though the latter's muffled hand, and nervous manner, which was remarked after the shooting, should have attracted his attention.

He was at Least Muscular

Out of all the men at the government's disposal, Foster was the one selected to guard the president and it was believed that no better choice could have been made. He is a big man, six feet tall and weighs two hundred and twenty-five pounds. He is usually quick, keen, alert and exceedingly muscular as was evident on one occasion when he knocked a man down to quell a rush around the President. He was the first to seize Czolgosz after he had shot McKinley and the mark of the blow he gave the assassin is still visible. He was at the side of the President from the time he left Canton in 1897 to assume the Presidency up to the moment he was assassinated and in that time he had some lively experiences, though they were carefully suppressed by the newspapers. During the north-

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western trip in 1899, a five minutes stop was made at Jackson, Mich. As usual when the train slowed up, Foster jumped off the forward car and quickly walked back to the rear car where McKinley appeared to address the crowd. He slipped up closely to the railing and eyed those nearest the President. A lot of toughs from a nearby grogshop worked their way to the front with the intention of guying the speaker and fomenting trouble. One of the toughs punctuated the speech with a lot of ironical ejaculations. Foster shouldered his big body through the crowd to the man's side and whispered "Get out of here." The tough sneered some reply and his gang gathered about him with ugly looks. Foster never hesitated. Biff! his right arm shot out and the man dropped to the ground. The toughs bunched and drew back to jump at him. But in that brief instant they caught sight of a pistol sticking from his pocket. They quit. When the Presidential party reached here Secret Service agent Hazen was ordered to assist Foster all he could. The latter stopped at the Palace and every morning went up to the Scott residence to accompany the President on his rounds.

Conboy's Method

But the local police authorities did not depend on the secret service agents. The most efficent man detailed by Chief Sullivan to attend the President where crowds assembled was Sergeant Joe Conboy. Conboy is an ideal man for such a job. He is always good-natured and his Celtic humor invariably keeps a crowd amused. His practice was to intercept every man that approached the President, and jostle him good naturedly, at the same time touching every point where a weapon might be concealed. So artful was he that no man ever suspected that he was being searched. With Joe Conboy on the scene I cannot imagine a Czolgosz ever reaching the President with a muffled hand.

Agnes Tobin's Coming Guest

The intellectual wing of society is quite stirred up over the approaching arrival of Mrs. Mennell, the well-known English authoress, on a visit to Miss Agnes Tobin. Mrs. Mennell and her sister occupy quite an enviable niche in the art and literary world of London. The color work of the sister is almost as well known as Mrs. Mennell's publications and Pali Mall work. All sorts of entertainments are being planned for the visitor's delectation. The outsiders are agog with anxiety to see just what the literary set will do to amuse her. But Agnes Tobin is clever and will meet the emergency with her usual skill and success. She has gathered much experience in that line abroad where she has lived a great deal, especially in England and Ireland. Like her brother Joe, she has taken more than a passing interest in politics and is said to have gathered and digested quite a number of authorities on the various forms of government. She prefers her studies to the gayeties of society. At present Mrs. Mennell is staying with Celia and Ed. Tobin in New York, but she will be out here at an early date.

Before the late Paul Neumann died he cut out a career for his son, "Ned," and got him an appointment to the Naval Academy at Annapolis, where he has just finished his first course. The young man has obtained leave of absence and is visiting his mother and sisters in Honolulu. He is under orders to be back for duty on September eleventh.

Another Fortunate West Girl

Mrs. Brazil of this city is going to marry George Pullman, and add another fortune to that of the family of beauties, known as the West sisters. Mrs. Brazil is the eldest, and the senior of her fiance, but she is still a very pretty woman. She was divorced from her first husband who died in the County hospital recently. Her sister, Mrs. Hugh McDonnell, who lives at the Palace, took Mrs. Brazil abroad with her two years ago and she then saw something of the old world. There is a romance in the West family, which has never been told. Though the West girls rose from poverty to affluence through moneyed marriages, they were really very well born. Their father, who died some years ago, came from a very good family in the East. In his youth he lived in Salem, Mass., where he held a high position. His name was Lander. Through unfortunate complications he lost everything and came West and changed his name to West. He did not prosper here. One of his brothers was the late General Lander of Washington, D. C., and another is Judge Lander of that city. The Landers are among the first people of Washington, and rank above the official set of the capital. Some years ago the West girls visited their relatives, but now that they are the wives of millionaires they would be likely to get a more cordial reception.

Mamma Pullman's Proposition

Not long ago, I am told, Mrs. George Pullman, the devoted mother of the Pullman boys, urged Mrs. Sanger Pullman, who was formerly a Miss West, to curtail her household expenses. She promised that if she would reduce the waste, she would send the checks to her in future, instead of to her son. But Mrs. Sanger Pullman declined the proposition in a spirited manner. She informed her mother-in-law that Sanger Pullman had as much right to a hundred thousand a year as did her daughters, Mrs. Carolan and Mrs. Lowden, and that she would encourage him to be as prodigal as they.

At the wedding of Miss Young and Dr. John Gibbon at the Presidio recently, Miss Redmond, the niece of Mrs. McKittrick, got the ring in the cake, Miss Carolan procured the bride's bouquet and Miss Kip and Miss McBean the money.

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Hearst Can Prove an Alibi

They have been seriously discussing at the Bohemian club, the advisability of excluding the *Examiner* from the rooms, and at the Pacific-Union there has been some talk of dropping the name of William R. Hearst from the roll of membership. The situation in the Bohemian club is a somewhat delicate one, for some of the most desirable members are representatives of the *Examiner*. To exclude that paper from the club would be a direct insult to those members. And in the Pacific-Union are many warm friends of Mr. Hearst who would indignantly resent summary action of the nature threatened. But it appears to me that it would only be fair for both clubs to give Mr. Hearst a chance to defend himself. I understand that he can establish an alibi. He was not in Buffalo when the shooting occurred. He was in New York, and the pistol carired by Czolgosz was not connected with any electric wires. It is all nonsense to suppose that Mr. Hearst, in New York, could, by merely pressing a button, explode the gun in the anarchist's muffled hand.

Miss Curry's Prize

It is undoubtedly true that Frances Curry is engaged, but no one seems to know the name of her husband. They met in the East at the home of her uncle. Her fiance has loads of money and they are going to live in Paris. Frances Curry is a very pretty girl. She has a curious passion for killing rattlesnakes. She has had a deal of experience on a ranch and she knows not fear. When in the mountains she never passes a snake without giving him battle. She is not as some people suppose, the grand-daughter of the late Judge Curry. Mrs. Curry was a widow when she married Judge Curry's son. Frances Curry's father was General Alexander of the United States army, who was stationed for a time at the Presidio. That Miss Curry is not a sentimentalist is evident from this story. She is a splendid horsewoman and some years ago she won a prize in a paper chase in San Rafael. It was a cup of unique design of which the Hunt club was quite proud. It cost fifty dollars. A few weeks later, when the president of the Hunt club was looking for prizes for another paper chase, he visited the jeweler's establishment, and found what looked like a duplicate of the cup Miss Curry had won. The gentleman was indignant and said:

"You told me that was the only cup of the kind in town."

"So it is," answered the shopkeeper, "Miss Curry brought it back and said she would rather have a watch."

Louis and May

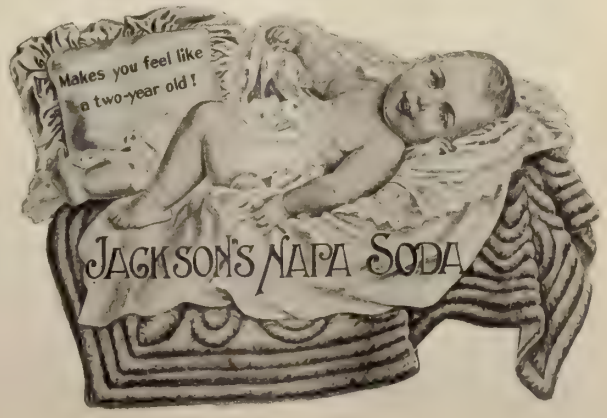
The latest from the San Francisco colony in New York is that Louis Bruguiere is fast in the meshes of Miss May Van Alen and that Newport wouldn't be surprised if—well, if the usual announcement would follow. Hitherto it was supposed that Naval Constructor Hobson was the favored suitor, and indeed only about two weeks ago Miss Van Alen gave a dinner in his honor. But the latest reports are that the stock of Louis Bruguiere is rising rapidly. Last week a dinner was given in honor of Miss Van Alen in which sixty of the chosen people in the swim participated. Miss Van Alen, who sat opposite her hostess, had Louis Bruguiere on her right and "Harry" Lehr on her left. Young Bruguiere is basking in that glorious halo that surrounds Peter Martin and all the other young Californians who have been fortunate enough to gain entree into the Newport smart set: like all of them he is supposed to have "millions." It's very indefinite, of course, but it seems the open sesame to a successful Eastern engagement. How the report of such a marriage would have tickled the ambitious heart of Papa Bruguiere; particularly after the marriages made by those sons—Pedar and Francis—in whom he had such high hopes of great marital connections. One is in the ante-room of the divorce courts and the other in the green-room of the stage.

An Asylum Scandal

The dailies have made much ado over the removal of Dr. Osborne from the superintendency of the Home for Feeble Minded Children, and the appointment of Dr. Lawlor as his successor. I have been told that there are two sides to that story, and that the Governor's side will be told shortly. There is also a rumor in political circles about impending sensational developments in connection with the management of a certain insane asylum. The confidential female friends of a director and of one of the medical staff are said to be employed as nurses in the institution. Resignations may be called for to preclude scandal.

The Hope Divorce

The divorce proceeding instituted by Lord Francis Hope against his wife, May Yohe, is likely to drag a long time, certainly fully a year, on account of the long distance separating the principals. Difficulty has been encountered in serving notices. Lady Hope is in Japan, her lawyer is in New York, and her husband is in England, while his counselor is off on a vacation in the continent. The latter's clerks are engaged on the preliminary steps, but nothing can be done till the petition is issued and that is still in abeyance. Meanwhile gay Lady Hope is enjoying herself in Japan with Captain Strong, and letting her husband do all the worrying over the details of the divorce.



Jesse Moore Whiskies are famous the world-over for purity and flavor as well as for all the other qualities that make good whiskey.

The Same Mrs. Crocker

Editor Town Talk: In last week's issue you stated that, some years ago Mrs. Will Crocker entertained Sarah Bernhardt at her home. Is she the same Mrs. Crocker who is going to entertain a prominent bishop at her home? If so, shouldn't she be considered an impossibility as an entertainer of bishops? Or, has she reformed?

New Englander.

Though I am not the editor of a query column, I am constrained to reply to the questions of "New Englander." The Mrs. Will Crocker of Sarah Bernhardt reception fame is the same Mrs. Will Crocker who is to extend the hospitality of her home to—I believe—Bishop Potter. But Mrs. Will Crocker is not an impossibility for any purpose that I know of. She is a very charming hostess, and as I remarked last week she is a great admirer of genius. She admires it whether she finds it in an actress or a clergyman. Her reception to Sarah Bernhardt bespoke an absence of prudishness in San Francisco. She received the divine and sinewy Sarah as a genius of the stage, not as the mother of a fatherless son, or as a woman with a contempt for morality and for the conventions of polite society. The giving of that reception was, perhaps, a courageous act, and no doubt in New England it would create a sensation, but I think that even Bishop Potter will agree with me that it was a pardonable concession to genius rather than an acquiescence in Bernhardiciousness.

Ned Hamilton's Great Feat

One day, not long ago, Ned Hamilton of the *Examiner* was walking along the street with a friend, a stranger in the city, who remarked the large number of men with whom the journalist seemed to be on terms of intimacy. Presently Hamilton saw Joe Leggett, the attorney, and Wells Drury engaged in earnest conversation on the curb. Then addressing his companion he said, "Yes, I know quite a number of men, and I have the knack of exercising quite an influence over the minds of men, as well as of following their thoughts and mental operations. Now there are two men (indicating Leggett and Drury) "whom I know slightly, and I think I can tell you what they're talking about. Let me see—well I should say that at this moment they are discussing Single-Tax. Let us approach and see whether I am right." They did so and of course the subject of conversation was Single-Tax. Joe Leggett never talks about anything else, and there is no subject that Wells Drury is more fond of. Hamilton's friend was amazed, and he has regarded the newspaperman with suspicion ever since.

She Parted Her Knees

A Californian in Paris writes to me of an amusing experience of the Prince and Princess de Croy on a visit to the Monastery of the Grande Chartreuse. The only women that were ever admitted to the monastery were Queen Victoria, Queen Isabella of Spain and Queen Maria Pia of Portugal. The Princess de Croy determined upon entering the institution in male attire. The Prince and Princess were received by the Pere Superieur who invited them to lunch. The Princess sat in front of the monk who watched her closely. Suddenly he threw her a pear across the table saying, "Catch it, young man." With a feminine instinct she parted her knees to receive it in her skirt which she was not wearing, whereupon the Reverend Father arose and said, "I beg your pardon, madame, but ladies are not admitted to our monastery. I must ask you to wait outside the gate until Monsieur le Prince has ended his visit." With a courtly bow he opened the door and the discomfited Princess departed.

Ned Townsend to the Front Again

Not content with resting upon his "Chimmie Fadden" and "Daughter of the Tenements" laurels, Mr. Edward W. Townsend has again stepped to the literary front with a work very much superior to his former productions—"Days Like These" Not everybody, by the way, knows that the Major Max sketches which are also credited to Mr. Townsend's muse were not first presented through the New York *Sun* medium, but appeared in the San Francisco *Call*. And one of Major Max's first hits in the *Call* was through an article on canvasback ducks. The way he happened to write this article has been told in print but not everybody is familiar with it. Townsend's first experience with a canvasback was at Peter Kline's, in Washington street. Johnny Orr, who sat at the same table, made himself very interesting to Townsend, telling him all about the *vallisneria spiralis*, sometimes called wild celery, whose roots constitute the ducks' food.

He Grasped the Opportunity

They did not have the Sunday Supp. stereotyped a fortnight ahead of time in those days. Townsend tasted his first canvasback with its accompaniment of Johnny Orr's discourse, on Thursday. The following Sunday there appeared in the *Call* a sketch covering two columns, written by Major Max, on the canvasback of California. The article was widely copied all over the continent and made both the canvasback and its eulogist famous. But the reporter who had given Townsend his first taste of the duck felt sore.

"I don't think it was right for you to use that stuff," he said.

"Well, now," returned Townsend, "how long have you known about canvasback ducks?"

"About five years."

"Well," said Townsend, "if you mean to tell me that for five years you have known about canvasbacks, and could have written a story about them that the public would like, you must not blame me. I simply displayed more sense than you in taking advantage of the knowledge."

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JESSE MOORE

A A

WHISKEY

BEST ON EARTH

When He Was a Galley Slave

Townsend was a printer's boy in the composing rooms of a Virginia City newspaper when he was inpired to become a newspaperman His duties were to ink rollers, help the pressman, sweep the office, pick up type and that sort of thing. He also had to keep an eye on the proprietor and the reporter when they paid too frequent visits to the saloon across the way. The galley slave had a way of saving his small salary, and it was this New England characteristic that finally gave him a chance to rise. Many will remember the prisoners' outbreak in the Carson jail. On that memorable day, the paper's proprietor had a large jag on, and the reporter was rapidly acquiring one. News came to the office of the outbreak and that the prisoners had captured the jail and killed some of the guards, and that the State troops were to be requisitioned.

A Loan Well Invested

The galley slave was sent across the street to call the reporter. That gentleman was found arguing with the saloon's proprietor. Seeing Townsend he asked:

"Got any money, Ned ? "

A flash of inspiration made the boy pass out a twenty—his own savings. A little later, the reporter found refuge beneath the table, while the galley slave was driving like the wind to Carson. About midnight he returned to Virginia City and found the foreman of the paper swearing a blue streak.

"That blanked——" he said naming the reporter, "is drunk, now we'll have to hash up the *Enterprise's* report." This was the rival paper.

"Never mind that," returned the galley slave, "I have the facts and can manage the report, I think."

The foreman sneered at his slave and said something about not caring to put into type "the stuff that you write."

He Became a Star

Another outlay at the place across the street, with the foreman as his guest, made the latter willing to swear that Townsend was a second Disraeli. It was the next morning that the proprietor, having recovered from his temporary illness, was met at the door of the saloon by a haggard-eyed reporter who had a hazy recollection of duty undone.

"Great God !" cried the latter, "I've ruined you. Not a line about the Carson riot. In the next campaign they'll have it against us that we were both drunk when the great fight was on."

A copy of the newspaper just then reached the saloon, and murmuring something about, "You might have staid sober when you knew I was drunk," the proprietor took up the sheet.

"For God's sake ! " he exclaimed.

The entire front page was given up to a stirring account of the jail outbreak, and there were diagrams made of turned rules showing all of the ins and outs of the prison.

"Next time there is a riot going on," said the proprietor to the reporter, "I want you to get drunk again and give the foreman a chance."

But the foreman gave the credit to whom it was due and before nightfall the galley slave was promoted to a reportership.

Later on Townsend came to this city and became a reporter on the *Chronicle*. He also worked for a time on the *Call* and was recognized as a star even among such gifted journalists as Arthur McEwen, Tom Williams, Harry Dam, Tom Vivian and the other brilliant newsgatherers who were on the staffs of the local dailies in the eighties. Townsend, even in those days, was recognized as a clever short story writer, but his nose for news was the chief feature of his equipment. For a while after Will Hearst took charge of the *Examiner* Townsend worked on that paper, and rose to the position of business manager which he held up to the time he went East to work on the *Sun*.

"Poor Soak ! The doctors say he has water on the brain."
"Well, he'd never take it anywhere else, I suppose."

A Protest from San Jose

From a letter from a San Jose correspondent, a cultured matron of that cultured burg, I learn that the Admission day revels of the native sons and native daughters were a shocking revelation to the people. The people of San Jose are more easily shocked than the residents of any other city in the State. That is because they have a lively sense of propriety and believe that indiscretion should always be cloaked. They are not of an ascetic temperament, but they have a pronounced prejudice against parading their peccadilloes. Hence the shock caused by the frank abandon of the native sons and daughters, when off on their annual jamboree. But here are some excerpts from the letter of my San Jose correspondent:

The Shocking Affair

The Garden City delights in entertaining, and no city of its size makes a greater effort to please its guests. It does not ask much but it does draw the line at some things. The way in which a great many native sons, and also native daughters, comported during their visit completely disgusted the people of San Jose, and they will meditate a good while before inviting said native sons to visit them again. Ask almost any San Josean and you will be told that a lady could not venture in the street without having insulting badinage hurled at her. Words which made our girls blush for shame caused many of them to seek their homes and remain there until after the departure of our guests. If the whole story were told you would raise your hands in horror. I am sure you would not dare publish details of incidents that came under my observation. We make due allowance for youth and exuberance of spirits, but really we must draw the line somewhere. Of what were

Leaders of the ton prefer Chapin & Gore's Old Reserve Bourbon and Rye Whiskies to any other brands.

DEWAR'S
SCOTCH WHISKY
HIGH BALL.

Small piece of ice in glass, pour whisky over ice and fill glass with syphon or plain water

A Cooling and Delightful Drink

so many mothers in the State thinking when they allowed their young and beautiful daughters to come unchaperoned and unprotected on such an excursion? What would they have thought if they had seen and heard what we of San Jose saw and heard? Drunkenness and debauchery were rampant in this blossom-crowned city. Is it possible that a land so fair and beautiful as California is rotten to the core?

Of course it isn't. The simple fact is that our boys and girls were off the reservation and dancing on Admission Day. They let off a great deal of steam on that glorious anniversary. The community that invites them, to get their money, must expect them to get all the fun possible. And the good people of the community should not expect any sleep while the fun lasts. The N. S. and N. D. G. W. are somewhat boisterous, and they like to loosen up to the blare of a brass band. It is all due to the breezy Western way they have.

Someone has come to the fore with a discovery that apples are the best brain food for literary people. If someone would only discover a food or drink, gum or drug, that would act as a deterrent for literary amateurs, I should hail the discoverer as a public benefactor.

Templeton Crocker's Nerve

Young Templeton Crocker, who broke both his legs the other day, inherited some of the nerve of his grandfather. When he was a baby his head was injured by a fall down a stairway. When he grew up he appeared to be feeble-minded, but he had sense enough to realize his own mental weakness. One day he visited Dr. Hertzstein, and astonished the medical gentleman by saying that he had called to have his head examined.

"I cannot remember my lessons," he said. "I feel something pressing on my forehead. Perhaps it's a bone."

Dr. Hertzstein made the examination and found that the lad had correctly diagnosed his own case. Neither the surgeon nor young Crocker's relatives would consent, at first, to an operation, owing to the great risk. But the boy insisted. The operation was performed, and when he went back to school he was the wonder of teachers and pupils.

Kirkpatrick for Mayor

That Harbor Commissioner Kirkpatrick will be the Republican candidate for Mayor I have not the slightest doubt. And I am quite certain that he will give his opponent a lively run. The gravest objection urged against his candidacy is that he belongs to the kid-glove element. He keeps a swell hotel and belongs to the Burlingame set, but he is recognized as a substantial, hard-working business man. That he has executive ability is evident from the fact that he put the Palace hotel on a paying basis for the first time in its history. He has always been a hustler. He has roughed it in the mines of Nevada and he has been a rancher and a farmer in this State. So his experience is varied. That he is not a man of vacillating nature was demonstrated some years ago when he was told that the authorities contemplated a raid on certain apartments in his hotel, whose occupants conducted a card-game. He promptly equipped a watchman with an ax and instructed him to knock down the first man that attempted to invade the privacy of his hotel.

Every original package of Jesse Moore Whiskey is guaranteed absolutely pure by Jesse Moore Hunt Co.

Tevis-Baxter Gossip

Why anybody should be indignant at Mrs. Hugh Tevis for expecting a visit from the stork I cannot understand. To hearken to some of the small talk of the grandmothers and managing mammas one might imagine that Mrs. Tevis was luring the stork by insidious wiles. I heard one assert, the other day, that Mrs. Lloyd Tevis wouldn't leave the Baxter baby a cent. But no matter what Mrs. Tevis does, the Baxter baby, if it comes, will get its share of the millions. And little Alice Boalt Tevis will not be impoverished by the cutting in half of her father's share. She will inherit the Boalt fortune, too. That amounts to several hundred thousand dollars, a large slice of which came out of the Blythe estate. Little Alice Tevis, by the way, is very fond of her step-mother. She is a precocious child and gives voice to some very remarkable sentiments. She recently declared that she wanted to go to her step-mother because her grandmother would not live very long. Some time ago, when she returned from a children's party, she was asked if she had a good time; she replied, "Oh, I wish they were all dead!"

Shrewd Mrs. Sperry

Going to Nome to bake waffles isn't the only way for society's impecunious to retrieve their fortunes. I am told that Mrs. George Sperry, erstwhile of Stockton, who by the grace of marriage is related to Princess Poniatowski and Mrs. W. H. Crocker, has found an easy and certain way to swell the Sperry exchequer without in the least compromising the Sperry dignity or interfering with her own pleasure. She is doing a lucrative business in this by renting and furnishing flats and sub-letting them at a good profit. Of course she employs an agent and is not known in the business herself. That it pays is evidenced by the fact that Mrs. Sperry has been spending the summer in Europe enjoying the fruits of her business sagacity. She is a remarkably keen and clever woman, as well as being stunningly good-looking, so I was not surprised to hear that she did not sit down and sigh when Colonel Sperry's fortunes were at low ebb, but adjusted her bowless glasses across her handsome dark eyes and peered about for the key of the situation, which turned out to be a flat key. Mrs. Sperry has a daughter, Miss Elsie, who is named among the coming winter's debutantes.

He Wears the Antlers

My Stockton correspondent writes:

The reason the Rev. W. C. Evans, Stockton's handsome and picturesque artist-minister, found himself persona non grata to the members of a small fractional part of his con-

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gregation is that he joined the Elks. "A Methodist minister an Elk!" exclaimed those straight-laced holy ones, with a wouldn't-that-jar-you expression. And then they proceeded to make it unpleasant for their pastor in a Christianly way. It is not of record, however, that these unco'guid ones protested against the gift of one thousand dollars which the Stockton Elks contributed toward defraying the church debt because of their admiration for its pastor. A year ago the admiring majority of his congregation besought the conference to return Dr. Evans to his Stockton pastorate, but this year they had not the heart to do so because his way had been so beset throughout the past year by the gnat-like attentions of his detractors. Dr. Evans announced that he did not wish to come back, but the bishop this week took matters into his own hands and returned the handsome doctor to his charge. Though Dr. Evans is the most striking looking man in town, he is more admired by men than women. He is respected and loved by the Elks, whose chaplain he is, and though never a wet blanket his influence among them is marked. It is related that once when a banquet was in prospect some one remarked, "If we have wine we can't have Dr. Evans."

"Then we won't have wine," quickly returned Frank Cobb.

And Frank Cobb is not generally known as a prohibition advocate.

Marriage of Honolulu Swells

My Hawaiian correspondent sends the following:

Two of the oldest families in Hawaii have just been united by the marriage of Miss Elsie Robertson and Mr. James F. Jaeger. The wedding was a brilliant affair and took place at famous Ainahan, the home of not only the late Princess Kaiulani, but of the Hon. A. S. Cleghorn and his wife, the Princess Likelike. The latter was raised there from childhood. The grounds are among the most beautiful in Honolulu. The old Kamaainas have fond remembrances of Ainahan as the centre of social activity during the lifetime of the Princess Likelike. The almost royal surroundings afforded a handsome background for the handsome decorations designed to grace the wedding. The broad driveways were lined with torches and parti-colored lights led up to a blaze of electric sunbursts surrounding both the residence and the partly closed lanai. The front veranda was draped in the folds of Hawaiian flags and streamers. The color scheme was light green in which feathery maiden hair fern predominated. Flowers were everywhere and vied with the gowns of the ladies in giving brilliant color effects. Ex-Queen Liliukolani, escorted by her nephew, Prince David, occupied a seat of honor near the bower, where she assisted in receiving the guests. Henry Jaeger, brother of the groom, acted as groomsman and Helen Robertson, a sister of the bride, as maid of honor, Edmund Stiles was best man and little Irma Wodehouse was flower girl. The bride was given away by her father, James W. Robertson. Among the first to offer congralulations was Ex-Queen Lilukalani. Only the immediate members of the families of the young couple were present at the ceremony but there was a public reception later. The bride is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs.James Robertson, the granddaughter of Hon. A. S. Cleghorn and the late Judge Robertson of the Hawaiian Supreme Court. Mrs. Robertson was the first lady in waiting to Queen Liluokalani under the late monarchy. The groom is the second son of the late Albert Jaeger, a Honolulu capitalist and a nephew of Hon. Mark P. Robinson, Mrs. S. C. Allen and Mrs. Ward. He is connected with the firm of Allen & Robinson. All the leading people of Honolulu were present to offer congratulations during the general reception to the young couple

Not a Nice Joke

The first discordant note of the coming convention of Episcopal bishops has been sounded. It jarred the nerves of the ladies of the Episcopal parishes who are to have charge of Court of Nations or Missionary Annex. Mrs. Sidney McM. Van Wyck sounded the note. It appears that she resurrected a Confederate flag somewhere and proposed that the emblem of the "Lost cause" be hanged in the negro booth. Such a proceeding would certainly be in very bad taste. Why the negroes should be insulted in such a manner by the representatives of a Christian church any one should find it hard to explain. When the storm broke, Mrs. Van Wyck, according to one of the dailies, declared that the suggestion to use the Confederate flag was a joke. I should rather believe that it was a case of thoughtlessness. Jokes of that sort are not to be commended. They bespeak a rather coarse sense of humor. Mrs. Van Wyck carried the joke pretty far, for she supplied the flag and sent it to the chairman of the committee in charge of the booth. She comes from a Southern family, and no doubt her reverence for the flag aroused her enthusiasm rather than her discretion.

A Boomerang Boomer

The man that becomes the owner of a newspaper for the purpose of augmenting his political prestige is a fool. It is cheaper and wiser to buy press notices. Numerous attempts have been made to inveigle Mayor Phelan into the business, but he has had troubles enough. Ex-United States Senator John L. Wilson of Seattle has had a somewhat bitter experience. Some time ago, my Seattle correspondent informs me, desiring to be returned to the United States Senate, Wilson purchased the *Post-Intelligencer* for booming purposes. He paid three hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars for the property and since then he has attempted to dominate Republican politics in his State. He and his paper have been getting terribly abused ever since. Shortly after assuming control of the paper he discharged J. Howard Watson, an able political writer. Watson is now in control of the Walla Walla *Union*, pouring hot shot into Wilson. Later on Ed Cowan, an editorial paragrapher, was let out. He is now on the Tacoma *Ledger*, roasting Wilson. Dave Larimer was the next to quit the *Post-Intelligencer*. He is now on the *Oregonian* of Portland hammering away at Wilson. Several months ago, Colonel J. F. Washburn retired from Wilson's editorial staff in disgust and went to Spokane where he became editor of the *Review*. And the *Review* has been handling Wilson without gloves ever since. The latest to jump was Paul Hendrick, a reporter, and he is writing political paragraphs for the Seattle *Times*. The paragraphs deal largely with Wilson's weak points. Wilson has been having a hard time of it as a journalist. He has been getting in wrong on various public issues, and his unpopularity is growing apace.

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O. M. BRENNAN, Proprietor

When Dorothy Fenced

Dorothy Morton has grown a trifle stouter than when she sang at the Baldwin in the prima role of "The Fencing Master." With increasing flesh she seems to have lost that air of independence that distinguished her upon her former visit, when her foil hit the heart of a prominent turfman. He cannot have forgotten the episode in which he and the buxom Dorothy figured. One night "The Fencing Master" company was thrown into a fever of excitement. The curtain was ready to be rung up but no prima donna appeared. It was the understudy's chance, and she took it. Dorothy's whereabouts were unknown. Finally she was discovered sitting in a box at the California with her admirer, the turf magnate, as unconcerned as could be. She doesn't do that sort of thing nowadays—nor does he.

"I feel very blue today," said Maude.

"Another proof of the saying 'Blood will tell,'" returned her proud mamma.

Snobs In Their Variety

EDITOR TOWN TALK: Why don't you say something about the snobs that are trying to get into society? You seem to take great delight in sneering at the people in the swim,-but what about those that are outside and are trying to get in? Never in the history of Our Society has so much snobbishness been shown as during this opening year of the new century, by those on the fringe—those who were tolerated on probation one or two seasons ago, and who seem to think that their position is beyond question. It is a case similar to that described in a jokelet now going the rounds, wherein Mrs. Pork Packer flings a sneer in the direction of "that Mrs. Parvenue" whose husband had just made a fortune in oil. I don't object, Mr. Editor, to your flings at our Smart Set when it is guilty of a faux pas or when a member makes himself or herself ridiculous, but you shouldn't overlook those that have the itch for recognition. A READER.

Perhaps my correspondent is laboring under the delusion of many of our fashionable folks that it is the ambition of everybody to get into the swim. They cannot imagine a person having a contempt for those that pride themselves on their exclusiveness, and who by reason of their being exclusive, take themselves seriously and are consequently the most intolerable of bores. I am well aware of the fact that there are shallow pated people who are always on the qui vive for an opportunity to break in, but that the task is not a difficult one is evident from the fact that few that attempt it fail.

A Blingum Incident

I have followed the progressive steps of numerous aspirants to social recognition, and I cannot recall one that failed. It is no trick to break in if you have a little money, some tact, a negative character, a little perseverance, and the obsequiousness of a valet. If you have plenty of money you need not be so well equipped with other things. So well does my memory serve me that I think I can take up a list of the representatives of our smart set, and recite to you the story of the progress of more than one half towards the social goal. For, twenty years ago, fully one half those that are now numbered with the elite were way back and sitting down. Some married in, others got in through club influence, others through acquired or inherited wealth, and others on pure gall. And now when anybody comes knocking at the portals he is viewed with great suspicion. And others who happen along with no desire to enter, are looked upon with a feigned air of high-bred aversion. At Blingum some weeks ago, a lady golf player from San Rafael, who was in a tournament at Burlingame, was observed approaching the club-house. One of the feminine leaders of the Blingum set raised her lorgnette, watched the approaching woman until she was within earshot and then asked in a contemptuous tone, "Who is that person coming this way?"

Now in that instance I think the real snob was the Burlingame woman, and an unmannerly snob she was at that. The other woman, as I happen to know, had no desire to break in, and there was no occasion to insult her. It affords me no pleasure to sneer at the ton. Some charming and cultured people are to be found in fashionable society, but in discussing the snobs I cannot differentiate those on the fringe from those that have been in one season or twenty seasons.

A Maiden's Song

Another correspondent, who has evidently been giving some thought to current social events, sent me the following:

I'm pretty and rich, and the men all like me;
I can ride, and at golf I am quite sure to win,
But alas! from my side the women all flee;
I'm not in their set, and they won't let me in!

When I ride in the chase, they draw in their reins,
And make loud remarks on the style of my mount;
They sneer under breath at the *blood* in my veins,
And wonder where Pa got his big bank account.

The men think me charming, praise me to the skies,
But their wives hold aloof, with heads in the air.
The men praise my golf, tennis, frocks and my eyes.
While the girls all give me the icy, cold stare.

I'm not to be feazed by society's frown.
Be it ever so fierce I'll stay till I win.
I want to be in it and wear the gold crown.
I'm pretty and rich, so why can't I get in?

Gage's Master Stroke

Governor Gage undoubtedly made a hit with his letter to General Chipman, refusing to call out the militia. It was the cleverest stroke of his Administration, and he should be grateful to Chipman for

There's a deal of comfort and cheer to be gained from a glass of Wm. Williams & Co.'s V. V. O. Scotch Whisky.

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E. M. GREENWAY, Pacific Coast Representative

having given him the opportunity to win distinction and disconcert his enemies. That letter was a masterly State document, and it has set Tom Flint, Pardee, and the other gubernatorial job-chasers back several pegs Chipman's request for the calling out of the militia, would have been merely absurd if the General were only Chairman of the State Board of Trade. But as he is also a Commissioner of the Supreme court it was worse. It was in exceedingly bad taste. As an official of that court which may be called upon to adjudicate matters growing out of the strike, General Chipman should have religiously kept hands off. I congratulate Governor Gage for having sat down on him.

Will Fisher's Legs Intact

In the first year of the Klondike boom, the news came to this city that Will Fisher had his legs frozen off in that desolate region, and was a pitiful object on the streets of Dawson. The story aroused considerable interest in this city, for Fisher was at one time quite prominent in local business and club circles. He was associated for a time with Will Tevis in the real estate firm of Tevis & Fisher, and he did a deal of posing around town. As a poseur he hadn't a peer unless it was Dick Hammond But in time he reached his "finish" and then followed his divorce suit after which he sought the bleak gold fields of the Klondike. The story of the loss of his legs excited considerable sympathy, for Fisher was always a harmless, good natured fellow. But now the story comes to me from Honolulu that he is down there with both legs attached as of yore. The leg-freezing story was a hoax. Fisher is in the real estate business again, and is as buoyant of spirits as ever. His brother is a banker in Honolulu.

Armour's Wager

Anent the death of Herman Ossian Armour, brother of Philip D. Armour, I am reminded of the story of a wager he made some years ago. It was at a time that P. D. Armour had lost some money in his speculations. A reporter went to H. O. Armour to ask him about a rumor that the Armours were in financial difficulties. He got very angry and excited and said:

"I'll bet you one thousand dollars to a mill that you never saw a despatch with anything of that sort in it."

The reporter declined to make such a bet, but declared that he would bet one thousand dollars even. Armour took the bet and the reporter offered to procure a certified check at the office.

"No," said Armour, "I'll take your word for it, but I'll force you to pay the money."

The despatch was shown to Armour and he paid the bet with a check and from that time he was the good friend of the reporter. The mother of the Armour brothers was a remarkable business woman. The balance sheets of the various business houses of the Armours were presented to her each week while she lived. Philip Armour once said that sometimes she would remark, "Isn't brother So-and-So showing a bad balance sheet this week? You must not let him run behind: you must put your hand down and help him. You must all stand together." And they always did.

A Gifted Lecturer

Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, D. D., Professor of History in the Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C., will on next Monday at Metropolitan hall resume the scholarly lecture course which was postponed on account of the death of President McKinley. The lectures will treat of the great movements of the Middle Ages which gave rise to modern civilization and its institutions—chivalry and culture, letters and art. Dr. Shahan is well worth hearing on these subjects. He is an historian of the new school. His studies were made in the German and French universities. For the past ten years he has filled the Chair of History at the Catholic university. Monday evening he will discuss "The Cathedral Builders of Europe," Tuesday, "The Crusades, Thursday, "Medieval Ireland," Friday, "The Renaissance, Christian and Pagan."

"That widower to whom Miss Swifte is engaged is as deaf as a post."

"Well, I suppose she chose him as a matter of precaution."

"Why?"

"Oh, he can never hear anything about her goings on.'

Dorothy's Flirtation

Dorothy Studebaker's latest flirtation is her former husband. She dined with him the other night at Zinkand's. In response to a dare Frank Goad invited them to dine with him the following evening, but each had another engagement. The fair Dorothy is talking of writing a book, but I hope she will not add authorship to her other delinquencies. She would find it much more profitable to go on the vaudeville stage in New York, and wait for a billionaire to turn up. With her past as a background she would surely make a conquest. There is nothing more alluring to a wealthy New Yorker than a stage divinity with a pyrotechnic record. Go East, Dorothy, and cut a swath on the Rialto!

AT GUMP'S

The half-tone on TOWN TALK's front page this week was engraved from a photograph of the original painting to be seen at A. & G. Gump Co's gallery, 113-115 Geary street. It is but one of many fine paintings on view at Gump's gallery. The works of art on view include oils and water colors, etchings, engravings, miniatures, bronze and marble statuary.

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PACIFIC COAST AGENTS

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Sin and Conscience

[*From the German*]

The bee goes out, and honey home he brings;
And some who seek the honey find it stings.
If one would have the honey, and be free
From stinging,—in the first place kill the bee!

Some say this bee an emblem is of sin
Whose taste unto too many death has been;
If one would have this taste, and yet not die,
Sin in the first place he must mortify.

THE TRANSLATOR.

"Rumor remarks that Kitty Chorus extends her favors to two rich backers."

"Preliminary no doubt, to her being syndicated ?"

About Kissing

Editor TOWN TALK—

I read with great interest your editorial last week on kissing, and herewith send you this old Scotch verse which may interest you. I also send you another verse from my scrap-book on the same tender topic. Very sincerely,

A CONSTANT READER.

Some say that kissing is a sin;
I think it none ava,
For kissing has been in the world
Ever since that there were twa.

If it wasn't holy, ministers wouldn't do it;
If it wasn't lawful, lawyers wouldn't allow it;
If it wasn't modest, maidens wouldn't permit it;
If it were not plenty, poor folks wouldn't get it.

The Chorus of the Serenade

"Dream of the world to come
Of beauty thou'rt the sum!
Enchantress, free me, pray
From thy all-potent sway.
What sayeth she, my fair?"

This answer's on the air;
"Though I much love thee, Willy,
Please don't, now *don't* be silly!"

—THE EAVESDROPPER.

"I am going to break my engagement," said Edythe, "I feel sure that Adolph is keeping something from me."

"Don't be rash," returned her friend Maud, a wife of six months standing, "why my dear hubby has been keeping something from me for ten days."

"Really! You don't say!"

"Yes—a check for my new hat."

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The Horseless Carriage

Frank Moffitt of Oakland has acquired the automobile habit. He has a swell rig and is advising all his friends to follow his example. He says it is better than a steam launch, and Frank is quite a water dog too.

A San Franciscan who recently returned from New York says that his life was saved during the hot spell by the horseless carriage. The only way he could get a breeze was by hiring an automobile hansom and speeding through Central Park.

The hiring of Locomobile surries is becoming quite a society fad in this city. They may be seen night and day speeding through Golden Gate Park.

Ex-Governor Budd rented a Locomobile the other day and made the trip to San Jose on the other side of the bay, returning to this city the same day via San Mateo.

Mr. L. W. Sanborn of Salinas, one of the pioneer automobilists of the State, has issued an invitation to San Francisco chaffeurs to stop over at his place when touring through the southern country. He has an automobile stable well stocked with necessary supplies for all kinds of automobiles.

Mr. Charles Blauth of Sacramento contemplates a twelve-hundred mile business trip on his Locomobile. The horseless carriage is not built for pleasure only.

There is a great boom in steam carriages in San Jose. It was started by Mrs. O. Stevens who has a steam auto. *The Chaffeur:*



James Finnell, son-in-law of Gen. Chipman, in his 02 Locomobile in Golden Gate Park

MORE ROOM FOR LOCOMOBILES

On account of rapidly increasing business we have been compelled to seek more extensive quarters. Our new establishment is ten times larger than the old. This is the way we have grown in a year.

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Go where you will, the best saloons sell Jesse Moore Whiskey.

My Suicide

She was dead! That horrible coffin of polished mahogany whose brilliant gilding filled my soul with the most intense aversion contained all fate had left to me that I esteemed worth living for. In her had centred my light, my joys, my illusions. From her sprang every delight I had known, and that she should leave me thus, cut off in the flower of her youth and captivating beauty—ah! it was maddening.

As I looked on those mute lips on which the smile I knew so well yet did tremble, I fancied I could hear her sweet familiar voice exclaim—that voice of liquid melody and wondrous witchery, to whose magic my very heartstrings vibrated—"Since you love me, follow me!"

Follow her! ah yes, it was indeed the only resolution worthy of such a love as mine, the only remedy to still this gnawing pain at my heart and soothe the eternal grief to which the loss of my adored one condemned me.

* * * * * * *

My resolution was taken and the better to realize that I was indeed following my beloved one, I determined to consummate my finis in the very same room where she and I had, insensible to the fate hovering over us, passed so many hours of delicious happiness when time was measured by the joyous rhythm of our hearts.

There, as a marvelous resurrection of the dead past, immortalizing her adorable form, she herself—that is to say, her portrait—a magnificent reproduction of her inimitable beauty taken at full length, the masterly work of a celebrated artist, who represented her seated, attired in one of her choicest gowns, a creation of simple transparent white silk that enveloped her as in billows of foam. How familiar the attitude! How those luminous gray-green eyes had ever fascinated me with their unfathomable depths! How sweet those parted lips that seemed to exclaim between her caresses, the reproof of loving impatience—"How late you were coming!"

Those soft, rounded arms had often clasped my neck in close embrace as the waves of sea enfold a ship-wrecked mariner—faithful indeed was the transcript of every line, every delicate shade. It became an enchanted figure that was to me the signification of her very existence.

I found much here in her sanctuary that was an undeniable record of our amours. There at the foot of her dear image I knelt upon the couch. Thus would I make my exit. At her dear feet, her eyes smiling encouragement into mine, I would press the trigger of my English pistol, in whose bosom lay the remedy for all ills, and then would follow a quick passage to the gate where she, radiant in undying beauty, was waiting for me. Thus should her image not be blotted out one second from my loving gaze.

The darkness of night was rapidly coming on. I lighted the lamp and the candelabra; one with three branches was over a chest of rosewood drawers and near the match box, and I recalled that within them she kept my letters, my picture and all the records of our long and intimate history. An intense desire once more to peruse those pages impelled me without delay to open the drawer. It must be remembered that I possessed no letters of hers. Those I received I returned after I had read them, for the sake of precaution—for respect—what you will, becoming the conduct of a gentleman.

I opened the first drawer. It went to pieces in my hands. Feverishly I searched among the little boxes and turned them over anxiously. Only one contained letters. In the others were ribbons, jewelry, dainty fans and perfumed handkerchiefs. The packet of letters was enveloped in a piece of rich silk brocade. I took it very gently in my hand and it seemed to palpitate with life beneath my touch—to tremble as did her sweet mouth when I pressed my kiss upon it.

I drew nearer to the light to read. They were her letters. I unrolled the bundle, holding it like a sacred thing, unfolded a letter and began to read.

* * * * *

An indefinable sickness, a vague terror, shot across my imagination. I seized another letter, opening it as one seeking for aid, but alas! every paragraph contained allusions to various acts, described with a finesse in detail that made it madness even to try to deceive myself into believing it referred to my person or the history of my love for her. In the third letter the veil of doubt was rudely snatched away. The letter had been too evidently written to another, and was a record of other days and events in which I held no part—other hours of happiness—other events to me unknown.

I went over them all one by one, since I still clung to an obstinate hope that urged me desperately to grasp some straw by which to save the wreck of my forlorn love. Finally I was forced to the conviction that none of the epistles the package contained had been addressed to me. Those that I had received and restored religiously, had probably been reduced to ashes. These, that as a treasure she had ever preserved, testified unmistakably of the true direction of her heart's affection.

It was maddening. I felt as if my brain would burst with the violence of my wrath.

"Dupe—poor fool!"

A voice seemed ironically to cry in my ear:

"What more fitting time than now—yes, now—to end thy wretchedness!"

Tears of madness scalded my eyes. I hastily placed myself, as I had resolved, in front of the portrait, clutched the pistol, raised the muzzle, and cooly, without haste, without the least tremor of the pulses, fired—once!—twice! It was over.

With those two shots vanished forever from the sight of mortal man those two luminous green-grey eyes that had once fascinated me—now but a shred of unsightly and shattered canvas.

[Translated from the Spanish of Emilia Pardo Bazan, by Samuel Howard Gerrish.]

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Dramatic World

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COLUMBIA—"A Modern Crusoe"—Query: What is its excuse for existence?

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ALCAZAR—"The Taming of the Shrew"—Shakespeare never loses his power.

TIVOLI—"Faust" and "Carmen"—drawing packed houses.

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His Famous Fall

The hit of Thomas Q. Seabrooke's life was not made in comedy. It was gained through a trick, and when Seabrooke was playing the King in "Hamlet," Louise Pomeroy, in her time a favorite actress, had the role of the melancholy Dane, and she depended for her greatest burst of applause from the audience on the scene where she stabs the King. One night Seabrooke determined that he would share in the star's applause. As the King he sat on an elevated throne, and when Hamlet stabbed he stood up. On the night when he made his resolution to be a twin-star, he did not fall when Miss Pomeroy thrust the dagger beneath his arm. Instead, he stood still for an instant and then, raising his arms above his head, he fell over backwards with several dull thuds to the floor. The fall was about six feet and equaled Margaret Mather's famous Juliet fall, and the audience liked it. There was prolonged applause which Miss Pomeroy, as usual, took to herself and came out again and again to bow her acknowledgements. Finally it dawned upon her that the King was wanted, and she led him out. The applause increased tenfold, and the little acrobatic trick, that Seabrooke had practiced assiduously in private until it was a success, thus had its reward.

A Vigorous Richelieu

It is a very scholarly idea of the great Cardinal that Joseph Haworth gives at the Grand this week. Mr. Haworth is an intellectual actor and there are too few of these nowadays. Where he fails to give the character a truthful interpretation is in his lack of feebleness. Richelieu was an old man. His vigor had in a degree departed. His step was no longer brisk, his voice no longer strong. Yet Mr. Haworth gives him the power of a youth in some of the scenes. This may be his own conception of the part, or it may have been a momentary lapse. Nevertheless it detracts from one's previous ideas of the Cardinal. Florence Stone is a charming Julie de Mortemar. This young actress will surely be numbered among the great American stars some day. Herschel Mayall gives a spirited version of the Chevalier but the rest of the cast is rather deficient.

He Gave Teas Here

Frederick Paulding, who is staging "The First Duchess of Marlborough" for the Lieblers, is very much at home when he is in San Francisco. He has no end of friends here, where he lived for a time with his sister the artist, Mrs. McCloskey, and her husband. The McCloskeys, assisted by Mr. Paulding, used to give very charming teas, that were quite in the London fashion and were attended by many of the smart set. Mr. Paulding has a nice taste in decoration and I can imagine his services as being of great value to the Lieblers. Sarah Cowell Le Moyne is the star of the company that will produce "The Duchess."

A Devoted Husband

Lester Lonergan, who is a San Francisco boy, supports Mrs. Fiske in her new play. He takes Tyrone Power's place. It may be remembered that Mr. Tyrone Power, who was playing in Australia, was engaged by cable. Just as he was about to sail for this country he cabled that it was impossible for him to keep his engagement. A letter just received by Mr. Harrison Grey Fiske from Mr. Power states that Mrs. Power (Edith Crane), who had been ill for months, was forced to undergo an operation at the time they expected to sail. It was thus impossible for her to undertake the voyage and Mr. Power had to forego his engagement.

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A Theatrical Man's Book

W. B. Gross of New York, general manager for the James A. Herne dramatic companies, published last month a little book which he calls "144 New Epigrams." The edition is of five hundred copies, and is for private circulation among Mr. Gross' friends. Each epigram is given a page, with an accompanying illustration of charming design by Edwin J. Meeker. Here are some of Mr. Gross' clever thoughts:

Life is an endless chain whose unseen links draw man onwards toward eternity.

Solitude is a haven for the hopeful; to the poet or philosopher it is a garden abloom with thoughts wherein he may roam at will.

If you would have a noble son, be a noble father.

What honor means to a man, love means to a woman; you should never permit either to be stained or disgraced.

The egotist has a poor memory; he constantly forgets that the world existed before him and will continue to exist after him.

Necessity often compels virtue.

The lover is an oculist who has a cure for every one's sight but his own.

The richest man in the world is he who gets the most happiness out of life.

Passion is our Mephistopheles—a very devil that will lead us by sunny pathways even unto hell.

Once we had thieves who preyed upon the land; now we have politicians.

The laboring man like the horse is not aware of his strength

Man is but an interrogation point: What is he? Whence comes he? Whither goes he?

In every human heart there is a smouldering hell, whose embers, stirred by passion, emit a scorching flame that consumes even life itself.

The man that loves wine loves wit.

This is not Mr. Gross' first book. In 1893 he published a little volume "Europe for 350 Dollars," an exact account of one of his trips abroad. *The Playgoer.*

Attractions Next Week

The second and last week of "A Modern Crusoe" will open on Monday night. There will be a performance tomorrow night. "Florodora," the road edition of the New York Casino's success, will follow.

There will be a splendid attraction at the Grand next week—"Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." This is one of the most quietly sensational plays ever staged, and Joseph Haworth is said to be the equal of Richard Mansfield in the title role.

Of all Florence Roberts' local successes—and she is probably the most popular star that has ever played lengthy engagements here—"Sapho" is, judging by the box office receipts, her greatest hit. It will be revived next week, the final one of her engagement at the Alcazar.

Next week the Svengalis will make their first appearance at the Orpheum. They include two men and one woman, one of the men standing on the stage with his back to the audience. The lady is seated at a piano, also with her back to the audience. The second man circulates through the theatre with his back to those on the stage and requests anyone to whisper to him the name of any celebrated personage. Instantly the man on the stage turns around presenting, including makeup, the character requested. The title of any popular song or piece of music may be whispered to the man in the audience when the lady on the stage will immediately perform the composition desired on the piano. Although the press of London, Berlin, Paris and New York has endeavored to fathom the mysteries of this act, no satisfactory explanation has yet been offered. Press Eldridge, one of the country's foremost monologuists, and renowned for his originality, will reappear after a four years absence from San Francisco. He brings an automobile full of new songs and stories. The Parros brothers, acrobats, are new here and direct from Berlin. Dorothy Morton will change her songs, "The Bridegroom's Reverie." presented by the Misses Delmora and Mr. Walter Caryll, and one of the prettiest productions ever given in San Francisco, will be continued, and Mr. and Mrs. Karsy will play new selections on their "Giant Myriophone." Marsh and Sartella, the novelty singers and dancers, Stella Lee, the sprightly comedienne, and new pictures on the Biograph, including one showing the late President, Mrs. McKinley and friends on the observatory at Mt. Tom, Holyoke, Mass. will complete the program.

The Tivoli will have a novelty next week in "Nabucco," in which Salassa will have a chance to do some stellar work. Nabucco is the Italian for Nebuchadnezzar and one can imagine with what magnificence such an opera would be mounted. "Carmen" will be the alternating bill.

The opening concert in the series of musical evenings, fifteenth year, will be given at Byron Mauzy hall, Thursday evening, September twenty-sixth. The admission is by invitation. Mr. William Piutti, the well known pianist, will render the program.

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Music World

Last Sunday was, indeed, a day of sorrow in our city churches, and some word was said or some song sung while thinking of the President. At High Mass in the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, Steiner and Union streets, Mr. Will S. Smith, baritone, very touchingly sang "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes," from Sullivan's "Light of the World."

The "Kreutzer" Sonata Was Played

The Samuels-Genss invitation recital drew a large crowd and seats were at a premium. The program opened with the "Kreutzer Sonata" by Beethoven which was well rendered and elicited great applause at its finish. I have not heard it played for years, the last occasion being a memorable one, when it was publicly performed by Hugo Mansfeldt and Professor Rosewald of beloved memory. The occasion was memorable as but a day or two after Professor Rosewald died suddenly and I believe it was his last public appearance. Mr. Samuels' Mendelssohn concerto was given with his usual clean technique and he was beautifully accompanied by little Miss Ehrman, a mere slip of a girl who has the making of a very fine pianiste in her. Mr. Genss gave the celebrated Mozart-Liszt "Don Juan" fantasie performed with such success by Rosenthal on his recent tour and for an encore played his own "Nocturne," a very sweet and dainty composition.

In Oakland

The ensemble concert given last week by Miss Helen Hagar pianist, Mr. John R. Lewis violinist, and Mr. Lovell Langstroth cellist, in Oakland was of more than ordinary merit and was attended by a large and enthusiastic audience. The size of the audience is a matter of congratulation for a pay concert, since I have often noticed that people flock in large numbers to an invitational affair, but where a fee is charged for admittance there does not seem to be the same amount of inducement no matter how fine the program. The trio was assisted by Horatio Cogswell, baritone, and the recalls were frequent. Miss Hagar's piano work is especially clean of technique and brilliant in tone. She plays easily and well and creates a very pleasant impression from her attitude at the piano as well as her superior playing. Mr. Langstroth, who has but lately returned from Brussels, played the Locatelli sonata for cello like an artist. His style is original and gives promise of a brilliant future. He gets a warmth of coloring in his tones that is delightful and for his solo work was recalled three times. John R. Lewis is a pupil of Sir Henry Heyman and won considerable attention last year by his evident talent. That he has improved under Sir Henry's tuition goes without saying and his two solo numbers on this occasion were a big success and won for him repeated applause; for encore he gave the Vieuxtemps "Reverie" with feeling and effect. If young Lewis continues to work well, there is no doubt that Sir Henry will turn out something very superior in the early future with so promising material. Two of the ensemble numbers were new here, the "Walzer Maerchen" (Fairytale Waltz) by Schutt who has been growing into high favor during the last year, and the Raff trio. Mr. Cogswell's vocal numbers were well received and pleasingly rendered. There were many well known musicians in the audience.

Here and There

A letter from Boston tells of Dr. Stewart's work in that city. He is progressing finely, as a matter of course, and has opened a studio in the Steinert building.

Mrs. Oscar Mansfeldt has so far recovered the use of her hand as to be able to do a small amount of practice daily. The recitals which were to be given this November will probably, however, have to be postponed till next year as the recovery is slow and she will not have the full use of her fingers for some months yet.

The pupils of I. D. Herzog will give a violin recital at Byron Mauzy hall on the nineteenth and will be assisted by the orchestra of the San Francisco Conservatory of Music. At the same hall on September twenty-sixth William Piutti will give a piano recital. Mr. Piutti's recitals of last year were very instructive and interesting. He plays with a clean, refined touch that cannot fail to commend itself to an intelligent audience.

The first concert of the season was given by the San Francisco Conservatory of Music at the Alhambra theatre, last evening, September twentieth at eight o'clock, under the direction of E. Bonelli.

Beatrice Priest-Fine has taken the position of soprano at the Marble Collegiate church, Fifth avenue and Twenty-ninth streets, New York. Mrs. Fine was prominent in local musical circles before going East to live.

The Wednesday Morning club entertained some three hundred friends at Woodmens' hall, Oakland, on the morning of the eleventh, to inaugurate the new season of the club. A fine program was rendered in which numbers were given by Camille D'Arville Crellin, Mr. Langstroth, Miss Helen Hagar, Mr. John R. Lewis and Miss Mooney, who accompanied Mrs. D'Arville Crellin in her vocal numbers.

The feature of the service at Temple Emanu-El on Saturday morning was Cantor Stark's fine, mellow baritone. His music is worthy of the highest praise. The choir was well balanced and did magnificent ensemble work while the orchestra, organ and kettledrum enhanced the effect. Rabbi Voorsanger paid a touching tribute to our martyred President.

St. Stephen's Parish *Monthly Record*, in discussing the resignation of R. W. Lucy from St. Stephen's church choir, as organist and choir master, pays him a very great tribute both as to his courtesy toward the parish and his ability as a musician. It expresses from rector and vestry deepest regret at the necessity of losing him, being reconciled only that it was for Mr. Lucy's betterment financially.

A Reminiscence

The recent death of Dr. William Barnsmore Pape, the noted pianist, in Mobile, Alabama, recalls many associations connected with this eminent composer that bring him near home He was associated at thirteen years of age with Madame Anna Bishop, doing concert work in New York. Later in life he confined himself to the practice of medicine,

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a profession which seems to be often chosen by musicians when wearied of public work musically. "Irish Diamonds" and the transcription of the old English ballad set to Tennyson's "Brook," are well known favorites to be found in the repertoire of almost every pianist. Madame Anna Bishop, who at the instigation of her brother retired from public life and went to live with him in Boston, had the training of many fine voices on this coast among them Mrs. Marriner-Campbell. Dr. Pape was known to musical literature as "Willie Pape," and this name appears on the title page of all his compositions.

At the Seamen's Institute

Every man who follows the sea for a livelihood, without distinction of race, creed or nation, finds, on landing in San Francisco, a home and the comforts thereof at the Seamen's Institute, 33 Stewart street. In addition to the many things which constitute such comforts and which are there provided for the seamen, are regular Wednesday evening concerts, which certain ladies of our city take turns in providing. The great array of seafolk, together with many friends of the institution, who filled the hall on Wednesday evening of last week, were presented with a program in which appeared, Misses Emma and Susie Conly, Mr. McGauley, Miss Bonnell, Mrs. Burnell, Messrs Naumann, Hecht and Yankles, Mr. Fossey, and Mr. Adelstein. Every song was so sung as to appeal to seamen and landsmen alike. The instrumental pieces were each listened to with unwavering attention, particularly the mandolin solos which were truly delicious; the flute solo and the trio for flute, violin and piano, which were things to hear again and again; and the piano solos which were well chosen. This concert was arranged by Miss McGauley

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The musical season has begun in good earnest, and many very interesting events are on the tapis for the fall and winter. Among the new people we are to hear are Miss Annette Hullah, pianist, and Harry Barnhart, basso Miss Hullah makes her first appearance in America before a San Francisco audience, though she appeared abroad with much success. She is recently from London, where she was introduced to the music world by our Mrs. Carmichael-Carr. In Vienna she studied under Leschitizky and this fact will insure her an interested audience here where Paderewski's master is so well thought of. Mr. Barnhart has just returned from Europe where he studied under Corteszi, in Florence, and Randegger, in London. His forte is oratorio but he also studied operatic roles. The recital will be given in Sherman-Clay hall next Thursday evening.

A piano recital will be given next Friday evening in Sherman-Clay hall by Miss Belle Clair Chamberlain, which promises to be of unusual interest. Miss Chamberlain has just returned to this city after an absence of two years, having been under the tutelage of Mme. Bloomfield-Ziesler of Chicago and Teresa Carreno of Berlin. The program will include works of Beethoven, Chopin, Schubert, Tschaikowsky, Moszkowski and Liszt.

The song recital to be given on Tuesday evening last by Bradford and Madame B. Anais Peck was postponed, owing to the death of the President, and will take place next Tuesday evening instead.

Frances Temple Graham will sing a leading role in "Florodora" when it is produced here.

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Two New Books

"Coals of Fire" is an unpretending little volume of some two hundred pages, issued for a local writer, Mrs. M. Frances Hanford-Delanoy, by the Abbey Press of New York. Though less wordy and diffusive in style, it would seem to be a survival of an earlier day, when the moral was spelled out in capitals at the end of each chapter, and the fate of the transgressor was held up as a warning. Richard Manning, the worthy son of an unworthy sire, finds himself, while yet a mere boy, left to provide a home and an education for his two young sisters, orphaned and penniless by the profligacy of their father. Needless to say poor

.·. Mme. B. Anais Peck .·.

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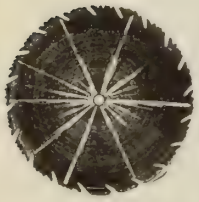
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Richard succeeds. He is a bookkeeper in a New York dry goods house, and his salary is made to provide not only food, raiment and shelter, but education in a private academy for the two sisters, who are fitted for their careers as governess and music teacher. Richard, being a modern young man, and ambitious of success, as a matter of course, devotes his evenings and holidays to literary work, and equally of course and as a modern young man of ambition, he becomes a successful author. At the opening of the story, Alice, the elder of the girls, and the model, is about to set out on her first engagement, to take charge of two young children whose mother has died, and Hazel, the younger, and who, by way of contrast, is made exceedingly worldly and mercenary, gives it as her opinion that money is the supreme good, and that given the opportunity, she would have no hesitation about marrying for w alth. The virtuous members of the family are duly shocked, but Hazel is not moved from her point. Alice having reached her destination, proceeds to fall in love with her two charges, and in due time, with their papa, though one would suppose that the number of family jars that occur on the other side of a partly closed door, and the fact that the children's mother had been buried only on the day of her arrival ought to have made her reasonably cautious. The wedding takes place, in just a year's time—another concession to old-fashioned prejudice, and the honeymoon wanes as rapidly as it waxed. Arthur Van Harlagan is the cashier of a New York bank, and like the bold bad man that he is, he helps himself to the funds. The luxurious home in which his family lives belongs to his mother, and she has no mind to see her fortune dissipated, so she wisely refuses to place any portion of it in her son's keeping. Matters have got to a desperate pitch with him, and when he confesses that it must be two thousand dollars or the penitentiary she dies of the shock and the son proceeds to have a brain fever, of which, of course, he does not die. They never do in books. Hazel, the beautiful sister, has come to make her home with her wealthy relatives, and the two bad ones proceed to fall in love with each other, and eventually to elope. As a matter of course, the virtuous Alice secures a divorce so that her sister may be made "an honest woman," and it is safe to believe in miracles when it eventually transpires that the deed is done. Wicked Arthur and worldly Hazel soon come to the bottom of their part of the family fortune and are discovered living in poverty and dirt in a wretched tenement, and then comes virtue triumphant in the shape of the discarded wife and the maligned friend, to lighten Arthur's last hours by their ministrations and undertake the maintenance of his wife and child. The virtuous Richard also comes in for his share of reward in gaining for his wife his sister's step child and her share of the fortune. We are told in the publisher's advance notices that Mrs. Hanford-Delanoy is an invalid. Viewed as the recreation of one who is confined to a couch for much of her time, it is unfair to pick flaws in the simple story. Looked at as an attempt to add to the permanent literature of the language it is quite another matter. Typographically, the Abbey Press has done a neat piece of work.

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"Serious Complications" would go off better on the stage than between book covers. It is a light, slight thing, and the complications all grow out of the mistake of a dashing widow in supposing that her neighbor, a widower with grown children, is paying court to her, when he is really sounding her as to her views in regard to his marrying her daughter. There are three families all possessed of sufficient wealth to have nothing to do but enjoy it. Mr. Abbott is a widower with a son and daughter, Tom and Cora; Mr. and Mrs. Randall has one son, George, in love with Cora Abbott, and Mrs. Randall is a widow, with one daughter, Nellie, in love with Tom Abbott; also an unattached brother. The young people seem to have neither duties nor occupations apart from riding or rowing with each other, or running back and forth from house to house, and the eternal "Oh, ha! ha! ha! ha!" sixteen times to a page would have been as exasperating to listen to as it is to read, and must have been provocative of plenteous profanity to the compositors who put the book in type. The young people have not even a rudimentary conception that there is anything unseemly in eavesdropping, so we have them, in true farce-comedy style, concealed behind screens, or slipping in unobserved, listening and peeping, and "Oh, ha! ha! haing" at all times, and whenever they are least wanted. Abbott senior, having fallen in love with Nellie Raleigh, proceeds to make a proposal for the daughter's hand, but between the obscurity of his words and the interruption of the young people the widow, not unnaturally, considering that she approves of the attachment of her daughter and Tom Abbott, imagines that he is proposing to herself. She accepts as well as the circumstances permit, and he takes it as permission to court the girl. The young Abbotts have planned to give a party and Mrs. Raleigh, regarding herself as the future mistress of the mansion, is somewhat more in evidence than the children are prepared for. The elder Abbott takes occasion to propose to Nellie, and she flies to the arms of her Tom, while her mother engages in the ladylike proceeding of slapping the old gentleman's face, and he retaliates by using his tongue. The party breaks up and the guests depart under the impression that either the old gentleman has been imbibing injudiciously, or else that he has suddenly developed insanity. He is so thoroughly exasperated that his actions for the next few days bear out the insanity theory, and the Randals prudently resolve that their son shall break his engagement with Cora Abbott on that ground. Cora has done her comedy part in the listening, and has discovered that a wealthy brother-in-law of Mrs. Raleigh has died, leaving an immense fortune to his wife Mrs. Raleigh is not aware that he has married a second time, and under the impression that the widow is an old lady and her Nellie the rightful heir, she has expressed her intention of writing to invite her to visit Southern California, with a view to making a good impression. Cora is better posted. She has been at school with the present incumbent, the daughter of an actress, and writes to her proposing that her mother shall come and pass herself off as the elderly widow while they enjoy the fun, not knowing that the mother herself had died. The youthful widow dresses the

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part and comes to the Raleigh home where she and the brother, Bob Corson, who was once jilted by an unknown love, discover each other and enter into explanations. Abbott senior has escaped from his guardians and flown to San Francisco, from whence he writes to Mrs. Raleigh to grant him an interview and a chance to explain. Needless to say she does. Meanwhile Uncle Robert counsels Cora and George to elope: Tom and Nelly are ready to profit by the same advice: the Dutch comedy cook and stableman have been trying all day to get time to have their own knot tied, Uncle Bob and his widow leave no further loophole in their affair, and when the evening train arrives it brings Abbott senior and her who was the widow Raleigh, no longer two, but one. Indeed, the only character in the book who is left unmated is the Abbott's Chinese cook, all of which is very probable in stageland, but nowhere else. "Serious Complications," is neither better nor worse nor more improbable than hundreds of other books of light fiction. The plot is original and clever, and leaves the impression that the author, Mrs. Hanford-Delanoy, is capable of better things.

Little Emmy Lou

While Josephine Dodge Daskam is making a reputation, and justly, too, for her stories of child life which are appearing in the various magazines, it is time that some notice was given to George Maddern Martin for his work; the chronicles of Emmy Lou which are printed from time to time in *McClure's* come closer to picturing the bewilderment of a little child on its first introduction to the world of school than anything I have yet seen. Timid, quiet little Emmy Lou, coming from a family of grown-ups, and cast into the strange atmosphere, is to be pitied, though she is a hearty, healthy little girl enough. It might rouse the educators to some sense of the futility of their cast iron courses of study and it certainly would do parents a world of good, to read these unpretentious tales. As to teachers, they would need to be dull indeed if they could not recognize the situation, and amongst the three there might arise some sane plan of dealing with the Emmy Lous. *The Bookworm*

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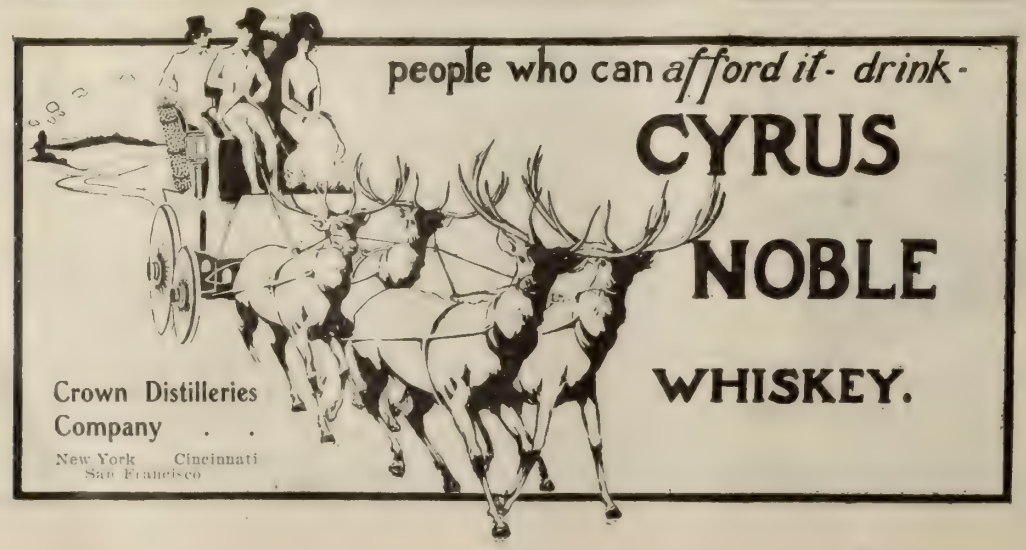
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LEGAL NOTICES

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

In the Matter of the Estate of MARY DONEGAN, Deceased. } Order to Show Cause Why Order of Sale of Real Estate Should not be Made and Ordering Publication.

Annie Kroutch, the Executrix of the last Will and Testament of Mary Donegan, deceased, having filed her petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of the real estate of said decedent, for the purposes therein set forth

It is Therefore Ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Friday, the 27th day of September, 1901, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of said Superior Court, at Department No. 9 thereof, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Annie Kroutch, Executrix as aforesaid, to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week, for four successive weeks in TOWN TALK a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated Aug. 23rd, A. D. 1901.

J. V. COFFEY, Judge of the Superior Court.

JOHN J. BARRETT, Attorney for Executrix. 4t

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO

In the Matter of the Application of WILLIAM SMITH, for a change of name. }

The petition of WILLIAM SMITH respectfully shows:—

That he is over the age of twenty-one years and for more than ten years last past has been and still is a resident of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. That he was born at Mount Eden, Alameda County, State of California, on the 8th day of May A. D. 1875; and your petitioner now resides at 4½ Scotland Street in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

That many years ago his parents, CHARLES SMITH and SOPHIE SMITH, separated and ever since continued and do now live separate and apart from each other; and during all of this time your petitioner has lived with and in the custody of and taken the name of your petitioner's grandfather, WILLIAM JOHNSON; that said WILLIAM JOHNSON lives in the City and County of San Francisco, and your petitioner has always been and continues to be known by the name of WILLIAM JOHNSON. That in all transactions in which he has been engaged he has been so known; that the name WILLIAM SMITH is a name commonly used and to be known by such name after the use of the name WILLIAM JOHNSON would lead to many complications.

That his mother SOPHIE DROSTE resides at Mount Eden, Alameda County, California, and his father in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

WHEREFORE, your petitioner prays this Court make an order changing his name from WILLIAM SMITH to WILLIAM JOHNSON

Dated August 20th, 1901.

WILLIAM SMITH.

LENT & HUMPHREY, Attorneys for Petitioner.
Crocker Building, San Francisco.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

In the Matter of the Application of WILLIAM SMITH for a change of name. }

Upon reading and filing the petition of WILLIAM SMITH for an order changing his name to WILLIAM JOHNSON, it is ordered that Monday the 7th day of October 1901, A D. at 10 A. M of said day at the Court Room of said Court, Department No. 7 thereof in the said City and County of San Francisco, be fixed as the time and place of hearing of said petition.

And all persons interested in said matter be required to appear at said time and place to show cause, if any they have, why said petition should not be granted.

It is further ordered that a copy of said petition and of this order be published in TOWN TALK, a newspaper published in said City and County of San Francisco, once a week for four weeks prior to said date of hearing.

Dated August 26th, 1901.

5t F. H. DUNNE, Judge of said Superior Court.

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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, September 28, 1901

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OUR OPINION

The Friars of the Philippines

The friars of the Philippines have not been the subject of much discussion of late. As a field for the evangelist the Philippine territory is still regarded with covetous eyes by the enthusiastic missionary, but after looking it over he has not been greatly encouraged. Shortly after Dewey's victory we were told that the natives cordially hated the Catholic clergy, and that the natives could not be pacified until the priests were driven out. The refrain of one grand chorus led by Bishop Potter was "Raus mit 'em." But notwithstanding the reported disfavor with which the natives regarded the priests, there were no reports of conversions to the Protestant creeds. Moreover it was noticed that the natives who were quick to accept American rule were those that had been educated in the Catholic schools, and who demanded nothing of the American officials except the assurance that there would be no interference with their forms of religious worship. Yet there were persistent trouble-makers who threatened to involve President McKinley in a serious controversy. There were Catholics that feared that the President intended to stand with the enemies of the church, and there were Protestants who thought they could detect signs of an unholy alliance between Washington and Rome. But presently trouble arose in Pekin and the attention of the religious politicians was diverted to the Missionary looters of China. The Friars were then forgotten. Now we learn from General James Smith who recently returned from the Philippines that the friars are not quite so black as they have been painted, and that they do not constitute a disturbing element in the islands. They were not universally liked by the natives because under Spanish rule, in some of the districts they acted as magistrates as well as spiritual advisers. They were held responsible to the Spanish Government for the good order of the district, and as they were dealing with savages their task was not an easy one. They naturally made enemies. And undoubtedly, though General Smith does not say so, some bad friars were found in the Philippines. Abuses must have arisen under a system which gave them unrestrained power. The Catholic church has not been able to maintain perfect discipline among its representatives in uncivilized countries. No church has ever succeeded in doing that. The bad friars have been disciplined since the change of government, and the Catholic church was quite willing that they should be. It is natural for the church to welcome those reforms that are most likely to enhance its prestige. But according to General Smith, the Jesuits and other representatives of other Catholic orders in the Philippines are in high favor with the natives. They have educated the Filipincs to a high standard and they are now doing all in their power to teach them to respect our laws. When under Spanish rule they were loyal to Spain, now they owe allegiance to America and they are loyal to the Government of these United States. The trouble-makers have failed and there is to be no confiscation of church property.

The Wrath-of-God Croakers

The assassination of the President has served to give impetus to a crusade against anarchy, but there is another class which is as much in need of a sharp lesson as the anarchists and their abettors. Every time that there is a national calamity or an accident of a particularly appalling character, some freak preacher or semi-religious organization is sure to come forward and pronounce it a judgment of God because some pet scheme or other has not been made a part of the national law. Some years ago, just after the close of the Chicago fair, one of the buildings in course of demolition caught fire, and many workmen were burned to death, whereupon one of the godly immediately pronounced it an act of retribution because the exposition was kept open on Sunday. The fire at the New York docks was another instance of divine retribution. When the son of Secretary Hay recently met with a fatal accident, some of these same brutal yelpers saw in it another instance of the divine wrath, and now the temperance organizations of some of the fastnesses of New England can see the hand of God in the assassination of President McKinley because he had not used his power to put down the liquor traffic. Freedom of speech is a privilege not lightly to be curtailed by law, but common decency should dictate some show of regard for the feelings of the community at large, and the families of the afflicted, in particular. Of all the organizations in the land there is none more intemperate in its language or more intolerant in its opinions than the temperance society. Its members regard it as an inalienable right to denounce and condemn right and left, and to call names to their heart's desire, to disregard rules and laws, and then to demand that they, and they only, shall be considered. Bad example of any kind is contagious, and liberty of speech which descends to license is no more admirable in a pulpit or

a temperance society than it is in the columns of a yellow journal or an anarchist meeting. Let us have more tolerance and broadmindedness among those who set up to be leaders of opinion, less wholesale condemnation of everything not in exact accordance with minority views. There is too much striving after sensation and too little common sense displayed in these small bodies. Sensationalism is their one hope of attracting attention even in their own communities, and the license which they arrogate to themselves in criticizing and condemning everything not to their liking is encouragement to ignorant foreigners to put into execution the plots which are often first suggested by the irresponsible Americans. If God were inclined to give spectacular exhibitions of His wrath, He would long since have played havoc with the troublesome fanatics who make pretentions to being in His confidence.

Miss Eyre's Pet Project

The free love colony which was projected immediately after the Herron escapade seems to be in a fair way to make a start, and now is a very good time to scotch the snake. Some months ago one Alice Wolverton Eyre announced her intention of establishing a community in this State where everything should be held in common, and all relationships should be governed by inclination alone. The erstwhile Miss Eyre having found a partner to her liking announces herself as "Mrs." Eyre, and is now negotiating for a tract of land in Lake county upon which she expects to settle her ten active members who have accepted her theory of a higher life and some three hundred candidates who, perhaps, are waiting to see whether there will be enough of the loaves and fishes contributed to make a "divy" worth while. Since the Herron affair there has been a fair number of these loose agreements to live together till one or the other party tires of the arrangement, and strange as it may seem, the couples are, or at least seem blissfully ignorant of the fact, that there is nothing new in the situation. Such contracts have been entered into time and again, but when it has come to the final pinch, if the woman has had the shadow of legal claim, she has never hesitated to call upon the courts to protect her rights and to establish the status of her children. We have had a sufficiently large number of socialistic and communistic experiment stations established from time to time, and the schemes have been given thorough trial and proved failures. In every instance the few cunning leaders have been the only ones to profit and the rank and file who have contributed their little savings, or thrown in the work of their hands towards the building up of a Utopia, have invariably been despoiled. One need only mention Topolobampo, Bellamy or Kaweah to awaken memories of departed Edens. This Eyre scheme is the first effort we have had in California to set up a new standard of family life, or rather to do away with family life as it is understood in civilized communities. It is a favorite theory of these emancipated folk that there is something original and praiseworthy in their determination to set conventionality at defiance and live a "higher life," but if they would stop to consider the case, they would find that there are hundreds, if not thousands of women in every community of any size, who are carrying out the same ideals and who do not pose as leaders of thought. It is comparatively easy to deliver lectures and to write pamphlets declaiming against the hypocrisy, deception and dishonesty of modern life and to lay these and all other ills, social and physical, to the slavery which is enjoined by the marriage tie, but it is yet to be shown that any other condition would result in an improvement. It is not a fact, for example, that married people are more dishonest in business or political transactions than the unmarried, or that bachelor politicians are less shifty than the benedicts, and it is unquestionable that the children born outside of the marriage tie are neither so well cared for nor so well endowed as those who have known home and parental care. This revolt against established conditions which are undoubtedly the best for the majority is not at the instance of humanity but of pure egotism and selfishness. "Mrs." Eyre, it is to be hoped, will be firmly and forcibly convinced that her free and easy colony is not wanted in California. She will probably view herself as a martyr to principle, or pretend to, but it is more reasonable to regard her as a charlatan. It is in communities of the character of the one she contemplates establishing that perverts of the Czolgosz type are developed. Guiteau, the murderer of Garfield, was a product of the notorious Oneida community. The efficacy of our present code of morals has been fairly well tested, and those that are anxious to tinker with it are imbued with nothing but a desire for greater latitude.

Hips To Be Tabu

A New York editor has made the startling announcement that feminine hips are going out of fashion. In Paris, he states, figures are straight up and down—the straighter the better. As Parisian fashions invariably cross the water to this country, the New York editor assumes that the lines of the female form divine in this country will soon be the same as those that mark the figure of the French woman. But there need be no occasion for alarm. The hip is a feature of female anatomy that cannot be obliterated by Dame Fashion's decree. It would require several generations of hipless dames to wipe out such a distinctive characteristic of the sex, and fashions are not noted for their tenacity of purpose. Nature has endowed the sex with hips, and hips cannot be abolished by a dressmaker. The ideal line of beauty is that which follows the curvature of the hips, and it has recently been the aim of the dressmaker to

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accentuate it. In many instances they succeeded in accentuating it to the point of indecency, and now perhaps they are intent upon going to the other extreme, but to eliminate it altogether is an impossibility. Moreover women are proud of their hips. They know that the charm of their topography depends largely on the grace of the elevation round which they are wont to draw their skirts tightly. So there is no need of our worrying over the sensational announcement of the New York alarmist. The straight-up-and-down woman may flit briefly across life's stage, but she will not be the vogue, and she will be eager to flaunt her hips again in all their bewitching beauty. We can tolerate the straight-front corset, but the slab-sided female—never!

The Schley Investigation

Whatever verdict is rendered by the Naval court at Washington, the opinion of the great American public as to the credit due for the destruction of Cervera's fleet will not be changed. Admiral Sampson will never be recognized as the hero of a battle he wasn't in. Moreover nobody will ever enthuse to any great extent over the part played by Admiral Schley even though he was not responsible for the almost fatal "loop." The facts of the case do not warrant the bestowal of a great deal of glory. There is nothing glorious or heroic in swatting a fleeing foe. There has been no evidence introduced at the investigation up to the date of this writing which cannot be controverted. And so far the records are in Schley's favor though at variance with the testimony of the witnesses for the prosecution. In ordinary courts of law the record is the better evidence, but if it can be shown at this investigation that naval records are of no value, then it may be conceded that the inquiry was not in vain. The evidence put in by the Naval ring so far tends to show that the records kept aboard our war vessels are of no value. The log may show that the weather was storming when the fact was that it was calm. The log might show that a vessel was lying at anchor one hundred yards off shore, when she was actually a distance of ten miles out to sea. Under the circumstances if a battleship should be lost through negligence or ignorance, the records would be of no value at an investigation held for the purpose of fixing responsibility.

The Saunterer

The Wells' Boom

Mr. Kirkpatrick having decided not to accept the Republican nomination for Mayor, an Auditor Wells' boom was launched. It is incredible that the astute policians that favored Kirkpatrick could have been induced to switch to Wells. Our Auditor is a genial old gentleman who has distinguished himself in public office by his irresolution and lack of force. He growls over a bill in the morning and signs it in the afternoon. He is of that type of "business men" that Chris Buckley delighted in putting to the front to impart an air of respectability to a convention or a State ticket. Mr. Wells is Martin Kelly's "business man." Martin Kelly nominated him for Auditor, and has handled him in patronage matters ever since. Martin Kelly is his sponsor for the Mayor's job. They are "old neighborhood" friends, and each would be satisfied to go to the other when he dies.

A School Department Tempest

Auditor Wells, by the way, is responsible for a row in the school board. Some days ago he gave an applicant for a school teacher's position a letter of recommendation. She was turned down in accordance with a rule of the department which provides that no applicant shall be heard who resorts to a political pull. Mrs. Kincaid and Mr Casserly notified the Auditor that he had trespassed the rules of the department and informed him that it was useless for him to try to use his position to coerce the directors. Thereupon Auditor Wells flared up, bearded Mrs. Kincaid in her sanctum, and scolded her in drastic terms. Mrs. Kincaid shed tears and afterward declared that she had never been so terribly abused in the whole course of her life. Subsequently Auditor Wells' protege applied for a hearing before the school board, and a motion to grant the application was lost, Mr. Kincaid and Mr. Casserly voting in the negative, and Messrs Denman and Mark voting in the affirmative. As a conseqcence Denman and Mark are personae non grata to Mrs. Kincaid.

"Our Own" Gertie

The authorship of "The Aristocrats" a book on which I commented some months ago, is no longer a secret. "Our own" Gertrude Atherton wrote the book. As it has received unqualified commendation from the critics, even from those who have hitherto denied her the place in literature to which she is entitled, it is safe to claim her as "our own" It was thought by many that the book was by an Englishwoman, and it received praise in quarters where Mrs. Atherton had been most cordially abused, It appears that she desired to test how much of sincerity there was in the abuse that greeted her signed novels, and the test was not in vain. Ambrose Bierce, by the way, is entitled

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to the credit of having discovered Gertrude Atherton. He pronounced her a genius long before she was known on the other side of the Rockies.

Where Witches Abound

Some of the Eastern weeklies are giving space to an account of one Shuck, somewhere in Pennsylvania, who accepted a fee of one dollar and seventy-five cents for exorcising the witches who had prevented the cows of a neighbor from giving milk, and who, not having succeeded in restoring the yield of lacteal fluid, was sued and forced to disgorge his ill gotten gains. There is more or less astonishment that a belief in witchcraft should still exist in this twentieth century, and in the enlightened United States. But one need not go so far afield to find the evidence. There is a certain class, known in this State as Missourians, though it does not follow as a matter of course that either they or their ancestry ever saw Missouri, who have certain beliefs and practices which are held to with all the tenacity of a religious faith. Nothing would induce them to "kill meat" i.e., slaughter hogs, unless "the moon is growing," for otherwise the meat, when cooked will shrink. Potatoes are invariably planted "in the dark of the moon," lest they should grow above ground, and corn, on the contrary, must be dropped in "the light of that orb." Men will sit about idle for a fortnight and await favorable conditions, rather than transgress, and having had due regard to times and seasons, if any unaccounted for misfortune overtakes crop or stock, it is invariably laid to witchcraft. I knew of a community of Missourians, within a dozen miles of Napa, the members of which were firmly convinced of the existence of witches and kindred unholy beings.

A Superb Relic

From the despatches I learn that during the sojourn of the Emperor and Empress of Russia in Paris, they resided at the Chateau de Compiegne. That is one of the oldest palaces in France. It was there that the council was held which deposed Louis the Debonnaire. Joan of Arc spent some time there as a prisoner of the Bergundians. It was the scene of the marriage of Napoleon and Marie Louise, and there Leopold King of the Belgians espoused the daughter of Louis Philippe. There is a room in the chateau, the ceiling of which was painted by Girodet with allegorical figures of War, Justice, Force, Eloquence and Art.

A Family of Writers

On Tuesday, at the residence in Devisadero street of her aunt, Mrs. H. G. Shaw, Miss Bessie Mighels was married to Mr. Irving G. Lewis of the Los Angeles *Record*. The bride comes of a family of newspaper writers. Her father was Major Henry Mighels of Carson City, Nevada, and her brother is Philip Verrill Mighels, author of "Nella" and "The Crystal Sceptre." I must beg to inform Mr. Hamilton Gilmour, by the way, that he erred in his criticism of Mr. Mighels' later novel, in last Sunday's *Bulletin*, in calling the author "an English lawyer." He is from Nevada and his mother is now the wife of Sam Davis of the Carson *Appeal*, Nevada's State Comptroller. Mr. Lewis' bride is a very charming and clever young woman and will be a great acquisition to Los Angeles' cultured set. It is in the Southern city that the young couple will make their home.

Leaders of the ton prefer Chapin & Gore's Old Reserve Bourbon and Rye Whiskies to any other brands.

A Right and a Wrong Way

The Gainsborough hat is to be highly favored this winter by the modish woman. Apropos of this hat, as I remember the story of its introduction to the feminine wardrobe, it was a gay dame of the Parisian half-world who first brought it into popularity. Her favored lover had a penchant for huge felt hats, and for a wager the gay dame one day wore his hat as she drove in the Bois. She was a beautiful woman and the hat, set upon the pinnacle of her elaborately dressed hair, made her beauty more striking than ever. Other women of her world saw her in the hat and copied the fashion, which move was in turn copied by the ladies of the Faubourg Saint Germain and still later by the wives of the wealthy bourgeois In the old portraits of aristocratic ladies, the Gainsborough hat has a large place, and at frequent intervals the fashion has been revived. But the San Francisco woman who adopts this headgear does not always wear a costume en suite. I saw a young woman this week, who prides herself on her smart gowning, and the feature of her attire was a Gainsborough. With it she had on a black tailormade, with a short jacket, and her shoes were low-heeled. Now this is all wrong. The huge picture hat, with its drooping brim and nodding plumes, is not rightly worn except with a gown to correspond. The correct mode is a trained skirt, elaborate as possible, a long cloak with or without capes or else a Directoire coat, and the shoes should be French-heeled. Anything else makes the hat appear top-heavy and ridiculous.

A Picturesque Career

H. W. Laugenour has loomed into newspaper prominence again, this time as a petitioner in the bankruptcy court. Laugenour was, about eight years ago, an Assemblyman from Yolo county and was considered a very good man in the capital swim. His tall stature, dark and handsome face and distinctively aristocratic bearing made him a marked figure in the Assembly. He wore a smooth face and parted his straight, long hair in the middle. I could fancy the real John Storm looking somewhat as Laugenour did in '93. He had a fad for violets, and always wore a fresh boutonniere of those fragrant flowers. His susceptible nature led him later to elope with a blonde whom he met in Sacramento, and the next heard of him he was in Salt Lake City. Afterwards he returned, and was forgiven for his error.

Laugenour's mother had an idea that her son was a Napoleon of finance, and she let him manage the estate in Yolo of which she was administratrix.

Engraved Wedding Announcements and Invitations

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He didn't do a thing to it for awhile but fortunately he ran away before entirely wrecking it. After his return he announced, through the medium of a San Francisco paper, that he had reformed and was about to take up the study of the law. Evidently, the law was not profitable, for in Laugenour's affidavit in bankruptcy he gives his occupation as a salesman.

The H. K. Fields stopped at Buffalo on their way home, and took in the Exposition. Mrs. Field and her daughters were in Boston for some time, and Mr. Field joined them there.

No Purse for Fillmore

Immediately after J. A. Fillmore was deposed from his position in the Southern Pacific company, his old confreres resolved to express their affection for him by raising a large purse. The project has already been abandoned. Mr. Fillmore is now drawing a fat pension from the company and he is therefore still connected with the corporation. One of the rules of the company prohibits the raising of money among employes for the purpose of making presents to anybody on the pay roll.

Dr. H. J. Stewart and his daughter Frances are living in Cambridge, not far from the home of Longfellow. They are very glad to entertain visiting Californians, and Frances says that to her San Francisco will always be "home."

Bruguiere of Newport

The very latest morceau of news from Newport comes to me in a letter from a Californian who has been studying the manners and customs of the patrons of bow-wow dinners. "The hit of the season," he writes, "is Louis Bruguiere of San Francisco. Young Mr. Bruguiere is filling the vacancy caused by dainty Harry Lehr. Harry, you know, was the accommodating toy of the virile matrons of the swim, whose husbands were watching the Wall street tickers. But the occupation was somewhat enervating, and Harry threw up the job to marry a rich girl. The jilted matrons sighed and then longed for another Lehr. Just as they were beginning to despair a young Greek god from out the West bounded into their midst and set their hearts a-fluttering. The youth of magnificent parts is none other than jaunty Louis Bruguiere of San Francisco. He came properly accredited, as to social standing, and with a face and torso that established him as a favorite from the start. He rented a cottage at four thousand a year, and there he gives luncheons and dinners to the smart set, and I am told that the enraptured matrons send him the pastry and other delicacies that he serves to his guests. I was told the other day that he had a chance recently to capture a girl who is to have ten millions, but that when it was suggested to him that she was easy game, he remarked that her social status was not of the required loftiness. What do you think of that for a Bruguiere? But Louis is enjoying too soft a snap now to think of emulating Harry Lehr."

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Rabbi Nieto's Romance

By far the most popular Rabbi that has ever officiated at a Jewish festival service is Rev. J. Nieto of the Taylor street synagogue. And there was a time, when Rabbi Nieto first came here, that more than one girlish heart in his congregation beat faster as she gazed into the preacher's handsome face and listened to his eloquent discourse, When Nieto accepted the charge of the Taylor street synagogue he was an "eligible," and, as in congregations of the Protestant sects, this fact made him more interesting to the fair portion of his Sabbath hearers than the circumstance of his being a silver-tongued orator. But the young Rabbi found his bride in a romantic manner. In the house where he boarded there was a very sweet young girl. The Rabbi fell ill and the young girl used to drop in every day and see that he wanted nothing in the way of comfort and delicacies. The Rabbi called her his "American Beauty" and when he recovered from his illness, every day he brought an American Beauty rose to his fellow boarder. Their subsequent engagement and marriage are still remembered. This was a pure love match, for the bride's sole dot was her beauty and kind nature.

Heiresses in La Jeunesse

Mrs. J. D. Spreckels is one of the patronesses of La Jeunesse this year, and that should be a great recommendation to the youth with golden tastes, to join. Mrs. Spreckels' name in the list of patronesses, which is headed by Mrs. Eleanor Martin, means the addition of two heiresses to the club. Grace and Lily Spreckels are young, attractive and accomplished, and it is not likely they will pass through this coming winter without at least one engagement happening in the family. No one hears anything about their cousin Lurline's foreign admirer,but there is really no doubt of his existence, I am told.

To Winter in California

Mrs. Margaret Duer Henry, mother of Mr. E. O. McCormick, General Passenger Traffic Manager of the Southern Pacific company, has come to the coast to spend the winter months in California. Mrs. Henry is from Cincinnati, and is a member of one of the oldest families in that city. She is a niece of Reuben Springer, the philanthropist and founder of Cincinnati's famous music hall which he donated to the city.

Before the Alden Club

The dainty farce, "Place aux Dames" is to be given at Century hall today, in the celebration of International day by the Alden club, I. S. S. The

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affair will be in the nature of a reception, and there will be music by Fachutar's mandolin orchestra. The Alden club is one of the newest of the young women's clubs, and its membership roll includes many names of smart society girls. Mrs. J. H. Jewett is an associate member, and so is Mrs. John F. Merrill. Miss Mabel Ayer, the secretary, is one of the Forum's enthusiastic members. Miss Paula Wolff is a very clever musician. Miss Jennie McFarland is one of the most active club workers among the Forum's younger set. Miss May Morton has artistic talent to a high degree. Miss Grace Whitney is musical. Mrs William Harvey Jardine — one of the Bucknall sisters—has a literary inclination. The Alden is a club full of talent.

Father P. C. Yorke

"I held back as long as I could, for controversy is hateful to me," said Rev. Father Yorke in his first open letter to the "People of California." Father Yorke is a superb humorist. He clothes his humor in the most sober and sombre garb, and yet it does not fail to generate a smile. Imagine Father Yorke having a hatred for controversy! I believe that the people of California are convinced that there is not a more ready and willing controversialist in the country than Father Yorke. That he dearly loves an argument we should have no doubt after observing the numerous instances of his willingness to enter into one. And I should think that by this time he would find it hard to stir up a debate, for though of a pugnacious temperament he does not wantonly espouse the cause of unrighteousness, and being a sound logician as well as a man of profound erudition, he is not to be vanquished by the average man of little learning. Father Yorke's enemies, or at least, those that think he talks too much and that he enters into controversies which should not concern a churchman, do him an injustice if they question his sincerity. Father Yorke may be somewhat intemperate and he may be indiscreet but he is sincere, and no power can alienate him from his principles.

His Independent Spirit

Few priests would care to act with such independence of spirit in public matters as Father Yorke has displayed, but not even the policy of the Archbishop would alter his determination in following the dictates of his conscience. He keeps strictly within the rules of his Church and wots not the disfavor of layman or prelate. Archbishop Riordan's sermon on the death of President McKinley was regarded as a rebuke to those that had assailed our dead ruler. Father Yorke pointed out that the journals that were assailing Governor Gage were in no better position than those that attacked Mr. McKinley. Many Catholics that patted Father Yorke on the back when he swatted the A. P. A's are now censuring him for mixing up in a controversy between labor and capital, but he is not guided by the opinions of Catholics. He is a free lance of the church.

Why He Was Ready For Them

Some people imagine that this young fire-eating priest is nothing more than a clergyman with "a gift of the gab." As a matter of fact there is no more profound student in the Catholic church on this continent. In addition to being a cultured theologian, he is a classical scholar and a linguist familiar with languages that were dead before the birth of Latin or Greek. Some idea of his fondness for research may be derived from a story that I heard at the time of his religious controversy with Protestant divines several years ago. He was asked one day how he managed to dig up authorities so rapidly. He explained that when he was studying for the priesthood, he thought that perhaps some day he would be called upon to refute calumnies against the church. He therefore spent all his spare time studying all the noted controversies of Catholic church history and in that way he became familiar with the arguments that were being revived at this late day and he had no difficulty in answering them.

A Woman's Club Episode

I am no longer sure that this is not a jay town. A few weeks ago I cited by way of instance of our unprovinciality, the reception given by Mrs. Will Crocker to Sarah Bernhardt—the same Mrs. Will Crocker whose hospitality is to be accepted by Bishop Potter. That was a concession to genius that cannot be matched by any jayless metropolis on the globe. But now I am constrained to give publicity to an incident which may subject us to the censure and scorn of the cultured, the up-to-date, the advanced, the smart, the unconventional, the twent. centuryites, and all those who have ceased to think with their ancestors. It is a rather painful incident to record, for it involves the feelings of a woman, but as she is not an ordinary woman, she is not easily affected, I imagine, by trifles such as ordinarily disturb the feelings of the sex.

She has a Past

The lady is none other than Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson, the famous widow of the immortal novelist. She has established her home in this city, and ordinarily one should suppose that the cultured women of San Francisco would gladly welcome her, and cordially invite her to mingle with them. But no. The cultured women of San Francisco are not easily enthused. Culture promotes a calm and placid temperament. It stifles impetuosity. When Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson consented to having her name put up in one of our most exclusive clubs—I won't mention its name—the members were not transported with delight. Not a bit of it. It was not sufficient for them to know that she was the wife of her distin-

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JESSE MOORE
A A
WHISKEY

BEST ON EARTH

guished husband, and that she inherited some of the splendor of his halo, and that she is somewhat of a literary personage herself. Even genius must be without a past when it seeks membership in our women's clubs, and Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson is not without a past.

She is Rejected

But it is not a past of forbidding aspect. On the contrary it is the sort of past that is steadily growing in popularity among the elite. It is the past of Mrs. "Ollie" Belmont and Mrs. Perry Belmont, leaders of the Eastern ton. Yet by reason of Mrs. Stevenson's past she was rejected by the club women. I have been told that they discovered that she fell in love with Robert Louis Stevenson while she was the wife of Mr. Osbourne, and that therefore she was "pilled." Yet those good women have before them the example of Ruskin's wife who fell in love with Millais, and of the wise and generous Ruskin who kindly surrendered his spouse to his friend, and never felt sore over the alienation of her affections. Nobody ever heard of Mrs. Ruskin being "pilled" by a woman's club. There are virtuous philosophers in the world that contend that it is infamous for a wife to accept the caresses of the husband she has ceased to love. But notwithstanding our culture we still harbor old fashioned notions about such matters, in this neck of the woods.

A new book warns people against "a fair woman when she weeps, a false woman when she smiles and a clever woman when she talks."

Barnes and His Mission

The friends of General Barnes are wondering whether he has lost the Japanese Mission through the death of the President. It was thought not long ago that the general had a cinch on the job. He was supposed to have knocked out all competitors on the occasion of the President's visit, by a speech that electrified McKinley. It was a speech introducing the President to an audience. In closing Barnes clasped McKinley's hand and exclaimed: "When I look into your eyes, Mr. President, I behold a man beloved by seventy millions of people." It was an effective talk, and the President, later on, asked many questions about Barnes and declared that he should be in official life. Now it is hoped that Barnes will go to Washington and give Roosevelt the hot hand and the hypnotic eye.

The Portentous Problem

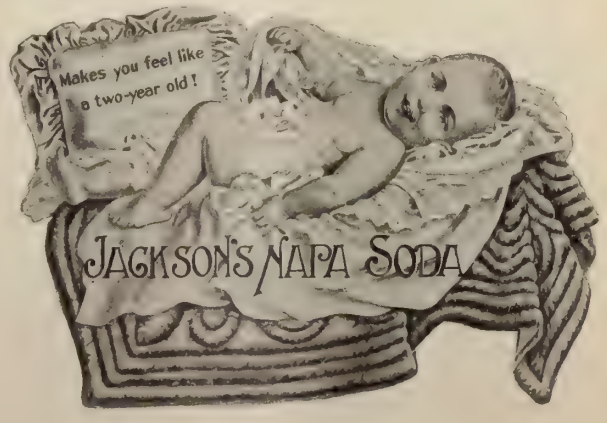
Miss Caro Crockett, who is to marry Lawrence Scott at an early date, has had rather a delicate and brow-wrinkling time selecting her bridesmaids. Altogether the circumstances of the case are rather peculiar. During the past few months of smart weddings Miss Crockett's services in the suites of brides have been in exceptional demand. That she was not only bridesmaid to Helen Hopkins, Edna Hopkins and Mary Scott but also went East to specially act in the train of Mary Crocker Harrison speaks volumes for her popularity among the elect. Everybody seemed to want her as bridesmaid but when it came her turn to marry and select her bridesmaids of course she could not name everybody. She was limited to the conventional six. And there's where the rub and the rubbering come in. After a deal of weighing and figuring, after days of thinking and hoping, so that "these" would not be offended and "those" would understand, she cleared the wrinkles off her pretty brow and settled on the names of Miss Georgie Hopkins, her cousin Miss Frances Hopkins, Miss Edith McBean, Miss Carolan, Miss Grimwood and Miss Emily Wilson.

A Matron of Honor

An innovation is planned for the wedding cortege. Instead of a maid of honor Miss Crockett will have a matron of honor and the lately wedded Mrs. Mary Scott Martin will fill the position. This selection will unquestionably provoke considerable surprise among her many friends as she and the Mesdames Taylor were brought up more like sisters than friends but as the forthcoming nuptials will make her and Mrs. Scott cousins she can safely abide by her selection on the score of relationship. Mrs. Scott has accepted the new honor with great enthusiasm and has already written East for her matron-of-honor gown. The order has been placed with the same modiste who made her Burlingame wedding gown. That garment cost fifteen hundred dollars. Carte blanche has been given for the new one with the direction that it be beautiful. The bridesmaids at the Crockett–Scott wedding will miss one gift that formed part of several recent smart weddings, namely the gift of their gowns for the ceremony.

He had a Love Affair

Ever since the death of Tevis Breckenridge there has been speculation as to what it was that influenced him to end his life. The suggestion of a love affair was quickly denied. Now I have it on the authority of friends of the deceased that his melancholia was due to his hopeless passion for a married woman. During the weeks that he spent at Del Monte, just before his suicide, he developed a warm admiration for the wife of a New York physician, and spent a good deal of time in her company. She is a rather attractive woman with fine eyes and exceedingly high shoulders. She is quite wealthy. Before her marriage she was a resident of this city. She was at Del Monte when Breckenridge returned to this city, and turned on the gas.



The Carbolized Kiss

In the land of the lotus, in the Paradise of the Pacific, in fair Hawaii Nei, a serpent has crawled and shattered the dream of centuries. The islands of the hula-hula, the home of the maile ilima, the beauteous emeralds of the peaceful sea, are all shaken with a revelation of direr import than revolution or rising. The Hawaiian Board of Health has issued a public statement that more danger to the health of those who live in Hawaii lurks in the kissing of lips than in the drinking of swipes, ava or kini. Dr. Pratt, the executive officer of the Board, after picturing the evil of the infected kiss, advises that before and after the lips be carbolized This learned physician, who is the author of several brochures on medical practice, gives with his portentous pronunciamento a recipe for making carbolized rose water, which he guarantees will effectively exterminate any germ. The amorous Honolulans have made a great outcry for the stuff and wholesale druggists of San Francisco report a largely-increased trade.

There is direful consternation among the knights of osculation,
Who taste their cup of joy when lips "kersmack,"
For the health board's regulation says that physical salvation
Demands departure from the beaten track.

'Tis said that when you're kissing and the cares of life dismissing,
The bacilli and microbes leave their lair.
And engage them bed and boarding where the ruby lips are hoarding
Affectionate salutes of a fond pair.

You must, therefore, be most careful—to reflect on it is tearful—
To disinfect the mouth-piece ere you kiss.
If you don't, a giddy germ down your throat will surely squirm,
And much subsequent enjoyment you may miss.

The remedy is simple—on each lip and nose and dimple,
Some carbolized rose-water you must spill,
And the moment that you sprinkle, germs will vanish in a twinkle,
And you twain of chaste delight may take your fill.

Then haste you, youth and maiden, with Cupid's burden laden,
And hie you to the nearest druggist's store,
Then get back to your wooing and the bacilli's undoing,
Nor kiss uncarbolized for evermore.

Grand Opera Stars in Society

After the Episcopal Bishops have been and gone, it will be time to entertain the grand opera stars. 'Tis a pity that Walter Martin is married, for he will not be at liberty to do as much as he has been in the habit of doing in that line in the past. . Calve is a jolly bohemian, and is always willing to be entertained and to receive calls. In New York there is a saying to the effect that rather than disappoint a woman visitor desiring to greet her, Calve will banish fatigue for the nonce and receive her caller as the women of the last century did—in bed. It was this fashion that Mrs. Gus Spreckels introduced to the American set in Paris; possibly she was but copying Calve. Melba is always gracious to would-be entertainers but, in New York at least, Nordica is not invariably kind. On one occasion, Mrs. Austin Corbin gave a luncheon in her honor, and Nordica kept the guests waiting an hour, only to disappoint them in the end, for the prima donna sent word that she was too tired to come. Gadski is charming both as a guest and hostess; never is disappointing and never disappoints. As for Emma Eames, she is said to be cold and haughty and accepts few invitations. She does not admire Calve, who is in no sense her rival, and when the famous Carmen is to be present at a function where both are invited, Mrs. Story is among the absentees.

An Irreproachable Past

Emma Eames, by the way, is one of the stars who can be invited everywhere. She is an aristocrat, her past is absolutely clean, and though this may also be said of others in the starry firmament, none other is such another Madge Kendal as is Emma Eames Story. It is true she married young Julian Story, son of the sculptor, against her mother's wishes. There was a breach between mother and daughter that lasted a long time but was finally healed when Mrs. Eames found that the marriage was in every sense a happy one. Mrs. Eames was herself a splendid singer and was, in her girlhood, more beautiful than her daughter. The Eames' lived in Bath, Maine, but Mrs.Eames took Emma to Boston to study. Later on they went abroad and Emma became a pupil of Marchesi in Paris. The people of Bath, I have heard, were much wounded at the fact that Emma never spoke of Bath and was always called a Boston girl. She has very little State pride, and indeed prefers Paris to any American city. The Bath people tell stories of Emma when she was a child, a pretty little thing with an aggressive, independent air. She was not winning and as she grew older this lack of geniality seemed to grow upon her.

Not a Coquette

In Boston they say that before the statuesque Emma fell in love with Julian Story she was considered to be absolutely without a heart. At one time a story went the rounds that a famous orchestra leader of Boston was infatuated with her but that she would not even look at him. Never a word was ever said against her in Paris, where the reputations of song birds are usually torn to tatters without any reason therefor. Not a Puritan, she was always well-poised, dignified and in this respect a model for other prime donne to follow to their advantage. En passant, Emma Eames is not the only star in her family. There was a cousin of hers, Miss Ethel Hyde, who went abroad to study with Marchesi. Her father, General Thomas Hyde, was one of Bath's leading citizens and he very reluctantly let his young daughter

A Good Tonic—Wm. Williams and Sons V. V. O. Scotch Whisky

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SCOTCH WHISKY
HIGH BALL

Small piece of ice in glass, pour whisky over ice and fill glass with syphon or plain water

A Cooling and Delightful Drink

leave him. This was about the time of Emma's marriage to Julian Story, and it was then said that Mrs. Eames intended adopting her niece and making a prima donna of her.

The Westwater Case

Two weeks ago I told of the rumor that an effort would be made to interest the Episcopal bishops in the Grace church choir row. I have received the following letter in reference to the matter:

EDITOR TOWN TALK,

DEAR SIR:

The case of Westwater vs. Grace church is not a suit for a breach of contract of employment, but for violation of another special agreement made without regard for compensation, but designed and clearly understood to be solely for protection to Mrs. Westwater in her vocation. This compact was rudely, causelessly and maliciously broken by the agents or servants of the church, then acting in that capacity. In the answer filed the compact is practically admitted but *legal responsibility* is denied. If the Church, through this contention, should finally succeed in escaping Justice, this will be accomplished through quibbling and evasion.

Very truly yours,

ROBERT WESTWATER.

Why The Tickets Didn't Arrive

California Commandery, K. T., would have had a much larger assemblage at its exercises in memoriam of the late President, had it not been for a simple circumstance. Postals were received on Wednesday morning by the Sir Knights belonging to the commandery notifying them of the coming exercises, and saying that tickets of admission for the Knights and their ladies would follow. However, no tickets arrived and therefore Odd Fellows' hall contained only those members of the Knights' families who were willing to go anyway, tickets or no tickets. It appears that the secretary, instead of sending out messengers with the tickets on Wednesday, had entrusted them to the mails. And there was no mail delivery in the residence districts until Friday

The Way of the Detective

In ways that are dark and tricks that are raw the private detective is skilful. As a keyhole eavesdropper he is without a peer, and in the arts of the blackmailer he is peculiarly adept. He achieves success principally in supplying convenient evidence for divorce purposes. One of the tribe, a detective named Lucas, has lately been seeking to have published the salacious details of a domestic scandal alleged to have recently occurred in one of the large interior towns. He relates that the husband and wife separated after a financial settlement, and that the wife, who had been guilty of gross misconduct, is now living at a fashionable boarding house in this city. Why he should be so eager for exposure of the woman's shame I cannot understand, but the probability is that he expects to profit in some way. As exposure of his efforts may tend to defeat his purpose I have deemed it advisable to make brief reference thereto.

The Murderous Minister's Yarn

The Reverend Charles G. Adams, who is being tried in Oakland for the killing of Dr. John Jessup, is making the defense of insanity. Adams was for many years an Episcopalian minister and until some months ago had a pulpit in Berkeley. He is a crank on fishing and has one of the best fly books and collection of rods in the country. He lost his last church because he made a very fuzzy talk from the pulpit. His congregation said he was woozy, and some of the parishioners said that they could smell his breath from the front pews, and that he certainly had been drinking whisky. Immediately after being fired by the bishop, Adams went to Capitola, and spent several weeks in fishing on Soquel creek. Talking to a fellow angler one day he told about his being dismissed from Saint Andrew's church, and said that he was the victim of the most insidious and remarkable disease that ever afflicted man.

His Rumless Jag

"For many years," he said, "I have had a nervous trouble, the symptoms of which are exactly those of drunkenness. I have lost many pulpits on account of people thinking I was drunk. When this disease attacks me, I stagger, talk wildly, stutter, hiccough, and sometimes I sing as though I were full of rum. Now, the fact is that I never touch liquor, except on the rarest occasions. When I do I develop a love for the weaker sex. I have had people tell me that they detected the odor of liquor on my breath, and yet I had not tasted an intoxicant. This terrible disease has hounded me for many years, and I am powerless in its grasp."

Adams told this while he fastened a brown hackle fly on his line and with little show of emotion.

An old fisherman tells a different story. He says that he pulled out a flask one day and that Adams sniffed it and asked what it held. When he was told that it contained some excellent whisky he asked for a swig. Now Adams, on trial for murder says that he was insane from the use of intoxicants, at the time he shot Doctor Jessup.

A charming luncheon of the present week was that given by Mrs Linda H. Bryan on Wednesday at the Palace grill in honor of Miss Polly Dunn who will be married to Harry Macfarlane in Honolulu next December. After the luncheon the party attended the matinee. The others at the table were Mrs. Harry F. Dutton, Miss Mae Colburn, Miss Laura Taylor, Miss Gertrude Dunn, Miss Mamie Polhemus and Miss Gertrude Van Wyck.

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O. M. BRENNAN, Proprietor

The Prosaic Brief

Of all the dry-as-dust, awe-inspiring documents in the wide, wide world, commend me to the lawyer's brief. Men who contrive to make things more or less lively during the trial of a case in a courtroom appear to freeze up when confronted with the necessity of making final argument on paper. Consequently, when one meets with something out of the rule of plain, dry statement and logical conclusion it is wholesome and refreshing to the tired mind and worthy of reproduction. The other day a certain lawyer brought suit for a brother attorney against an estate, to recover a considerable sum for legal services rendered. Seven other lawyers, three of whom had fattened themselves to repletion off the estate, rushed to its defense. They badgered and baited the poor man in and out of court. So, when all seven of them had appended their signatures to an exhaustive document, misnamed "brief," in which all his arguments were knocked to the four corners of the earth, he rose up in his wrath.

A Quaint Answer

This is how his reply brief opened:

Seven attorneys appear for defendant in this matter and jointly and severally promulgate a brief of twenty pages in their effort to down one attorney who has for seven yeasr worked long and hard for his pittance of which they say, "Let us do him!" A game of seven up, one down—seven attorneys, and a Code Commissioner and a Police Commissioner thrown in to make it down weight. There is a paragraph somewhere to the effect that "In those days, shall seven women take hold of one man." Not quite this case, for here we have seven lawyers doing one. Reminding of that other ancient story which tells how "A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jerico and fell among" seven lawyers; and when they got done with him he was in a condition such as these seven hope and expect to place their victim. The fact that it is deemed necessary for seven lawyers to join forces, to marshal their assets, in order to induce this Court of Equity to do Iniquity, this fact alone should solemnly warn the court to examine and consider well the merits of the law and the real equities.

The brief was riddled with slang from beginning to end. The lawyer talked about "knocking out" the many, and of somebody having a "kick coming," and he prefaced his main argument with these words: "Not wishing to waste time on defendants' sophistries nor follow his seven lawyers all over the earth for authorities to support his unsupportable position, we will once more accentuate the merits of this case, etc., etc." It was very clever, very ingenious. But it didn't go. The lawyer lost his case. The Seven were Up, the One was Down.

The Codes Mangled

The reference in this lawyer's brief to a Code Commissioner reminds me of what a prominent Superior Judge the other day had to remark about the gentleman who recently revised the codes under which we practice. He said there were more absurdities in the revised codes than existed before the light of intelligence of an up-to-date commission was thrown upon them.

"One new law applicable to jury trials occurred to me as being particularly ridiculous." said His Honor. "I mean that dealing with instructions submitted from counsel to the jury through the court. The new law says you may not mark the instructions, such as 'Instructions given upon recommendation of counsel for defense,' but must leave the jury in utter ignorance of whence each instruction has come, and that the lawyers' names, which heretofore always appeared upon instructions submitted must be torn off before the jury can see them. All of which means that a juryman must be regarded as a sort of sheep, without even common intelligence.

"Supposing I passed this instruction 'If you believe this and that, and dismiss from your memory the other and what, you must find for the defendant,' would there be any idiot on the jury sufficiently qualified for Stockton as to suppose that the instruction had been submitted by the plaintiff?

"Some of those Commissioners should have revised themselves before they started in to revise the codes."

The O'Connors at Outs

A big row is imminent in the family of the late C. C. O'Connor. Miss Lillie O'Connor, the executrix of the will, is no longer on friendly terms with her sister. She filed her second annual account the other day, and her three sisters filed objections. I have been told that they are to have quite a lively set-to in court in a short while. It appears that "Willie" O'Connor, the brother, has been receiving too generous allowances from the executrix and that his other sisters object. They declare that they have not been receiving their share of the income, and that their brother is spending altogether too much. "Willie" O'Connor is prominent in the smart set, and he has found it somewhat expensive to "hold his end up," for he has been trying to keep pace with some of the fast young millionaires. Judge Coffey has made an order directing the executrix to make no more allowances to him pending an investigation, without an order of court.

Thrift Unappreciated

When Ethelfried Sutro, the rich bachelor uncle of the numerous Sutro boys, died recently and left nearly a million, there was curiosity as to whom he would bequeath his estate. His nephews "Gus" and "Charlie" Sutro, who are brokers, have been very successful in business, but the other boys, though popular, have not displayed much thrift or talent for accumulating

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money. When the rich uncle's will was opened it was found that he had given large sums to charity. He stated that "Gus" and "Charlie" were able to keep the wolf from the door, and he appointed them executors of his will, and he left them a few dollars as a friendly testimonial. He bequeathed the residue to his less successful nephews and nieces, thereby showing a barbarous disregard for industry and thrift. Each inherited about twenty-five thousand dollars.

The stork has been seen hovering about the Hotel Rafael lately, and it is rumored that its visit will be to the apartments of a young San Francisco real estate man. His marriage with one of the most charming girls in society was an event of a few years back, and this will be the stork's initial appearance at their domicile.

Seattle Society Shocked

According to my Seattle correspondent, the 400 of the Puget Sound city are in a spasm of indignation over the disclosures made in the divorce suit of Harry G. Cannoll, a prosperous grain dealer and commission merchant.

Connoll came from Duluth three years ago, writes my correspondent, accompanied by a dashing wife. They established a home in a fine house and began entertaining on an elaborate scale. Society received them with open arms. It was smooth sailing until a few months ago when Connoll began a flirtation with the wife of one of his acquaintances, a social light. The story of a clandestine meeting at a roadside resort leaked out and Mrs. Connoll packed her trunk and created a vacancy in the Connoll home. Then followed a suit for divorce and for division of the community property. Thereupon Connoll set up as a defense that the plaintiff was not his wife, and staggered the good people who had been hobnobbing with her by reciting that he first met her in one of the crimson-curtained establishments of Dearborn street, Chicago, and that they had agreed to live together until either should tire of the other's society. He also alleged that she had a husband living and that therefore her suit was vain. Mrs. Connoll denies the story and sets up a common law marriage. But their friends have not recovered from the shock.

That San Jose Affair

The Native Daughters are indignant. Their feelings were hurt by my San Jose correspondent who told of shocking conduct on the part of the Native Son and of the female of his species, at the recent Admission Day celebration. I unintentionally wounded them too by referring to the festival as "their annual jamboree." Perhaps that was a rather harsh name, but having attended one of the celebrations many years ago, it impressed me as being that sort of thing, at least as far as the Sons were concerned. I distinctly recall having forsworn attendance at another such festival, and I have never had the slightest difficulty in keeping that oath. But as I am not envious of others in the method of their enjoyment, I should never seek to restrain the native sons and daughters. On the contrary I believe in letting them whoop it up. And last week I explained, by way of traverse to my correspondent's criticism, that the people of San Jose who were shocked are perhaps supersensitive. Moreover it is not certain that the most hilarious celebrants were native daughters. But several prominent native daughters have communicated with me on the subject during the week, and have informed me that they saw no impropriety in the conduct of the members of the order. They differ radically from my correspondent who, perhaps, keeps later hours, and whose testimony being affirmative, is of greater value than theirs which is merely negative. The circumstance of their not having seen does not disprove the testimony of those who saw.

A Native Daughter's Letter

But here is a letter from a prominent member of the order:

It is not right to infer that all ladies who attended the N. S. G. W. celebration were native daughters, nor that the ladies wearing badges were even Californians much less members of the order of Native Daughters because it is the custom at celebrations to give guest badges to all visitors at headquarters, and therefore a yellow guest badge—of which I saw many at San Jose—carries with it no idea of membership in the N. D. G. W. The general sentiment in the order of N. D. G. W. is against parading in procession, although that has been left to the subordinate parlors to decide for themselves. But our laws on decorum are very strict, and Section 18 of the Constitution of the Grand Parlor says: "No Parlor shall conduct Sunday picnics or have a bar for the use of intoxicating liquors, or grant privileges for the same. Any subordinate parlor acting in connection with any organization, dispensing liquors at any celebration, shall forfeit its charter to the Grand Parlor."

We native daughters feel that a great wrong has been done our order by the assumption that women who were hilarious or worse were native daughters.

Whatever happened at San Jose I should not like to be understood as endorsing the suggestion that our native daughters, and especially those of the order, have not a high sense of propriety, or that they are in need of chaperoning when indulging in their annual celebration when away from home. The principals of the institution are well calculated to impress its members with the virtues of true and noble womanhood.

Leaders of the ton prefer Chapin & Gore's Old Reserve Bourbon and Rye Whiskies to any other brands.



Jorgensen's Dilemma

Not long ago Mr. Chris Jorgensen, in a moment of abstraction, sublet a studio to a fellow artist. Rent was a little slow, and the Yosemite water-colorist, whose business instincts, some have been rude enough to say, are the secret of his artistic success, made repeated demands for the money and finally put the matter in the hands of a collection agency. It was not long before Chris himself received an itemized bill, for penciling in one head for water color portrait, ten dollars, for services rendered, in assisting in the graining of pictures for the Bohemian club, five dollars. Latest reports state that Chris does not know whether to pay or to collect.

Leila Voorhies in Washington

An Eastern correspondent informs me that Leila Voorhies, that was, is going to be called upon by her father-in-law, Senator N. B. Scott, of West Virginia, to exercise her social talents this season to help the Scott family find the open sesame into Washington society. Miss Voorhies, it will be remembered, married young Lieutenant Scott. He has been stationed in Virginia, where a child gladdened the young couple's hearts some six months ago. The Voorhies come from an old and blue blooded family and though they are not given to the exhibition of spectacular wealth in their California street home they have always enjoyed and still retain a social position here among the very best. Leila Voorhies' education fitted her to adorn the higher circles, and Senator Scott counts on this to help him win the prominent social position which, like the late Senator Brice, he inordinately craves. His wife is a quiet, domestic, well bred woman, with small inclination for the whirl of official life in the national capital. That is why the Senator proposes to bring along his son's charming young wife to add to the attractions of his Washington establishment. To start the campaign with a show of brilliancy he has just bought the big Payson house and will have it thoroughly overhauled and refitted in a style that will at least attract the attention of the Washington smartest.

Major and Mrs. John A. Darling are on their way home and will soon be located for the season at their Rutherford ranch.

Polk's Quiet Plunge

"Jim" Polk's hosts of friends are roundly congratulating him on his marriage last week with Miss Lottie Herzog. Though the engagement was generally known the delightfully "cunning" way in which the young benedict outgeneraled his watchful companions and accomplished his heart's desire, a quiet marriage, completely surprised them. Young Polk is a direct descendant of James K. Polk and comes from the famous old Southern family of that name. He is one of the best known young men in town, belongs to half a dozen prominent clubs and handles one of the departments of Macondray & Co. The bride is the daughter of Gustav Herzog and is a bright and very attractive girl. The young couple have just finished a bridal trip through Monterey county and will go to Catalina and Coronado next week.

Physicians would not recommend Jesse Moore Whiskey if they did not know it to be the best in the market.

She wrote "On the Verge"

It was Annie Lake, not her sister Helen, who married Ned Townsend, as one of my contemporaries lately stated. Annie Lake was always very clever, and before her marriage had won considerable fame by her pen. She wrote a story "On the Verge," which was one of the first of the risque school of novels. It is thought that Gertrude Atherton was inspired to write her first daring novel by the desire to go Annie Lake one better. "The Randolphs of Redwood" which appeared anonymously in the *Argonaut* and has lately been included in Mrs. Atherton's list of works under the title of "The Daughter of the Vine," was generally attributed to Annie Lake at the time of its local appearance. Mrs. Townsend has lived in New York ever since her husband became a part of the metropolitan newspaper world.

She Founded a School

The eldest of the Lake sisters, Mary, did space work for the *Call* at one period, but is best known by her school. She bought out Madame Ziska's old school in Post street, and her institution was very successful. It was distinctly smart and rivaled Miss West's school as an educational establishment for fashionable young girls. The Lakes were very energetic breadwinners, though they had been bred in luxury with no thought in early life of ever having to earn their living. Judge Delos Lake, their father, was one of the best known lawyers here in early days. That large mansion at the corner of Vallejo and Leavenworth streets was their home. Later it fell to Mr. Montgomery, and at his death to his widow who is now Mrs. Arthur Rodgers.

The Pitchers Wuz Great

Mr. J. F. J. Archibald, the war correspondent, was going to deliver one of his famous Boer war lectures and I should have liked to have heard it, but I had already made an engagement to go to the Chutes. Therefore I sacrificed an opportunity to learn of the Boer in his native veldt in order to see "Congo" and "the amateur ladies' ballet." Still I was interested in a way and next morning when my office boy volunteered a criticism, I was quite willing to listen. "Say, the pitchers wuz just great," he said, "but Mr. Archibald why he can't talk a little bit,

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honestly. He made me feel sad. He says a little and then stops and tries to think of something else, till pretty soon they'd turn on a new pitcher and then he thinks some more. But the pitchers wuz great."

Groezinger's Malapropism

Justice of the Peace Groezinger delivered himself the other day of an opinion regarding the advisability of deporting dangerous citizens. Judge Groezinger is a man of thought and careful diction.

"Well, they'll never have peace in this country," he said, "until they make laws against *archany*."

He was asked to repeat.

"I said I thought the only way to secure happiness in this country was to drive out the *archanists*."

Well in these days of diplomatic speeches, such as that which recently made Recorder Godchaux famous (?) it is refreshing to have so prominent a personage as Justice of the Peace Groezinger speak his mind, even though he does say "archany."

The crank that contemplated going gunning for President Roosevelt should first consider the chances of our Rough Rider President getting the drop on him.

Where the Money Goes

Dame Fashion's charges are getting to be the same the world wide over and Mrs. Will Crocker, Princess Poniatowski, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Henry Scott and other like notables in the local smart set spend about as much on their gowns as do the society women of New York and London. A local modiste explained to me that the reason was because those ladies sent to New York and Paris for their gowns and of course paid New York and Paris prices. So they do, but more explanations seem necessary. The London society papers are in the throes of this same discussion. One smart woman declares that it costs from two thousand five hundred to five thousand dollars a year to dress suitably in the circle in which she moves. The cost of a prominent English bride's outfit started this perennial discussion on the cost of woman's dress. People were astonished to learn that her lingerie alone ran up a bill for two thousand five hundred dollars. She had forty-eight pairs of silk stockings and the very finest shoes to match. And by the by this matching of the shoes and stockings is the very latest in London. Well, the cost of this bride's trousseau roused the spleen of the men and they protested to the daily papers that wilful extravagance and reckless expenditures in dress were ruining the sex. And the women retorted that they could not make themselves presentable to their husbands on less than three thousand dollars a year. And their sisters in the various cities of the world where Dame Fashion cuts any figure at all have answered their cry with, "It costs us just as much." Local dressmakers will give you the names of a dozen women who pay as much as that annually for their gowns. The Taylor brides—Helen and Edna Hopkins—certainly do not spend less than two thousand dollars a year. With that much they never fail to make a smart appearance. With an allowance varying from six hundred to one thousand a year, a girl, if she goes out a great deal, has to "plan" on her winter and summer gowns. Such girls regard with keen envy the wardrobe position of dames like Mrs. Will Crocker and Mrs. Eleanor Martin who think the modiste's bills are within reason, even if they do run over three thousand dollars a year.

Just as the news comes from the Philippines that General Funston is to be operated on for appendicitis, the report comes to me from Oakland that the stork contemplates a visit to the Funston home.

Theodore Roosevelt

Since Theodore Roosevelt's accession to the Presidency there has been a deal of speculation among the politicians of club circles as to who knows him and who is "close up." The Pacific-Union club has discovered that Judge McAllister is his cousin, and the judge's popularity has been growing apace. Highballs have been coming his way faster than ever. The Roosevelts were on Ward McAllister's original list of **400**. Roosevelt was born in the charmed circle, and though he has been the associate of the leaders of the swim he was never "a society man" in the usual acceptation of that term. He preferred the Western waste to the crowded ballroom, the rhythm of the bronco's gallop to that of Terpsichore's quick step. But now that he is in the White House, society is looking forward to a revival of the gayety of Chester A. Arthur's time. But the stillness of Washington social life will remain unbroken for six months. Such was the precedent established by the courtly Arthur. The usual public functions will not be abandoned, and the President may give one dinner to his cabinet, but he will not participate in the ordinary social affairs.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Valentine Schmidt (Charlotte Holzheiser) were "at home" at their first postnuptial reception on Wednesday, at their home in Vallejo street, when many friends called to offer their congratulations and best wishes to the bride and bridegroom.

There's a deal of comfort and cheer to be gained from a glass of Wm. Williams & Co.'s V. V. O. Scotch Whisky.



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He Sat in the Snow

Bishop Whittaker of Philadelphia is one of the Episcopal divines due here next month. He is a splendid type of the churchman, and a man of great dignity of bearing. Twenty odd years ago he lived in Virginia City, Nevada, and he is therefore well known to many San Franciscans who were in the sage brush State in those romantic days. Virginia was a lively town in the seventies, and D street was one of the liveliest of its thoroughfares. It was dotted with the dens of the women of the half world. One wintry day the bishop was wending his way down D street. Snow and ice covered the ground and sidewalks and the bishop was having a hard time maintaining his equilibrium. The sidewalk was narrow and owing to the snow he navigated slowly. Two members of the demi-monde approached from behind, and as they could not pass the dignified bishop they became impatient. Presently one of them raised her boot, gave the church dignitary a kick and down he sat in the snow. Such a shocking and irreverent act occasioned no indignation in Virginia in those days. The bishop has since preferred Philadelphia.

"Your mother has very little tact," remarked Mr. Jones, who has been out on strike for many weeks.

"Well, what has she been doing now?" returned Mrs. Jones.

"Gave me 'Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow" for a birthday present."

The Guests of Sir Thomas

Miss Celia Tobin and her English guest, Mrs. Mennell, were given a luncheon on board the tender, *Erin*, last week, by Sir Thomas Lipton. A delightful company of notables was invited to meet them. Sir Thomas begged Miss Tobin to be present on board as his mascot during the races between the *Columbia* and the *Shamrock II.* "If I did," she laughingly rejoined, "I'd be afraid of the hoodoo put upon me by my Californian friends for letting the cup go out of America even in the hands of such a doughty challenger." Lipton promised to put on his full force of necromancers, sorcerers, wizards, exorcists, charmers and magicians to nullify and forever squelch any hoodoo manufactured by the California craft but Miss Tobin declared her previous plans called her away before the postponed yacht race took place. So she left Sir Thomas her very best wishes. Mrs. Mennell will soon leave her hostess, Miss Celia, and come on here to pay Miss Agnes Tobin a long promised visit.

They're Not Interested In History

Rev. Dr. Shahan, the learned historian who is now lecturing in this city, went down to Dr. David Starr Jordan's Palo Alto institution the other day, to lecture by request, on the subject of Early Christian History. He is the greatest living authority on that subject, but only about fifty students and two professors heard the lecturer. The apathy of the students should not surprise Dr. Shahan. When Benjamin Harrison lectured at Stanford less than a score of students availed themselves of the opportunity to hear the distinguished authority on constitutional law. The young men at Stanford cannot be bothering about history when preparations are on for the football season.

An Unusual Verdict

The Supreme court of this State is popularly supposed to have a prejudice against verdicts for large amounts of damages in suits growing out of the infliction of personal injuries. This supposition is due to the famous opinion of Justice Van Fleet in which he held that a jury had no right to measure the damages by considerations of a sentimental nature; the jury could only compute the actual damage sustained. But I find in the official organ of the Supreme court, containing the decisions of that tribunal, an opinion rendered by Justice McFarland the other day and concurred in by Temple and Henshaw, sustaining a verdict for fifteen thousand dollars. Now that is a tremendous verdict in a damage suit. The plaintiff, Thomas Tedford, a lineman, was injured by a live wire, while employed by the Los Angeles electric company, and the verdict was against that corporation. He was not killed. He was merely maimed, and according to Van Fleet's philosophy, the jury should estimate the amount that the plaintiff would be able to earn during the remainder of his days. The court, has set aside, as excessive, verdicts for much smaller amounts, but in this case Justice McFarland said:

> It is strenuously contended that the verdict is excessive. The amount of damages awarded by the jury was, under the circumstances quite large; a smaller amount would, perhaps, have been more just; but we cannot say etc.

And of all the men on the bench McFarland is the last that any one would suspect of having such views. And by the way, it is not uninteresting to note that Henry T. Gage, the Governor of the State, was the attorney for the man whose damages were not deemed excessive.

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In the Circle of the Happy Rich

"Welcome home," said Mrs. Willard, pressing a kiss upon the upturned face of the frail little creature whom her son had just introduced as his bride.

Mrs. Willard was gratified at the modest attitude of Mrs. Willard Jr. She had not been any too pleased when her son had written to her to be prepared to receive a daughter-in-law. He had married in the Wild West somewhere, a locality unknown to the conservative members of the Willard clan, particularly to Tom's widowed mother. Mrs. Willard had pictured to herself a huge, overgrown young woman with slangy tongue and a bizarre taste in dress. Her ideas of the women of the West were largely drawn from the novels of Bret Harte and Joaquin Miller. This pretty little creature, therefore, was a delightful surprise.

Tom Willard had carefully kept from his maternal parent all knowledge of his act until it was too late for her to put forth any suggestions or objections.

He had also refrained from sending her any of the Western newspapers that contained notices of his rash marriage. Not that his mother ever read the newspapers. She had a horror of them, which dislike Tom relied upon for preventing her from seeing any mention of his bride in the press despatches that might appear in the home papers.

He wrote to his mother a tactful epistle telling her of his marriage, following this a week later with a wire saying that he and Mrs. Tom were on their way home.

His mother's welcome warmed even his callous heart. He felt that all was well, and that he could depend henceforth on his mother's generosity without fears for the future.

* * * * *

"I flatter myself I made a hit with the mater," said Mrs. Tom, as she rummaged in her hand-bag for a small flask that was a part of her traveling outfit.

"You're all right, Kit," returned her dutiful husband, "I backed you to win and you came under the wire several lengths to the good."

"How long must I keep this up?" asked Kit, changing her tailormade for a gay kimona.

"Until we get into our own quarters. I'm hoping the mother will come down with something handsome."

"She's awfully fond of you, old fellow," said his wife, with something almost like tears in her hard blue eyes.

"Well, why don't she show it, then? Gave my sisters each a million down on their wedding day."

* * * * * * *

"Shall we go?" was the question the Willards' calling list asked when cards came for a reception at Mrs. Willard's, complimentary to her son's wife. As it was an evening affair, with foreign songbirds in attendance, and Mrs. Willard's receptions were occasions rare as angels' visits, the calling list, to a man and woman, decided in the affirmative.

"A perfect manner, so modest," was the women's verdict, on the night of the great crush, "for my part, I don't think there is a word of truth in what they say about her."

Mrs. Tom stood by her majestic mother-in-law enjoying her triumph as, one by one, she received the great guns of the calling list and watched the unvarying verdict of approval in their critical eyes. She knew she looked well, all in white with orchids in her hand and diamonds on her neck and in her golden hair. She was a tiny, frail creature, and no wonder the women failed to believe the stories that credited her with being a siren who had lured the souls and bodies of many men to destruction.

Even Tom's sisters, proud in their spotless virtue, spoke kindly to their new sister-in-law. Unlike their mother, they read the papers, though they did not condescend to believe all they read or to gossip about it in the family circle. They came to the reception out of family pride, but they threw to the winds all their doubts of the status of Tom's wife when they looked upon her sweet, frail prettiness.

Mrs. Willard Sr. beamed upon her guests. She was thoroughly happy for the nonce. How could she have wished otherwise for Tom than to be the husband of this lovely, winsome little fairy? How could such a scapegrace, a worthless good-for-nothing as Tom had always been, have managed to win such a wife? She had always thought he would disgrace the family name by bringing home some awful, unmentionable woman as his wife. But this? Oh, she was willing to do anything, anything in this world for Tom, now.

If her confidence could but have lasted!

* * * * * * *

It was on toward the morning, when all but a few favored guests had departed. Mrs. Willard sat alone in a corner of the library, wearily leaning against the portiere that was the division line into the smaller reception room. Mrs. Tom had escaped some time before from the drawing-room, and had joined her husband and his bosom friends in the supper-room.

"Kit looks sweet tonight, by Jove!" hiccoughed a man's voice within Mrs. Willard's hearing, "I almost began to think I'd made a mistake in not marrying her myself."

"Oh, you couldn't have stood her long," returned his soberer companion, "I had her for six weeks on a yachting trip. When she gets full of fizz, she's no good at all. Gets into fighting trim and then——" a presumable shrug of the speaker's shoulders ended the sentence.

Mrs. Willard, with a half uneasy consciousness that she ought to make her presence known, was too fatigued to make the effort.

"She's good enough for Tom," went on the first voice, "he's lucky to get her."

"And after all, it doesn't matter. She will keep him in order, which a good woman could never do. And she will hang on to his money for him, too."

A third voice joined the others.

"We were just saying, Tom," said the first speaker, "that you are to be congratulated. Kit's a thoroughbred."

"Looks fine tonight, doesn't she?"

It was Tom's voice.

"And she's solid with the mater all right."

* * * * *

Into the library entered a gay little figure, golden hair disheveled and blue eyes ablaze with the reflected light of many sparkling glasses of champagne. Mrs. Tom drew aside the portiere and the light from the reception-room fell full upon the sad face of an old woman. Mrs. Willard looked her years now. She had heard enough to tell her the whole story. Pure-minded, innocent of worldly knowledge as she was, she could yet understand.

"Why mother!" cried Tom.

Then he laughed a little hysterical laugh. He was scarcely sober yet.

"Never mind, Kit," he said, "there are other worlds to conquer."

"Tom," said Mrs. Willard, addressing her son in cold, measured tones, for she had recovered her composure. "Perhaps it is all for the best. Perhaps you will settle down now, but I'm sorry you didn't let me know before I invited all our friends. But you were always a rash boy, just like your father. How different from your twin brother!"

"Oh, I don't know," was Tom's somewhat careless rejoiner. The wine made him reckless. "I suppose I may as well tell you about Jack."

"About Jack!" exclaimed Mrs. Willard, "What about Jack?" she eagerly demanded.

"Why Jack married Kit's sister."

And then Mrs. Willard fainted. THE NOVELIST.

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Dramatic World

Why Was This Thus?

I wonder whether Thomas Q. Seabrooke will go away from San Francisco and call it a jay town? It is not likely he will, for he appears to be very good natured. But if he does he "hadn't oughter." The frost and snow that encompassed the Columbia's interior last week and to a lesser degree this week, were not the result so much of the comedian's shortcomings as the emptiness of the Rosenfeld play. And I wonder, by the way, how the author of "A Modern Crusoe" enjoyed his work's reception? There is enough material in the piece to make a clever farce-comedy. It has an original plot, but the local jokesmiths could have patched up a better dialogue. It is a mistake to think that our theatre-goers can't appreciate anything but horse-play. That's what Crane said once—but that was when he was mad and called this a jay town. When I saw Mr. Seabrooke in the East, I could understand the secret of his popularity. He has humor, which is a natural possession and given but to the few. But "A Modern Crusoe" seems to have acted as a pall beneath which star and company are enshrouded, to the sorrow of those who would have been only too glad to have made their first visit here a rousing welcome.

"The Brownies in Fairyland," which went East under Mr. S. G. Friedlander's management last year, is to be revived in this city during the first week of October. The children all like this piece and the Alhambra will likely be crowded during its presentation.

Jean the Third

I saw Ernest Hastings' Jean more than once, and White Whittlesey's Jean several times. Now Lucius Henderson is having a chance at the role, and if my modest opinion on the subject of Jeans is worth anything, Henderson is the best of the three. Hastings was a little too much of a boor; Whittlesey a trifle too much of a man of the world. Henderson has struck the happy medium. He looks the part as I fancy was Daudet's intention in creating Jean. He is sulky, adoring, cruel, brutal, tender, as the scenes demand, and acts well up to his Sapho. I do not think Florence Roberts has a stranger character in her repertory than Fanny Le Grand. It is a repellant role but her interpretation is great. Nevertheless I should not like to see Miss Roberts act Sapho all the time. It would be her death, for one thing, as its demands upon a by no means strong physique are too continuously active. She has no chance to rest, but must tear all the emotions to tatters almost from the curtain's rise to its fall. This has been a highly successful Roberts season, and my advice to its star is to take a long rest before embarking upon a new engagement.

Harwood Eldridge, the grandson of "Aunt Louise" Eldridge, and even nearer related to Press Eldridge, who is at the Orpheum this week, recently won a medal for swimming at Bath Beach, L. I.

A Play That Never Grows Old

It is a perfect production of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" that they are giving at the Central this week. I have never seen anything better done than the Little Lord of Olive Cooper. I saw her elder sister Georgie in this role years ago, and Ollie is quite as clever, if not more so, than Georgie was in the part. Miss Marshall is a charming Dearest, and Mr. Scott is very good as the Earl. They will give "Kidnaped" next week.

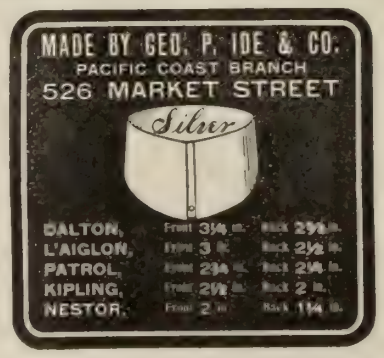
Frances Graham of the "Florodora" company is not our Frances Temple Graham, but a young English girl especially imported for the production.

A Clever Child of the Stage

Probably no child dancer has ever made a greater hit on the vaudeville circuit than little Arnold Grazer, who lately returned from New York where he scored a success at Keith's, Proctor's and the Herald Square. He has appeared in all the leading vaudeville theatres, in a dancing act with his "mysterious mirrors," and next week will be at the Orpheum. His little partner in the turn is Blanche Trelease, one of San Francisco's cleverest stage-children. The "mysterious mirrors" will be a feature of their act. I have watched Arnold Grazer's stage career with much interest, from the time of his debut, and can see no change in his pretty, modest bear-



Arnold Grazer, at the Orpheum next week



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ing. Adulation has not spoiled him. He continues his studies and is especially proficient in music, playing upon several instruments.

He Should Be Suppressed

There are some songs that should not be parodied. One of these is "The Holy City." It seemed almost sacrilegious when Adam's beautiful church solo was introduced by a vaudeville singer, nevertheless so long as it was received by its audiences with reverence there was no call to banish it from the program. Camille d'Arville and other stars rendered the song at the Orpheum, and it soon became a part of the repertory of lesser lights at the minor vaudeville houses. But at the Orpheum this week a parody is given of one stanza of the song by a monologuist who should know better. His parody is not only irreverent but it is vulgar.

New Idea on Bacon-Shakespeare

The Bacon-Shakespeare contraversy is at last in a fair way to be settled. An enthusiastic Baconian has collected the names of those who support his side of the question, and it is not to be expected that William's adherents will be far behind. Let us have mile-long lists of names, or tons of paper, measured or weighed against each other, by all means. The same argument which is invoked when the question is one of moving the pound or closing the pool rooms ought to be adequate for settling this matter once and for all. With that off our minds it might be possible to get round to other things nearer home, such as our ill-paved and unswept streets, tumble-down school-houses and the strike situation. There is no question but that the world is at a stand-still till it is finally determined whether Shakespeare is Bacon or Bacon Shakespeare, or whether either or both is someone else. Let us have the rolls, and like other such, let there be no question of understanding in the matter as a qualification for signing. The Baconian father will be sure to see that his infants are properly instructed, while the Shakespearean mother can sign for her brood. The kindergarten kids can swell the list, and the high schools can circulate their petitions. One need not consider the grave a bar to the voting, since opinions may live long after the death of their propounders. By all means, let us take a popular vote, or settle the matter by the the relative weight of the rival lists. Anything for peace.

The Playgoer.

Attractions Next Week

Several big and fashionable theatre-parties have been organized for the opening night of "Florodora," which will play at the Columbia every night for the next three weeks, including Sundays, with matinees on Saturdays only. Few will want to miss hearing the "Tell Me Pretty Maiden" sextet. The girls in "Florodora's" chorus are said to be all beauties, and they wear the very latest in smart costumes. Laura Millard, once of the Tivoli, is the prima donna. W. P. Carleton, Phil H. Ryley and George Lask, all favorites here, are with "Florodora." It is sure to make a hit with local johnnies.

Among the notables who will be at the Orpheum next week are Wilfred Clarke and company, who appear for the first time in San Francisco in a distinct success at the Strand, London, last season, entitled "In the Biograph." Mr. Clarke, son of the late John Sleeper Clarke, and nephew of Edwin Booth, has been leading comedian with the principal stars of this country and England, and his company of four is far above the average. Miss Theo Carew was associated with the late Augustin Daly for several seasons; Miss Anne Woodward has been one of May Irwin's chief supporters: Miss Margaret B. Maunde hails from London where she was a member of Mr. Clarke's company when he managed the Strand, and Mr. Lionel Hogarth was also a member of the Daly company and was last year with Mr. James Herne. Boyce and Wilson, said to be the best black face team before the public, will make their first appearance here, as will also Madge Fox, a coon song singer and acrobatic dancer who has literally owned New York for the past two seasons. Arnold Grazer and Blanche Trelease, another clever child, will give a vocal and terpsichorean entertainment. The Svengalis, who have created the greatest amusement sensation ever experienced in this country, will continue their incomprehensible act. Press Eldridge, "Commander-in-chief of the Army of Fun," will

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change his inimitable songs and stories and Dorothy Morton, the comic opera star, will bid farewell to this city with new selections. The Parros brothers, acrobats extraordinary, and the Biograph will complete an exceptionally brilliant program.

A revival of "The Merchant of Venice" with Joseph Haworth as Shylock, will be the drawing card at the Grand Opera House for the week starting Monday evening next. "The Merchant of Venice" ranks deservedly as one of the most finished productions of Shakespeare's works. Shylock is a character so matchless in its intellectuality, so striking in its idiosyncrasy that in the whole range of the drama it cannot be paralleled. The play will be elaborately mounted and gorgeously costumed and the full strength of the company will be utilized in support of Mr. Haworth.

Next week the Alcazar will present its new stock company in that charming comedy by R. C. Carton, "Liberty Hall." M. L. Alsop, the new leading man, is said to be a very magnetic actor. For several seasons he has traveled throughout the United States and England, assuming various important roles in "Secret Service" and often replacing Mr. Gillette, when the latter was unable, through ill-health, to appear. Mr. Alsop was to have opened in "For the White Rose," but the only two manuscripts in existence are being read by Mr. E. H. Sothern and Mr. James K. Hackett, who are considering its use next season, so the production of this play, the rights of which belong solely to the Alcazar for this coast, has been delayed for two or three weeks. Miss Alberta Converse is a young woman of the Leslie Carter type, with the same auburn hair and of similar build. She has played in the leading stock companies. The juvenile people, Miss Carrie Lamont and Mr. Royal Dana Tracey, are recruits from the East. Among the early productions at the Alcazar this season will be "Christopher Jr.," "The Iron Master," "Gilded Fool," "Bauble Shop," and "Under the Red Robe."

"Nabucco" at the Tivoli has aroused much favorable comment. It will be reviewed at length next week. Tonight (Saturday) is the last of the opera, and "Carmen" will be the bill tomorrow night. On Monday, the Tivoli will put on "Cavalleria Rusticana" and I'Pagliacci," with a strong cast in each. Barbareschi will be Santuzza and Agostini is cast for Turiddu. Ferrari is the Alfio, and Polletini is to be Lola. Lucia is sung by Miss Boston. In "I'Pagliacci," Salassa sings Tadeo, the part that contains the splendid prologue. Montanari is Nedda, Castellano is Canio, Pollettini is Peppe, in the play, Harlequin, and Zani sings Silvio. Carmen will fill in the other nights, positively the last times of the favorite opera.

Clara Morris, considered the greatest Camille of the American stage, has gone upon the lecture platform. She will appear under the management of Mr. Thomas W. Broadhurst in a series of lectures, the subject being "The Stage and the Actor."

Rhys Thomas has expressed a desire to return to California. It is not a matter of surprise to anyone, however, for it is simply the old story over again. Who ever spent a year in the Golden State who was ever able to keep away from it thereafter? It is hinted that if he does return it will be to go into business and his vocal work will be confined to church choirs.

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If She Had Said Yes

The last ash was shiv'ring and
  Shrinking to gray;
The last bluish wreath from
  My pipe's curled away;
All slowly and sadly the
  Lights, one by one
Have drawn their last breath, and
  Left me alone.

Ah! why thus alone in
  This chill, silent room
No womanly sweetness to
  Banish its gloom!
How different it all might have been
  You can guess,
If one year ago, she
  Had answered me—yes.

—Anna W. Weir

The Horseless Carriage

The first Locomobile in the Orient left San Francisco on Wednesday of this week.

Mr. H. T. MacKnight, who understands antomobile demonstration in all of its details, is now connected with the Locomobile company.

L. H. Johnson of this city and C. E. Trezona of Santa Cruz drove their Locomobiles from San Francisco to the seaside city one day last month, a distance of eighty miles

Mr. William O. Nelson left Seattle on Monday of last week, by way of Edmonds, arriving at Everett at five p. m.—forty miles. This trip was made in Mr. Nelson's Locomobile. The return trip to Seattle was made by way of Snohomish the following day. On this trip Mr. Nelson found the roads very bad, simply a path through the dense forest, and for fifteen miles he traveled without seeing a glimpse of the sun. Nevertheless it was shining brightly all the while. Mr. Nelson saw no houses and met no teams during his run. On the return trip he encountered many stiff grades but was able to take all of them easily with his "Loco." The Chaffeur.

A Fine Collection

The showing of fine table china, dinner sets, bohemian and cut glass-ware at Gump's, 113–115 Geary street, is varied and valuable, and is of especial interest to dinner-givers who delight in dainty and unique table ware.

It is reported that Madame Sada Yacco, the Japanese actress, is to play Portia in "As You Like It" in English on her return to London next year. This is not strictly correct. Madame Yacco will play in English the part which corresponds to Portia in the Japanese drama which resembles "As You Like It," but it differs from Shakespeare's version in many important particulars.

Literature (London) is responsible for the statement that Maurice Bernhardt is making a dramatic adaptation of "With Fire and Sword," the first of the Sienkiewicz trilogy. It is to be ready the first of the year.

"Quality Street" is the title of the new play of Barrie in which Maude Adams will appear shortly in New York.

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Mr. Geo. Bryte and friend of Sacramento, in the former's No. 3 "Locomobile" at a picnic in a grove near Auburn, Cal.

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Music World

At High Mass last Sunday at St. Mary the Virgin, Steiner and Union streets, Mr. Chester W. Rosekrans sang the recitative and aria, "If with all your hearts," from Mendelssohn's Elijah. His conception and performance of this celebrated number, rendered with verve and vigor, was quite up to the high-water mark. Mr. W. L. Smith repeated "And God shall wipe away all tears," and Mrs. W. A. Taaffe the Sancta Maria, both of the Sunday before, each with breadth and feeling.

The Peck Concert

On Tuesday evening, Bradford and Madame B. Anais Peck gave a concert with the assistance of their pupils, Miss Vera Mae van Fossen, Mrs. Thomas Graham Crothers, Harry B. Toby, Miss Margaret Knox, Miss Carrie Eulass, Miss Lou Barbagelata violiniste and Miss Alice B. Carrington and Mrs. Margaret Cameron Smith accompanists. Miss Carrie Eulass had the most pleasing voice on the program and her "E Preghiera" (Maria di Rohan) was a very good bit of work. Mr. Toby's voice is full and rich but he needs a great deal of the proper sort of training to develop it in the right direction. Miss Van Fossen's Flower Song from "Faust" was her best number. The hall was well filled with a most appreciative audience and floral tributes were agreeably in evidence.

An "Hour of Song" will be given by Edward Xavier Rolker on Tuesday evening, October eighth. Those who will take part in the program are Miss Freda Ohlandt, Miss Lena Rehfisch, Miss Hedwig Pohlmann and Mr. Carl Yoho.

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Barbareschi's Many Sided Talent

Owing to the illness of Montanari last Wednesday night, Barbareschi took her place as Marguerite in "Faust." Barbareschi made an ideal Marguerite and her work in the prison scene was superb. Those who have heard Barbareschi's operatic work had a surprise in hearing her "Ave Maria" at the memorial services for our deceased President last week. The tenderness and pathos which she expressed were a revelation and the mighty audience was hushed so that even the most delicate tone could be heard in any part of the pavilion.

Apropos of the memorial services, it was a splendid and well executed program for one gotten up on such short notice, and the several directors, Paul Steindorff, August Rodemann and J. W. McKenzie, deserve the thanks of the people for their part in perfecting the musical portion of the exercises. The chorus was most effective in the dead President's favorite hymn, "Lead Kindly Light."

Some Talented Juveniles

At the South Park Settlement last Saturday afternoon a novel entertainment was given under the direction of Madame Ellen Coursen Roeckel. The program was furnished by the juvenile pupils of Madame Roeckel and was given in the Shaw Gymnasium of the settlement to a large and delighted audience. The eldest of the young vocalists was but fifteen and the youngest not more than four, and it was a very unusual spectacle to see youngsters of ten and eleven delivering an operatic aria with all its variety of runs and trills and in the Italian tongue. Of these were Bernice van Gelder, who gave the Queen's aria from "Les Huguenots;" Mario Roeckel who sang La Donna e Mobile from "Rigoletto;" Gertrude Caldwell, who did the Quando ate lieta from "Faust," and Master Harry Maurer who gave in strong, full tones and really "grown-up" effect M'Apparitutt amor from "Martha." The sweetest thing of all was the class song, "Absent," in which the phrasing was charmingly done and every tone perfectly sustained by the very smallest baby in the class. "April Time" (Cowan) was given by Frederica Gilmore whose voice is full of promise; "I Love Thee So" (De Koven) by Hortense Gilmore; "If No One Ever Marries Me" (Liza Lehman) and which was encored so she had to repeat it, by Maria Roeckel. "Friendship," by Marzials, was finely rendered by the Gilmore sisters, Frederica and Hortense.

The Bonelli Recital

At the Alhambra last Friday evening, the San Francisco Conservatory of Music under direction of E. S. Bonelli, gave its first conservatory recital of the season, to a packed house. The program was much too long to reproduce here and was varied in character, embracing vocal numbers and solos upon piano, violin, and cornet besides ensemble work by violins, mandolins, 'cellos, etc. The work by those pupils who have appeared before showed a remarkable improvement. The violin

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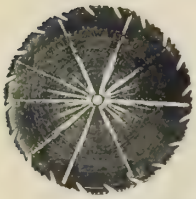
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solo by little Gladys Couth was especially good as the child has absolutely no mannerisms and plays easily, correctly and well. Her phrasing showing a marked intelligence and her technique superior instruction. Helen Chandler did excellently well with her Octave Etude (Kullak) which was given in strict tempo and with strong, clear touch. Maybelle Kelley, whose previous appearances have given promise of future success, played an ambitious composition for a child in the first movement of the Sonata op. 13 and handled it surprisingly well.

Hugo Mansfeldt, who sails for America on November tenth, has arranged for a piano recital which he will give the first week in December. As Mr. Mansfeldt has not appeared in public work in our city for some little time the event will be looked forward to with a great deal of pleasurable interest.

—The Music Critic.

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World of Letters

"Blennerhassett"

Since it is evident that we must still have the historical novel, it is at least a negative merit that an author can find a new theme and less shop-worn characters than the stock heroes of the Revolutionary war. In "Blennerhassett" Charles Felton Pidgin has struck out upon a new path, and instead of a romance of love and war, he has given us an agreeable change to one of politics, with the inevitable love story thrown into the background. The name Blennerhassett immediately suggests that of Aaron Burr, the duel with Hamilton and the great conspiracy which startled the young country, scarcely established in independence, and which, though supposed by the average American conversant only with his school history of the period to have involved only Burr and the mysterious Harman Blennerhassett, really involved most of the distinguished men of America and Europe. Burr, having lost political prestige through his fatal duel with Hamilton, was easily made the scapegoat and whatever ignominy resulted from the affair has been heaped upon him alone. It will be something of a revelation to the generality of readers to have the early founders of the government placed before them in any other light than that of archangels, incapable of error, and to be brought face to face with the fact that they, too, descended to underhand tricks and scheming in order to gain their ends. "Doing politics" is not an invention of the latter half of the last century, and a party press was as useful to the good and great statesmen of the past as it is to the politician of the present day. Burr was one of the heroic figures of the early part of the Revolution, and had he been as politic as Hamilton he might have held as high a post. His well known characteristics of never replying to calumnies nor offering explanations stood in the way of his preferment and

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his enemies, knowing these peculiarities of disposition, were not slow to take advantage of them. Though our school histories, mostly written from the partisan point of view of the Federalist party, represent Hamilton as the victim of the code duello, it was in point of fact, Burr, rather, who was driven to take this means of avenging his honor, and whatever may be the tone of public opinion at this late day, the affair should be judged by the sentiment of its own time. The story opens with a prologue in four brief chapters, introducing the principal characters. First we have General James Wilkinson and one of his subordinates plotting treason on the banks of the Mississippi, carrying water on both shoulders, by negotiating with the Governor of Louisiana, then Spanish territory, while in command of a section of the army of the United States; then a dinner party at Richmond Hill, the New York residence of Burr, with Hamilton as one of the guests, and incidentally a conversation in which Burr's military history is touched upon. The third picture is the South Carolina home of Theodosia Burr Allston, and the fourth, Blennerhassett Island, in the Ohio river, the chief scene of the conspiracy, so called. The story proper opens with the preparation of the anonymous circulars which flooded New York on the eve of the election in which Burr had every expectation of being made Governor of the State, accusing him of being a despoiler of homes, and which, in connection with the partisan editorials appearing in the Federalist paper, "The American Citizen," compassed his defeat. The correspondence which ensued between Burr and Hamilton, when the former discovered the part which his supposed friend, though avowed political enemy, had played, is set forth almost in full, and the challenge which followed was the only course left open according to the moral of the times. That Hamilton was killed was no more a cold-blooded murder than it would have been had the result been otherwise and Burr the victim. Though it is often asserted, it is impossible of proof that Hamilton fired into the air. To a man of Aaron Burr's ambition it was inevitable that he should make some attempt to regain his lost political prestige, and as the territory in which he proposed to establish himself not only did not belong to the United States, but there was little likelihood that it would, the charge of treason and conspiracy, as Mr. Pidgin views it, was somewhat far-fetched, but the arrest and trial effectually removed Burr from the political horizon, where his previous record and his personal magnetism made him a dangerous rival not only to his opponents but to the ambitious members of his own party. It has always been stated with more or less conviction that Burr had cast a spell over Mrs. Blennerhassett and induced her to become involved in his scheme of empire under the delusion that with the help of her husband's despoiled fortune she should share his throne. In the July *Century* there was printed an account of the Blennerhassett family in which their true status was explained by a member of that family. Instead of being a somewhat impecunious political refugee, Harman Blennerhassett was a man of family, wealth and culture, and the real reason for his seeming exile was

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that his wife, Margaret Agnew, was the daughter of one of his sisters, his own niece, whom he had been sent to escort from the school at which she had been attending. It was neither poverty nor political entanglement, but the certainty of social ostracism, which drove them to America, and throughout their lives it was their dread that this unlawful marriage should ever become known to their children. Though they lost heavily through their connection with Burr they never suffered want or privation. It was Blennerhassett himself who first proposed to take part in Burr's speculation in Western lands, and the proposition was made by him in New York, not by Burr in the West. Mr. Pidgin has made good use of the records of the famous trial, and incidentally has introduced General Jackson, Henry Clay, Zachary Taylor, and other famous men, not then so famous as they afterward became. He follows his hero to Europe and back to his native country, to his last days in poverty and obscurity, in the State where he had once been the foremost character. The fate of Theodosia Burr Alston has never been satisfactorily explained. All that is positively known is that the vessel on which she left Charleston on her voyage to New York disappeared, but whether it fell into the hands of pirates and was sunk, or whether it was lost in a storm, nothing has ever been discovered which can be accepted as conclusive evidence. The final chapter of "Blennerhassett" gives a solution of this mystery which, to say the least, is romantic and thrilling. This is one of the best, and decidedly the most original of the American historical novels. The theme is fresh and the treatment able. Mr. Pidgin, though championing the cause of Burr, has not found it necessary to act as an apologist, but leaves it open to his readers to form their own opinions and to disagree with him if they choose. This book is a distinct advance upon the earlier story by the same author, "Quincy Adams Sawyer," which is still one of the boom books of the hour. It is illustrated by C. H. Stephen who has added a dozen full-page pictures to the author's text, and both appear to have entered into their work con amore. [C. M. Clark, Boston.]

—*The Bookworm*

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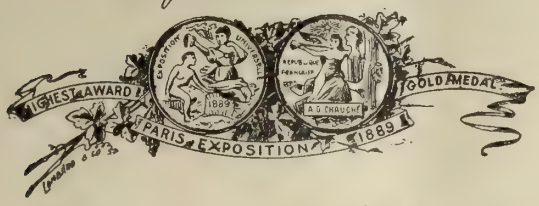
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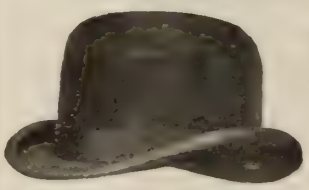
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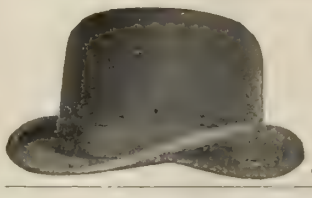
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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, October 5, 1901

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OUR OPINION

Recreation versus Education

When Benjamin Harrison, ex-President of the United States, and an acknowledged authority on Constitutional law, lectured at Stanford University some years ago, he received the attention of a few students who were not otherwise engaged on the grid-iron. When Reverend Doctor Shahan, the greatest living authority on early Christian history, lectured at the same institution last week, he failed to attract more than a score or so of the ambitious young men who are popularly supposed to be in quest of higher education. When we hear of University students ignoring such golden opportunities to acquire kwowledge, we are inclined to pause and wonder whether there is such a widespread longing for higher education as the David Starr Jordans and other academic spell-binders would have us believe Do the young men of the country seek education or recreation at college? The professors tell us that the young men are eager to learn, but it is to the interest of the college professor to keep alive that notion, and to stimulate the desire for higher education. The more students the greater the demand for college professors. And there is no better way of attracting students than by keeping alive the spirit of athletic rivalry. But the students having been lured to the inside of the University's walls, it is then the duty of the faculty to train the intellect as well as the body. It appears as though the professors at Stanford spend little time in encouraging the students to mental effort. There is surely something lacking in a system of education which fails to awaken in the student body an interest in an exposition by such men as Benjamin Harrison and Doctor Shahan of subjects with which they are most familiar. One of the first duties of a teacher is to awaken in his pupil a desire to be informed. Perhaps the professors at Stanford have educated their pupils to believe that no information is reliable except that which comes straight from the faculty.

What Schley Was Up Against

A witness in any proceeding in this country is sworn "to tell the truth, the *whole* truth and nothing but the truth." The witnesses summoned by the Navy Department to testify in the Schley investigation appeared to have conceived it to be their duty to tell only so much of the truth as was not favorable to the cause of the Rear-Admiral. The testimony favorable to him was elicited with considerable difficulty, and several of the witnesses proved themselves skilled in the art of evasion. There is no doubt that Schley is unpopular in the Navy, and that his unpopularity is not without reason, but it does not follow that he is incompetent or that he is deserving of the harsh criticisms that have been made by the friends of Admiral Sampson. Much of the testimony that has been given warrants the conclusion that Schley was greatly handicapped in the handling of the Flying Squadron. It appears that the subordinate commanders were prejudiced against him and that there was a lack of that esprit de corps so essential to success in all enterprises. From the disclosures that have been made it is surprising that there was not a series of grievous blunders off the coast of Cuba. Though the investigation should fail to vindicate Schley, it will surely not enhance the reputation of the Navy or increase our respect for some of the honorable graduates of Annapolis.

A Hint to Young Men

One of the Chicago banks has discharged a number of young men and substituted women in their places. The change is said to be entirely satisfactory, to the bank and to the new employees, though it is hardly to be expected that the former clerks can view it in the same light, nor can it be supposed that other bank employees will look upon the innovation with any degree of complacency. Though nothing definite is said on the subject, it is probable that the women have been engaged at a considerably smaller rate of compensation, so that, in addition to more satisfactory service, the bank has effected a substantial saving. It becomes every day more apparent that women have become an important factor in the commercial world, and that young men who expect to hold positions, even if they are not over-ambitious of advancement, will have to give their attention strictly to business, and their nights to storing up energy for the morrow's work. There are more men in search of genteel employment than there are places in need of young men, and unless physical strength or special endowment is a requisite, there are as many women as men capable of filling them. It is not for the advantage and welfare of the community at large that other fields of occupation should be open to women which tend not only to turn their attention from home life, but to displace men in the struggle for bread. A contempo-

rary deplores this latest departure and remarks that, "The thirteen women as wives of thirteen steady and competent bank clerks would see before them a brighter future than the bank could offer." But if the thirteen clerks had been competent and reliable they would not have been discharged, and as a choice of a good salary and single blessedness in comparison with that of the wife of a defaulter or embezzler or even only an incompetent clerk who could not keep his position, it is decidedly better for the individual women to remain as they are. The world wastes little pity these days on that stock character of the fiction of fifty years ago—the weeping wife of the village drunkard fallen from his high estate, surrounded by a family of starving children, one at least of whom had to be an idiot. "Look before you leap" is enjoined as an adage to be applied to matrimony as well as to other affairs. The sermon of remonstrance should be addressed to young men, who should be counseled to take care of what they have and so conduct themselves that employers will have no inclination to substitute women in their places. It does not necessarily indicate a mercenary spirit that the young women of the twentieth century will not voluntarily enter upon a life of premeditated poverty.

An Overworked Stock Story

Some time back in the Dark Ages a "beautiful American girl" made a reputation for herself by snubbing the Prince of Wales. Whether there ever was such an incident or not, the story was just the kind of thing to attract attention, and so it has been repeated and embellished and enlarged upon, and attributed to nearly every woman of consequence socially who has visited Europe since His Majesty was able to sit up alone. "Beautiful American girls" have been kept hard at work snubbing German Counts and Russian Princes, not to mention all the rest of the nobility and aristocracy, ever since the tale first gained currency until like the theatrical advertisement of the stolen diamonds it has become too common to attract attention any longer. Another "beautiful American girl," and they are all supremely beautiful whatever else they lack, has been reported as distinguishing herself, but this time it is no mere crown prince or minor aristocrat who has fallen under the ban. Nothing short of the young King of Spain would answer the purpose, and a mere snub would not fit the requirement of her case. It appears, according to press despatches, that the youthful Alfonso so far forgot his place as to frequent the chosen promenade of the American queen, to cast goo-goo eyes at her majesty, and actually to attempt to secure a snap shot of her charming features, whereupon she proceeded to teach him a lesson in politeness by boxing his ears and smashing his camera. It is about time that the cable correspondents ceased to send such absurd reports. Alfonso, aged fifteen or thereabout, would be far more likely to devote his attention to a game of football than to a girl, a girl who may be anywhere from five to fifteen years his senior, and moreover, royalty, in these times of social upheaval, is not left so unguarded that "beautiful American girls" may, without interruption, approach near enough to touch, much less strike. There are such things as royal guards, and even police, in Spain and there are prisons and other punishments for transgressors. "The beautiful American girl" story is overdone. It is time it was retired from active service.

The Literary Itch

It is hard to understand why the itch for literary reputation should have attacked this generation, so that people of all ranks and callings yearn to see their names in print as authors. Henschel, the composer, relates that Brahms once warned him to be careful of the manner in which he commented on the musical compositions of people of title, "for you never can tell who has written them." In the course of the Sampson–Schley controversy, an attempt was made to introduce as testimony an extract from a magazine article alleged to have been written by Admiral Sampson, but Assistant Judge Advocate Hanna objected although he professed to have no doubt as to the authorship. He said among other things: "I have written magazine articles myself for prominent gentlemen whose names were signed to them." Some of the heavy reviews have been claiming high credit for the value of the articles they have furnished their readers, on the ground that they have been written by experts and at the request of the editors, but Advocate Hanna's naive confession puts a new light on the subject. Both during the war with Spain and after its close, newspapers and magazines were deluged with long descriptions of battles and manœuvres all signed by names of more or less prominence, and all accepted as gospel by a confiding public, since they were professedly written by participants, but now, how are we to separate the wheat from the chaff and to determine which were the records of eye witnesses and which were written to order? Does Mr. Hanna charge a fixed rate, or a percentage on receipts, and does he work solus, or is he the head of an establishment for furnishing brain force? It is a veritable Verdant Green who believes any more that orators prepare their own discourses, and lecturers are more in need of good voices than anything else as an equipment. There is reported to be in full blast somewhere in the East a bureau which will supply the college honor-graduate with the necessary essay. Only yesterday a new claimant appeared for Secretary Hay's novel, "The Breadwinners," and let any piece of work appearing anonymously attract attention, the clamor at once raised over the authorship is comparable only to a rustlers' wrangle over a stray

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maverick. And the mystery still remains, why people should be so anxious to pose as authors that they will claim work they did not do, and why people of standing in a community will sell themselves to foster the deception.

Rev. Dr. E. R. Dille lectured at the First M. E. church in Oakland last Sunday evening on "The Crime of Arraying Class Against Class." It should be interesting to know when Dr. Dille discovered that it was a crime to array class against class. If he believed it a crime then he should confess himself a reformed criminal. The recollection of the time when this same Dr. Dille was engaged in arraying class against class on this side of the bay is not yet indistinct.

The Saunterer

The Anti-Examiner Crusade

It is evident that an organized effort is being made to reduce the circulation of Mr. Hearst's papers. His enemies—and they are quite numerous—have availed themselves of a propitious combination of circumstances to cut down his subscription list, but I seriously doubt whether the injury inflicted will be of a permanent nature or whether it is as serious as some imagine. His enemies may arrest the circulation of his papers, and even impair it, but he will continue to supply the news in its most attractive form, and after awhile he will give away houses and lots again and resort to other schemes to lure subscribers, and people will be found reading his papers again with the same avidity as of yore. You can't kill a newspaper by advertising it. Hearst's newspapers are getting a deal of free advertising now. They are being banished from clubs and reading rooms, but, whereas one paper sufficed hitherto for a great number of people, each of those that were accustomed to reading that one is now put to the necessity of buying a copy. There is no better way of increasing circulation. The club that thinks it is doing a newspaper a favor by keeping a copy on file is mistaken. It is reducing the revenue of the paper.

Banished from Bohemia

By banishing the *Examiner* from the files of the Bohemian club, the directors supplied the members with a topic to flavor the afternoon cocktail. Eight representatives of the *Examiner* resigned from the club in a body, as soon as it became known that the order excluding the paper had been made. Though I have regarded the crusade against the *Examiner* instituted by commercial bodies of this city as tommyrot, as a newspaperman I rather approve of the action of the Bohemian club directors, for it may result in driving the *Examiner* men into the Press club where they belong. The only newspaper in San Francisco that has contributed largely to the membership of the Bohemian club is the *Examiner*. That the Press club is not more distinctly a newspaperman's club than it is, is largely due to the *Examiner*. The representatives of that paper were pleased to associate with the captains of commerce and assist in keeping alive a reputation that the Bohemian club acquired in the days when it was the home of newspapermen and men with literary taste. Men who were more loyal to the interests of the profession preferred to stick to the Press club, and as a consequence they have never been in danger of a snubbing. If there is one club that newspaper men should keep out of it is the one that affects toward them a patronizing air.

One of the Founders Quits

One of the *Examiner* men who resigned is Mr. J. N. H. Irwin, a founder of the Bohemian club. He was city editor of the *Examiner* when he assisted in the institution of the club. Of course it was an insult to him to exclude from the files a paper with which he is connected, but the question of insulting members did not concern the directors. They are men of commerce, and the *Examiner* has been making a fight that has been hurting commerce. Therefore the *Examiner* was banished. Among those that resigned was Mr. Ed Hamilton, one of the most popular and active members of the club. He will probably be missed more than any of the others, owing to the fact that he has been identified for many years with club jinks. His papers were always listened to with delight. I should like to see the *Examiner* men join the Press club in a body now, and assist in building up a genuine Bohemian organization.

The Eccentric Egry

Paul Egry is fiddling again in San Francisco after an absence of many months in the South Seas. Egry has perhaps the best grasp on the violin of any of the fiddlers of California, and were it not that he loves Bacchus more than he does Euterpe, he would have name and fame. But the erratic compatriot of the Princess Chimay's lover is cursed with a recurring thirst that is his undoing artistically and financially, to say nothing of morals and friends. The little Hungarian is playing the first violin under Herr Stark now, but only a few weeks ago he was peeling potatoes on one of the Pacific liners. His two years away from this city have been packed full of incident, and Egry has had some narrow escapes. He left San Francisco for Honolulu after leaving the beloved Cremona of an acquaintance in the care of Uncle Isaac and to the grief of the owner who had loaned it to Egry on the latter's pleadings that he had an engagement and no instrument.

THE STANDARD FOR CHAMPAGNE QUALITY IS



THE WORLD OVER

His Honolulu Experience

In Hawaii Egry lived on poi and ulua for a while until he took the fancy of some society folk. Then he became quite the rage professionally and had many pupils and engagements. But fashion would not make an equal of the gypsy who has an ambition to be a social lion. He was paid but not fed in the salon with the guests. Egry raged and declaimed against "Ze grand ignorance ov ze Kanak." But to no purpose. One haughty hapa-haole, daughter of a native mother and a white father, who hired the Hungarian to play at dinner and dance, replied to Egry that Hawaiians did not pay their equals to entertain them. "Zair eet ees," said Egry, "Eef I eat ze oystaire and drink ze champagne wiz you, I get nussing for my museek. I seet an' play my violin an' you pay me mon' an' I no get ze eat excep' wiz ze domestique. Sacre nomme de Kalakaua ! You no remembair zat I am a mastair. Rigo marry ze reech Princess Chimay an' I seet at ze second table."

The Fiddler's Plaint

Finally society tired of Egry and he went to New Zealand with a dramatic company. The next Honolulu saw of him was when he landed in rags from the scullary of a steamship, having made a dismal failure of his venture. Hawaii would nct take him up again and he sadly left the land of the hula-hula and sought Market street once more. A night or two ago, at the well known restaurant where he helps to amuse the after-theatre crowd, he discoursed between numbers to some chance acquaintances on the ups and downs of life. "Ze pobleek ees vair bad," said the First Violin. "Zey have no more ze onderstand ov ze soul ov ze Professaire zan ze pig ov ze Culmbacher. Eef Egry play ze violin in Paree, ze mos' lov'lee ladee in zat belle cittee srow ze kees at my head. Here zey drink ze beer and eat ze tamal' an' zey geev not wan damn for ze museecian."

The Telephone Nuisance

To be up to date, when you feel like kicking the telephone off the wall, instead of doing so call for the "Subscribers' Agent," and let her jolly you for awhile. The "Subscribers' Agent" is the very latest creation in telephone nomenclature. It was formerly the "Chief Operator" into whose ear you poured your tale of woe, and before his time you communed with "Six Hundred." Of course they are all one and the same person. But the company wishes you to believe that every effort is being made to improve the service, and while it grows steadily worse, something must be done to appease your wrath, and you are lulled into temporary repose by being told that some special office has been created for your benefit. By the time you discover that "Subscribers' Agent" is a dummy, they will probably tell you to ring up "Subscribers' Best Friend." Meanwhile you will continue to swear blue streaks while the company pockets the nickels that it has not earned. Some time ago I was told by an officer of the company to whom I complained of the bad service that it is a thousand per cent better than that which is vouchsafed people in the East. I have since ascertained that he did not tell the truth. The service in the East is a thousand per cent better than that of San Francisco. Nowhere on earth outside of San Francisco would people submit to such rank highway robbery as that to which they are subjected by Mr. Sabin's corporation.

Bohemian Cafe, 711 Market street, serves the purest liquors and the daintiest lunch in the city.

Weaver the "Promoter"

"Commodore" Nicholas J. Weaver is occupying a handsome suite at the Palace again after a brief visit to Samoa. The "Commodore" has money to burn as usual and complained to the Palace people that they had not placed him in expensive enough rooms. He was told that all the best apartments had been reserved for the delegates to the Episcopal convention but that upon their departure, he would be given a better chance to fatten his bill at the big caravansary. Weaver has offices in Market street in the three hundred block, and as the manager of the "Samoa Estates, Limited" affects the airs of the substantial promoter. He denies that he has been kicked out of German Samoa, as say the steamship people. Some months ago he told people here that he had had a chat with the German Emperor who had assured him that he should not be disturbed in his scheme to persuade a group of English capitalists to part with a million or two. Weaver got at least forty or fifty thousand dollars out of London to promote a cacao plantation in Samoa which was supposed to be in full bloom.

When Weaver Entertained the "Prince"

On the liner which brought Weaver here a few days ago came "Prince" Peterson, of Honolulu, the eccentric young stockbroker, whose romantic marriage with the wealthy Miss Helen White thrilled Hawaii and the United States two years or so ago. Peterson and Weaver did not speak to each other on the voyage here but looked cutlasses whenever they bumped against each other in the smoking room Three years ago Peterson met Weaver in Hawaii. Weaver then claimed to be a member of the New York Yacht club. Peterson had just made a lucky stroke in the market and had ready cash. Weaver had a couple of pretty girls on his yacht *Norna*, and when she sailed from Honolulu for Apia, Peterson went along to fill out a hand at poker. The "Prince" came back a few months later on a steamship, with queer stories of feminine skill at the game, and with empty pockets. He says Weaver owes him five hundred dollars, and that the "Commodore" is the shrewdest operator he knows. The "Commodore" admits that his picture is in the Rogues' Gallery but shrugs his shoulders and says, "You know what the police are."

The Prince's Domestic Tangle

Peterson himself has gone East on a delicate mission. His wife sued him for divorce some months ago and he says he will aid her in securing the judicial separation, as he "likes her too much to keep her tied

Engraved Wedding Announcements and Invitations

ROBERTSON, 126 Post Street San Francisco

to a poor man." As Helen White, Mrs. Peterson was well known in many cities. Her wealth, Parisian gowns, talent for music, and cleverness at repartee attracted all the men to her side. At Del Monte and Coronado, where she spent several seasons, Miss White had a gay following of worshiping bachelors. An Englishman named Crowl, who had a barrel of coin, followed her to Honolulu whither she was chaperoned by her mother. At the Royal Hawaiian hotel, "Prince" Peterson loomed on the scene. He beat out Crowl, and in the wee sma' hours of one warm morning after listening to the passionate airs of a native quintet, Miss White and the "Prince" stole away to the music of "Aloha Oe," and were made one by the aged preacher, Sereno Bishop.

An Irate Mother-in-law

Mrs. White was all unconscious of the step. She had made up her mind that Helen should wed a millionaire. Mother and daughter sailed at ten o'clock the next morning for San Francisco, and. Peterson accompanied them, pretending he had business here. The Honolulu *Advertiser*, however, had the story of the secret marriage, and a copy of that paper fell into Mrs. White's hands at sea. The storm broke on the "Prince's" head. He washed away words with magnums of champagne but failed to bring his irate mother-in-law to more than a tentative agreement to cease recriminations for the time being. Peterson and his bride went on to Worcester, Massachusetts, where Major White, her father, is the "ice man." The Major controls the trade in congealed water there and is himself a gay boy. After a few weeks Peterson returned to Hawaii, and save for a visit of a few days paid him by his better half, he has not seen her since. She is now back in Worcester from Paris, and her husband hurries to give her the freedom she seeks.

Imperious Mrs. Moses.

My Manila correspondent writes me that since our Philippine Commission has been introducing civil government among those islands the bumps of arrogance on the heads of some of the members have grown rapidly. The malady has been communicated to their wives in no light form. These members seem to think like Pooh Bah that the utmost deference is due to them in their official position. The Filipinos are in a measure responsible for this thirst for homage. They have been accustomed to paying all sorts of servility to their Spanish masters. When the Americanos came along with high sounding titles, the astute Filipinos paid them the same old homage. Most of the civil appointees became intoxicated with the incense and soon began having real pipe dreams that they were occupying semi-royal positions. Several army officers suffered for a time with this semi-royalty microbe but, according to my correspondent, it remained for a batch of the members of the Philippine Commission to pass all precedents in that line. Judge Taft, the new civil governor of the islands, led the way, upheld by Mrs. Taft. He has just ousted General Chaffee, head of the army stationed there, from the Malacanan palace. That architectural pile has been the home of the military governors ever since the Spanish occupied the territory. It's a big, rambling place, associated in the minds of the islanders with official power, grandeur, affluence, semi-royalty and they say that's what the judge, or the judge's wife, wanted. With the narrow social life there it's a strenuous battle among those ambitious women to get every scrap of deference, homage and servility they can.

Mrs. Moses on Class Distinctions

Professor Moses is mentioned as one who is a stickler in the matter of deference due. The Quartermaster department of the Army was very obliging at first in placing horses, launches and men at the service of these members. At last the commission began to issue orders for them and insist on them as rights of their position. The use of them helped out immensely in saving their personal expenses. The Army finally lost patience at so much imposition and official encroachment and flatly stopped the traffic. Then the row began and has been going on ever since. Mrs. Moses, like Mrs. Taft, insists on all the homage due a lady of her exclusive position as a wife of a member of the commission. She showed the same top-lofty spirit here when she was a member of Berkeley's Town and Gown. I remember one day her coming to the meeting quite flustered. "What do you think ? " she burst out, "I was never so treated in my life. I went to my dentist and while my mouth was bandaged and I was in no position to express my feelings he dared to talk to me. Think of it ! he dared to converse with me like a social equal. What is the world coming to when our employees presume to do such things? Will they never realize their positions?" The mother of Mrs. Moses formerly kept a small select boarding house in Oakland, and was a wise, good and industrious woman who did her best to give her three daughters a good education.

Hawaiian Politics

My Washington correspondent informs me that President Roosevelt has approved of the findings and conclusions of the Attorney General in the matter of the charges against Judge Humphreys of Honolulu. The triumph of Judge Humphreys over his enemies is complete, and if, as it has been reported, Governor Dole has resigned, he has a keener sense of the proprieties than I supposed. Accompanying the report of his resignation is the further report that the Lieutenant-Governor has come up from the islands to apply for Dole's job. There is not much likelihood of his getting it. He and Dole have been tarred with the same stick, and by this time President Roosevelt has learned something about Hawaiian politics. This assistant executive or factotum to Dole was once upon a time haled up at the instigation of Judge Humphreys who wanted to have him disbarred for appearing on both sides of the same case. But the Dole pull was too strong.

"Old English" style of engraving increases in favor not only for calling cards but for invitations as well. Messrs. Cooper & Co., the Art Stationers, make a specialty of this style.

WM. WILLIAMS & SONS
(LTD.) OF ABERDEEN.
V V O
Scotch Whisky
Importers - MACONDRAY & CO.

The McCarthy Divorce

So the Avery McCarthys have decided to separate! They are going to have a nice, quiet divorce devoid of accusation and of all those things suggestive of a bitter, bickering past. It is to be in every sense a polite divorce, sans scandal and sans everything that could in any manner be converted into food for the gossips. Mr. McCarthy is the plaintiff, and he merely alleges that he has been deserted. Mrs. McCarthy will not make denial. They have agreed upon a division of the community property, and the decree will be granted without the faintest suspicion of a row. The McCarthys have been preparing for the divorce for some time. They have been living apart and in their little circle it was understood that the divorce suit was in contemplation. The pretty McCarthy home in Broadway has been rented to strangers, and preparations are now being made by Mrs. McCarthy and her half-sister, Miss Helen Wagner, for a trip to New York, to be undertaken as soon as the decree is granted.

A Marriage May Follow

And now people are wondering whether Mrs. McCarthy has completed arrangements for her second marriage. They recall that several months ago Mrs. McCarthy received devoted attention at Del Monte from a New York swell, a representative of the Havemeyer family who was just finishing a tour of the world. I understand that she and her sister expect to be entertained by him this winter in New York. Their marriage would certainly impart an air of romance to the story of her life Frank Goad has been one of the most devoted of her local servitors, but I hardly think that she takes him seriously. Mrs. McCarthy is still in black for her son Richard, who died last May and whose death severed the last tie that bound her to her husband. He was the image of his mother and she was very fond of him. Mrs. McCarthy has been thought by many people to be the best dressed woman in San Francisco, though her conturiere found it somewhat difficult to enhance her patron's pulchritude. There are many that call her the handsomest woman in San Francisco society, and she was declared by Major Rathbone, the first night of the opera last year, to be the most beautiful woman present. And the Major ought to know, for he spent a long time in Paris. She certainly did look beautiful as she sat in Dick Tobin's box dressed in a white, filmy frock, most becoming to her blonde loveliness, and with an opera cloak of white ermine reaching to the floor. This cloak was the envy of the women and must have cost Papa McCarthy a few pennies.

When the Trouble Began

A year ago, Mrs. McCarthy was the most popular matron at Del Monte. After a very successful season she came back to town bored to death by everything including the ever adoring Avery, who appeared to be ever ready to eliminate himself, and to encourage his father to play his wife's bills. It was at the close of the Del Monte season, according to the complaint, that the trouble began. Even to bear the McCarthy patronymic, became too great a trial to the dashing matron. The household was broken up. Avery went to Napa Soda springs, and his wife went back to Del Monte, where she looked like a charming young widow in her black gowns.

A Sensational Feature

And society is doing a deal of guessing as to the cause of the trouble. Very few people suspect that Avery McCarthy supplied his wife with a pretext for a separation. Most people jumped to the conclusion that the dashing wife having received such an abundance of adulation, grew weary of the marital shackles. But those who are "next" to the innermost doings of the swell set assert that it was the husband whose affections were alienated, and that a girl in his wife's set is a conspicuous figure in the domestic tangle. According to their version McCarthy may be the first to figure in a new marriage, and they declare that the case involves the biggest kind of a sensation. Mrs. McCarthy was Miss Lillian Wagner and was educated at the Denman school. Her parents were poor, but her pretty face and fetching manner won her favor in the smart set. Her father-in-law, J. R. McCarthy, was devoted to her and was ever ready to supply her wants. With the assistance of her friends in New York she will no doubt catch on. Grass widows are popular there.

The Kimballs are Coming

About the funniest thing that I have come across for a long time is the Pacific Coast *Kimball Courier*. This paper is published once a year to inform people that the Kimballs are to have their annual reunion. If it were not for the *Courier* I should never have known that there were on this coast about two hundred Kimballs who claim Richard Kimball as their ancestor, and who have formed an association "to collect and preserve historical and biographical data pertaining to the Kimball family and its connections; to more firmly unite its members in bonds of friendship, and to cultivate such a spirit of emulation amongst them as will lead to a higher patriotism and a better citizenship." From all this one might imagine that Richard Kimball was some very distinguished historical personage. But he wasn't. He merely emigrated to America in 1634, and now he has the honor of figuring as the common ancestor of the Kimballs. Why the Kimballs should make so much ado over the circumstance of their having a strain of Richard Kimball's blood in their veins, I cannot imagine. If there is any benefit to be derived from a family organization of that sort, I respectfully suggest that the descendants of Noah get together and arrange annual reunions. They can at least point with pride to the fact that he built the ark.

During this unsettled weather the visitors guard against sickness by draughts of Chapin & Gore's Old Reserve Whiskey.



JESSE MOORE

A A

WHISKEY

BEST ON EARTH

Their Coat of Arms

If the Kimballs should plead an attack of heraldic mania in extenuation of their absurdity they would have my sympathy. I find in the *Courier* that, many generations ago, the British government awarded one of their ancestors a coat of arms, for bravery and valor in a battle against the Moors. It is stated that he was "in command and that he dispatched the commander of the opposing forces with his dagger." This is all very indefinite. Evidently they don't know the name of their distinguished ancestor who won the coat of arms, and yet he commanded an army. But the *Courier* contains a picture of the coat of arms with the motto under a lion rampant, "Fortis non Ferox." The coat of arms was not mislaid, though the name of the great ancestor was. The officers of the Kimball Association are John Simpson Kimball of Seminary Park, Alameda, Frank Willard Kimball, lawyer of 819 Market street, Roy Thurston Kimball of 312 Clay, and Sarah Louise Kimball of the Mills building. 'Rah for the Kimballs.

It Was Her Song

Madame Gadski, who will be here next month with the Grau opera company, has a little daughter who is highly accomplished. The child has a fine voice, which has been cultivated by her proud and fond mamma with a view to its prima donna possibilities. Last season, on one of Melba's appearances, Gadski and her tiny daughter occupied a stage box at the Grand. When Melba began to sing, at one stage of the performance, the little girl looked at her mother and drew her attention to the number as being *her* song. To Gadski's consternation, as Melba warbled the child sang also, and could not be silenced. It seems she had studied the song, and thought it her particular property.

The Daughters of the Confederacy

A notable gathering among women's societies will be that of the Daughters of the Confederacy which meets next Monday at Mrs. A. H. Voorhies' residence in California street. Very few people are aware that the organization is the largest woman's association in the world. Its object is a noble one and distinctly avoids keeping alive any smouldering spark of the sectional spirit. How much the Daughters of the Confederacy esteem the new Union, one and indivisable, is evidenced by the way they sent their sons to fight for the united country in Cuba and the Philippines. As the national government looks after and assists the Union veterans so the Daughters of the Confederacy, in a quiet way, extend a helping hand to the aged veterans of the South. Their endeavor, also, is to preserve the history and historical spots in their native States, but always in so far as they shed glory on the united country.

The forthcoming convention will be a notable one in the history of the organization. Daughters of the Confederacy will be present from all over the South. Mrs. Weed, wife of Bishop Weed of Florida, who is here to attend the Episcopal convention, will preside. She is the head of the national organization. A big reception will be tendered her after the meeting adjourns. The local chapter is named after the Confederate general, Albert Sidney Johnston. Oddly enough his daughter, Mrs. Pritchard, is now its President. It was organized four years ago at Mrs. Selden Wright's house and has fifty members. It was the Charter Chapter in the State: there are two more now in Southern California.

Jesse Moore Whiskies are famous the world over for purity and flavor as well as for all the other qualities that make good whiskey.

The Anti-Hearst Petition Shelved

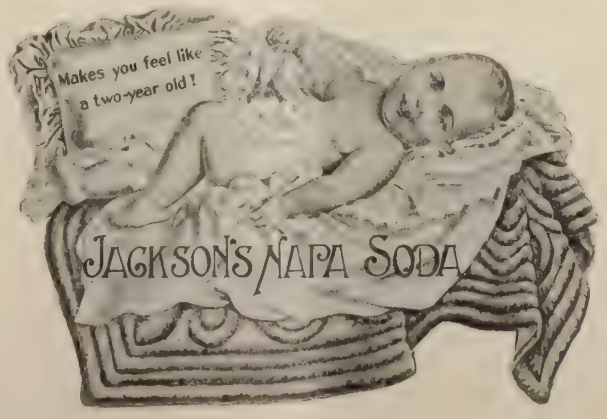
The petition of W. R. Hearst's enemies to expel the editor and proprietor of the *Examiner* from the Pacific-Union club was shelved. When Jack Follansbee heard of the petition he wired out from New York to his friend "Dan" Murphy and the latter interested Horace Platt in the case. Murphy and Platt succeeded in rounding up Hearst's friends and the petition was shelved.

Walter Martin's Discovery

It is rumored that Walter Martin has discovered that he has a mother-in-law. It is said that when a man discovers that he has a liver, he is no longer in sound health, and I suppose that a man never discovers that he has a mother-in-law until there is some organic disturbance. Mrs. Henry T. Scott is such an active woman that she could not content herself with running merely the affairs of the Episcopal convention and the nation. I heard she was very much disappointed over Peter Martin's failure to pull off his marriage on schedule time.

Mrs. Walter Dean Jr., approached dangerously close to death's door last week. She had been convalescing but suddenly suffered a relapse and for twenty-four hours her life was despaired of. She is now much stronger. The Deans have been rather unfortunate in the matter of health lately. Miss Helen sprained her ankle in San Rafael a short time ago and is now on crutches. Walter Dean Jr., caught cold on his wedding day, and it was thought for a time that he had consumption. Now they say it is only a case of asthma, and I have heard it said that people afflicted with that disease live forever.

The international carnival of the Women's Educational and Industrial Union, that is being held this week in Native Sons hall, will end tonight. It will be Italian night.



The Quick Back from the Dead

The return of John Armstrong Chanler to the world as one returned from the dead, opens a new chapter in as strange a romance as was ever written. It was in November of last year that the divorced husband of Amelie Rives disappeared from the Bloomingdale Insane Asylum, and it was only a week or so ago that the despatches told how he had revealed his whereabouts, and that, backed by the best legal talent, he was prepared to make a fight to have his sanity acknowledged. In a private letter to me from the East comes the news that it is pretty generally understood that his ex-wife, now the Princess Troubetzkoi, is in a sanitarium, broken in health, and that there is no likelihood of her ever resuming her literary labors. How suggestive of retribution if, just as the man whom she had deserted was restored to reason, she, who was in a measure responsible for his mental collapse, should suffer his fate.

From Altar to Asylum

John Armstrong Chanler is a cousin of John Jacob and William Waldorf Astor and a great-grandson of the first John Jacob Astor. He is forty-one years of age and has an income of thirty thousand a year. He was a civil engineer, but after inheriting several millions he gave up business pursuits to settle among the beautiful mountains of Albemarle county, Virginia, where he met the charming and erratic authoress who has exercised such an influence over his life. She was known as the Virginia beauty and had many admirers,but from them all she turned to the grave young engineer. He was one of the first to whom she showed the manuscript of her daring novel, "The Quick or the Dead," and he strongly advised her not to publish it, not approving of the sentiments expressed. A few years after its publication they were married, but there was never any congenialty between them. Immediately after the divorce Mrs. Chanler married Prince Troubetzkoi, whom she had met while traveling in Italy, and a few months later Chanler was committed to Bloomingdale. He realized his own condition and went willingly to the the asylum. Experts pronounced him an incurable paretic. Now he appears to be of perfectly sound mind.

Dashing Lillie Hitchcock

A correspondent from Paris writes me that Mrs. Lillie Coit has no intention of returning to San Francisco, but that she will pass the rest of her life abroad. The name of Mrs. Coit is seldom mentioned in the papers without an accompanying reference to her girlhood passion for fires. We will never be permitted to forget that Lillie Hitchcock ran "with the old machine" and that she was elected an honorary member of the Exempt Fire Department. But it is not generally known that she also had a passion for cock-fighting, and that her breed of game cocks was once the pride of Napa valley.

That Interesting Diary

What a storm would be raised in the swim were Mrs. Coit to publish her mother's diary. That diary was begun in 1850 and was continued up to the death of Mrs. Hitchcock in the nineties. She once stated that she never wrote less than a thousand words in a night in her diary. Every bit of gossip she heard during the day was chronicled, and it was her own saying that although she always hoped for the best she generally believed the worst, Items about Ward McAllister before he went East to lead the **400**, including the story of his adventure with Barron, are succeeded by stories of the rise of "new" people and the downfall of old families. Mrs. Hitchcock lived in early days opposite the old Rassette House in Bush street, next door to the R. P. Hammonds. She was a member of the smartest set in the city. As Mrs. Coit is quite wealthy, it is not likely she will ever let those thick ledgers inscribed in her mother's handwriting ever escape from their confinement in the bank vaults, to delight the public eye.

Bishop Potter a Tobin Connection

Now that it is the fad of the times to search out relationships no matter how remote, it is very easy for me to prove Bishop Potter a relative, or family connection rather, of the Tobins. It may seem strange that the famous Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal church is connected with one of San Francisco's most solid Roman Catholic families, but this is how it happened. The Bishop, as everybody knows, is related by one of the closest of blood ties to James Brown Potter. Mrs. James Brown Potter, that was before the recent divorce, has a sister who married a Raoul-Duval. This Raoul-Duval is a brother of Charles Raoul-Duval who married Beatrice Tobin. And there you are; just figure out the degree of family connection for yourself.

The Rough Riders

President Roosevelt's accession to the Presidency has aroused interest once more in the famous regiment which he organized for the Cuban campaign. Generations hence, to be able to trace one's ancestry back to the Rough Riders may be tantamount to the possession of a patent of nobility. Though they were not all men of wealth and social standing, when time makes them ancestors there will be no shading in prestige. Among the best known of the Rough Riders was Hamilton Fish Jr., the famous polo player who was killed at San Juan Hill, Craig Wadsworth, the cross-country rider, Horace Devereux, of Princeton's football team, Half-back Ronalds of Yale. Mason Mitchell, the actor, William Tiffany, the New York cotillon leader, Woodbury Kane, man-about-town and the fearless Buckey O'Neill.

They Were Not Permitted to Stand

A clubman told me a story the other day that serves to illustrate the popularity of the Rough Riders in New York at the close of the war. One night a

DEWAR'S
SCOTCH WHISKY
HIGH BALL

Small piece of ice in glass, pour whisky over ice and fill glass with syphon or plain water

A Cooling and Delightful Drink

dozen of them entered a theatre in Broadway. They wore soiled uniforms and looked like cowboys. There was nothing but standing room and they stood in the lobby, but presently a gentleman occupying a front seat got up and begged one of the standing soldiers to take his place. Then others followed his example, until the whole twelve were seated. The cowboys were soon hobnobbing with fair women, who were only too delighted to speak to them without an introduction.

Supper Spoiled By a Song

From a Rider who fought at San Juan, I heard the story of the depressing effect of a song which was sung just before Teddy Roosevelt started that Round Robin which caused such a sensation in the Commissary Department at Washington. One night, just at supper-time, trooper Lorimer Worden began to sing:

Lobsters! Rarebits!
Plenty of Pilsener beer.

He went through the whole, ending with the familiar (to New Yorkers):

You'll find them all in the Tenderloin
When the clock strikes two.

Immediately the troopers began to conjure up visions of succulent oysters, lobsters and other delicacies, and the camp supper seemed very inadequate. Worden was told to bring no more Racquet club melodies to mess.

When Roosevelt was Twenty-six

In the *Century* magazine of April 1885 I came across, the other day, an interesting article written by Teddy Roosevelt on "Phases of State Legislation." Our President was then only twenty-six years of age, and he had just had a taste of political life. The article deals principally with corruption in politics, and the writer told of the methods of Colonel Mazuma at Albany. His description shows them to be identical with the Colonel's ways at Sacramento. Incidentally he roasted the apathetic respectable people who take no interest in politics and permit crooks to be elected to the legislature. He told of a young New Yorker who served a term in the Assembly and who incurred the enmity of the "wealthy criminal class" by his course on various measures. He stood for re-election and the decent people in the district were for him but remained away from the polls. One citizen was very anxious for his re-election but on election day he had an engagement to go quail shooting and couldn't go to the polls. The young man was beaten.

A Tammany Story

In that same article Roosevelt tells a good story about an incident of a factional fight among the Democrats in the Legislature of 1882. After a good deal of bickering the anti-Tammany men drew up a paper containing a series of propositions and submitted it to their opponents with the prefatory remark in writing that it was an ultimatum. The Tammany members were at once summoned to an indignation meeting, "their feelings," says Roosevelt, "closely resembling those of the famous fishwife whom O'Connell called a parallelopipedon." None of them knew what an *ultimatum* was, but they felt sure it was offensive. But when the reply appeared it set forth that, "In response to the County Democracy's *ultimatum*, Tammany herewith produces her *ipse dixit*." "Some of us," continues Roosevelt, "sought to persuade the County Democratic leaders to issue a counter blast which could be styled either a *sine qua non* or a *tempus fugit*, according to the taste of the authors."

The Morgan Special

I am waiting for somebody to propound the query: "If Christ rode on the Morgan special?" It has been the custom of clergymen for a long time to speculate upon what Christ would do if he encountered modern conditions, but nobody connected with the Episcopal convention has concerned himself about the likelihood of the Nazarene's accepting of Millionaire Morgan's hospitality on wheels. The reverend gentlemen of the Episcopal church came all the way to San Francisco to transact some very important church business. But the dailies have treated the affair as though its most important feature was the outing of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, the wizard of finance. The great Bishop Potter and the other distinguished divines have been relegated to the back row while Mr. Morgan was given the full benefit of the journalistic calcium. His special train is the piece de resistance, according to the dailies. His massive nose looms up larger than a bishop's hat. And what a nose Mr. Morgan has! The dailies tell us that he is very exclusive and won't be interviewed. I should imagine that any man with such a nose would be anxious to keep it away from the camera.

He is not the Pope

But the yellow press—and it is all yellow in its treatment of the opening of the convention — has given us a distasteful object lesson in the art of salaaming to Mammon. Who cares about the magnificence of Morgan, or his staff of servants? The Episcopal church is not a part of his trappings. Morgan is not the Episcopal Pope. The question relating to the canon on divorce, the marginal reading Bible and the re-organization of the board of missions, are not of sccondary importance to the hero of Wall street. The papers tell us that Senior Warden Morgan is a most active delegate, that he does valuable work on committees, and is ever ready to render financial aid etc,. but that is not sufficient reason for

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exploiting his pomp and pageantry and pedestaling the great trust organizer as the greatest Episcopalian. It is akin to blasphemy to flaunt the pomp of Pierpont in connection with a great Church convention, and the newspapers should be ashamed of themselves for doing that which encourages scoffers.

Society to the Front

Of course society—the Episcopalian section of it—is in a measure responsible for the undue prominence which has been given to vulgar wealth in connection with the church convention. The religious aspect doesn't appeal to the snobs and there are Episcopalian as well as Catholic, Presbyterian and Methodist snobs. The interest of Gotham's **400** in the convention has been commented on a score of times. We were told that they were interested in the question whether the church was going to permit the remarriage of divorced persons. Then the newspapers wondered whether the convention was going to turn down the smart set, and even some ministers boldly declared that the howling swells were going to try to run the church. About that time the dailies began telling us about the ridicuously rich who were coming to San Francisco to occupy the stone palaces on the hill, and from those paragraphs it was fair to infer that the smart set was going to make a demonstration for some purpose in this city. And then to cap the climax along came Pierpont the Great in a special train, with a special caterer, a special chef, special wines, special servants and a few special bishops. Thereupon society began to kow-tow and for awhile we were in doubt as to whether we were more interested in a church convention or in the splendid munificence of the opulent banker. Such toadyism and vulgarity cannot but be offensive to religious people.

The Great Financier

The Oakland "Commuters" who caught the first glimpse of J. Pierpont Morgan on the ferry were not overduly impressed with the personal appearance of the large man, thick of chest, with the big head set close down on the burly shoulders, the very prominent Cyrano de Bergerac nose, the keen gray eyes, deep set under heavy brows, and the bulldog chin. But like everybody else they were duly moved by the columns and columns they had read about his wonderful doings in the golden realms of finance. And well they might be, for he controls more money and money interests than any other man in the world. His death would shake up business interests and disturb the financial world more than the demise of any of the world's sovereigns. His own riches cut a very small figure in the extraordinary power he wields. He exercises his great influence by reason of the immense wealth placed at his disposal by big financial interests: and they handed it over to him by reason of the confidence they have in his integrity, ability and genius to command monetary situations. Twenty-five years ago he was known only to a very few New York financiers: today, at sixty-four, he is unquestionably King of the Financial World. He began his career with a handsome fortune bequeathed him by his father, a banker. By his own business sagacity and the exercise of his watchword "community of interest" he has founded a system that far transcends anything in financial power ever dreamed of by the diversified wealth of a century ago. "Community of interests" is the plan on which the great Steel Trust is based. Millionaire Peabody first gave Morgan his immense interests to handle. Then the business of the big Drexel family came his way and after them the Vanderbilts. This kind of business led him into reorganizing and constructing financial interests, until by degrees was achieved the greatest financial organization the world has ever seen—the Billion Dollar Steel Trust. But with all his big financial schemes on hand, Morgan, like a great Captain, finds plenty of time for yacht sailing, driving and mental diversions. And he gives more interest to an Episcopalian convention than he does to the organization of a railroad for he can handle a dozen of the latter in a day, while an Episcopalian convention often consumes a week of his time.

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The Case of Mrs. Haig

Bishop Potter and the other distinguished divines of the Episcopalian convention are opposed to divorce. But I cannot help thinking that Bishop Potter would more effectively combat the divorce evil by refusing to countenance divorcees, and that he should at least draw the line at the guilty party in a suit based upon the only ground of the New York statute. When Mrs. Astor, the Queen Dowager of the New York **400**, sought to restore her daughter, Mrs. Haig, formerly Mrs. Coleman Drayton, to her erstwhile position in Gotham society, Bishop Potter was one of those who dined with them.

Gage's Master Stroke

As a record-breaker Governor Henry T. Gage towers far above any of his contemporary statesmen and politicians on this edge of the continent. Some time ago I censured the Governor for his conduct in connection with the bubonic plague scare, and I believe that he regrets more than anybody having been misled in that matter, but since then he has been fortifying his political position with rare skill and judgment. His settlement of the strike was a master stroke.

A Handsome Young Matron

Mrs. Fred Tallant will be one of the entertainers this winter. She has not been prominent in society of late years, having devoted herself to her husband and children. Mrs. Tallant, who was Miss Helen

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Landers, is still a beauty, though time has added weight to what was once a slender figure. She is one of the smartest dressers in the swim. The Fred Tallants live in Buchanan street. The old family home in Bush street of the banker who was Fred's father has been demolished, and its site will soon be covered by a family boarding house.

It Was Handled Smoothly

The late Republican Municipal convention rolled its course on well-oiled ball bearings. So well did the powers handle the various strings that the whole ticket could have been completed in one evening but that would not have looked well to the "intelligent voter" on whom the bunco ticket is to be worked. There wasn't a kick or a protest in the whole proceedings. Even the Kelly and the Ruef elements sidestepped any chances of friction and trimmed their sails to the breeze they couldn't point against. Like the others they gratefully took what sop or "slop," as Colonel Brady puts it, was offered them, and never peeped. This result was all due to the Big Bosses' masterful control of a good swinging majority of the delegates and a wise order concerning the distribution of patronage; namely, that each assembly district should handle its own share. I hear that Burns flatly told Gage that he would handle the gathering on no other condition. This very prudent understanding relegated all the discussion, wrangling and leg pulling over disputed loaves and fishes back into the assembly districts and left the unburdened convention free to handle the names of nominees. What an easy matter that was the minutes of the meetings will show. They reel off like this: Chairman—"Nominations for Mayor are now in order." Voice—"I nominate that grand, stalwart, etc., etc., etc., Asa R. Wells." Second Voice—"Second the nomination," Third Voice—"Move nominations be closed." Fourth Voice—"Second the motion." Chairman—"'f no 'jection nom'nations closed: s'ordered." Fifth Voice—"Move Secretary be instructed to cast convention ballot nominating Asa R. Wells for Mayor." Chairman—"Moved mum-mum-mum for Mayor: 's ordered. Nominations for Auditor now in order." And the same wheels turned in the same order again. The well-schooled First Voice regularly broke the smoke laden air, followed in regular phonograph order by the five other well-trained voices until the completed ticket was reeled off.

Humorous Incidents

Only two breaks in the monotony were made: once when a nervous little German in the thirty-ninth thought the Second Voice had lost itself and that the business in hand thereby might slip a cog. He jumped hurriedly to his feet and in the Second Voice's stead he answered: "I second the motion." Everybody laughed, for the words should have been "I second the nomination of Harry Baehr." The nervous little German statesman ducked hard to avoid the guys that were thrown at him but he only succeeded when the slow moving second voice came slowly and solemnly rumbling down the aisle "Second nomination Harry Baehr." The other break was made by the well meaning elderly chap who got up on the platform to nominate Bert Mahoney for County Clerk. After a long panegyric on Mahoney's estimable qualities as a citizen, a public official and all round man of principle and professional honor, he wound up by declaring that, like all Mahoney's friends, he had known and enjoyed his royal qualities for years. Then in the next breath he shouted "But I never knew his name till an hour ago." Cries of "Slate!" "Slate!" and a loud guffaw from the galleries interrupted him. The speaker suddenly realized his break and attempted to mend it by hastily adding: "I—I mean I never knew his full name. I always knew him as Bert." But his very apparent confusion only added to the merriment and he withdrew amid laughter, but his candidate, Bert Mahoney, was nominated hands down just the same.

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Fisk Inevitable

The only nomination that could not have been stopped was that of Arthur Fisk for district attorney. It was a foregone conclusion weeks ago that Fisk would be nominated His record in the legislature combined with his popularity insured for him the nomination for almost any office that he wanted. Mr. Fisk is recognized in political circles as a "comer." He was seriously thought of for the Mayor's job, but being a lawyer he preferred the district attorneyship.

Wells' Grand Stand Play

The expressed determination of Asa R. Wells to withdraw from the Republican ticket unless he is permitted to name one Supervisor is funny. You couldn't pull Mr. Wells off the ticket with a team of oxen. But the story of his grand-stand play is an effective one for political purposes. It serves to give the impression that the candidate for Mayor is a man of independence; that he is not subservient to the bosses. And yet he has asked for only one Supervisor. Such modesty must be commended. The request will certainly be granted. There are at least ten of the nominees who may be easily induced to retire in the interest of harmony. There will be no hitch. The amusing feature of Wells' request is that it is based on a desire to secure a good parliamentarian to take the chair when he is absent. Who ever heard of a good parliamentarian being required for the Mayor's chair? One honest man could serve a conscientious Mayor more than eighteen crooked parliamentarians.



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A Fortunate Debutante

Miss Edith Bull, one of the season's debutantes, is to be chaperoned by her sister-in-law, Mrs. Alpheus Bull Jr. This should add to her attractiveness, for it is not every debutante who is equipped with such a chaperon. Mrs. Bull Jr. was Irene Crowell before she married the Titian-haired Alpheus, the idol of a doting mother, and a youth of brains and brawn. Miss Crowell was a belle in the Unitarian swim, which prides itself on its culture and its exclusiveness. She is highly accomplished and her particular fad is music. Being domestic in tastes and the mother of an interesting brood that includes twins, I wonder how it is that she has consented to chaperone her pretty sister-in-law through a season's gayeties. For the position of chaperon is no sinecure.

He is a Gentleman Sport

Notices of Crittenden Robinson have been creeping into the social columns of the dailies of late, and I have heard it suggested that perhaps he is coming back to join his sister's cotillon club. I wonder if Crit's experience abroad has engendered social aspirations. He is a crack pigeon-shot, and has been shooting for purses at Monte Carlo and other resorts with the rich swells of Europe. I do not think he has any other visible means of support. But I heard some time ago that he made a big stake through a deal in Spanish bonds. The rumor was afterward denied. He has found the life of a gentleman sport abroad to be quite lucrative. His sister is Mrs. Monroe Salisbury, the impresario of the **400**.

The Ministers Will Certify

A Californian traveling in Holland sends me the following:

You appear to be so deeply interested in the movements of the stork that I thought perhaps you would like to know that his storkship contemplates a visit to Qeeen Wilhelmina. I suppose that is a fact that has not been mentioned in the press despatches, but it is known all over Holland and throughout court circles in Europe. Every woman in Holland looks toward the coming event as though it were going to happen in her own home. Most of the Queens and Princesses of Europe are as this moment engaged in preparing some article for the layette. And busier than the Queens and Princesses are the good wives of Holland. The leading women of every city in Holland are going to contribute some article. Those of Amsterdam, for instance, will present a Dutch baby's linen cap encrusted with pearls and diamonds. One of the most interesting presents is the cushion which the wives of the Cabinet Ministers are preparing. Immediately after its birth the baby will be placed on this cushion, and the cushion on a silver salver, will then be offered for inspection to the Cabinet Ministers, who will certify to its sex and that it is a genuine member of the Royal Family

The Williams Sisters

So many of the young women who made the parties of the swim attractive last season have gone East or abroad this year that it is good news to learn that some of the absentees of nineteen hundred will be here for nineteen hundred one and two. Among these is Miss Juliette Williams, who has elected to remain in town. Miss Williams is Mrs. Walter Hobart's sister and her presence probably means that the Hobarts will do some entertaining this winter. I remember well when the Williams sisters made their advent in San Francisco society. They came out here with their mother, who had been an invalid for nearly twenty years, to stay with their grandfather in San Rafael. Their father, Captain W. W. Williams, Pay Director United States Navy, remained in Washington D. C. The sisters, owing to the high station of their family, needed no sponsors to pave their entrance into the swim, but were taken to the arms of the elect at once. Their beauty, perfect breeding and winning manners speedily made them high favorites. They went everywhere, and were belles at Del Monte for an entire season, no one standing as high in favor as they. Then Walter Hobart wooed and won Hannah, while her sister's admirers wondered why his choice had not been Juliette. The latter is thought by many to be even prettier than Mrs. Hobart, though there is really little to choose between them. They both dress well, in a manner to accentuate the spirituelle type they represent.

The Consul Was Not Bluffed

Ho Yow, the Chinese Consul, objected to the somewhat irregular methods of the State Agricultural society at the recent State Fair, and he wrote a letter to one of the Sacramento papers, setting forth his grievances and expressing some rather severe criticisms. Thereupon the directors of the association cited him to appear to show cause why he should not be ruled off the track. But they failed to tame or intimidate him. In reporting the dismissal of the citation the dailies treated the matter as though the Consul had withdrawn his charges. That he did not do. He wrote them a letter, however, telling them that he was cognizant of his rights, and he challenged them to state wherein he had violated the rules of the society. He reminded them of the inalienable right of free speech, and told them that he had merely charged them with unjust discrimination against him, and that he was prepared to prove the truth of that charge. He asserted, moreover, that he would hold each of the directors personally responsible for any unjust summary action against him. The directors were glad to drop the case when they found that Ho Yow was not easily bluffed. The Consul is an enthusiastic horseman, but he never bets. He is interested in the raising of trotters, but the State Fair was managed in the

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interest of the running horses for it is off running races that the gamblers profit, and the gamblers were well taken care of.

The Syndicate Betting Fraud

There was a good deal of dissatisfaction over the manner in which the State Fair was conducted this year. And there has been loud complaint over the syndicate betting. It is surprising that that sort of thing was tolerated by a State institution. Syndicate betting is a fraud on the public. The gamblers to whom the privilege was awarded paid seventeen thousand five hundred dollars for it, and I have been authoritatively informed that they cleared three thousand dollars in eleven days. From that it may be judged that they enjoyed somewhat of a cinch. Though Adolph Spreckels is President of the society he has not attended a meeting for two years. Being sore on the Governor he takes no interest in the affairs of the society.

"Florodora" Gossip

There is no need of local theatre-goers worrying over the question whether the cast of the "Florodora" road company is equal to that of the original New York production. The Columbia show is as good if not better than that which was given at the Casino in Broadway. Grace Dudley is surely a more pleasing Lady Holyrood than Edna Wallace Hopper. The tiny Edna is popular with the johnnies because she has had considerable notoriety which is a better asset for an actress of her class than either a voice or talent. Grace Dudley is an Englishwoman and has the right of accent for the part. That of Edna Wallace was painfully affected. Lady Holyrood is the role which created a furore in London. Manager Fisher wanted the London actress but as she was receiving seven hundred dollars a week he didn't care to make a bid. Carleton is perhaps the only one in the local cast who is not up to the standard of the Casino comedian. The baritone is much better than Sidney Doane, and the Dolores is superior to that of Bertha Waltzinger who was very bad. As for the sextet, there is no room for choice.

Californians with the Show

By the way, the hit of the sextet in New York was made by a Californian girl, Tex Smith. She is a handsome girl without a voice. Early last year Tex Smith tried to get into the chorus of the Southwell opera company in Los Angeles. Billy Wolff, the comedian, heard her sing, and told her that her face would enable her to "catch on," but that her voice was of no value. She joined the chorus, went to Honolulu with the company, and on her return went to New York where she was engaged for the sextet and created a sensation. There have been many Californians connected with "Florodora." J. C. Fisher, the manager, came from San Diego and he is said to be the most liberal purchaser of scenery and costumes since David Henderson's time. Fred Herr, the manager of the road company, was formerly the Southern Pacific agent in Los Angeles, and the stage manager is George Lask formerly of the Tivoli. Part of the money that backed the show came from the purse of Joe Eppinger, who began sprouting angel's wings in the days of the Dunne & Ryley company at the California.

Theatre parties have been the rule at the Columbia this week. On Monday evening the Joe Tobins had a party that occupied two stage boxes. On Tuesday night, Mrs. Eleanor Martin gave a large "Florodora" party complimentary to Miss Crockett and Mr. Scott. Lots of pretty gowns were worn and I noticed the Gainsborough hat very much in evidence. How providential that the law against retaining hats in the theatre passed before the Gainsborough came in again!

The Stones of Oakland

Having sold the Oakland and San Leandro road, Andy Stone has more money than ever to throw to the birds. But if the birds had to depend on Andy for a steady diet of long-green they would soon be eating their own feathers. For Andrew is not a spendthrift. But having added to his fortune through the railroad deal, society people in Oakland are hoping that the A. L. Stones will loosen up during the winter and provide social gayety for them. Andy Stone got into society by marrying one of the Havemeyers, and thereby achieved his ambition. His wife is not of the New York Havemeyer family, but she is a niece of Mrs. Tucker of Oakland, and Mrs. Tucker is the social arbitre in the swim across the bay. She is the mother of Mrs. McDonald and Mrs. McNear and Mrs. Phil Williams. And she is also the widow of Dr. Tucker. Some years ago Dr. Tucker was one of the haughtiest of the Oakland swells. He prided himself on his membership in the G. A. R. Nothing pleased him more than to pose as a veteran who had done great things for his country. But one day some meddlesome fellow "looked up the dope," as they say in race track circles, and reported that Dr. Tucker had never fought in the war. And then the doctor retired from the Grand Army in disgust.

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That Crockett Boycott

Mayor Phelan and Mr. and Mrs. Crockett were members of the same theatre party last Tuesday evening, and they stretched their legs beneath the same table at a little supper later on. There would be nothing odd in the circumstance if it were not for the fact that some months ago, when Mayor Phelan reduced gas rates, he aroused the bitter enmity of the President of the Gas company Thereupon the Crocketts inaugurated a social boycott against the Mayor. They declared he was no gentleman, and that the doors of society had been closed against him. Notwithstanding the Crockett boycott some of the girls of the Burlingame set had the temerity to dance with the Mayor, and Mr. Crockett indignantly called their attention to the Crockett ban. But it is very difficult to persuade the average society girl that it is to her interest to give the millionaire bachelor Mayor the glassy eye. So now the Crocketts eat with the man whom they accused of being no gentleman.

More Mystery

Last week I referred to the suicide of young Tevis Breckenridge, and mentioned as a coincidence the circumstance of his having had a love affair at Del Monte just before he came to this city and turned on the gas. Since then my attention has been called to this item which appeared in the Paris edition of the New York *Herald* on July twenty-eighth:

DEATH

BRECKENRIDGE—At Carlsbad, on Thursday, July 25th, in his twenty-third year, Lloyd Tevis Breckenridge, son of Mrs. F. W. Sharon of San Francisco, Cal.

It should be quite interesting to know the purpose of the publication of such a misleading notice. Whoever inserted it was very anxious that it should be seen for it appeared on two pages of the same paper. Mrs. Sharon was in Paris at the time of the suicide of her son.

R. A. Lucchesi has resigned from the field of journalism and now devotes himself solely to his pupils and to composition.

The Visits of Pierre

New York

It was perhaps a lucky circumstance in Pierre's favor that he came East with the prestige of having once been affianced to a United States Senator's daughter, and that he had intimate friends in the New York and Newport swims. His mother was a Californian widow and Pierre was naturally supposed to be possessed of millions.

NEW YORK, APRIL, 1901.

DEAR OLD MUM,

You told me to write you everything so I shall keep nothing from you, even the fact that I got jolly several times before the train reached New York, and the porter had to assist me to my berth. But a little thing like that won't worry you. I am already in the swim, mamma, and I must tell you about the tea I attended this afternoon. I flattered myself I looked very swell in my afternoon clothes, quite correctly Blingum, and thought no one would spot me out as from "the provinces" which is what New Yorkers call everything outside of their village. But I had scarcely entered the drawing-room, when several women came rushing around begging to be introduced to "the Californian." I found, mamma, that my reputation as a crackerjack in the game of hearts had preceded me. One little matron with green eyes and ashen hair made a veiled allusion to Melba, and I did not put her right. Of course it does not matter to these people whether it was my brother or myself who dined and wined the favorite singer of kings and princes. I met a very nice girl who joshed me about my Chicago adventure, when I chased a burglar in my pajamas. She was very particular to ask me whether I wore silk, and what color. I find the language far freer here, mamma, than at home, and I am trying to conform to it. I have bought a French book of witticisms, and am committing to memory some of the more risque. New York has changed a good bit since I was here before, or else it is that my being in the swim has changed my ideas of it. Please send me a check, mum, as I find I am booked as a millionaire and must live up to it. Several matchmaking mammas made overtures to me at the tea.

NEW YORK, APRIL, 1901.

DEAR MOTHER,

I am visiting in the family of one of my college chums—Reggy, don't you remember? He had such a great time when he was with us that year he visited California that he has never forgotten it. And he made me come and stay at his house here. Later, I go to Newport. I can't dispel the illusion that prevails here that I am a millionaire. In all the papers they put it thus: "Mr. Pierre O'Grade, the young millionaire from San Francisco." Some go so far as to credit me with a string of ranches as well as blooded racers, and a town house beside a cottage in Burlingame. I have tried to explain, but they simply won't listen. Even Reggy laughs when I say I am only comfortably off. He can't reconcile that with the way we treated him when he visited us. It is our absurd way of spending money on strangers, I suppose. They don't do it here—only spend it on themselves.

* * * * *

The matchmaking mammas are still at me, and if I wished, without vanity, mother, I am sure I have but to drop my glove to have it grasped by ten pretty girls. But there is only one I fancy at all—her name is Violet. She is that jolly girl I met at the tea my first day in New York.

NEW YORK, MAY, 1901.

DEAR MOTHER,

I am engaged to a very pretty girl. It is the one I wrote to you about in my last letter—Violet. She loves me and I love her. We have a mutual regard for golf and horses. I made a ten strike with her by winning a pony race against some clever competitors. I find the New York men very snobbish. They object to me for some reason, probably because I can keep my end up so well, thanks to your liberal checks. Then, there is my capture of Violet, the season's belle. Her mother beamed kindly on me from the first. She said her husband's brother married a Californian, and perhaps that is why she liked me from the first. But her husband's brother married millions. I wonder if Violet's mother thinks I have millions?

NEW YORK, MAY, 1901.

DEAR MOTHER,

Isn't it odd how people's feelings change? Do you remember I wrote you how Violet's mother seemed to take to me at once? Well, she has changed, and neither she nor her husband seems to like me as a suitor for their daughter's hand. Reggy says it is the lineage bogie that bothers her. She, you know, was a Courtlandt De Montmorency Schuyler Van Rennsslaer Brinckerhoff, and Violet's father is a high Dutch Knickerbocker of the Knickerbockers—a set of jabberwocky names, I say. And, after all, mother, I consider a Californian is the equal of any of these long-named, short-pursed New Yorkers. What they gain in name they lose in morals. It would make your hair stand on end to see the way they mix menages here. It is the proper way to be divorced and married and then meet your own ex-husband and ex-wife on friendly terms afterward. I thought it safer to get engaged right away, for there was a bride of the season who developed a great crush with me as its object the third day I was here.

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Newport

NEWPORT, JUNE, 1901.

DEAR MUMSY,

I find Newport all that it was cracked up to be by our friends Tess and Jennie. Owing to my millions (?) and my being engaged to one of the inner circle, I am right in the centre of the bulls-eye. But my morals, sadly chipped as they were in New York, are sure to sustain several worse cracks before I get out of the *haut ton* here. At every corner you bump into someone's husband with somebody else's wife, and vice versa. Violet is so glad she won't be subject to anybody's attentions this season. She wants to get married right away. I have explained to her that my dot is really small (she has none, herself) and that we couldn't possibly live on it at the Newport rate of existence, but she says she is not dependent on Newport. Last season a Duke was her shadow for a while, but he moved on when he found she had no dot. She is the reigning beauty of the smart set, and her aristocratic mother thinks she ought to marry a title, or dough at least. I am rather sorry, mother, that you let out the secret to the home papers, for the portraits of Violet that were published were simply libels on her lovely face.

* * * * *

Tonight we attend the eighth in the series of dinners given in our honor by some of our mutual friends.

NEWPORT, JULY, 1901.

DEAR MOTHER,

I am still visiting the Monieboys, but my wedding day is again postponed. Better not come on yet, for there will be plenty of time when the cards are out. A rumor has gone out that I am a very dissipated fellow and so extravagant that I bathe in champagne. This would be all right if I only had the millions the New York papers credit me with. Violet's mother came to me this morning with tears in her eyes and said, "Really, you can't blame me for not wishing to confide my only daughter's future to a man whose morals are in question." And yet she did not object to the Duke, who had a music hall singer as his best friend and even appeared with her in public. I told her she was mistaken, but she would listen to nothing.

* * * * * * *

I have found out that it is not my morality but my money that is in question. Somebody has informed Violet's mother of the real state of affairs. Well, dear mother, you know this is not my fault. *I* did not pose as a millionaire. It was these smart set people here who fancied that nothing but a millionaire could come out of California. I am heartbroken. If Violet agrees with her mother's dictum I will come home at once and hide my broken heart in a Blingum cottage. Just now, though, I am going to call on that bride I wrote you of.

* * * * * *

A letter from Violet. She loves me for myself alone. She has told the fellow that writes the "Newport Stariets" that we will be married in a month.

* * * * * *

Violet has chosen her bridesmaids, and I the ushers. I want brother to come on for my best man. Be sure and bring your most swagger gowns, mother. I want you to make a hit in Newport.

NEWPORT, AUGUST, 1901.

DEAR MOTHER,

Sugar Plum, the cotillon leader, has taken me under his wing this week and I am having a splendid time. I wouldn't care if I were a bachelor forever. Violet is in Lenox with her mother. That is a charmed circle where Californians cannot enter. Sugar Plum is a good fellow, reminds me of our Ned, only not so fat. Too bad, mother, that you will have to defer the visit you intended to make. But after all, you may have a chance to attend my wedding. Sugar Plum told me that I should end further delay by making a sensational hit. He suggested that I arrange some original sort of entertainment, something to stimulate the jaded appetite of the ton. He recently gave a dog dinner and it made a tremendous hit. I have decided to give a pajama breakfast, at which the guests must change pajamas between courses. If it's a success the wedding will probably be pulled off in January.

Affectionately,

PIERRE.

There's a deal of comfort and cheer to be gained from a glass of Wm. Williams & Co.'s V. V. O. Scotch Whisky.

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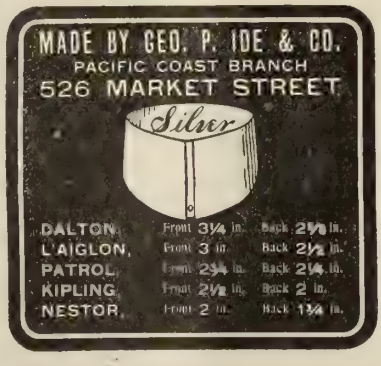
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Dramatic World

"Florodora" a Fine Spectacle

Do not say the day of miracles is past, when we have "Florodora" with us. "Florodora" is a miracle of stage management. If you wish to feed your intellect you will stay away from the Columbia for the next fortnight, but if you wish to see a series of beautiful stage pictures, a host of pretty girls and the latest thing in costumes, you will go to see "Florodora." The piece is nothing but two acts of disconnected dialogue and music and terpsichorean numbers. The songs and dances are hung upon a slender thread of story, the plot being only a pretense at best. The songs do not bear upon anything in the plot except in the remotest way, but some of them are good songs and the music throughout is catchy and pleasing. "Florodora" is only gently exhilarating. It does not arouse to wild enthusiasm, nor does it lull the auditor into a soft, sentimental mood such as that inspired by some of "The Geisha's" scenes. There is much more of "The Gaiety Girl" than "The Geisha" about "Florodora," and it is as English as "The Lady Slavey." However nobody will go to see it for its plot or its dialogue; it is its scenic and musical aspect that will attract. It is the kind of a piece that any fairly intelligent chorus people can interpret. It requires no super-cleverness in the comedians, no wonderful high notes in the singers. The road cast, I am told by those who heard the piece in New York, is rather superior to the metropolitan cast. Laura Millard and Charles Bowers possess the only voices in the company. Grace Dudley, the Lady Holyrood, has no voice at all but a voice is is not necessary in a personality so charming as hers. All the good lines fall to her and she delivers them in clean, staccato tones that give them their full value. She has a dignified grace that sets well upon her, and though she has neither face nor figure above the average she wins favor at once. What life Georgie Cooper would put into Angela Gilfain! Frances Gordon is hopelessly lacking in the chic that should invest this part. But Ryley, the fun-maker, is all that Tweedlepunch should be. He is amusing in every one of his scenes, and especially so when he appears in the disguise of the orchestral leader. There are three things that are more than good in "Florodora": the double sextet which has been so widely advertised — "Tell Me Pretty Maiden;" Abercoed's solo, "Under the Shade of the Palms," and the "Phrenology" solo and chorus. But if I were a johnny, I'd go not for these but to look at one particular member of the sextet—a pretty girl, the third from the left in the "Pretty Maiden" sextet. I can only identify her by the fact that she wears one of those modish blue brooches in the front of her bodice, while the others do not, and in the last act her gown is of a pale figured fabric, with black velvet shoulder-straps and a huge bow of black velvet as a finish.

Arnold Grazer and little Blanche Trelease have received no end of applause for their mysterious mirror act at the Orpheum this week. The boy is an especially fine dancer and indeed has few equals on the stage in toe dancing.

It is a fine scenic presentation of "The Merchant of Venice" that the Grand is giving this week, and Joseph Haworth's conception of Shylock is quite a new one. He reads well and I don't think anyone should miss the opportunity of seeing a new Shylock. To students particularly the presentation of the play is valuable, as an aid to their own conceptions. Adele Belgarde, always a charming actress, is still a surprise as Portia. She is graceful, intelligent and altogether adequate to the role's demands.

Lewis Morrison began his tour at Halifax N. S. last week. His production of "Faust" is most elaborate scenically and electrically.

A Varied Career

Mr. Wilfred Clarke, now playing at the Orpheum, bears one of the most famous names in the dramatic world. He and his brother Creston, also an actor of note, are sons of the distinguished comedian John Sleeper Clarke, whose impersonations of Dr. Pangloss and Sir Wellington de Boots are remembered with pleasure by Eastern and English playgoers. Two theatres in Philadelphia and the Strand in London belong to John Sleeper Clarke. Wilfred Clarke received his education at Dulwich college in England, the college founded by Edward Alleyne who belonged to the company of which Shakespeare was a member. He was also a student at Notre Dame de Sainte Croix in Paris. Five years of seafaring life tired him of a sailor's career and he turned to the profession of which his father and his uncle, Edwin Booth, were both shining lights. He made his debut at the Strand, London, in 1885, and when only nineteen years of age was principal comedian with Barry Sullivan. Later he joined the Booth-Barrett company, and in 1891 he became an independent star.

He was an Ideal Husband

It may not be generally remembered that Wilfred Clarke was once Victory Bateman's husband. Though they were divorced after some years of wedded life, Victory always said that in Clarke she had found an ideal husband. It was not many months ago that she declared to a newspaper reporter that it had taken her many years to find it out but she was quite sure that the man she wedded and then divorced—referring to Clarke—was the man of all men she loved the best. She said that he was a man of rare tenderness and faithfulness, and it had taken five years of separation and another matrimonial experience to teach her that the greatest mistake she ever made was in securing her divorce. As I remember the case, even during the progress of the suit for separation Victory and Wilfred remained on the best of terms. The latter would not believe, until the papers were actually drawn, that the former wished a severance of her marital bonds. But Victory wanted a divorce as some actresses crave a diamond necklace or a chameleon pin. She had no real grievance, but to get her wish she sacrificed the ideal husband she afterwards so bitterly regretted.

Good Literature For Almost Nothing

The Northern Pacific is noted among railways for its advertising matter. Its pamphlets, folders, booklets., etc., are tastefully gotten up and are valuable for what they contain. Here is a partial list of what MR. CHAS. S. FEE, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn., will send out, carefully mailed, upon receipt of prices given. Any combination can be made, and money or express orders, silver or stamps will be accepted.

This is a fine opportunity to obtain good descriptive reading matter for little or nothing.

WONDERLAND 1901— An annual publication beautifully illustrated in color and half-tone. This number treats particularly of the history of the Northern Pacific's Trademark, the Custer Battlefield in Montana, and the Yellowstone Park.	Send Six Cents.
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Victory and Aubrey

It was no surprise to San Francisco and Portland theatre-goers when Amy Busby, otherwise Mrs. Aubrey Boucicault, brought suit for divorce against the handsome Aubrey, mentioning Victory Bateman, then Mrs. Clarke, as the co-respondent. When they were playing together at Stockwell's and at the Cordray their infatuation was town talk. Amy Busby, who is also known here, was the daughter of a Rochester harness-maker before she made her debut as an actress. She became acquainted with Aubrey Boucicault when they were playing with Stuart Robson. They fell in love and were married, but it was only a short time before Victory's image effaced that of Amy in Aubrey's heart. The last I remember hearing of the fascinating Victory was as the wife of Harry Tweed Mestayer.



Miss Grace Dudley, as Lady Holyrood, in "Florodora," at the Columbia

Mrs. Humphrey Ward has made a play out of her book, "Eleanor," which is to say, she has used the novel as the foundation for a play, rather than that she has dramatized it. Messrs Liebler & Co., have secured all rights, and there are rumors that Mrs. Pat Campbell is to appear in the title role.

There is no Jealousy There

A contemporary recently stated in referring to the Neills' farewell week:

> It is to be noted that Miss Dean, the true star of the company, drew small parts in the final bill. There is such a thing as succeeding too well to please the authorities.

Now this allegation, from what I have heard from inside sources of information, is not in any sense the real case. If ever there were a company in which petty jealousy never entered it is the Neill company. It is the manager's aim to distribute parts so that each one during the season will have a chance. Therefore every member of the company expects, and is not disappointed therein, one or more prominent parts in each city where the company plays. Miss Chapman is often cast for insignificant roles, and when Miss Dean gets one she knows it is part of her "stent." By the way, it is said that the charming Julia is to be star next season. I am not at all sure she is doing the best for herself in entertaining such a proposition. Many a clever stock actress has gone all to pieces, critically speaking, when attempting to star.

M. L. Alsop, the Alcazar's new leading man, is, I predict, going to be a great hit with the theatre's patrons. He is such a fine, manly man, and so magnetic. In "Liberty Hall" he has a role—Mr. Owen—that suits his individuality. Miss Alberta Converse also promises to become a favorite, and the new soubrette, Miss Lamont, is vivacious and pretty.

A Californian Coon Shouter

Harry Allen, who makes his appearance at the Chutes Monday night, will have a big crowd to give him a hearty welcome, for he has any number of friends in this city. Mr. Allen has a very fine baritone voice, nevertheless he modestly disclaims any desire for grand operatic distinction, simply calling himself a "coon shouter." He sings in white face and his repertory includes all the popular successes in ragtimes, and some new ones.

Ruth White and Lillian Coleman, both Californian girls, are singing the leading feminine roles in "The Burgomaster" in Indianapolis this week. —*The Playgoer.*

Don't drink Jesse Moore Whiskey unless you want the best.

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Attractions Next Week

"Florodora" will have another fortnight at the Columbia, and there is good reason to believe it will play to packed houses on every night of the seven.

Another in Joseph Haworth's series of Shakespearean productions will be given at the Grand Opera House next week. His "Hamlet" should be a most intelligent and impressive interpretation. Shakespeare at popular prices is something the public may well show its appreciation for by large attendance. Mr. Haworth's support is excellent, and "Hamlet" is to be as magnificently mounted as this week's play "The Merchant of Venice." Monday ushers in Haworth's last week at the Grand, after which will follow "The Little Minister" with Herschel Mayall as Gavin and Laura Nelson Hall as Babbie.

That ever merry, ever favorite fun-maker, "Too Much Johnson," will be the Alcazar's bill next week. The new people have caught on, and Mr. Alsop in Gillette's role is sure to make a hit in the leading part.

"Kidnaped" will be succeeded at the Central by the dear old melodrama "Beacon Lights."

"Nabucco," to satisfy the demand, will be put on again at the Tivoli next week, and will alternate with "The Masked Ball." Strong casts have been chosen to sing the principal roles, and as usual the operas will be finely mounted and costumed. "La Boheme," with Montarini and Agostini in their original roles, will be produced soon.

The Orpheum will have the sisters O'Meers as the star attraction next week. They are twin wonders on the tight wire and come direct from the London Hippodrome. Two clever comedians, Mitchell and Bernhard, are new here and Joe, Myra and Buster Keaton will present a jolly farcical act "The Man with the Table." Buster is only five years old but he is said to be, like sentimental Tommy, a wonder. Belle Thorne, once a Tivoli prima donna, will be another strong card, and the best of this week's novelties will be retained.

The Playgoer.

The Musical Pirate

Once more the "Musical Pirate" is in our midst. This time he hails from Massachusetts and has located in Oakland, where he has associated himself with some well known musicians.

What they will say or think when they find out what unprofessional and contemptible means he is employing to build up a business in Oakland, is easy of conjecture. This "Musical Pirate" attends concerts, as he did at the Alhambra theatre on the evening of September twentieth, given by the San Francisco Conservatory of Music. After securing addresses, he calls on such students immediately after, runs down the work done by the teacher, and promises wonders if they will only accept *his* services instead. Fortunately he met with intelligent parents and pupils, who only scorned his method of trying to build up a business by defrauding others. The sooner the profession recognizes the "Musical Pirate" in their midst and give him the wide berth he so deserves, the better for us all, for a man who resorts to such low methods can neither be depended upon as a teacher nor a gentleman.

Owing to the many vicissitudes and the jealousies so manifest in the musical profession, we should all try to elevate it, and not lend a helping hand to such disgraceful methods as adopted by this "Musical Pirate."

E. S. Bonelli.

Artistic Framing

There is a good deal more in framing a picture than one fancies. The finest work of art in an inharmonious setting is practically ruined. One of the most interesting sections of Gump's art rooms, 113-115 Geary street, is the framing room. Here one may see how different a picture looks when it is unframed.

Leaders of the ton prefer Chapin & Gore's Old Reserve Bourbon and Rye Whiskies to any other brands.

The Horseless Carriage

Mr. W. M. Le Poer Trench, a justice of the peace in Sidney, Victoria, B. C., recently purchased a Locomobile from the local company. He took it north with him on the *Walla Walla*, and took a run in it from Victoria on the same day. It is a twenty-mile run to Sidney and the roads were wet for some miles and covered with loose sand in parts of the road, but Mr. Trench writes that he covered the distance in forty-five minutes, ten times faster than it is usually made with a horse-drawn carriage. Mr. Trench further writes that he has had his Loco out every day since his arrival and has experienced no trouble whatever with horses.

The swiftest launch on the bay is George Knight's property, and now Mr. Knight will be the owner of the handsomest auto in the bunch. It is a Locomobile, double-seated and handsomely finished.

If our Episcopal visitors wish to see San Francisco in all its parts in the least time, instead of doing it in a carriage or an observation car they will take an autommy, as they call it in London. In a Locomobile manned by H. T. McKnight of the company I enjoyed such a birdseye run the other day, practically the whole city being scoured within the space of two hours and a half. The run out Van Ness avenue and over the Presidio reservation was most inspiriting, that to the Park not less so. However, it will be long before a Park run will be truly enjoyable to chaffeurs; not until the liberty of all its drives is given to the autommy and its driver.

A Californian just returned from New York says it seems absurd to see horses still hitched to delivery wagons out here, while the auto delivery wagon is the only thing used in New York.

—The Chaffeur.

The well known Fachutar Mandolin School and Orchestra has re-opened for the Fourth Season, 1901–1902. To guarantee promptness, all engagements must be made at the Studio, 718 Post street. Telephone Polk 1575. School hours 10 a.m. to 5 p. m.



Mr. W. M. Le Poer Trench, Sidney, Victoria, B. C., driving in his No. 2 "Locomobile."

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Music World

The music tomorrow, at St. Mary the Virgin, Steiner and Union streets, will be: 11 a. m., Rosewig's Mass in G; offertory, soprano and tenor duet, "I will magnify Thee, O God," Mosenthal, sung by Mrs. Taaffe and Mr. Rosekrans. 4 p.m. vespers, Gregorian psalms, O Salutaris and Tantum Ergo, arranged by Mr. Pratt, the organist and director; Ave Verum from Adlam's Missa de Sanctis; Ave Maria, Righini, sung by Miss A. E. Birchler, contralto.

"Nabucco"

At the Tivoli last week "Nebucco" drew good houses and expressions of pleasure were heard on all sides regarding the music. Salassa, who had the title role, seemed however not to have a part that was equal in any degree to his capability. Dado's High Priest of the Jews was beyond his ordinary degree of excellence and I have never liked his voice so well as in this part. Napoleoni was an impressive figure as the High Priest of Baal, as was also Barbareschi in the part of the slave Abegaille. Poletini as Ferrena, daughter of Nebucco, was good and Cortesi did a good part as Ismaile. The opera is not Verdiesque however, if I may be allowed to coin a word, and compared with his later operas is weak. Some of the music is pleasing, nevertheless, and the chorus of captive Jews on the banks of the Jordan was excellent and was enthusiastically applauded.

A Fortnight's Music

The concerts that have taken place during the past fortnight are a good example of what is before us and almost at our doors. It bids fair to be as busy a winter season musically as we have had here for a long time. On Thursday of last week William Piutti gave one of his interesting piano recitals preparatory to taking up his work on this side of the bay for the winter term. The program was selected from Schumann, who by the way, is quite often conspicuous by his absence from most public programs, and Mr. Piutti played the Sonata in G minor opus 22 in four movements.

The same evening St. Paul's church choir gave a fine concert with an interesting program. The choir did some very effective concerted work and the Colonial quartet of ladies' voices—Mrs. Mead, Misses Kerr, Roberts and Arden—sang Mozart's "Drink to me only with thine eyes" arranged for the quartet by H. J. Stewart, giving it with a perfect blending of tones and unanimity of phrasing that was harmonious and uncommonly pleasing in effect. A second number was also given by the same voices, "Old Folks at Home." The Colonials are doing admirable work. Miss E. M. Marks sang in good voice, "Dear Love when in Thy Arms" by Chadwick; Miss Elsie Arden, "The Captive Maid" (Lalo) and Miss Grace Marshall played a Moszkowski waltz.

Hullah-Barnhart

The concert given by Miss Annette Hullah, pianist, and Harry Barnhart, basso cantante, was well attended and proved a most artistic and pleasurable entertainment. Miss Hullah is a pupil of Leschitizky and comes to us heralded by such testimonials of superior training and uncommon talent and acquirements, that some of us were a bit disappointed in the program, finding it to be of an order that would be only the ordinary repertoire of many of our young San Francisco pianists. We are probably spoiled, we Californians, by the uncommon amount of talent found every day right in our midst, and it is perfectly true that there are many superior pianists right here in this city so that our ideals and standards of excellence are perforce fixed so high, it takes something beyond what we are used to, to arouse enthusiasm. Miss Hullah has a nice clean technique and plays a particularly pretty staccato. Her Grieg sonata was well done and the Chopin Rondo also deserves special mention as the difficulties were well handled. Miss Hullah is a tiny woman and the wonder is that with her delicate physique and baby hands she could do these things at all. Mr. Barnhart was an agreeable surprise and if he has come to stay, our concert bassos will have to look to their laurels for here is a formidable rival. His voice is full, rich and resonant and he sings with fine method and beautiful phrasing. "A Voice by the Cedar Tree," Boston, was a sublimely lovely bit of tone painting, while Handel's "O Ruddier than the Cherry" was one of those rollicking things that call for a big chest and unlimited breath. Mr. Barnhart will be welcomed at a second appearance.



The Chamberlain Recital

Belle Claire Chamberlain gave her first concert last Friday evening after a two years absence, which she has employed in study with Bloomfield-Zeisler and Teresa Carreno. That she has profited by such a course of training was evident to all who knew her before her departure for Europe, though her early training with Fred Zech Jr. gave promise of a brilliant future. Even so, Miss Chamberlain was a surprise, her work was so much beyond what was expected. She plays with a perfect surety of herself, an absence of nerves and a splendid grasp acquired only by long, patient and intelligent study. She opened her program with the Sonata Characteristique of Beethoven, "L'Adieu L'Absence Le Retour" and played it with rare expression. The Chopin numbers were given in strict tempo and showed effectually her training as one could see many of Madame Carreno's little peculiarities in Miss Chamberlain's handling of favorite concert numbers, notably "The Butterfly" etude and Berceuse. The Tschaikowski Nocturne was one of her finest numbers and was given with delightful facility and delicate shading. There is in her playing an abandon and power that are surprising. It was an excellent program artistically rendered.

The Minetti string quartet always contributes to our musical season a high class of music, and indeed to Mr. Minetti's work in the direction of adding to our musical culture thanks are certainly due. This season a new series of chamber music concerts has been announced by the quartet. A very fine set of programs has been arranged. The first concert will be given on Saturday afternoon, October twelfth.

Something new in musical events is the graduating song recital, which serves to show the efficiency acquired by a pupil who has gone through an entire conservatory course. Such a recital will be given next Monday evening in Sherman-Clay hall by Miss Helen Colburn Heath, graduate of the Von Meyerinck School of Music. Miss Heath will sing in Italian, French and German, and will give explanatory remarks in connection with the composers represented.

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Liszt was the first pianist who played whole programs by heart. Weber seems to have been the first conductor who was able to get along without a score. An accident proved this. At Dresden one evening Mozart's "Magic Flute" was to be given, conducted by Weber. The moment to begin was drawing near when it was observed that the score of the opera had not been placed on the director's desk. There was great consternation among the musicians. The Court was expected to arrive at any moment and the orchestra well knew that Frederick August would be enraged did their instruments not burst into harmony as soon as he appeared. The anxiety extended to the audience. Caroline, the wife of Weber, looked at the empty desk before her husband with agitation. Weber saw the danger, but smiled, and without losing sang froid, sent some one to search for the score; but the Court entered at about the same instant. Weber glanced at his trembling wife to reassure her, grasped his baton, gave the signal to begin, and conducted the entire first act of the opera from memory without a note of the music, with his usual vigor and ability, even amusing the orchestra by pretending to turn the pages at the proper moment. The affair soon became noised about and reached the ears of the Royal Family, who personally overwhelmed Weber with compliments.

Hans Richter, the celebrated Wagner conductor, attended as an auditor a performance of "Tristan and Isolde," that intense love poem which breathes passion and fire in every chord.

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It has Re-organized

The San Francisco Oratorio Society, which for some months past has been disbanded, has re-organized under the old name with the following officers: President, Mr. Aber S. Wiester; vice president, Rev. J. George Gibson; secretary, Miss M. L. Malgren; treasurer, Mr. Walter R. Kneiss; assistant treasurer, Mr. Vere S. Richards; voice committee, Mrs. Kate Parks, Miss Stella Werner, Mr. James E. Gordon, Mr. W. R. Kneiss; concert manager, Mr. George Hooke; entertainment committee, Miss Sadie M. Cortelyou, Miss Gertrude Baldwin, Mr. J. V. Camp. A large advisory committee is being organized. Mr. James Hamilton Howe is the director, and Miss Mabel Gordon accompanist. The first work to be taken up is Handel's "Messiah" and the rehearsals will be held in Mission hall, 2131 Mission street, between Seventeenth and Eighteenth. Mr. Howe invites all reliable chorus singers who wish to take part in the coming production of "The Messiah," to send their names to the secretary Miss M. L. Malgren, 2337 Howard street, or to the director, Mr. Howe, at 131 Post street.

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World of Letters

They Have Their Value

This is the way the London *Saturday Review* begins a criticism of William Dean Howells' last book, "A Pair of Patient Lovers:" "The most attractive part of this collection of short stories is their cover, which would be quite fine in a cheap way if the medallion of the author might be eliminated. That medallion and a colored frontispiece of the same stolid, unsympathetic features serve to prepare a reader for what lies before him." It is not so many years ago since Howell was ranked as the first of the American novelists, and his books were run after in proportionately the same degree as the "Richard Carvels" and "David Harums" of this later day. But times have changed and romance has taken the place of every day obviousness. People have grown tired of reading about themselves and their neighbors and the ones in the next block. Whether it is the result of all the recent wars, or only a natural reaction, the fact remains that this is the day of romance and adventure. None the less, the best of the Howells school of novels will have their value to the student of manners long after the present outburst of Revolutionary and Colonial tales, to say nothing of those located in the land of the imagination, shall have passed into their speedy oblivion.

The Magic of a Name

The Appletons announce that amongst the papers left by the author of "David Harum" there was found another complete story which they will shortly issue in book form, with photographs, illustrations, etc. The title of the new book is "The Teller," and from the name, it will be guessed that it concerns banking affairs. "The Teller" will not be a complete surprise to the reading world, since it was published in *Lippincott's* immediately after the appearance of "David Harum." It is a short story of the average magazine length, and beyond the fact that it was written by the author of one of the popular crazes of the day, there is nothing in it to attract attention. It will take a considerable quantity of padding in the way of wide margins, illustrations, biographical notes and "identifications" to spread it out enough to warrant its being put between covers. There are a few score of stories just as good published every month, and they do not have to be very good to be that, either; and there are at least a dozen better ones, which are forgotten almost as soon as they appear. The magic of a name will save "The Teller" from that fate.

From the Land of Spooks

Chicago has a new magazine entitled "The Name on the Sky." It is devoted to spiritualism, and the first number contains "contributions" from George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Socrates,

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Queen Victoria and St. Paul. Future numbers, it is promised, will contain messages from Luther, Judas Iscariot, St. John and Horace Greeley. At all events there is variety, but it is to be hoped that the illustrious dead will not show such a lamentable falling off in language as is generally the case. St. John, for example, should avoid modern slang. I remember to have seen once a communication from Robert Burns, in which he complained that he "didn't never meet up with Jean," which is not the manner in which Bobby would have expressed himself while living, and does not say much for the purity of diction in the other, if not better land. The worse than doggerel jingles attributed to Shakespeare by some of the believers in the spiritualistic cult ought to settle forever the Shakespeare–Bacon controversy, for they are beneath the intellect of a six-year old. If the really great minds show such lamentable deterioration, one trembles to think what the fate of the average horde is to be.

Freaks in Typography

Recent book sales show a remarkable falling off in the prices obtained for Kelmscott press publications and others gotten out in similar style. It has been discovered that in spite of all that has been said of the beauty and art of these books they make hard reading. There are professional collectors who can afford to pay large sums for freaks, or who profess to believe that there is some hidden virtue in uncut books, but the average book buyer wants to read his books for the ideas they contain and he wants to get at these with the minimum of exertion and waste of eyesight. It is generally conceded now that defective sight is largely the result of poor paper and imperfect print, and the subject of substituting Roman type for German letter is seriously discussed in that country, where it is said that amongst school children, those whose eyes are affected outnumber those who have approximately normal vision. Some of our American publishers who have been indulging in freaks of typography, under the impression that they were making their pages attractive, are apt to discover that the first use of a book is to be read. The decorative and ornamental effects are a secondary consideration, and readers who have to go on an exploring expedition amongst ornamental borders, scroll work and fancy lettering, in search of words are apt to let the book go unread, and worse still, from the publishers' point of view, unpurchased.

What to do with the Money?

The practice of honoring dead authors by means of tablets, "shrines" and other methods of public recognition has been carried to excess of late years. Any possible excuse has been enough to provide a celebration of some sort, and the suspicion arises whether it has not been, at least in some cases, desire to pose by the living rather than to preserve the memory of the dead which has been at the bottom of the matter. Funds for the purpose of affixing a memorial tablet to the house in which Charles Baudelaire was born were recently collected in Paris, and then it was discovered that the house itself had

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been pulled down. The next proposition was to mark the house in which he died, but that has proved impracticable, since it has been turned into a lunatic asylum. Now the memorialists are at something of a loss to determine what to do with the funds.

The Thirteen Puzzle

Armand Charpentier has attempted to defy the thirteen superstition by having his latest book, which he has called "Les Treize Jours d'Annette," set up by thirteen compositors, bound by thirteen bookbinders, printed by thirteen machines in thirteen editions and published June thirteenth. It is to be hoped that more than thirteen copies will be sold. A somewhat similar attempt was once made to prove the absurdity of the superstition that Friday is an unlucky day, especially for seafaring folk. Every important detail of the work of building a vessel was done, or at least, begun on Friday. She was called Friday, launched on Friday, and even a man named Friday was found to command her. She set out on her first voyage on a Friday and was never heard of again, so that instead of disproving the superstition, she became, herself, one of the most powerful arguments in its favor. The Charpentier book may fail or it may succeed, but the thirteen will neither help nor hinder the result. The freak is hardly startling enough to prove much of advertisement.

The success which has been met with by one of two books published anonymously has established the fad and now we are told that "When a Witch is Young," one of the latest of the publications from the house of R. F. Fenno & Co., is the work of a well known American author who has chosen to hide behind the pseudonmy, "4-19-69." It reminds one of the "S. T. 1860 X" which adorned dead walls in the early '60's.

A. M. Robertson, the local publisher, will shortly publish a volume of poems by Lionel Josephare, author of the "The Lion at the Well." The new volume is said to be a great advance on Mr. Josephare's former work.

—*The Bookworm.*

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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, October 12, 1901

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OUR OPINION

Tobin or Wells?

We are now in the throes of another municipal campaign. The privilege of selecting officers to manage our city government is vouchsafed us once more, and we are to determine whether we should have two years more of the same sort of administration of affairs as Mr. Phelan has given us, or fly to ills we know not of. It is perhaps not so pleasant a choice as we should like. Mr. Phelan has given us an honest administration. There was less stealing in the City Hall in the past two years than in any previous two years since the foundation of that rendezvous of rascals was laid. And yet there appears to be some doubt as to the popularity of this Administration. It is not difficult to trace the source of this scepticism. Mr. Phelan surrounded himself with unpopular puppets. His henchmen include cast-off politicians, professional reformers, shallow-pated clubmen and perpetual job-chasers. People find it hard to credit such men with pure motives even when they refrain from being crooked. The supposition is that they were good merely because they hoped for political reward, and looked upon Phelan as the god from whom all blessings of that sort flow. But in selecting a candidate for Mayor from among the incumbent officials, the Democratic convention discriminated wisely. Mr. Joseph Sadoc Tobin is not one of the men who contributed to the unpopularity of the Administration. Nobody thought of questioning his motives at any time during his term as a Supervisor. He has proved himself an able and an independent official, zealous in the discharge of his duties, and refreshingly free from the smug hypocrisy characteristic of some of his associates. Though a man of wealth there is no doubt as to his democracy, or that in the event of his election the city government will be free from the influence of disreputable bosses. Mr. Tobin's opponent is an affable old gentleman who recently adopted a political career as a means of livelihood. He was nominated with the distinct understanding that he would give Dan Burns a "fair shake." The question of the advisability of nominating him was under serious discussion for a long time because Colonel Burns feared that he would be controlled exclusively by his mentor, Martin Kelly. The Colonel was assured, however, that Mr. Wells would play no favorites, and with that understanding the old gentleman was nominated.

The Independent Newspaper

Some years ago when Arthur McEwen was publishing a weekly paper in this city he took occasion to explain the very intimate relationship existing between the business office and the editorial sanctum of the average daily. Mr. McEwen was a very interesting and bitter scoffer. Though a journalist by profession it pleased him to sneer at journalism as it was conducted in this city, and he seemed to derive a deal of satisfaction from pointing out that the newspapers that posed as moulders of public opinion had their own opinions moulded in the business office. He contended that the merchants of San Francisco ruled the press, because the press did not dare to antagonize the advertisers. If what Mr. McEwen said was true then there was no such thing as liberty of the press in this city. If a newspaper feels that it must consult its patrons before expressing an opinion, its liberty is restricted. And if all the newspapers of a city are so restricted in the exercise of their chief function then the people of that city should be commiserated, for if all the newspapers are devoted to the interests of a single element in a community, they may not safeguard the interests of the remainder. The readers of *McEwen's Letter* jeered with him when he jeered at the so-called hypocrites of the press. It pleased them to regard the editors of the city as poseurs whose pretentions to independence were without foundation. And yet, perhaps, those that jeered the most believed that they would exult in the opportunity to support an independent paper, a paper whose editor would rather advocate what he believed to be right than secure a hundred new advertising patrons. But since the time of *McEwen's Letter* there appears to have been a change of sentiment in certain quarters. A newspaper has had the temerity to ignore the interests of its advertising patrons and to espouse the cause of those that not only do not advertise, but that even cannot afford to subscribe. It was an unusual exhibition of journalistic independence, and it aroused the widespread indignation of many of the most cultured and reputable members of our community. Perhaps their indignation was justified. Perhaps in this particular instance the policy of the newspaper was adverse to the general interests of the community. But at any rate the fact was demonstrated that the policy of the paper was not dictated by the men of money. It was made evident to them that a newspaper could have the courage to oppose

their interests. But such courage is not to their liking. They immediately entered into a fatuous combination to crush the paper. As its course tended to temporarily injure their interests they frantically demanded its suppression. Town Talk has no desire to enter into a discussion of the question of the justice of the principle espoused by the paper. But being in the journalistic profession ourselves, and being somewhat less pessimistic than Mr. McEwen, we like to call the attention of the scoffers to the fact that the business office is not always the source of the editor's inspiration; that there is such a thing as independence in the newspaper business. We are prepared to admit that it is possible for that independence to lead to abuses, for unfortunately editors are not endowed with the divine attribute of infallibility, but we respectfully submit that those newspapers that are immune to the persuasive influence of the business office are of greater benefit to a community than those that echo the sentiments of their advertising patrons; that the independent newspaper which is sometimes wrong is more to be commended than the subsidized journal which is right only when righteousness is profitable.

Time to Retire Her

If Dorothy Studebaker possessed the intelligence of the average woman she could capitalize the notoriety which she has been vouchsafed by the dailies and which she seems to enjoy. In view of the fact that Dorothy has nothing to commend her to public attention except a face of by no means surpassing beauty, it is hardly fair to the readers of the dailies to keep thrusting her upon them. The latest story about her was published this week. It is to the effect that a young actor expects to marry her, and that her first husband has been invited to officiate as best man. If the young woman conceived this plan it is the first indication of originality that she has given. Everything else that she has done may be characterized as commonplace. But the selection of her first husband as a functionary at her second marriage is somewhat of a novelty, and it bespeaks the cold-blooded nature which is common to unsentimental women. But Miss Studebaker has never done anything which might give the impression that she was sentimental. And a woman devoid of sentiment is uninteresting. If she had separated from young McKeown because of her love for another man, she would at least be credited with the possession of a heart, and a woman with a heart is never despised. Her animal emotions and flamboyant passions may produce a shock but never a shudder. Even the Princess Chimay has sympathizers. There is a sincerity about her which is more to be admired than the morality of the Berliners, who according to Heine were moral because they sat in snow up to the navel. Miss Studebaker tried to capitalize her notoriety by going on the stage but she was a failure. She didn't have the talent to succeed. Her only success in life was in luring a hollow-headed spendthrift to the altar, and thereby securing a brief reign of prosperity. She soon made herself unattractive to all but the morbid by courting publicity. There is no good reason for the chronicling of her doings. To give publicity to her escapades is to exalt her, for it implies that she is a personage of some importance, whereas she is a woman of inferior instincts who attracted attention by becoming the wife of a conspicuous fool.

Roosevelt's Good Beginning

Immediately after taking his oath of office, President Roosevelt announced his intention of following in the footsteps of his predecessor, and of carrying out so far as possible the policy of Mr. McKinley. President Roosevelt's conduct thus far has reassured the country. The young President is exhibiting the right sort of precocity. He is endearing himself to the people in a manner that bids fair to establish him as a popular idol, and yet there is a refreshing absence of affectation about everything he does. Everyone entertains for him the highest hopes. Even political partisanship impels not a wish for political blunders. His most significant act so far was his appointment of Thomas Goode Jones, ex-Governor of Alabama, to a district judgeship in that state. Judge Jones is a Democrat who has distinguished himself by his sterling integrity. During the Civil War he served with distinction in the Confederate army Evidently President Roosevelt believes with Cleveland and Harrison that the bench should be removed from politics. So long as he strives for the purity of the judiciary we can afford to extenuate mistakes that might otherwise provoke harsh criticism.

Why Men Like Women

Mr. R. Pike, in an article on "Why Men Like Women" in the *Cosmopolitan*, tells us that the quality in woman which first attracts a man's more serious attention is the quality of responsiveness. Mr. Pike is somewhat vague. The quality of responsiveness in women is not uniform. Some women respond to one thing and some to another. And a women's capacity for responsiveness is not always apparent at first blush. Moreover there are women that are somewhat too responsive, and they repel rather than allure. Women are subtle creatures and you cannot always tell whether their responsiveness is real or feigned. Perhaps Mr. Pike is one of those egotistic chaps who pride themselves on their ability to analyze a woman's nature in the first interview. The fact is that a man's serious attention is frequently attracted by qualities which exist only in his imagination. In most cases the quality of responsiveness is in the man, and it is aroused by the woman; sometimes by her clothes and the way she wears them, and not infrequently by the size of her prospective dot. Mr. Pike may be a shrewd philosopher, but he wastes too much space trying to solve the problem as to why men like women. They like them because they cannot help it.

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The Vanished Vintage

WHEN the hopes that we cherish, the dreams that we dream
And the joys that defraud us are dead;
When the Past only mocks us and never a beam
From the close-curtained Future is shed;
When we falter and fall as we grope in the gloom,
And our feet with the thistles are torn;
When the cankers of conscience begin to consume—
Do we over our misery mourn?

Yea, we weep as we think of the cups that we crushed
From the rich, ruddy grapes of the Past;
And we dream in the dark of the faces that flushed
With a beauty that laughed at the blast;
In the long, lonely night and the desolate day—
When our folly and fate we deplore—
Oft the ghosts of past pleasures stalk to us and say
If you could, you would do as before.

OCTOBER, 1901 LOUIS A. ROBERTSON

The Saunterer

Roosevelt Philosophy

Now that Teddy Roosevelt is President it is interesting to give ear to the utterances of his younger manhood. Shortly after leaving college, he entered upon his political career, and was elected a member of the New York Legislature. After a brief experience he began writing articles on politics for the *Century* magazine. From these it appears that he was quick to familiarize himself with the ways of the politician. The burden of his plaint is that the machine politician is given too much sway, and that the respectable element does not take a sufficient interest in affairs of state. From his early writings I have excerpted the following philosophical paragraphs:

Workingmen whose lives are passed in one unceasing round of narrow and monotonous toil are inclined to pay heed to the demagogues and professional labor advocates who promise if elected to try to pass laws to better their condition; they are hardly prepared to understand or approve the American doctrine of government which is that the state has no business whatever to attempt to better the condition of a man or set of men, but has merely to see that no wrong is done him or them by anyone else, and that all alike are to have a fair chance in the struggle for life.

A merchant or a manufacturer works his business, as a rule, purely for his own benefit without any regard whatever for the community at large; the merchant uses all his influence for a low tariff, and the manufacturer is even more strenuously in favor of protection, not at all from any theory of abstract right but because of self-interest.

In all the large cities of the north the wealthier, or, as they would prefer to style themselves, the "upper" classes tend distinctly toward the bourgeois type.

The commercial classes are only too likely to regard everything merely from the standpoint of "Does it pay?" and many a merchant does not take any part in politics because he is short-sighted enough to think that it will pay him better to attend purely to making money.

Many cultured men neglect their political duties because they are too delicate to have the element of "strike back" in their natures.

No debutante during her first winter in society has a more exacting round of social duties to perform than has a prominent ward politician.

I should say that the chances of an honest man being retained in public office were about ten per cent better than if he were dishonest, other things being equal.

It is an actual fact that nine out of ten of our wealthy and educated men who occupy what is called a good social position, are really ignorant of the nature of a caucus or a primary meeting, and never attend either.

There seems to be a certain lack of virility, the unmanly absence of the robuster virtues, in our educated men.

Polly Dunn's Marriage Program

"What's Polly Dunn going way off to Honolulu to be married for?" demand the cantankerous tea-tabbies whom nothing but juicy gossip will satisfy. Then they leer at each other with knowing looks. "Because Harry Macfarlane can't come up from Honolulu?" "Um, mum, mum, well, I don't know; he runs up here whenever so inclined just to pay his devoirs." "Then it's because her sister is going on a trip around the world and will have the Honolulu chance to be present at the wedding in December and her brother-in-law will have the chance to give her away?" "Um, mum, mum, well, I don't know; how about her being married here, and her sister postponing her world's tour for a few weeks and Polly's own father giving her away?" Then the exasperating tea-tabbies all wink knowingly and harp on the phrase of "her own father giving her away." They aver, with a great pursing of brows and a show of cacodemoniac intelligence that Polly Dunn is going to Honolulu to wed just because she doesn't want her father to give her away at the altar.

Papa Dunn has stoutly declared, so they positively assert, that if he exercises his privileges at the altar of bestowing his handsome daughter on groom

Engraved Wedding Announcements and Invitations

ROBERTSON, 126 Post Street San Francisco

Macfarlane, his new wife, the step-mother of the Dunn children, must be present at the ceremony. "Anyone who knows what the Dunn children think of their new mother-in-law," chorus the tea-tabbies, "knows what Polly would say to such a proposition. And so she's going off to Honolulu so as to cut all such chances of having the new Mrs. Dunn present at the ceremony, and her sister, Mrs. Dutton, will chaperone her to the altar and her brother-in-law, Mr. Dutton, will give her away instead of her father." This gossip, in a way, bears out the wedding program. The wedding party, consisting of Polly Dunn, Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Dutton, Miss Gertrude Dunn, a cousin, and Miss Maye Coburn will leave here for Honolulu on November seventeenth. Miss Coburn will act as maid of honor at the ceremony. The tea-tabbies don't say what the manager of the American Biscuit company thinks of this revolutionary arrangement, but they have decided that he ought to "lie low" and let Polly have her own way at her own marriage as he did pretty much as he pleased at his own very quiet marriage some months ago.

Mrs. Mill's Ambition

Emma Nevada has just written to a friend here that she is going to leave her daughter in Paris and visit her own country again on a concert tour. Her daughter, she writes proudly, "is the tallest and finest looking girl in Paris and she is studying to follow my profession. I am glad she has such a fine physique: it is typical of our Californian girls. Don't you remember what a magnificent presence both Sybil Sanderson and Marie Barna (before she married and retired) have on the stage?" If the daughter scores one-half the success of her famous mother it will be a great feather in the cap of California and incidentally of Mrs. Mills. Both Emma Nevada and Marie Barna were "Mills girls" and Mrs. Mills is prouder of their success than of her seminary. Indeed, in a way, their international success fired her ambition to discover a third song bird and make it "the THREE famous Mills girls." For years she has been hunting through her classes and the country for this third girl. She wants to prepare, develop and launch her in the world of song. She counts the cost as nothing so long as she can gratify her ambition before she dies and give the world a third famous singer from Mills seminary.

A Barnard Characteristic

The lucky girl gifted with the right voice will find herself treated like a Princess and all her wishes granted gratis so long as she will carry out one end of the contract—sing like an angel and grace the throne occupied by Emma Nevada and Marie Barna, the two other Mills queens of song. Marie Barna's sister went to the seminary and for a time it was fondly hoped that she would prove the long sought treasure. She graduated three years ago and developed a good voice but she had no taste for a stage career and favored friends are the only ones who hear its delight ful qualities. Julia Barnard, another sister, now Mrs. Jack Shainwald, who resides in Chicago, has a magnificent voice. Mrs. Rosewald always claimed that it was superior to Marie's but Mrs. Shainwald likewise had a distaste for public appearance and notwithstanding many tempting offers made her she refused to sing except in private. This retirement is a strong characteristic of the Barnard girls. Marie always resolutely subordinated it to her ambition to win a great success on the operatic stage. But once that was won she yielded to her inclination for a home life and retirement, for right on the heels of her greatest success she married and left the stage. There is none of that element in Emma Nevada's composition, for all her life she has assiduously courted stage success, marriage being merely incidental, and now she is rearing her daughter to follow her own career.

Some Rare Jewels

On her recent trip abroad with John Mackay, Mrs. Mackay created quite a stir among the Parisians, wearing some of her most beautiful jewels. The gems that attracted the greatest admiration were the two famous black pearls set as earrings. This is not to be wondered at for they start feminine sighs of envy and wonder wherever they go. There is nothing like them in the world of gemuary. They cost fifty thousand dollars, but much more than that sum could not purchase them now. For, like the two great black pearls in Kipling's "Naulahka" that Nicholas Tarvin journeyed so far to capture from the Maharajah of Rhatore, they have acquired great fame, a fame that money cannot buy. The only local jewels to compare with them are the diamond solitaire earrings of Mrs. Water Dean Sr., two magnificent gems. Mrs. Walter Dean, by the way, has the most superb collection of gems in town. It is not so large, perhaps, as some of the others but each jewel in it is a selected gem. Mr. Dean was a partner of Shreve and when he drew out of the firm he took his share in selected jewels. These two diamond solitaires are the gems of the lot though there is a necklace that would grace a queen's casket. The earrings are so lustrous and attractive that Mrs. Dean always wears gold clasps over them whenever she is going from her residence to the the opera or any outside function. Mrs. Dean presented her daughter-in-law with a number of beautiful jewels at the time of her marriage but Mrs. Walter Dean Jr. declares the finest possession in her collection is the little son recently born to her.

Showered with Linen

The "linen shower" seems to be superceding the teacup party as a souvenir function for bride-elects. Miss Barbour Ewing, one of Stockton's fair daughters, who is to be married this month to Mr. Harry Marsh, was given such a party this week by Miss Genevieve Peters. As it was something new to Stockton society, the hostess contrived to have it a surprise to the bride elect who was showered with the pretty bits of linen as she entered the rooms.

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THE WORLD OVER

The Episcopalians

The ecclesiastic and lay delegates to the Episcopal convention have certainly made a hit with the people of this city. In the words of a man about town who was discussing them the other day, "They appear to have had a little of the Pierpont Morgan spirit instilled to them; there are no cheap men among them." And it has been remarked that they have afforded a pleasing contrast to some of the Epworth Leaguers in the matter of liberality. They have patronized the best hotels and the swellest restaurants, and have paid the highest prices without a murmur. There is an air of prosperity about them. They all look as though they wined and dined sumptuously. It is evident that Mr. Morgan is not the only gastronome among them. I should imagine that gout is not unknown among the clergymen of the Episcopal church.

He Lacked Capacity

Several stories of amusing incidents came to my ears during the week. In one of our large wholesale houses is employed a young married man who belongs to the Episcopal church, and who came hither from the East about a year ago. His employers have always regarded him as a model young man, because he was very attentive to his duties, and cared neither for liquor nor tobacco. One day last week he told his employers that he had been invited to lunch with some of the visiting clergymen whom he had known in the East and he asked for two hours off. The request was granted. The young man remained away from his desk three hours and when he returned he was laboring under a heavy jag. His astonished employers sent him to a Hamman bath, and despatched a note to his wife informing her that they had sent him out of town on business. They thought he had deceived them about the lunch, but made inquiries which satisfied them that he had not. It was merely a case of his being unable to carry as much wine as the clergymen.

Bishop Dudley's Song

Chief Justice Beatty of the Supreme Court invited some of his clerical friends and John Garber to lunch last Friday. Among the ecclesiastics was Bishop Dudley of Kentucky. Garber and the Bishop were classmates at college and they had not met in forty years. After cordial greetings, Bishop Dudley remarked, "Well John, I never thought that you would become the greatest lawyer west of the Missouri river."

"And I," was Garber's rejoinder, "never thought that you would become a bishop."

"It's forty years since we met," continued the clergyman, "I don't believe you can recall the occasion of our last meeting."

"Yes I can," said Garber with a merry twinkle in his eye. "It was at our class dinner, and you took off your clothes, mounted the table and sang 'Wilkins and His Dinah.'"

Only a Question of Distance

There is a very devout band of Episcopalians in this city who call themselves "Christian Catholics" and who are getting dangerously close to the Roman border. One of the curates of the Anglican chapel where the Christian Catholics worship was asked by a visiting Low Church bishop how far his congregation accepted the Roman Catholic ritual.

"I suppose you have the Rosary," observed the Bishop.

"Well, no," apologized the young Father, "we don't have the Rosary for a good reason. You see there are a good many children in our parish, and if we had the Rosary they'd think it just as easy to tell their beads in the Catholic church."

"And why so?" queried the Low Church light.

"Well, you see the Catholic sanctuary is not so far from their homes."

Bishop Willis' Fight

One of the most picturesque figures at the Episcopalian Convention this week has been the Bishop of Honolulu. He is about six feet two inches tall, hefts about one hundred and forty pounds and is thin in proportion. He wears the colonial garb of the Episcopal church, frock, knee breeches and leggings. His long gray whiskers and shovel-nosed hat combined with his slender figure and attentuated calves, have drawn all eyes to him as he moved along the streets or the lobby of the Palace hotel. Bishop Willis is here making a fight for his life. Opposed to him are almost all the Episcopalians in Hawaii. They say Bishop Willis is bossy, and a fossil. Also, they complain that his sermons are as long as the route to San Francisco from Hawaii, and that he is too orthodox and too much inclined to the splitting of theological hairs. My correspondent in Hawaii writes me that there is intense interest in the plan to oust Bishop Willis. For many years his congregation has been divided unevenly.

His Exclusive Congregation

The Cathedral, which is a charming one, is occupied on Sundays and feast days first by the Bishop and his followers, and then by what is called, "The Second Congregation of St. Andrew's Cathedral." Often the Bishop preaches to empty benches, though his wife is usually an interested auditor. The second congregation comprises all the other members of the parish, except the Bishop's wife and the organist. The Bishop's sermons usually run up to the "thirtiethly" and he seldom lets his wife off under the "fifteenthly". In preaching he addresses her and the organist as "My dearly beloved brethren," and urges them to greater zeal and to raise more money for missionary work. This is all right in the church, but at home Mrs. Bishop Willis wears the leggings. She makes the aged prelate stand around in lively manner and it is hinted that the dissensions in the congregation have been largely caused by the Bishop's better half.

There is only one reason why you shouldn't drink Jesse Moore "AA" Whiskey—That's because you have signed the pledge.

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When He Fired the Head Master

The Bishop conducts Iolani College, a school for boys, after the English fashion. Recently he had a Head Master, who was not so obedient as desired by the Bishop. He took some of the pupils to play in a certain field near the college one day and aroused the Bishop's anger. The Head Master told the Bishop to go to Beelzebub. The Bishop fired the Head Master, and the latter accused the Bishop of impounding several milkable animals, and getting the cream for some days without looking for the rightful owners. The Bishop is a fighter and Hawaiians are fearful that he may be returned to them for an indefinite period.

Pierpont's Great Sacrifice

A correspondent calls my attention to Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan's "remarkable devotion to the interests of the Episcopal church as exemplified by his attendance at the convention while his yacht, the *Columbia*, was racing for the cup." He also suggests that perhaps, if Mr. Morgan had desired he could have had the convention postponed until after the yacht races. I believe that my correspondent has an exaggerated notion of Mr. Morgan's influence. It is highly improbable that the Bishops would defer to the wishes of the great trust organizer. Being the Commodore of the New York Yacht club, as well as the owner of the *Columbia*, it was a great sacrifice on Mr. Morgan's part to attend a church convention instead of the races. But how much greater would it have been if he had come all the way to the coast without his cook?

More Scott Hospitality

Another story of Scott hospitality is in circulation. During the Episcopalian convention Bishop Nichols has been the guest of the Scotts and now it is said that somebody has been circulating the suggestion among the wealthy Episcopalians that they should subscribe to a fund to defray the expenses of the good Bishop. As the only indebtedness he could incur during the convention is such as might arise by reason of his occupancy of the Scott home, the supposition is that he has been enjoying the same sort of hospitality as that which was vouchsafed President McKinley. And there is a good deal of gossip anent the widespread suggestion of a subscription fund.

Jordan's Experience with Roosevelt

Mose Gunst is not the only friend of President Roosevelt on the Pacific coast. Mose met Teddy when they were police commissioners and they discussed department affairs, but David Starr Jordan of Palo Alto became quite intimate with Roosevelt in Charleston many years ago, and when the latter was Governor of New York, Jordan was his guest at the Executive Mansion. Jordan accepted an invitation to spend a night with the Roosevelts, but Teddy was not on hand to receive him. At a late hour he retired without seeing his host, but he was aroused about two o'clock in the morning by somebody jerking him out of bed and dancing round the room with him. It was the Governor who in this boisterous manner testified to his delight at having Jordan with him. President Jordan declares that Roosevelt is like a big, good-natured boy in his own home.

During this unsettled weather the visitors guard against sickness by draughts of Chapin & Gore's Old Reserve Whiskey.

Ivers-Scott Wedding

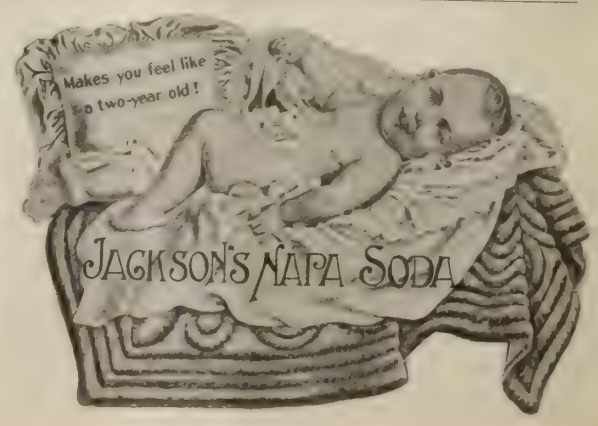
"Dick" Ivers and Miss Gertrude Scott have just enjoyed a very smart wedding in Honolulu. Tam McGrew, Major Potter, Philip Lansdale and Mr. Spalding acted as ushers and Miss Marion Scott, a sister of the bride, Miss Irwin and Miss Spalding as bridesmaids. The bride is the eldest daughter of Professor and Mrs. M. M. Scott. She is one of the most popular girls in the smart set of the islands, and is exceedingly fond of outdoor sports, being equally at home in the saddle and on the golf links. "Dick" Ivers is a well-known society clubman, connected with the big sugar and shipping firm of Wm. G. Irwin & Co., and a brother of Mrs. Billy Irwin.

The Gebhards

Fred Gebhard has his divorce and the absorbing question now is, What will he do with his liberty? I remember very well when Freddy married Miss Louise Morris. She was by no means the beauty the fulsome newspaper notices represented her to be, but her figure was fine and her breeding unquestionable. She had that air of distinction which is a peculiarity of Baltimore belles. When Miss Morris accepted Gebhard, she surprised her most intimate friends, who had fancied she liked another of her suitors better. This was Mr. Padelford, whose devotion was most ardent. The supposition was that she was attracted to Gebhard by the notoriety he had achieved through his intimacy with Mrs. Langtry. Gebhard never did recover from the shock caused by the British beauty's desertion. It was reported to have caused his moustache to turn white on one side. Though quite a dude Gebhard was a noted athlete and a man of undoubted courage.

A Trip to Manila

Bessie Cole is going to Manila to visit her sister Margaret, Mrs. Martin Crimmins. At first Mrs Crimmins thought of coming up and spending the winter here, but finally it was decided that Bessie should go down and pay a little visit in the Philippines and then the sisters would return together. It is possible, and indeed probable, that Bessie will return a bride. She is really much prettier than Margaret, being the fairest of blondes with hair several tints lighter than her sister's. Her health has been poor for the last two seasons, and the Manila trip should prove a restorer. The Crimmins' move in the army set, which is *the* set in Manila and the surrounding islands. Unless one



is in some way connected with the Army, it is absurd to expect to enter society at the Philippines. It is the Army that constitutes the Aristocracy, and though it is a self-constituted caste it is one that cannot be disregarded.

A Titled Bas Bleu

It is probable that the visit of Lady Sybil Cutting, who came hither on the Morgan special, was taken with a literary intent, for Lady Sybil belongs to the blue stocking set in London. Her articles and short stories have been published in London's leading weeklies. She is a very pretty woman, and with more vivacity in her composition than is possessed by the average young Englishwoman. Her father, Lord Desart, was known, before his succession to the peerage by the death of his elder brother, as "Ham" Cuffe, and he was a most popular man about town in his day. He has held many high appointments: Solicitor to the Treasury, Public Prosecutor and others of equal note. His wife was Lady Margaret Lascelles, sister to Lord Harewood. There is a daughter older than Sybil, and also married—Lady Joan Verney. When Lady Sybil announced her engagement to Bayard Cutting, United States Ambassador Choate's secretary, there was more than the usual amount of talk over the teacups. It seemed such an absurd thing for an Englishwoman of rank to marry an American. But Lady Sybil's venture was not without its precedent. London still remembers when Lady Mildred Bowes-Lyon, Lord Strathmore's daughter, married Mr. Jessup. The Cuttings will remain in California all winter.

To Visit His Old Home

Judge William P. Lawlor, of the Superior Court, starts for the East tomorrow to visit his old home in Paterson, New Jersey. The judge has not been home since boyhood days and he longs to visit the scenes of his youth. He worked in a mill in Paterson when a boy and never thought of choosing the law for a profession. It was only after having roughed it through the mines of this State that he settled down to the study of the law, his proficiency in which has been shown during his brief term on the bench. Before his accession to the bench, it was a tradition in the profession that only veteran practitioners in the criminal courts, men of vast experience, could handle the tricksters of the criminal bar, but Judge Lawlor has displayed an aptitude in the trial of criminal cases which has amazed the veterans. He has upset many of the old theories that enabled criminals to escape justice, and he is now recognized as the most reliable jurist on the criminal bench.

Antecedents of Depew's Fiancee

The announcement of Senator Depew's engagement to Miss Palmer, a connection of the McAllisters, brings a flood of recollections to the old Californian who lovingly lingers over the names of his youth. The Herman brothers—Sam and James—were well-known notaries and interested in stocks and mines, and the ladies of their families were prominent in society in early days. Miss Palmer belongs to the James Herman branch, which included Mrs. Hall McAllister, Mrs. Peyton, and Mrs. Palmer—all of them belles and beauties, with all the fascinations of the Creole, for they were from New Orleans, of French extraction. Their mother, Mrs. James Herman, was a woman of such rare beauty that when she sat with her married daughters in an opera box, the whole house gazed with open admiration upon the group of handsome women. The mother looked like a sister of the youngest and fairest. Mrs. Palmer, the mother of Senator Depew's fiancee, was the daintiest little bit of femininity, a perfect doll, and as charming as she was beautiful. The old Herman residence was in Washington street in what is now the very heart of Chinatown, and what wonder that old Californians have resented the tide of Celestial immigration which has engulfed such memories as those of the Herman home and its beautiful inmates. Mrs. Sam Herman is the mother of Mrs. William Burling of the Southern set and grandmother of the popular society woman, Mamie Burling, who married not very long ago.

The Mumfords

The brief mention of a divorce case in which the husband's objection to his wife's literary career led to the untying of the nuptial knot revives recollections of another Californian family. The George D. Mumford whose wife has left him is the son of a man whose appearance in San Francisco society some thirty years ago caused a flutter among the belles, for he was one of the New York Mumfords, rich, well connected and handsome. His manners were charming, and when his engagement to Miss Sadie Dana was announced, the girls of the exclusive set envied yet heartily congratulated her. Sadie Dana lived at one of the fashionable hotels of San Francisco with her widowed mother, the sister of a famous lawyer, and was one of the most popular girls in the city. The wedding took place at Grace church—Grace Cathedral, as the old Californians will persist in calling it, even to this day—and was an ultra-fashionable affair, followed by a grand reception at the hotel. Mr. Mumford had come to California as one of the high officials of the Western Union Telegraph Company, and soon after the marriage the happy couple went to New York, where they resided during the four years preceding Mr. Mumford's death. After she became a widow, Mrs. Mumford returned to this city.

Techau Tavern...

The most artistic, best lighted and ventilated place of its kind in San Francisco. . . . . For luncheon, dinner or after theatre parties one may be sure of getting excellent service, choicest of oysters and all sort of refreshments. And while enjoying comfort and the artistic surroundings one is entertained by the strains of sweetest music, where Techau, the proprietor, is constantly in attendance to assure patrons satisfactory and prompt service as he always has done in former establishments conducted by him. . . . .

FOR

COUNTY CLERK

GEO. DAHLBENDER

DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE

Bogart and Stewart

Some weeks ago I told the story of the almost hypnotic influence exercised over Andrew Bogart by his vocal teacher, Francis Stuart. The latter has had Bogart in training ever since his pupil was a mere boy, and the parents of Bogart have sought in vain to separate them. Years ago Stewart predicted a great future for Bogart in whom he developed a wonderful voice. According to Stewart, Bogart would some day create a great sensation on the operatic stage, but Bogart is now approaching his thirtieth year and he is still the object of Stewart's affectionate solicitude but his operatic career has not yet commenced. The sound of his delightful baritone is confined to the Stewart studio. From the *Chronicle's* New York correspondent of last Sunday I learn that Bogart "has had flattering offers from the big operatic managers, but under the advice of his friend and teacher, Mr. Stewart, has confined himself thus far to ballads and light concert work." The *Chronicle's* correspondent states that Bogart's baritone has developed into a dramatic tenor. Perhaps if he stays with Stewart long enough he will develop a dramatic soprano by the time he is ready to go into opera.

Journalist, Rancher and Author

"Joe" Quail has written a book. It is called "Brockman's Maverick" and is the condensed experience of many years in the West. It is written in terse style with action in every chapter and reveals the camp life of the military posts. Newspaper men from New York to San Francisco know "Joe" Quail well. He was news editor of the *Examiner* for some time about three years ago. and he has been city editor of the *World*, *Journal*, and *Press* in New York. For many years Quail has had his mind set on making a fortune in the mines and every time that he has managed to save five hundred dollars in his newspaper jobs, he has invariably resigned his desk for the mines of California or Montana. In Butte he receives a prince's welcome, for his sterling qualities have endeared him to many there. He has lived for years with miners and ranchmen, and at the military posts, far away from civilization. In his novel he has made use of the knowledge of this sort of life. Woven into the rough action of ranch life is a love story full of pathos but never dull. The book has caught on and may put an end to Quail's mining trips.

Andy and the Caterer

It is not to the discredit of Andy Stone of Oakland that he is an economical chap, as I explained last week. He is "strictly business" at all times, and it is his habitual adherence to strictly business principles which gives the impression that it hurts him to be separated from money. When he returned from his wedding trip, which was an expensive luxury, he gave a reception to the smart set of Oakland. The next day he gave the caterer positive orders to send his bill in on the first of the month, saying, "I want my three per cent off for cash." Now that's business.

The Thrifty Female

There are lots of ways of accumulating money that are known only to the rich. If poor and middle-class people would resort to the tricks of the wealthy there would be none but the prosperous. A salesman in a fashionable drygoods store told me the other day that the names of San Francisco women of wealth and position who go shopping with friends and return alone to ask for a commission on the sales are numerous. He narrated that one woman who has vainly hoped, these many years, to be a star in the Washington firmament, collected forty cents on one occasion. He told of women who apply for a percentage on the ground that the circumstance of their having bought articles served as an ad, and as an inducement to others to do the same. And it is not only drygoods stores, but ladies' tailors, caterers, milliners and wine merchants who tell tales of this nature.

A Monumental Reproach

If Robert Louis Stevenson were to return again to his beloved paths in Portsmouth Square, where now the Hall of Justice frowns on the gilded galleon that tells his fame, he would be unable to read the immortal words in the granite shaft. Not that the chisel did not do its work, or that in the few years which have elapsed since an appreciative city raised the monument to the dead poet, the graven inscription has been worn away, but that this same city which glorified the man who sleeps at Vailima fails to keep the monument clean. The Park Commissioners have made the Plaza beautiful. The grass is green and the paths are even and kempt, but the monument is filthy and dark. I stood by it a day ago with a man from Samoa who had known and loved Robert Louis Stevenson, and who but lately had come from the hill where he lies in the midst of southern seas. I could not point with pride to that graceful but soiled stone with its impressive legend—the creed of an honest man—obliterated by dirt. The tramp, the Mongol and the curs of Chinatown have contributed to the defacement of the shaft which today is a reproach to San Francisco.

Cupid's Court and Tennis

Cards are out for Ren Smedburg's wedding and those girls who hoped there might possibly be a slip between the cup and the lip have gone into the doleful dumps. Young Lieutenant Smedburg has always been a favorite with the gentle sex ever since he donned knickers. He won hearts as other boys win marbles, and there is not a girl in the swim, I believe, who would have said nay to his wooing. There was a time when the tabbies predicted an engagement between Ella Hobart and Ren Smedburg, but it turned out that when they talked of love they were but dis-



JESSE MOORE

A A

WHISKEY

BEST ON EARTH

cussing issues in tennis, at which game they used to play a good deal on the Hobart court. That once lively court, by the way, is sadly dilapidated now and no longer resounds to the merry cries of society girls and men. Its former queen, now Mrs. Charlie Baldwin, is in poor health and spends her time in moving from one resort to another in hopes of gaining strength. And all this is apropos of Lieutenant W. R. Smedburg Jr's wedding, scheduled for the thirtieth, in Malden, Massachusetts. The bride to be is Miss Louise Gore Chaffin.

No Romance Behind It

Now that the tabbies of society have had their innings on the topic of the domestic affairs of the Avery McCarthy's perhaps it may jar them a little to learn that there is not enough romance behind the divorce suit to supply the *motif* for even a curtain-raiser. The plain, unvarnished truth is that the McCarthys were not of congenial temperament, and that the only tie which bound the beautiful young wife to her husband was severed by the death of their little son some months ago. They have other children, but the devotion of mother and son for each other was especially strong. And by the way such devotion is rare in society these days, for mothers are content to leave their children almost exclusively to the care of nurses. I have been informed by an intimate friend of Mrs. McCarthy that there is nothing in the Havemeyer story, and that since the death of her son she has religiously eschewed social functions of all kinds. "It is merely," said her friend, "a case of a woman discovering that she did not love her husband, and concluding that it was unfair to him to accept his care and support."

The Countess of Rosslyn

With the exception of Orrin Peck's cabbage garden, no other painting in the Sorosis club's exhibition this week has attracted more attention than Eva Almond Withrow's portrait of the Countess of Rosslyn. The subject is of course one to which an artist can easily do justice, for the Countess is one of London's reigning beauties. In the portrait she is shown with her lovely hair in wavy curls and her shapely throat and neck but half concealed beneath its diaphanous drapery. Lady Rosslyn is one of Eva Withrow's patrons and this portrait was one of the first things the Californian artist did after she settled down to her work in a London studio

Why They Flopped

Railroad Commissioners Laumeister and Edson decided the other day to cut the freight rate on oil notwithstanding the fact that a short time ago they acquiesced in the opinion of Commissioner Blackstock that it was low enough. It has been generally understood that both Edson and Laumeister were friendly with the railroad. They would never have been nominated if they were not, but since his election Edson has developed an ambition, and in Laumeister there has been engendered a spirit of revenge. Edson wants to be Governor. Of course he hasn't a chance. If his name were suggested in a state convention it would cause a laugh. Laumeister wanted to be Mayor but he has been identified with Martin Kelly so notoriously and for so many years that he was advised to go way back. Of course the public is deserving o congratulation when men of the Edson and Laumeister stripe become reformers, but their particular br d of demagogism excites greater contempt than that of the original dyed-in-the-wool faker.

There is nothing in the world more delightful than a drink of good whiskey—and Jesse Moore is good whiskey.

Mrs. Craven's Latest

The advent of ex-Congressman James G. Maguire into the Craven case has occasioned much comment. The attorneys for the Fair children and executors see in the threatened motion for a new trial, after so many years, nothing but a deliberate attempt to retard justice and so force a compromise in the shape of a payment of a sum of money to shut the ex-schoolteacher's mouth. And now comes a motion to transfer the case from Judge Troutt's to another department of the Superior court. It is said that he of the black whiskers is biased. Some attorneys have strange notions and prejudices. If Martin Stevens were the attorney for the widow Craven he would be satisfied to leave the case where it is.

Why the Rialto is Black

The Rialto is full of coons. You may see them any matinee afternoon and every evening standing about the entrances to the theatres, and gazing enviously at the sandwich wagons. The dark-town resorts are lively with them. They are all actors and actresses. They are waiting to take ship for Honolulu. About eighteen months ago Ernest Hogan, the negro singer and writer of coon songs, was in Honolulu with a ragtag and bobtail assortment of blackamoors, giving a nondescript performance. Hogan was the only good one in the cast and Honolulu got very tired of them before their departure which was long delayed on account of a law-suit. An English steamer running to Victoria refused to carry the colored men and women and they waited in Honolulu until they got judgment against it. Now Joe Cohen, who manages the Orpheum in Honolulu, has persuaded a number of Honolulans that Hogan would make a big hit in the islands this fall, so a syndicate was organized composed partly of Prince David, Billy Cornwell, John Colburn, Harry Armitage, Manny Phillips and Charles Falk to raise the money to import a company. Ten men put up two hundred and fifty dollars each and gave it to Cohen to bait the "Unbleached American" and author of "All Coons Look Alike to Me," and "Go Way Back and Sit Down."

DEWAR'S
SCOTCH WHISKY
HIGH BALL

Small piece of ice in glass, pour whisky over ice and fill glass with syphon or plain water

A Cooling and Delightful Drink

Cohen came to San Francisco to further the deal. He says that he sent the money to Hogan in New York some months ago, to buy tickets for the company, and that now Hogan is unable to break engagements with the Orpheum circuit until November. He says that the great aggregation of coon shouters and pigeon wingers will remain here until they sail for Honolulu. Cohen wants two thousand dollars more from the Honolulu syndicate, to feed the coons, and get them to Hawaii. My correspondent in Honolulu writes me that there is gnashing of teeth among the ten men there. They fear that their two thousand five hundred dollars have gone glimmering, and that if they send two thousand dollars more they will be eaten up—literally—by the coons.

The Reiley-Goad-Martin Marriage

A member of a well known Californian jurist's family now located in Washington writing to a friend here, says that Capital society suspects that shrewd Robinson Reiley must have figured out that Mrs. Genevieve Goad Reiley was a great catch because of her being the sister-in-law of Peter Martin, and traveling abroad in splendid style with the family of S. G. Murphy. Mr. Reiley is of course familiar, through the Eastern society papers, with the great swath Peter Martin has been cutting this season in Newport society on reputed millions and his prospective alliance with the Oelrichs' wing of society. To cap it all Brother Reiley found her admitted into the inner heart circle of an eminent President of a National bank and traveling with his family. The letter hints that the enterprising Mr. Reiley is an individual who wouldn't ask for any handicap to beat out the most astute of mortals in a race for love, lucre, or anything else. He has some money, but not much, just enough to keep up appearances in the Harry Lehr brand of society.

Her Penchant For Beauty Doctors

Mrs. Genevieve-Goad-Martin-Reiley's friends here are not at all surprised at her new plunge for experience. She always was an impulsive girl, fond of doing the unexpected and, after her marriage with Andrew Martin, taking a great delight in skimming along the edge of conventionality, the mode of the gay modern matron with advanced twentieth century ideas. She always had the reputation of doing just as she pleased within the compass of society rules, and she always ranked very high among the beauties of the smart set. Her bosom friends raved over her good looks so much that she finally came to believe that her features were her only and greatest attraction. And so it was she contracted a raging fever for beauty doctors and the latest skin and complexion lotions. She would cut a society call or an important function any time to visit a new beauty doctor that had just come to town. This excessive care of her looks developed a trait of habitually primping herself. She was constantly touching up her head dress and her attire even in a drawing-room conversation or the heart of the german. She never passed a mirror without an anxious glance to see whether she was "just right."

When She Fasted

Two years ago she began to show signs of stoutness. One day on going out on the veranda at Del Monte she heard the girls discussing her "fat doom." "Genevieve will never be able to escape it," declared a bosom friend, "because she'll have to diet and she hasn't the stick-ativeness to do that." "I haven't, eh?" she exclaimed, suddenly appearing. "I'll just show you what I can do to escape the fat bogey. You just watch me." And for over a month, in spite of the tempting dainties offered at the hotel, she stuck resolutely to a thin diet, her greatest liberty being a small lettuce salad and a thin piece of roast beef once a day. But this great battle was in the cause of preserving her beauty and she was always wilfully strong at that.

An Affair at the Palace

The announcement of her marriage to "a perfect stranger" surprised only those who were Genevieve Goad's acquaintances, not her friends. Mrs. Martin retained her mourning for her young husband long after she might have with propriety discarded it, and that seemed to indicate that she would never marry again. With the retention of her weeds, however, she by no means denied herself happiness. She was the gayest of widows. I am told that when she was staying at the Palace, before she started on her continental trip, she made a great hit with an old mining man who was sojourning there. He was a sufferer from gout and consequently not able to take part in the strenuous whirl of society, but Mrs. Martin and her brother helped him to pass his hours pleasantly. Later, when he returned to his Southern home, she went down with some of her friends to see him off, and the memory of her sunny face helped to brighten many hours of his dull journey. Nobody could be melancholy in Genevieve Goad's company. She is absolutely free from prudery, but her daring unconventionality is not for the sake of notoriety. It is her desire to make everybody happy about her that keeps her own spirits to the bubbling point.

The Hand of the Matchmaker

Miss Caro Crockett has already received a number of very handsome wedding gifts in anticipation of her nuptials with Lawrence Scott but the handsomest memento so far is the four thousand dollar diamond pin presented to her by her prospective mother-in-law, Mrs. Irving M. Scott. It may seem a bit old but the tea tabbies appear to have guessed the secret in this case: Mrs. Henry T. Scott managed the affair and was the match-maker-in-chief who brought the happy

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union of hearts. She is the aunt of the young man and naturally takes an interest in his welfare. This interest extends to taking a hand in the direction of the wedding ceremony. Some tea tabbies declare it's a high hand—too high a hand. Those who are acquainted with the cards know she's the Jack that directs the game.

Society is well aware that nothwithstanding the fact that Irving M. and Henry T. Scott are brothers their families do not live in ideal amity and—well,those who love a story of the gossips can easily read it between the lines in the accounts of the approaching nuptials. Though the Scott families are not in perfect accord, the Henry Scott family and the family of J. B. Crockett certainly enjoy a perfect understanding. At least in so far as this wedding is concerned. The invitations to the church have been sent out generally among their friends. But strange to say the staunch intimates of the Irving M's in no wise loom up as prominently as those of the other families interested. Usually the groom has a word or two to say about the friends he cares to have invited to his wedding but in this case Miss Crockett seems to have the matter in full charge and Mrs. Henry Scott, match-maker-in-chief, still glowing in the glory of her success in the case of her own daughter, smiles approvingly on Mrs. Crockett's way of handling the invitations.

Naming the Man of Destiny

Gavin D. High, who served his apprenticeship in the newspaper field here, now holds a responsible editorial position on the New York *Sun*. He handles a lot of outside big events. It was his fortune to be in charge of the staff of reporters that handled the Philadelphia Republican convention at the time McKinley was chosen for his second term. The night before Roosevelt was nominated for vice president, and when it was doubtful whether he would get the nomination, High by chance happened to get into an elevator with Roosevelt in the Hotel Walton. They talked on general topics till they reached their floor. No sooner had they stepped out than the elevator fell the four stories with a crash. Of course there was a great deal of excitement but fortunately no one was killed. Their lucky escape made a great impression on High. After it was all over he turned to Roosevelt and said: "Governor, it's better to be born lucky than rich. You are a man of destiny. I'll venture the prophesy that you'll be nominated Vice President tomorrow and of course you'll be elected. Then McKinley will drop dead or be killed somehow and you will be President." Roosevelt lifted up his hands impulsively and exclaimed,"O Heaven forefend,Heaven forbid!" High is now known as the prophetic reporter.

The Court Knocked

An attorney who is probably mourning the loss of a case in the Supreme Court is the author of the following communication:

EDITOR TOWN TALK:

There is a growing feeling that a criminal lawyer is badly needed on the Supreme Bench. At present, the august tribunal of last resort gets badly mixed up over criminal matters. The justices who sit up aloft always construe criminal problems as they do contracts, with the result that justice is cheated more frequently than is at all necessary. It is not so long since there was a fearful showing up in the Paulsell robbery case, where three justices in the department reversed a conviction because of a jury charge which in another case had been found strictly correct by the very same three gentlemen. Then the Hoff and Botkin cases were sent back because of an alleged erroneous charge on the subject of circumstantial evidence. Yet that identical charge had been used with effect in the McNulty and Durrant cases. Somehow, when the Supreme Court deals with a criminal case one is reminded of the famous reply made by Sam Weller, who, when Mr. Justice Stareleigh threatened to commit him for contempt, said:

"This is a wery impartial country for justice. There ain't a magistrate as doesn't commit himself twice as often as he commits other people."

A Storm at the Century

Madame Davenport delivered her first and last lecture at the Century club last Wednesday. The lecturer was somewhat too realistic for the cultured Centuryites, and they were shocked. And some of them engaged in a wrangle with the gifted lecturer, and the meeting ended in a storm. Madame Davenport is an exponent of physical culture with an Eastern reputation. She came hither with the endorsement of a distinguished Californian woman who has done much for the cause of education on this coast, and at her suggestion she lectured before the girls of the public schools on the advantages of physical culture. She has a habit of calling things by their right names and when Mrs. Kincaid heard of some of the things Madame Davenport told the girls she became very indignant, and the women had a very warm debate. Nevertheless the ladies of the Century club agreed to meet the lecturer and listen to what she had to say. But they did not listen long. She undertook to explain to them how to preserve health and figure and beauty, and she pointed to herself as a remarkable example of the efficacy of her treatment. Though she does not look more than thirty-five, she said that she was sixty-nine, and that she had borne ten sons. The ladies were beginning to grow incredulous, when Mrs. Gerberding precipitated trouble by taking exception to Madame Davenport's definition of personal magnetism. The lecturer said it was stored vitality. Mrs. Gerberding declared that to be the definition of mere physical magnetism, whereupon the mother of ten sons grew warm, and rebuked Mrs. Gerberding for interrupting. About that time the storm broke.

Leaders of the ton prefer Chapin & Gore's Old Reserve Bourbon and Rye Whiskies to any other brands.



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Visitors from Auckland

On the *Sonoma* which is due here on Monday will arrive Mrs. Frederic E. Baume and her sister, Miss Gertrude E. Leavy. The latter has been visiting Mrs. Baume in Auckland, New Zealand, for some months. She had an uncommonly pleasant visit and met many notables, including the Duke of York. Mrs. Baume's husband is one of Auckland's leading barristers and to him fell the duty of delivering the address of welcome to the Royal visitor. The Duke is now touring the British provinces with his wife but I doubt if anywhere they will receive a warmer welcome than was given them in Auckland. This was owing to the elements rather than to the citizens. The Royal apartments in the hotel had been magnificently decorated for the expected visitors, but the hotel unfortunately burned down just before their arrival.

Guy Barham's Distress

Guy Barham, wit and bon vivant, who enjoys a distinction similar to that of Schlitz beer, having made Los Angeles famous, was very much depressed over the news that "Ned" Hamilton had resigned from the Bohemian club. Barham was proposed for membership in the club by Hamilton, and when he was notified of his acceptance two weeks ago he sent up his initiation fee of one hundred dollars. Then came the news of Hamilton's resignation. He learned that he was accepted at the same meeting at which occurred the acceptance of Hamilton's resignation. "Without Hamilton, what is the Bohemian club to me?" exclaimed Barham.

Rejane and the King

An occasional correspondent traveling in Europe, writes that King Edward VII "is slowly but surely living down the reputation of the Prince of Wales." Whether by reason of old age or a sense of the dignity that should hedge a King, it is at any rate evident that he has no longer a predilection for the amours and intrigues that spiced the career of the heir apparent. From an incident that occurred at Homburg the other day, one might infer that the King is desirous of forgetting his former escapades, or that at least he objects to being reminded of them. One morning at the Brunnen, while taking his glass of water, he was accosted by Rejane, the star of the Paris Vaudeville, with a pleasant and familiar, "Bon jour." The King gave her the glassy eye. The wounded feelings of the actress were soothed after lunch, when the carriage of the Duke of Cambridge stopped at her hotel, and a message was sent to her, informing her that King Edward wished to receive Madame Rejane in private audience. After such a snubbing as she had received, the average American actress would, perhaps, have declined to meet the King, but the gay Parisian could not resist the temptation to be seen in the streets of Homburg sitting near a British Royal Highness. When she entered the King's apartments, so the story goes and it is accepted as authentic, he said, "Many things have happened since I saw you last and——" "A qui le dites vous?" interrupted Rejane, impetuously. "Permit me," he resumed, "to offer you this in remembrance of the Prince of Wales, and the delightful evenings he has spent in Paris. And be assured that the King of England and Her Majesty the Queen will be delighted to attend the performances which you are soon to give in London." In the case was a ring which Rejane accepted with a little *moue*, satisfied however that it was "all off" so far as Edward was concerned.

Bohemian Cafe, 711 Market street, serves the purest liquors and the daintiest lunch in the city.

The Morans of Seattle

Moran Brothers, the shipbuilders of Seattle, who are now engaged in the construction of the battleship *Nebraska*, are having trouble with the labor unions of the North, and their unpopularity is growing apace. The Morans rose to affluence with great rapidity, and now have all the arrogance which is characteristic of the newly rich. The three brothers arrived in Seattle fifteen years ago and obtained employment as day laborers in a lumber mill. Several years later they started in business on a small scale, and in a lucky moment secured an uncontested government contract for the construction of a pumping plant at the Puget Sound Navy Yard. It is said that they cleared one hundred thousand dollars on the contract. Then they branched out as foundrymen and shipbuilders, and they have been prospering ever since. Last spring with the aid of the citizens of Seattle, who subscribed a bonus of one hundred thousand dollars, they secured the *Nebraska* contract. They have the reputation of being hard task-masters, and it was owing to their inconsiderate treatment of employes that Peter Moran protested against the policy of his brothers and quarreled with them about two years ago. He left the firm after denouncing his brothers in bitter terms and went to Alaska where he died almost a pauper. His widow is now suing the firm for an accounting. It is estimated that the firm is now worth one million dollars.

Some Big Poker Games

When United States Senator George Turner of Spokane visited Seattle recently, the papers stated that he came on business connected with his extensive mining interests near Kimberly, B. C. My Seattle correspondent informs me, however, that the purpose of the Senator's trip was to participate in a big poker game which was scheduled for the Rainier club. Some big poker games have been pulled off lately in Seattle and Spokane. Prominent among the congenial spirits that dally with the fickle goddess are Jacob Furth, the president of the Seattle Electric company and other big corporations, S. S. Bailey, proprietor of the Northern Hotel, James F. McElroy, attorney for

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the Northern Pacific Railroad company, Senator Turner, Colonel W. M. Turner, Dr. Fred Essig and Frank Post. During a recent visit to Spokane, Mr. Bailey lost fifteen thousand dollars and Attorney McElroy is reputed to have won sixty-five thousand in one night.

An Old Favorite

Will T. Carleton, the eminent baritone, has returned to the local stage after a long absence, and he revives memories of the pleasant hours spent at the Bush and Baldwin theatres in the days of the Carleton opera company. When last heard here Carleton was a member of T. Henry French's company with which were Lillian Russell, Haydon Coffin and Louis Harrison. Carleton is a good looking man and youthful in appearance despite his twenty-nine years of stage appearance. The fact is that he started out early in life and is not so old as most people imagine. And by the way, his name is not Carleton. It is Standing. He comes from an old Surrey family, and it was his father's objection to the profession that caused him to adopt a stage name. Theatrical talent runs in the family. One brother, Herbert Standing, acts under his own name and has been a London favorite for years. Another brother sings in grand opera as Frank Celli. As for William, despite rumors to the contrary, he has not lost his fine voice, as he hopes to prove to his local friends in a ballad concert. His part in "Florodora" contains nothing but patter songs so that he has no opportunity to awaken echoes of melody.

His Chinese Story

Carleton tells a good story of an incident of a sojourn of some months on the Pacific coast. "I was in Frisco," he relates, "for a long stay and had rooms up town; sitting-room, bed-room and bath, neatly furnished, and a Chinese servant. He was a good boy and had ideas of his own. I remember I was vain of my voice in those days and used to exercise it a good deal in my rooms. I supposed that I had made a great impression upon my Chinaman, until one day I was expecting a friend and had asked my boy to clean up extra early. He did so, and I was very pleased. I resolved to show my gratitude I went up to him as he was on his hands and knees, giving the finishing touches to a well polished stove, and, handing him half a dollar, I said,

" 'Here, Sam.' "

"The boy slipped the coin into his blouse, said 'All light, boss' and went to polishing again.

Presently I said:

" 'Like to go to the opera tonight, Sam' ?

Sam stopped polishing for an instant. looked up, and asked 'Where that ?' I replied:

" 'At the Baldwin.' "

"Next hotel ?' "

" 'Yes."

"Polish, polish, polish. Then, from Sam, 'What time go in ?'

" 'About eight,' I replied.

A few more rubs, and then, 'What time come out ?'

" 'Oh, about eleven.'

"Sam polished away thoughtfully for a moment and looked up with 'You sling there ?'

" 'Of course,' I replied, with some pride.

" 'Hum ! I guess not,' returned Sam, and went back to polishing and took no further notice of me."

The Intelligent Foreigner

The business of making citizens is quite an industry at the City Hall, particularly just now, when there is a political campaign in progress. All the Superior Judges take a hand in the work, and it is interesting to note the various methods adopted in their handling of applicants for citizenship. Some judges are satisfied with the papers of intention and the assurance of the two sponsors that they have known the applicant long enough to be sure that he will make a good citizen. Others put the applicant through a pretty thorough examination, so as to be sure that the man knows what he is about and why he desires to enroll himself under the stars and stripes. Some of the answers one hears are amusing. One applicant was asked the other day who was President of the United States. He replied "Mayor Phelan". I was present one day when an applicant was asked: "Who makes our national laws ?"

"The President and his Cabinet," he replied.

"And who the State laws ?" was the next question.

"The Governor," was the reply

"Dear me," said the Judge, "how long have you lived here ?"

"Ten years."

"Your general knowledge appears to be limited Why do you like our form of government so well that you wish to place yourself under it ?"

"Because it's the best."

"Why is it the best ?"

"I get better wages here than anywhere else," was the confident reply. The man had sounded the keynote of his love for his adopted country. It was a sufficie: t reason, he thought.

A Fine Art Gallery

Our ecclesiastic visitors have taken pleasure in visiting the various art galleries, and at none were the admiring comments more general than at the art gallery which is a feature of Gump's, 113-115 Geary street. The pictures at Gump's are all of a high grade, many of them being prize winners from the Paris Salon and other European exhibitions.

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The Flirtatious Baron

The morning post had just brought Monsieur le Baron Hector Huchard de la Huchardiere two letters. One, written on pale green tinted paper, came from his aunt, and ran as follows:

My dear Hector,

Come and dine with me tomorrow tete-a-tete. I have an important communication to make—possibly you already divine it. You have long known my desire and wish to see you happily married, and at last I have discovered the young woman who will be an ideal fiancee for me and a charming companion for you. Adieu, then, until to-morrow at seven.

Always your affectionate aunt and friend,

ARLETTE DES ANGELURES

The other letter, written on pale gray tinted paper, came from an old and venerated friend, and ran thus:

My dear Baron,

It is certainly very audacious for an antiquity like myself to ask a rendezvous and even an evening from a young gallant; however, my long affection and friendship of thirty years must plead my excuse and if you are willing to sacrifice a few hours to an elderly lady, come and dine with me tete-a-tete, the day after tomorrow at half past seven. I promise in advance that your unselfishness shall be duly rewarded, as I wish to speak to you of a project which I have long conceived for your happiness. Indeed I shall die contented if I have the pleasure of consummating before my departure from this vale of tears, Madame la Baronne de la Huchardiere. Au revoir, mon cher ami, until day after tomorrow at half past seven.

Sincerely your old friend

EMMELINE VISCOUNTESS DE LA ROCHE BRULEE.

"This time at last," said the Baron gaily, "I shall indeed be unfortunate if I do not capture a wife. Alas, how many excellent opportunities have I already lost, first for one reason, then for another. But today—with two offers at one stroke! Well!" and the Baron smiled, "I shall try to capture both of them, then choose between the two.

"Both," ran on his meditations, "must be equally good for such sponsors would not present an inferior article, therefore I shall accept both invitations to dinner, then afterwards decide which of them shall be the fortunate creature to be presented to the world as Madame la Baronne de la Huchardieu."

And throwing his half-smoked cigar into the open grate, the dashing, light-hearted huntsman (for he was passionately fond of the chase) began to whistle his repertoire of gay hunting songs.

The Baron possessed one glaring defect—an extraordinary facility of becoming violently enthusiastic, but always, however, for the last object which was presented to his notice. It was this fickleness that had kept him a bachelor, because just at the moment he would make up his mind to marry, celibacy would suddenly appear to him incomparably superior to marriage. This did not prevent him from thinking, on the morrow, that a newly made benedict was the happiest man in the world.

With such a disposition the Baron was completely won by the enchanting portrait which his aunt painted of the captivating Madame des Andelys.

"She is a blonde, my dear Hector, with lovely blue eyes," she said on the night of the dinner.

"Go no further, dear aunt," replied Hector, "a blonde is the dream of my life. Ah, mon Dieu! you offer me heaven in in the person of this adorable young woman!"

"But you understand that she is a widow—though a very young one—for M. des Andelys died almost immediately after their honeymoon."

"Precisely what I have always desired, a woman with a slight experience of life. Ah, God bless the widows!" exclaimed the Baron.

"Then my proposition of marriage is agreeable?"

"Quite so," answered the Baron.

"Then," said his aunt, "today is Monday. Come and dine with me on Wednesday and I shall invite several people to meet you—among them Madame des Andelys."

"A capital arrangement, aunt," enthusiastically exclaimed the Baron, and raising his glass he proposed the health of the widow—the future Baroness de la Huchardiere.

All that night, he dreamed of the beautiful widow, his enthusiasm continuing until the following day, when he went to dine with the Viscountess de la Roche-Brulee. Though en route he had loyally determined to tell the Viscountess, he had already selected his wife, the dowager did not give him time to speak. As soon as he entered she cordially extended her hand, saying:

"Ah my dear Baron, I am so delighted to see you. I have found a jewel, a pearl, an ideal beauty for you. She is a dark, slender girl, a perfect equestrienne and her name is Estelle de Suzennecourt."

"A brunette and an equestrienne," said the Baron, "is what I have always desired."

They passed into the dining-room and the Viscountess began at once to chant the praises of Mademoiselle de Suzennecourt. The Baron listened with evident pleasure and before the black coffee had been served offered his hand and heart to Mademoiselle Estelle.

The dowager smiled and assured him that he was proceeding at the rate of a trolley, but that night as he left her she invited him to dine with her on the following Thursday, when she would present him to Mademoiselle de Suzennecourt.

"With pleasure, Viscountess," responded the Baron.

Full of the best intentions in the world, he returned to his lodgings quite decided to wed Mademoiselle Estelle de Suzennecourt.

When the Baron went to dine with his aunt on Wednesday, he arrived there with his heart and mind full of Mademoiselle de Suzennecourt, and as his carriage rolled along the boulevards, he repeated incessantly to himself the pastoral name of Estelle. Nevertheless, after passing the evening by the side of the queenly Madame des Andelys, he had been completely won. Indeed the first glance he caught of the widow in her gorgeous gown of blue completely fascinated him. He drove homeward repeating with equal enthusiasm the name of Marie, which was that of the charming widow.

The following evening, when he left the Viscountess de la Roche-Brulee's his heart had passed from the captivating widow to the fragile beauty, Estelle de Suzennecourt, who in her simple white gown and pink ribbons had entirely captured the fickle Baron. As he bade good night to his hostess, he whispered:

"Your Diana is charming."

Indeed as he returned homeward, he asked himself how he could ever have seriously thought of a fiancee who did not ride horseback.

And so for nearly three months, as a shuttlecock is tossed in the air by alternate racquets, the Baron vacillated from one lady love to the other with equal rapidity and with what is still more surprising, with equal sincerity. In a word he was always the most in love with the one with whom he happened to be. Finally the dowagers grew impatient that the Baron had not as yet spoken the important word. One day without any mutual understanding between them, for each was unaware of the plans of the other, they determined to beard the lion in his den. Both ladies called separately at the gay bachelor's apartments to ask his final intentions. To his aunt Hector promised to call at two and give his decision, while he swore to visit the Viscountess at three for the same purpose.

Meanwhile a certain interesting little event occurred which singularly changed the situation. In the early morning of this famous day, the Junoesque Madame des Andelys sat dreamily at her window, her mind wandering to the new horizons

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which she hoped would soon open for her as Baroness de la Huchardiere, when she was suddenly aroused from her revery by a kiss on the back of her neck from her intimate friend, Estelle de Suzennecourt, who had entered the room on tiptoe.

The two young women were not slow in discovering that each appeared to be preoccupied, and after various questions Estelle made the first avowal.

"Marie," said the pretty little ingenue, "it is probable that I shall soon marry."

"Indeed, cherie," responded the widow affectionately, "I am so glad to hear it, for I too, shall soon re-marry. Tell me, dearie, is your husband handsome ?"

Estelle blushingly avowed that her lover was tall, handsome and wealthy, of distinguished birth and passionately fond of hunting.

"Why, love!" exclaimed the widow, "that is precisely the portrait of mine. Tell me,has he a title and does he wear a beard ?"

"Yes," said Estelle proudly, "a beautiful chestnut beard and he is a Baron."

"De la Huchardiere," exclaimed the widow excitedly.

Estelle nodded.

"Merciful Heaven!" cried Madame des Andelys, "the knave! the villain! he has been paying court to both of us. But never mind, we will make common cause and crush him."

Seating herself before the writing desk she wrote the following note which both ladies signed:

To Baron Hector Huchard de la Huchardiere,

Sir:

You profess to be a great huntsman, but in reality you know nothing of the sport, since you ignore the elementary principle,viz. that one should not chase two hares at the same time. Deeply grateful for our happy escape, we are:

MARIE DES ANDELYS
ESTELLE DE SUZENNECOURT.

The Baron sighed when he read the note. However, after a moment's reflection, he consoled himself with the thought that there are always plenty of good fish in the sea, and after sending notes of excuses to the dowagers, he ordered his trunks packed and started for Nice.

[Adapted from the French by Beatrice Hastings.]

The well known Fachutar Mandolin School and Orchestra has re-opened for the Fourth Season, 1901–1902. To guarantee promptness, all engagements must be made at the Studio, 718 Post street. Telephone Polk 1575. School hours 10 a.m. to 5 p. m.

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In town are crazy
Wildly
Fiercely
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And there's nothing
That can sooth
Them,
Make their bitter
Hearts turn glad.
They've been snubbed,
Yes, and In-
Sulted
By a gourmet
From the East.
One J. P. Morgan
With an educated palate,
Rears aloft
His great proboscis
When invited to a feast.
Thinks
We're all benighted—
Very;
So to keep
The Bishops
Merry—
What a feat!
He brought along great
SHERRY
Thus enabling them to
Eat! Eat!! Eat!!!

—THE HEAD WAITER

A Paean of Gratitude

Sound loud the trumpet, beat the drum,
The melancholy days have come,
The saddest of the year;
Yet I'm as happy as a bird,
Since patter of the rain I heard,
On stormy days and drear;
I thankfully rejoice thereat—
For I can wear my velvet hat
And none will think it queer!

—THE IMPECUNE.



The Sextet from "Florodora" seem to know a good thing—Cyrus Noble Whisky

Dramatic World

A Dignified Hamlet

There are a good many actors that look upon "Hamlet" as the goal of their ambition. To play Hamlet, and to give an original conception of the role, is their idea of professional success. We have seen a few Hamlets ourselves, in San Francisco, but the vast majority of new Hamlets never get farther West than Chicago. Joseph Haworth's Hamlet is the best work he has done during his engagement. He has a delightful diction and the beauty of his tones is never more apparent than in the reading of this trying role, where the whole gamut of the emotions must be run. When Haworth's Hamlet has gained in years it will be perhaps nearer perfect in parts, but as it is it is a very good creation.

Shakespeare at "Pops"

I do not think the public half comprehends what a treat it is to have Shakespeare served at popular prices. Though Florence Roberts gave us her version of "Romeo and Juliet" and "The Taming of the Shrew" at popular prices, I did not thoroughly appreciate what a remarkable offering the public is receiving in having Shakespeare served up at seventy-five, fifty and twenty-five cents until Joseph Haworth produced "The Merchant of Venice" and "Hamlet" at the Grand. It was something to have seen Henry Irving play Shylock at five dollars. It was even something to see Tom Keane's version of the famous Jew, at one-fifty a seat. But when the public can see such a good production of the Shakespeare play as Haworth gives at Grand prices, there should be rejoicing. If a man with a desire for Shakespeare hasn't the necessary five dollars to see Irving, he can go and see Haworth for twenty-five cents. And if one is fond of the immortal Bard of Avon's works he should not lose the opportunity of seeing them presented.

Some Clever Children

A great novelty and an act of unusual interest will be presented at the Orpheum Sunday afternoon by the clever Sorensen children and Master Tom Dunn, who will appear in a novel sketch. Everybody remembers Maude Sorensen, whose work with the original "Brownies in Fairyland" company was so favorably commented upon. The sketch was written for the trio by J. P. Wilson and is entitled, "The Manager's Fate." In this sketch Master Tom Dunn will sing three of the latest and most popular ballads. His voice is said to surpass that of any boy singer living. He will go to Europe to complete his education at the end of the tour which embraces every leading city in this and foreign countries. Maude Sorensen makes no less than six quick changes in this sketch, impersonating a swell society lady, a leading actress, a dude, a coon singer and dancer and a ballet girl. In her ballet work she compares favorably with Cavalazzi, Bartho and other famous premieres. Two thousand dollars have been expended in scenery, costumes and stage effects.

A Samoan Norma Whalley

They've a beauty out at the Chutes who laughingly repudiates the imputation of her partner in the sketch, that she is either "a darky or a coon." She is a Samoan, and if all the women in Samoa are like this one the island must be the home of houris. This representative of her nation is peculiarly tinted but her skin is clear and soft in its pale tan. Her cheeks are peachy and rosy and her eyes a large blue-gray. Her hair though black shows not a trace of wool. She is not a great singer but is a good dancer, and she looks enough like Norma Whalley—only of a darker shade—to be the twin sister of Walter Jones' erstwhile inamorata. If she only sang "The Man Behind the Gun" the illusion would be complete.

Whereabouts of Some Californians

Frank Belcher is singing in "The Whirl of the Town" in London. Paul Arthur is a hit in London in "Are You a Mason?" Marie Barna is in Switzerland, Alice Neilsen in Paris and Fannie Liddiard still en tour with "The Belle of New York." Etta Butler has a principal part in "The Liberty Belles," which appears to be a modernized, musical edition of "School." Mabelle Gilman is in the all-star cast of "The King's Carnival."

AMUSEMENTS

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Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday

Carrie Roma is touring with Turner's grand opera company. Roma, by the way, still keeps up her interest in the literary muse, as this clipping from the *Anglo-American* shows: "A neat little book of poems, by Madame Caro Roma, prima donna of the Turner opera company, will shortly be issued to the public. Madame Roma has exceptional lyrical gifts, as exemplified in a number of her songs, published by Messrs. Witmark and Sons."

Some More Eastern Beauties

Another musical farce with a big aggregation of Eastern beauties has come to town to gladden the hearts of the theatre-goers. The show is to open at the California Monday night, and I have no doubt that the men-about-town, the



Maud Sorensen, Aged Nine Years, at the Orpheum

exemplars of the gay life, and all that have a fondness for the fair divinities of the stage will be there. The farce is "Rudolph and Adolph" from the pen of that clever play wright, George Broadhurst. When it was first produced the authorship was a secret, but so great was the success that it achieved that Broadhurst acknowledged having written it. Dan and Charles Mason, accomplished dialect comedians, are in the leading roles and in the company is Beatrice McKenzie, late prima donna of the Calhoun opera company. She never fails to make a hit with the johnnies. Lottie Williams Salter is the leading comedienne of the company. She attracted a deal of attention last season in "Why Smith Left Home." It is a long time since the California has had an attraction that could be recommended and the management is very fortunate in securing one of Broadhurst's farces.

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This Clay is nothing more nor less than mud and water, which comes from a mine in Colorado. The Clay is perfectly harmless, will not stain the most delicate skin. Applied to the hair it changes it to beautiful shades, such as no hair dye has ever succeeded in producing. The color is regulated by the number of hours in the Clay bath—light shades from one-half hour to two hours—medium shades from two to six hours—dark from six to twelve hours. Gray hair can be changed to original color without changing the natural color, or the following tints with darker or lighter shades as desired: Black, brown, auburn and Titian red. Peroxide hair will take a rich golden or chestnut. Unlike dyes, the Clay stain is permanent, never wears off; can only be bleached off. The luxury of the shampoo can be indulged in at will as it does not effect the stain in any particular. The Clay never fails to leave the hair soft and glossy, and the one great point we claim for the Clay stain is its perfectly natural appearance. It defies detection. FRANCES C. SHERMAN
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Attractions Next Week

A great attraction is offered at the Tivoli on Monday in "Verdi Night," when a bill will be presented of selections from some of Verdi's best loved works, in commemoration of his birthday. Gems from Aida, Otello, Rigoletto, Trovatore, and Lombardi will be given, and the overture from Nabucco. Ernani, with a strong cast including Castellano, Dado and Barbareschi will be Tuesday's bill, and on alternating nights and Saturday matinee. Cavalleria and Pagliacci, a double bill, will fill out the week. The part of Nedda will be in the hands of a new comer, Barnetta Meuller, who has lately arrived from a course of study in Italy, where she had the advantage of the best masters. Her early training was under the direction of the Tivoli's present able musical chief, Paul Steindorff. She is a charming girl, possessed of a beautiful soprano, and the management expects much from her.

"Florodora" will go all next week at the Columbia. On the twentieth will come Stuart Robson in his old success, "The Henrietta."

Laura Nelson Hall has recovered from her illness and will play Babbie in "The Little Minister" at the Grand next week. Miss Hall is said to be a perfect Babbie by the critics who have seen her in the role. Herschell Mayall will be Gavin and the rest of the cast will be a strong one. The Fraser stage version of Barrie's delightful novel is the one that will be given.

The Alcazar's bill next week is a novelty—"The Girl in the Barracks. The fun of the comedy centres around a rash wager made by a Parisian actress to attempt to pass twenty-four hours in the military barracks outside the city. "The Girl in the Barracks" was originally produced at the New York Casino and was a big success.

"Wife for Wife" will be the Central's next attraction, to follow "Beacon Lights."

At the Orpheum next week will be seen Monroe, Mack and Lawrence, novelties here, in a farce "How to get rid of Your Mother-in-law;" the DeCourcy brothers, remarkable acrobats; the Sorenson sisters and Tom Dunn; Thomas Baker in monologue, and some of this week's stars in new turns. The O'Meers will be here but one week more. The original Beaux and Belles octet is on its way here.

—*The Playgoer*

The Ho'seless Carriage

This is splendid weather for automobiling. The Cliff drive is an especially delightful one at this season.

Messrs. Charles C. Moore & Co. of 32 First street, have lately purchased a No. 02 "Locomobile" to be used as a business buggy. Mr. John Bruener of the John Bruener company bought a No. 02 "Locomobile" which he also proposes to use as a business buggy.

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Music World

Sunday, October sixth, was a red letter day at St. Mary the Virgin, corner Steiner and Union streets. The sweet sanctuary was crowded to overflowing by priests and laymen from abroad. Her fame had reached their ears, in their far-away homes, but not her music, until then. Tomorrow, there will be high mass at eleven a. m. and vespers at four in the afternoon.

A Good-bye Concert

Miss M. Genevieve Moroney is going to New York shortly, but before she leaves she will give a farewell concert. The affair will take place next Saturday in Sherman-Clay hall,and the program arranged is a rarely fine one. Camille d'Arville Crellin and Donald de V. Graham will sing, and Mr. Langstroth, 'cellist, will play. Miss Moroney is considered one of the best accompanists in San Francisco, and has successfully toured the State with a concert company. Visiting musical stars have encouraged her with warm words of praise for her work, and she has acted as accompanist on the programs of many entertainments given by the smart women's clubs of the city. Miss Moroney is euergetic and ambitious and it is the desire to pursue her studies further that takes her to New York.

Au Revoir, Abramoff

It is with regret that I announce today the departure of Signor Abramoff for New York. Abramoff is one of our best singing teachers, and it was thought that he had become a fixture in the local musical world, in which his popularity grew steadily from the day of his advent. I understand that he has been given very flattering inducements to enter the larger field of New York where he is already well known,and where his reputation for developing and perfecting the voice has long since been established. He does not intend,however, abandoning the local field. His plans contemplate a sojourn of eight months in New York and four months in this city. He will be accompanied by a few of his most promising pupils.

Yesterday was given Richard Lucchesi's concert, too late for review this week. Mr. Lucchesi has retired from journalism entirely and intends to devote all his time to his profession in the future. The program contained many interesting features one of which was the opening number, a C major quintet, with which,in connection with Herman Brandt, Signor Lucchesi opened Steinway hall, in Post street, twelve years ago. In 1896 he played it again with the Joseph string orchestra in honor of the Prince Arruzi. Since then "La Boheme" has appeared and Mr. Lucchesi discovered that the first act of that popular opera contained themes that were identical with those that formed the last movement in his quintet. That it was a strange coincidence must be allowed as the quintet was written and performed before "La Boheme" was given here and the two composers were utterly unknown to each other.

Samuel Adelstein, the mandolinist, has been doing some active work professionally of late. September eleventh he played at the Seamen's Institute September seventeenth at the First Presbyterian church in Alameda; at St. John's Episcopal Guild hall on the twentieth and at an informal musicale given by Mrs. Martin Schultz at her Oakland residence on the twenty-sixth. Mr. Adelstein is an expert in his line, an authorty on the subject of string instruments and is very willing to lend his talents in aid of public benefits. On September twenty-first, he also played a solo for the California Chapter O. E. S. at Golden Gate hall.

An Artistic Entertainment

The "Dickens Reading" by Miss Charlotte Graeber last Friday, drew a large and appreciative crowd of people. Miss Graeber had prepared the stage for the reading very tastefully in decorations of red and green, giving it the appearance of a small drawing-room, in which the lady herself appeared very much at home and entirely at ease during the rendition of her selections. As Miss Graeber herself was entirely in white the effect was very pleasing to the eye. The program opened with selections from "Pickwick Papers," the court scene of which was well done and greatly pleased the audience. The reproduction of the prominent characters in the famous Breach of Promise case, "Bardwell *as.* Pickwick," were given with naturalness, especially the lawyer for the prosecution, whose pathetic picture of the loneliness of his client drew shouts of laughter from the auditors. The death of Little Nell was not so much in Miss Graeber's line but her sketch from "The Tale of Two Cities" was very good. When she appears upon the stage one has a feeling that she is more at ease than is perfectly natural, but in her characters she loses herself and becomes more natural. Two numbers on the violin were given by George Kalthoff, who comes hither highly recommended. I was a good bit disappointed in his work, however, as I did not find that the reality was equal to the anticipation. He has a good technique and shows the effect of study and application but he does not play with that warmth which is so essential to the art of the violinist, the instrument being so responsive to the mood of the performer. He gave without notes the andante from a favorite Mendelssohn concerto and later two Brahms-Joachim Hungarian dances. He was ably accompanied on the piano by Fred Maurer Jr.

Miss Heath's Graduation

The graduating recital of Miss Helen Colburn Heath took place on Monday evening, the hall being well filled. Whatever nervousness the little lady may have felt in this beginning of her musical career, she could but feel that of the many faces turned toward the platform where she stood, most of them were friends vitally interested in her and her welfare. The program was divided into three parts—Italian, French and German—taking each one from the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries to the present time. This made up a repertoire embracing, of the Italian, Caccini, Scarlatti, Jomelli, Bellini, Leoncavallo; of the French, Old French, Goutry, Bizet, Massenet. The German songs were from Handel, Schubert, Liszt, Strauss and Hugo Wolff. Prefacing the songs of each nation Miss Heath made a few graceful explanatory remarks which greatly enhanced the interest in her songs. She has a sweet, mellow voice that gives evidence of the careful and conscientious study she has been doing, and she sings with ease songs of serious or light character though the latter are perhaps her happiest style. When she gave in encore "Twickenham Ferry" the audience was delighted. Jomelli's "Meadow Lark" was a lovely number and showed the flexibility of her voice to good advantage. Of the others I liked "La Charmante Marguerite," Bizet's "Pastorale," which was a gem, "Die Loreley," Liszt, which was particularly good, and Hugo Wolff's "Er Ists" which brought out the power in her voice better than did any of the others. Miss Heath is a conscientious student and an unsparing worker in her music and success should be her reward. She was assisted by a string quartet—Mr. George Kalthoff and Mrs. Gwynn, violins, Arthur Fickenscher, viola, and Mr. J. R. Gwynn, cello. Fred Maurer accompanied Miss Heath's songs, doing a most artistic and sympathetic piano part,

An Hour of Song

A distinctly representative audience was that present at the "Hour of Song" given by Edward Xavier Rolker on Tuesday evening. Mr. Rolker was assisted by Misses Freda Ohlandt, Hedwig Pohlmann and Lena Rehfisch and Mr. Carl Yoho. Mr. Yoho appeared to disadvantage in his first number, which opened the program, and was obliged to omit his second, Mr. Rolker announcing that he was suffering from a severe cold. Of the numbers, Miss Pohlmann was easily the favorite. Her "Love's Solace" by Willits was very sweetly sung and decidedly her best effort was "Songs My Mother Taught Me" (Dvorak) which was given with admirable expression and displayed the clear, bell-like quality of her upper register. Miss Ohlandt's best work was a song by Liza Lehman, "L'oiseleur." Miss Rehfisch is one of Mr. Rolker's most advanced pupils and her "Aria der Penelope" by Max Bruch was greeted with hearty applause. Mr. Rolker appeared in the last number on the program and gave four songs in splendid voice. Bohm's "To the Night" was one which found most favor from its delightful phrasing and it was given as Mr. Rolker knows how to give anything which calls for much finesse of expression and warmth of tone. It was a delightful program throughout.

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An Analytical Lecture

Last Friday afternoon at the California Conservatory of Music, Otto Bendix, the director, gave an analytical lecture to a class of thirty-five pupils, taking for his subjects the Sonata Appassionata of Beethoven and the Schumann "Papillons," illustrating upon the piano as he talked. Mr. Bendix is known to be a man of large resources musically and an interesting speaker, making the opportunity to hear familiar subjects handled in this way a rare one. These lectures were given once to a large class of musicians in Sacramento and were exceedingly popular. Mr. Bendix is probably the only musician in the United States who treats his subject to the close analysis given in these class lectures.

The program for the first of the Minetti string quartet chamber concerts, to be given this afternoon in Sherman-Clay hall, at a quarter after three o'clock, will be: Mozart, quartet in G major; Veracini, sonata for violin; Schumann, A major quartet. These concerts are given to subscribers only. Tickets are on sale for subscribers at Sherman, Clay & Co.

Four new pieces of music published by Benj. Curtaz & Sons, are two songs—"Absence," with words by Owen Meredith and "A Twilight Song," words by Clarence T. Urmy and two compositions for the piano "Kermesse" and "Marionettes." The songs are beautifully fitted, the music to the words with characteristic accompaniment, and the two piano pieces are far above the average of the same grade of difficulty, being not alone descriptive in type but melodious and original in character. "Kermesse" particularly is peculiarly pleasing and Henry J. Curtaz, from whose pen the compositions have come, is possessed of a gift that should be developed and encouraged to new efforts. The style of the title is exceedingly attractive and neat, printed in two tones, the same idea being used for the whole set. Vocalists will be delighted with the songs, and the piano pieces will make a pleasing addition to the repertoire of the young pianist.

October sixth was "Rosary Sunday" and an elaborate program was presented on that day by the choir of St. Dominic's church, asisted by a string orchestra and kettle-drums, under the direction of James Hamilton Howe, organist and choir director.

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Coming Events

The first of the series of Pasmore popular concerts will be given at Maple hall, Palace hotel, on Tuesday evening the twenty-second instant. The participants will be Mary, Susan and Dorothy Pasmore, whose performance of trios for violin, piano and cello has delighted and astonished all who have heard these little artists; Mrs. Florence Wyman Gardner, Mrs. Edith Scott Basford, Mr. R. E. Nowlan and Mr Pasmore in vocal quartets, and Mrs. Gardner, Mrs. Basford, Mary Pasmore and Mr. Pasmore in solos. Miss Adelaide Birchler, Miss Beulah George, Miss Lida Benedict. Mrs. C. C. Hughes, Miss Anna Moore, Mr. Edward Cahill and Mr. Thomas Nowlan will assist in future concerts. Miss Elizabeth Warden, a former pupil of Mr. Pasmore who has been studying in London with Mr. Shakespeare, will sing at some of the concerts. Miss Warden has sung successfully in concerts in England.

The performance of "Pirates of Pensance" in Native Sons' hall on Thursday, September twenty-sixth, for the benefit of the Presentation Convent, was such a success that it is to be repeated by request on October the twenty-fourth for the same good purpose. Four of the principals in the cast are pupils of Mr. Joseph Greven—Mrs. Ed. Burns, the prima donna who with her sweet, bird-like soprano made a splendid impression and acted like a professional; Mr. E. V. McGinty, who surprised the audience by his powerful and sympathetic basso-baritone; Mr. Fred Huber, who acted and sang the rather difficult part of the Major General with ease and an artistic accuracy, and Mr. Charles Kendrick, as Sergeant of the Police, who was the comical hit of the evening. His voice is a sonorous and heavy basso. All these singers are promising much for the future.

The last musical evening in the popular series at Mauzy hall was given on Thursday evening by the pupils of T. D. Herzog, teacher of violin in the Conservatory of Music.

The singing of Alice Eckman Cramer at the Camera club recently was a pronounced success. Her solos at the Channing Auxiliary were also greatly admired. Mrs. Cramer is doing excellent work with her teacher, Mrs. Bridge, who predicts a brilliant future.

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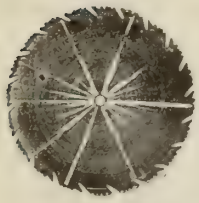
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World of Letters

The Book of the Hour

"Foma Gordyeeff," the novel which has been chosen to introduce to us the new Russian author, Maxim Gorky, is a book as strong as it is crude and unpleasant. Foma might well be taken as a parallel of the gilded youth of our own country. He is the only son of a self-made man who has risen by his own exertions to be a merchant and a man of wealth. Born with a golden spoon in his mouth, he has no occasion to exert himself to gain a livelihood, and he has neither ambition, intellect nor inherited capacity for anything but debauchery. His mother, having died at his birth, he lives for the early part of his childhood in the family of his godfather, another wealthy merchant. "The family of Yakhoff Tarasovitch Mayakim consisted of himself, his wife, his daughter and five female relatives, of whom the youngest was thirty-four years old. They were all equally pious, lacking in individuality, and equally in subjection to Antonina Ivanova, the mistress of the house, a tall, gaunt woman, with a swarthy face and stern gray eyes, whose gleam was intelligent and authoritative. It was a devout family: the odor of wax, incense and olive oil for the shrine lamps filled the house; sighs of penitence, words of prayer hovered in the air. All ceremonial observances were fulfilled accurately, with delight and into them was injected the entire free force of soul of the mansion's inhabitants. Through the gloomy, stifling and heavy atmosphere of the rooms, almost without a rustle moved female forms clad in sombre gowns, bearing always an expression of spiritual contrition on their countenances and wearing always soft slippers on their feet." From this monastic domicile the young Foma was taken home to live with his father and Aunt Anfisa, where he became more of a child, and was introduced to the delights of fairy tales and other fitting joys. One must be far-traveled on the road that leads away from childhood not to have at least a reminiscent sympathy with the little chap when he discovers that his father's long absences on the Volga are not spent in piracy, for it needs a veritable young Fauntleroy in all the glory of curls and sashes not to delight in deeds of daring. A voyage with his father is the preliminary to school life, where he is quickly made acquainted with the advantages of wealth, and where he proves himself but an indifferent scholar. Books, theatres, business and society are all alike distasteful and when the elder Gordyeeff dies suddenly, Foma practically hands his business over to his godfather, while he gives up to a life of drink and carousal. Yakhoff, having but one child, a daughter, to inherit all his wealth, for his only son having become involved in some political plot, is supposed to have been exiled to Siberia and is therefore disowned, manages the Gordyeeff business to the best advantage, having determined that Foma and his Liuba shall marry. But Foma goes from bad to worse, and having everything he decides that he wants nothing, but takes to unprofitable questioning of "cui bono?" Yakhoff makes the pleasant discovery that his own son has not only not been exiled, but has made a great fortune for himself, so he is recalled to the bosom of his family. Father and son between them soon strip Gordyeeff of the last kopek, after he has broken out in a fierce tirade at a public dinner, condemning and denouncing, and calling on divine vengeance upon his host and every one else, the result of which is he is confined to an insane asylum. Prohibitionists may find in this book an argument for their doctrine. Those who trace all the ills of soul and body to inheritance will also be able to point their moral. Speculative philosophers can enlarge on the question "What is life?" but the homely maxim of the beggar on horseback best sizes up the situation. Had Foma been obliged to use his strength to wrest a living from nature he would have been too busy to waste life in conjectures as to what it all meant. Had he been obliged first to earn the means to spend in dissipation he would have had both less to squander and less inclination for squandering. This book is said to represent accurately the condition of the merchant class of Russia. If so, it is neither better nor

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worse than our own. Alexei Maximovitch Pyeshkoff is the newest of the Russian writers. His stories are only now finding their way to English readers, though they have been familiar to Continental Europe for some time. He has had an eventful existence, having been apprenticed to a shoemaker when a mere child; ran away and became the apprentice of a draughtsman, ran away again and entered the workshop of a maker of holy images, worked as a cook's assistant on a Volga steamer, and later as a gardener, all before reaching his fifteenth year. With an idea that education was free to all who craved it, he journeyed to Kazin but finding how far he was from being likely to attain his desire, he became a common laborer, in a bakery. He sawed wood, peddled apples, worked on the docks, carried heavy weights, was a railway watchman, sold beer and became assistant secretary to a counsellor at law, surely a sufficiently varied career. His short stories are realistic sketches of his tramp life. Some recent Russian critics are of the opinion that Gorky is suffering from that insidious malady known in our vernacular as "big head." Says one of them: "Certain of his recent creations do not smack of verity. His beggars and tapsters are no longer Ostades. As in his writings, so in his life. The man who once suffered every humiliation, who cursed and supplicated, now preaches individualism, poses for photographers, and parades the Nevsky in patent leathers. The fact that he has become the centre of enthusiasm seems to have proved too much for Gorky. Dostoyevsky, shattered and triumphant, understood when they bore him above the heads of the crowd. Not so this boy of two and thirty. May he have the strength, the sagacity, to resume the unfettered life of the highway, to realize that a burning brow and bruised feet are better than immature bays. He should heed the call of great horizons, sleep again under the stars and feed upon husks. If he remains always a wanderer, a seeker after something which he may not find, or at least may never know he has found, then will he indeed travel far. Then we may even meet him some day—on the road to Damascus." Foma Gordyeeff in its English dress is from the press of Charles Scribner and Sons. The translation is by Isabel F. Hapgood, who is the medium through whom we have made the acquaintance of so many Russian publications.

Dooley in Irish Literature

The latest recruit to the movement for the resurrection of the Irish language and literature is "Mr. Dooley." The London *Daily Mail* quotes him as follows: "I see my chance. If Mr. Yeats is to be the poet and Mr. George Moore the novelist of the Irish revival, I shall be the humorist. I find no record of a funny man in the literary history of the Erse tongue, and therefore I can have the first chance at saying all the good things. It is true that I do not yet know the language, but that is a detail. I may say, but not boastfully, that my attempts to be humorous while taking my first Erse lesson the other day got a good laugh, and as they say in the theatres, went well in front." Mr. George Moore, who aspires to be playwright as well as novelist, is no better equipped for the position than is "Mr. Dooley," for by his

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own acknowledgement, he, too, is blissfully ignorant of Irish. He does not speak, read or understand the language, let alone writing it. If Peter Finley Dunne could succeed in saying as many funny things in Irish as he does in English, and at the same time, pleasing the native Irish as much as he does their brethren in America he would have something to brag of. An Eastern book dealer tells that late one Saturday evening a woman called at his shop and asked for a Catholic prayer book. Not finding what she wanted, she inquired if he had "Mr. Dooley," and on being answered in the affirmative, remarked, "Well give me that. It will do just as well."

A Leper Colony

Charles Warren Stoddard has condensed into thirty brief pages an outline of the life of Father Damien, the Catholic priest who devoted his life to the leper colony of Molokai. Father Damien is one of the heroes whose self-sacrifice appeals to all people, irrespective of creed, class or country. His short life furnished none of the spectacular incidents which attract attention to the soldier or sailor, or to those who embrace other careers of daring, but the daily and hourly administration of comfort and consolation to the outcasts was the greater heroism. No one is better qualified to write upon any supject in connection with the islands of the Pacific than Mr. Stoddard. The pamphlet, which is published by the Catholic Truth Society, has as a frontispiece a photograph of Father Damien.

—*The Bookworm*

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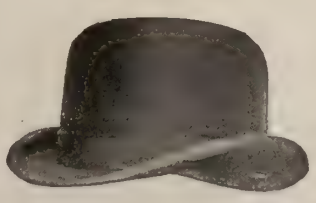
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OUR OPINION

Our Fiddler Candidate

A municipal campaign would be extremely dull were it barren of an element of humor. Politicians take themselves and their business so seriously that they never intentionally agitate our risibles. The struggle for office is serious business with them. Even when they are playing to the gallery it is no joke to them. It is with the gravest deliberation that they seek to augment their popularity. Their most fantastic stunts are done in melodramatic style, but the wholesale comedy element is usually to be found in municipal campaigns in this city notwithstanding the efforts of the politicians and job-chasers to convince the public that it is all serious business being transacted in the interest of the dear people. This year the comedy element is being supplied largely by the Labor Party which is trying to give us a fiddler for Mayor. We have had Sutros and O'Donnells galore but a fiddler is the most grotesque bit of humor that has yet been presented. Mr Schmitz of the Columbia theatre orchestra is no doubt a capable fiddler, but it is difficult to repress a laugh at the thought of his bossing the city government with a baton in one hand and a fiddle in the other. The man that first thought of injecting Schmitz into this campaign was either a superb humorist or a man with an exaggerated notion of the extent of musical culture in this city. He may have an idea that this is a city of music lovers, and that the musical vote is more numerous than that of any other element in the community. Or perhaps he has great faith in the seductive influence of the violin and expected Schmitz to fiddle his way into the job by luring voters somewhat after the manner of the Pied Piper and the rodents. But whatever his notion or his purpose he is entitled to our gratitude. He has contributed in a most original manner to the gayety of the campaign,

An Amusing Legal Farce

The Code Commissioners have had a very pleasant time at the expense of the people of the State of California. After tinkering with the codes for several years, and drawing fat salaries all the time, they sought to consummate their labors by drawing a bill to provide for the enactment of the laws which they had formulated. And now we are informed that those three wise men who were employed by us to make things easy for the lawyers didn't have sufficient intelligence to draw a constitutional act. What a farce the profession of the law appears to be when you stop to ponder such an absurdity as this ludicrous achievement of the code commission. Here were three men, presumably intelligent men, skilled in their profession, engaged for several years in perfecting a system of laws for the guidance of the profession and of the people of the State, and yet they did not know how to provide for the enactment of the laws that they were expected to establish. And it appears that the great majority of the profession were no wiser than the code commissioners, for a publishing house having printed the codes, lawyers bought the books without considering whether they were likely ever to become the laws of the State. And yet the ordinary layman is presumed to know the law. The fact is that the work of the code commissioners was a farce from beginning to end. The commissioners did nothing during the several years of their employment which the ordinary lawyer could not have accomplished in six months. They eliminated some superfluous sections, harmonized discordant acts, and made a few alterations of doubtful merit. There was no attempt at broad or comprehensive legislation, and the commissioners gave not the slightest evidence that familiarity with fundamental principles guided them in their labors. Consequently the decision of the Supreme Court knocking out the revised codes is not to be deplored. Perhaps, under the circumstances the attorney-general would be justified in suing for the recovery of salaries that were not earned. As honorable men, however, the commissioners may deem it their duty to refund the money.

The Case of Miss Stone

The capture of Miss Stone, the missionary, by the brigands of Bulgaria, and the enormous sum demanded for her ransom do not appear to have made so much of a stir in the world as might have been expected. Neither the churches as a body, the wealthy church members nor the missionary societies seem to place as high a value on the lady as do her captors. The one hundred and twenty thousand dollars which is demanded as the price of the liberation of Miss Stone from the clutches of the barbarians whom she has been endeavoring to convert to her views would serve to set on foot some business enterprise which would give employment to American workmen. It could be judiciously used to relieve the distress incident upon sickness and other unavoidable misfortunes amongst people who are not paupers and have no inclination to become such. It would endow free beds in hospitals, and could be put to hundreds of uses at home. Moreover if Miss Stone were not ransomed, she could enjoy

the privilege of becoming a martyr for her religion, and that is no ordinary blessing. The early Christians that went forth to teach all nations suffered martyrdom and rejoiced in the opportunity. But the supposition is that Miss Stone prefers to be saved,and as we don't agree with the Chicago *Record–Herald*, which advises that not a cent of ransom be paid, we are in favor of raising the money. The poor woman should not be sacrificed to any supposititious general good. Buying her freedom may imperil other lady missionaries, but we cannot stop to consider the probable fate of the uncaptured. Let us hope that the experience of Miss Stone may deter others from going to Bulgaria. If women are seized with an uncontrollable desire to do real missionary work, there are opportunities enough at home. All over the country are benighted families and neglected children as much in need of instruction and far more responsive to teaching than the Turks and Bulgarians. It would cost less to establish missions in Chinatown than to go meandering off to China, and the work would have a better chance of prospering. There is a sort of glamour over this business of going a-missionarying. It is an excuse to neglect home duties, just as the Knights of the Round Table went "grail-hunting," leaving their wives and families to do as best they could, and as the Crusaders set gaily out to fight for the Holy Sepulchre and Jerusalem, while their own homes and lands were left to what might befal.

The Big Library Scheme

It should not be a bad idea, before the city is irrevocably committed to the Carnegie Library scheme, to stop and consider the situation and compare notes with other communities which are under contract to raise large revenues to supply people with books they do not care to read. Mr. Carnegie has the undoubted right to make any conditions he sees fit in the distribution of his wealth. It is not only a right but a duty to examine into those conditions before the gift is finally accepted. It is too late, now, to protest against the attitude of mendicancy which we were made to assume when the hat was held out and the beggar's petition chanted. The dole of alms was donated, and now we must make the best of it. We shall have the inevitable squabble over sites and plans, and the scandal which attends the erection of even a hay shed when public funds provide good pickings. That is of course expected, but after all the preliminary troubles are over, and the giant building, to which, perhaps, we may point with anything but pride is finally occupied, there will come the question of maintenance, the raising of the enormous sum which must be expended annually for the maintenance of the store-house and its management. In Oakland, where after soliciting the donation, quarreling over the site and the building, and splitting the town into factions, there has been a further solicitation of Carnegie means to start the institution, had the millionaire responded as graciously as it was fondly hoped, there would have been periodical calls for assistance as long as there was any Carnegie fortune left. New York made haste to grasp the tempting fruit that was dangled before her, and New York has branch libraries galore, while there are children enough to populate a good sized town roaming her streets uncared for and without the rudiments of an education or the hope of acquiring it because there is no room for them in the schools and no funds to provide accommodation. Some of the smaller communities where libraries are already in full working order complain that the reading rooms are deserted and the institutions unpatronized, though it is expected that when the winter sets in tramps and loafers will find them comfortable lounging places. Mr. Carnegie is actuated in his philanthropy by the remembrance of conditions in his own boyhood, when books were hard to get, and he fondly believes that he was an average lad, and that others craved the opportunities to study and to read that he was deprived of through the lack of means to purchase books. Times have changed since then. Books that cost dollars two generations ago can be had for cents now, and there are few towns of any importance where there is not a library entirely free to those old enough to appreciate it, or semi-public and accessible to subscribers at a rate which is merely nominal. Education and the means toward an education have become so common that they are no longer appreciated, and the chief value of a library at the present day is reckoned by its facilities in supplying the latest brand of popular fiction. While the last novel changes hands as rapidly as it can be passed about, the dust collects on the more enduring works and the spiders weave their webs over the poetry. So little call is there for anything but light literature and the latest fiction that librarians are amazed and frequently bewildered when asked for anything which appeared longer ago than the last twelvemonth. There are still left in this city, as there are elsewhere, a goodly number of readers and workers who make use of library privileges for other purposes than as a clearing-house for novels. They are the people for whom a library is a necessity, and should they voice their opinion, it would be decidedly against the consolidation scheme which will leave us not with a great library, but with none at all in the better sense. It would be more to the purpose if people who have means would buy more books for their own private use and support the two good libraries which are now established with us. A big jumbo concern located on the Pavilion site will almost inevitably be as dirty and disreputable a place as the City Hall, and there is little room for question but that its chief advantage will be to provide a convenient place for "keeping dates." The library is as much of a fad at present as a college education, and of as little use. If the semi-public libraries are thrown into the mammoth junk pile which it is proposed to collect there will be such a void created that either students and scholars will remove elsewhere, or some means will be taken to re-establish another library.

Season 1901-02
Fall & Winter Models
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Chas Reibs & Co.
exclusive high grade clothiers
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The Needle's Eye

THROUGH the small postern of a needle's eye
A camel easier far its way can wend
Than for a rich man's spirit to ascend
And pass the shining portals of the sky;
Yet there are many who can testify
That Riches, oftentimes, are swift to blend
With Charity that boasteth not to bend
Above the bed where Want and Sickness lie.

Ye rail against the Rich, but little know
The countless deeds of kindness they have done
Unto the Poor. But there's an Eye to see—
'Tis His who soothed the suffering long ago
And said, "In that ye did it unto one,
The least of these, ye did it unto Me."

LOUIS A. ROBERTSON.

The Saunterer

Concerning Tobin's Candidacy

The objection urged in some quarters against Joe Tobin is that his election will serve to perpetuate the present Democratic machine. This, of course, is the objection of those who are not enamored of the Phelan administration, and of the disgruntled Democrats who have not been en rapport with the Phelan political policy. Even Mr. Phelan does not doubt that he has made enemies during his somewhat brief political career. In rounding up a Phelan constituency he has pursued a rather short-sighted policy. He welcomed those that fawned and flattered, and swatted everybody that was not an enthusiastic supporter. He is naturally of a pugnacious temperament, and acts upon the theory that those that attempt to thwart any of his plans are his enemies, and toward them he is never conciliatory. He lacks the subtle savoir of the broad-gauged opportunist who plays the game of politics with the purpose ever in view of luring rather than repelling. In other words Mr. Phelan's generalship has not been in strict accord with the code of political tactics, and as a consequence there is quite a number of disgruntled Democrats eager to put an end to his reign regardless of the injury they may do the city government. His shortcomings as a practical politician have blinded them to the virtues which he has exhibited in an official capacity. They are not good citizens but they exercise the elective franchise. I regret that Mr. Phelan was not a better tactician.

The Return of Dwyer

But the presumption of the disgruntled ones that Mr. Tobin is running for office just to perpetuate the Phelan dynasty is absurd. Joe Tobin was an independent Supervisor though he supported the policy of the Mayor in all matters affecting the welfare of the city. He was not a puppet. He did his own thinking. As a Supervisor, however, he owed allegiance to the Mayor. If elected Mayor he will be under obligations to no man or political faction, and to him will come the opportunity to unite his party once more. I believe it will be his policy to cement rather than to disintegrate. A hint to that policy has already been given by the selection of men to further his campaign interests who have not been active in politics for many years. Prominent among them is Joe Dwyer, the well known attorney, who has a large and influential following.

When Baker Came to Town

The presence of Bishop Willis of Honolulu at the Episcopal convention recalls the first time San Franciscans became aware of the inharmonious relations of that prelate with his priests. It was part of the circumstance incident to the advent of a unique little clergyman who came hither from the Islands, and who rejoiced in the striking combination of initials—B. O. B. It was not long before those who met him adopted his own fashion of saying his name—"B.O.B. Baker." The Rev. Mr. Baker soon found sympathetic ears into which to pour his tale of woe of petty imposition and tyrannical assumption on the part of the bishop; and it was through the sympathy which he thus awakened that Mr. Baker was engaged as an assistant at old St. Luke's church, under the direction of that dear little rector, the Reverend "Willie" Davis. This was during the time that handsome Will Keith sang in the choir and the stunning Mrs. Martin Schultz made goo-goo eyes at her many admirers in the congregation.

Engraved Wedding Announcements and Invitations

ROBERTSON, 126 Post Street San Francisco

He Rattled His Flock

The rector took his vacation, leaving the Rev. Baker in charge—and then what a change! The little man—for he was about the smallest scrap of humanity that ever wore the vestments of a priest—at once began to change the order of things— to "conform to the usage of the Anglican church." The good people of St. Luke's simply did not know where they were at, in the prayer book or indeed in any part of the service, and finally the vestry had to take a hand and suppress the little man, who not content with his performances in the chancel had begun a house-to-house visitation to know if the parishioners were perfectly satisfied with Mr. Davis as rector. It is needless to say that it was not long before Mr. Baker's connection with the parish was dissolved, and there were quite a few who felt that, perhaps, Bishop Willis of Honolulu was not quite so bad after all.

Miss Tobin's Guest

While everybody has heard or read that the Tobins have as a guest Mrs. Meynell, a literary woman from London, few know what a truly high place the lady occupies in the world of letters. Though a thorough Englishwoman, she was educated in Italy and it is her knowledge of the art of that country that gained her the position of art critic for the *Pall Mall Gazette.* She is now contributing a series of letters to this journal, describing her impressions of American life and scenery. After doing the West, she will go to Mexico. A biographical sketch of Ruskin from Mrs. Meynell's pen is soon to appear in *Blackwood's,* and a volume of poems, "Preludes," is to be reprinted in London. This volume first appeared twenty-five years ago, therefore it will be seen that Mrs. Meynell is no literary tyro. Her husband, Wilfrid Meynell, is one of the most successful paragraphers in London. His style is unlike that of his wife. She is an essayist, poet and critic of art, and though she has produced little, its quality is unquestionable. Those who have met Mrs. Meynell have been charmed with her. Her unassuming manner is in marked contrast to that of many foreign literary lights who have visited us. She enjoys the reputation of being the best conversationalist in London.

Camera Experts Will Compete

Amateur photographers are very busy getting ready for the San Francisco Photographic Salon to be held at the Hopkins. To be sure, it is not to be pulled off until January of next year, but three months are not any too many to prepare for such an exhibition. Last year's salon was very successful, and the Eastern exhibitors sent some fine prints. This year, the amateurs intend to try what they can do against the professionals. Pedar Bruguiere is not the only clever camera artist among the society youth. There are others who think they are as good at it as he, and they will prove their claims at the forthcoming salon. I hope Pedar will send some of his studies of society girls. That of Lottie Cunningham Kessler is not by any means the only portrait that Pedar has done of girls we all know. The committee on selection and hanging includes A. J. Treat, chairman; J. A. Stanton and L. P. Latimer of the Art Association, A. L. Coombs and J. A. Langstroth of the California Camera club.

How He Wooed Her

That old saw about the most available route to a man's heart may be true also of the feminine organ. Mr. Arthur Spear's engagement was announced last week. His fiancee is a young woman who has resisted many an assault on her heart. India Willis Scott is a niece of Mrs. William Willis. She had traveled all over the United States and Europe before she decided to settle down at home. As she is possessed of manifold attractions it was a foregone conclusion that she would be sought by many suitors. The successful one may have wooed her in the manner prescribed for the capture of the male biped, for Arthur Spear, son of the Joe Spears, is known as one of the cleverest amateur chefs in local clubdom. He is the peer of Colonel Kowalsky in the art of imparting an appetizing flavor to a fish, and local gourmets declare that the colonel's talents shine more brilliantly in the cuisine than in the court room. And now they say that Arthur cooked his way into Miss Scott's heart.

His Bachelor Menage

Arthur Spear was given up as a hopeless case by match-making mammas long ago. He and "Og" Hoffman have one of the best appointed bachelor households outside of New York. Young Spear's artistic taste is everywhere apparent in the furnishing and when the two bachelors give dinners or receptions the women all burst into "ahs" and "ohs" of admiration over the cosy home. To eligible belles it always seemed a pity that Arthur Spear was a confirmed old "bach." He is an immense pet with the ladies and his services are always in request at charity affairs, as an auctioneer or something or other. But it was as a cook that he frequently won distinction.

A Cautious Young Man

A good story is being told on young Sidney Van Wyck, son of Mrs. Van Wyck, late President of the Confederate Daughters. Mr. Van Wyck is a very punctilious young man, and very much alive to the social obligations of a gentleman and a scholar. He has a calling list, so the story goes, and in extending the courtesy of his presence at the homes of his friends he plays no favorites. They see him in regular order, but he is welcome at so many homes that necessarily there is a long interval between calls. Recently, and here's where the story comes in, when he was bidding au revoir to a very charming and very popular young matron, she asked him why he did not call oftener.

"I should like to," was the affable reply, "but I don't like to give the neighbors occasion for gossip."

THE STANDARD FOR CHAMPAGNE QUALITY IS



THE WORLD OVER

A Starving Pullman

Few millionaires have had the experience of starving in a thriving town. George Pullman, of the Pullman twins, the one that was recently married to the last of the West sisters, had it in New Mexico some years ago. He told the story recently to some friends at the Palace. He had gone to New Mexico for his health, it being supposed that he had pulmonary trouble. He took to gambling to break the monotony and lost all he had. Then he pawned his jewelry and other things, and before he could communicate with his mother he was flat broke. He tried to borrow but nobody believed he was one of the millionaire Pullmans and his credit was no good. He was obliged to go without food for twenty-four hours, but when succor arrived in the shape of a fat check, he was so sore on the town that he went to a neighboring village to spend the money.

Why He Would'nt Take the Job

Somebody has started a John Garber gubernatorial boom. If Judge Garber could be induced to take the nomination on the Democratic ticket, it would be wise for Henry T. Gage to return to his Los Angeles law office. Judge Garber was the first Democrat elected to the Supreme bench of Nevada, and he has a tender spot in his heart for everybody from the sage-brush State. He says that he wouldn't take the gubernatorial job because he should consider it his first duty to pardon out of the penitentiary all convicts that came from Nevada.

Where a Lady Is De Trop

Mrs. Peary has been getting a good deal of Sunday Supp. fame through her connection with her husband's Polar expedition. But the next time Mrs. Peary goes North it is to be hoped there will be none but females in the party. It is rather an indelicate thing for a woman to thrust herself into an expedition of that sort. She was undoubtedly a nuisance, and was so regarded by the men who might have accomplished something if she had been left at home. She procured much material for magazine articles, but she handicapped the men who were intent upon scientific research.

Chauncey Deals Out Drivel

Having secured the promise of a young woman to marry him, Chauncey Depew, the bewhiskered factotum of the Vanderbilts, swelled up until he looked like a pouter pigeon, and proceeded to discuss his impending matrimonial venture for publication. Chauncey is a giddy old chap who has spent all his life spieling for the New York Central railroad and its owners. He is the glad-hand artist of the big corporation. It is his business to make friends for the company, and to that end he has maintained cordial relations with the newspapermen. He has been talking to reporters for over a quarter of a century, and when he found himself betrothed he couldn't resist the temptation to take them into his confidence. And of course he chatted away like the average old fool who feels that he has infatuated a young and pretty woman. Poor Chauncey! He should have kept away from the interviewers. He couldn't talk about his love affair without dealing out the most inane and silly drivel. After reading it one cannot help sympathizing with his fiancee. Chauncey became a United States Senator, not because of his great ability, for he is not a man of great mental scope. He is merely a cultured tout for the ridiculously rich, but it is unfortunate that he has been made to appear so absurd on the eve of his marriage.

Bohemian Cafe, 711 Market street. serves the purest liquors and the daintiest lunch in the city.

Poet Robertson Praised

The literary critic of the St. Louis *Mirror*, which is one of the best edited weekly papers in America, discusses Louis Robertson's "The Dead Calypso and Other Verses" in a manner most flattering to the author. "The book," he says, "has fire and grit in it. It has also much tenderness and sadness. It runs the gamut from the most spirited aspiration to the rage of desire defeated in satiation. In the matter of form all the verses are exquisitely done. In the matter of feeling the intensity is poignant. The total impression of this poetical utterance is that of a strong man tightly tethered to the consequences of his long past joy of living. * * * Again and again you are reminded of Heine's spirit, not infrequently of James Thomson. Always the song has color to it, has blood and bone and flesh and soul woven through it." These are splendid compliments from a high authority, and I congratulate Mr. Robertson on the impression his book of verse has made. The poet has recovered from the effects of a recent operation, and he is again astride Pegasus.

The Rise of a Reporter

The press despatches have lately told of the bestowal by the Sultan of a decoration on Alexander Russell Webb, who now bears the title of Bey. Not many years ago Webb Bey was plain Alex Webb, a reporter in St. Louis. He was somewhat of a dude and had a penchant for pretty actresses. He wrote odes to the fair ones, and drank wine with them at late suppers In a lucky moment he was appointed consul to Manila by President Cleveland, and there he embraced the Mohammedan religion. Then he went to India and promoted a scheme for the conversion of his countrymen in America to the Koran. As a promoter he was a success. He came back with a well-filled purse and emptied it like a Prince. A few years later he got into financial trouble in the East and disappeared. None of his old newspaper friends heard of him again until he bobbed up in the Sultan's dominions the other day with the swell decoration. He is on velvet once more. Webb Bey has out-faked the fakirs of India.

Shea-Hough

A new engagement announced is that of Miss Elva Shea and Mr. Louis Francis Hough. Miss Shea

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is the daughter of Frank Shea, one of the Southern Pacific company's legal staff. She is a pretty girl,and is a graduate of the University of California. Mr. Hough is a Canadian,,but has lived here so long that he considers himself a thorough Californian. He has been with the Crane Rubber company for many years. The Sheas live in Oakland, occupying the old residence of the "Borax" Smiths, where they entertain very hospitably. It was at a luncheon given by Mrs. Shea last week that the engagement was made known. The wedding is, I hear, not to take place until next Easter.

Some Suggestions for Voters

The Republican Supervisors' ticket appears to have been nominated under the misapprehension that this was a "yellow-dog" year. With the exception of men of the character of Alfred Lilienfeld and Fred McWilliams, the candidates are not such as should appeal to taxpayers. People with property interests pay close attention to the proceedings of the city's legislative body though they may not bother about patronage jobs. They know that those interests have been safeguarded by such men as Brandenstein, Comte, Stafford, D'Ancona, McCarthy, Dwyer, Reed and Braunhart. I am sorry that petty personal prejudices operated against the nomination of such a man as Reed. Such prejudices should be repressed in the interest of good government. They provoke contempt for those by whom they are manifested. I am no admirer of Sammy Braunhart but I can cheerfully recommend him as a good official, and I do not hesitate to advise my readers to vote for W. D. Wasson, John Landers, Knox Maddox and Maurice V. Samuels, the new men on the ticket. While on the subject of candidates I am constrained to call attention to the fact that Mr. McDougald, the Republican nominee for Treasurer, is sponsored by Pin Head McCarthy,the Michael Feeney of unionism. McDougald was treasurer of McCarthy's Building Trades council.

The Money King In Religion

Perhaps Mr. Pierpont Morgan has not been one of the biggest figures in the Episcopal Convention, but he has surely had more than his share of the limelight. His influence did not dominate the convention, but no individual among the distinguished visitors figured so conspicuously as did the great trust organizer. That the Money King wields a powerful influence in religion there can be no doubt when we see a Baptist preacher in Cleveland quitting his pulpit because John D. Rockefeller didn't like him, and when we observe bishops kow-towing to Morgan on the occasion of a banquet in honor of the big financier at a millionaire's club. Mr. Morgan didn't feel like speaking at the banquet so he beckoned to Bishop Potter, and the Bishop responded gracefully.

The Apotheosis of Morgan

Mr. Morgan broke through a thick coating of icy reserve when he accepted the invitation to that banquet. And what a banquet it was, even aside from the beautiful decorations and the gustatory excellence. The presence of J. Pierpont provoked it all—the eloquence and the two hours immersion in locutionary flattery. The dailies refrained from telling the whole story. Will Crocker started the ball of adulation. The evening was an apotheosis of the greatest of all financiers. The speakers—bishops, laymen, lawyers and college presidents—erected a pedestal on which they placed the quiescent figure of Mr. Morgan. All this was over the coffee when the heart was bathed with wine and the spirit of charity rose uppermost.

Some Funny Stories

J. Pierpont Morgan sat through it all, showing neither aversion nor satisfaction for all the kind things said of him. No one could read from his face whether he assimilated the many compliments paid him, or whether they fell off his back like the water off the proverbial duck. He just sat and smoked and smoked, only breaking his facial composure at a sally of occasional wit. To Bishop Dudley fell the palm for post prandial felicity. The Bishop was in good spirits and told some fresh stories. One about Ingersoll ran as follows: "Gentleman, we Episcopalian visitors have been very happy over your courteous treatment. Even your barbers take delight in telling us we are a fine body of men and one went so far as to inform me in confidence that we beat the Epworth Leaguers all hollow. This in itself, gentlemen,reminds me of something Ingersoll once said of us, that he had no objection to Episcopalianism because it never interferes with one's religion or politics."

Francis Lynde Stetson, lay delegate and at one time a law partner of Grover Cleveland, told a story on a prominent Eastern bishop. They were walking arm in arm down one of the streets of the metropolis when Stetson's companion asked him if a certain building they were then passing was the blind asylum. "Oh no," said Stetson, "that is a theological seminary." "Same thing," said the Bishop. Another story which provoked general merriment was that of Bishop Potter who told the story on one of his particular church friends then present. This friend in his younger days felt the most exalted emotions whenever in the presence of a real Bishop, but when he attained that dignity he realized that he was not omnipotent. "Why," said Bishop Potter, "one evening when we two were together, my iconoclastic friend confided in me the belief that a judge on the bench was a much greater personage than a bishop. 'A judge,' he declared, 'says you be hanged and once in a while the man is hanged. The bishop says you be damned but——'"

Why the Mayor Wasn't There

Prince Poniatowski, by the way, was the impresario of that now famous dinner. Will Crocker was the host, but he delegated the management to the

DEWAR'S
SCOTCH WHISKY
HIGH BALL

Small piece of ice in glass, pour whisky over ice and fill glass with syphon or plain water

A Cooling and Delightful Drink

Prince. It is said that in Europe the Prince is modesty personified and has the habit of referring everything to his brother-in-law, who is regarded as a sort of Monte Cristo across the pond. At home Crocker reciprocates by deferring to "my brother-in-law, the Prince." He even wears his beard after the Poniatowski fashion. The Prince invited the guests and arranged the decorations. There were eighteen hundred pounds of grapes on the table and they were of great size and beauty. That was a conceit of the Prince. But conspicuous by his absence was James D. Phelan, the Mayor of the city, one of the most remarkable of all the rich men in the State, who spends more in public benefactions every year than the Crockers have or will spend in a life time. But the Mayor closed the Ingleside racetrack, and for frowning on gambling he was not welcome at a banquet given in honor of a delegate to a church convention. Funny—isn't it?

What Morgan's Cook Thinks of Him

A paraphrase of the old epigram about no man being a hero to his own valet is suggested by a story of an incident at the Oakland mole on the occasion of the arrival of Pierpont Morgan's special train. The train was met by a bunch of reporters and Mr. Will Crocker. The great financier was at breakfast, and neither the press nor Mr. Crocker was permitted to interrupt his matutinal meal. One of the reporters, a Scotchman, went rubbering, and encountered Sherry's chef, an Englishman. Then followed this colloquy:

"I say," said the reporter, "Is Mr. Morgan a gentleman? I don't mean according to English standards, for with us no grandson of a tavern keeper can possibly be a gentleman, but from the American point of view is he a gentleman?"

The chef went into a deep brown study. After resolving the queries to maturity, he replied:

"No sir, I cannot say that Mr. Morgan is a gentleman. At times he is rough—damned rough, I should call him—but still occasionally he is gentlemanly."

Then after a pause he resumed:

"Yes, *gentlemanly* is the word; when he makes a great effort he is gentlemanly. His children are somewhat better and I may say without hesitation that his grandchildren will be gentlemen."

Mr. Morgan has conquered the financial world but he has not yet achieved the good opinion of his cook.

The Divorce Canon

Well, after all, it does seem as though the social pull had some influence on the Episcopalian convention. All that talk about amending the church canons to forbid the remarriage of divorced persons came to naught. The adoption of the amendment would have alienated some of the richest members of the church, and in these modern Christian times financial backing is a great incentive to religious zeal. To have adopted that proposed amendment would have been to administer a slap in the face to Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, for among the guests on the multi-millionaire's special were Dr. and Mrs. James W. Markoe, who were probably brought along to serve as an object lesson illustrating how happy divorced persons may be after a second marriage. Mrs. Markoe was formerly Miss Annette Wetmore. Her first marriage was very unhappy. Her second marriage was performed by Dr. Rainsford at St. George's church, New York, several years ago.

The Immoral Route

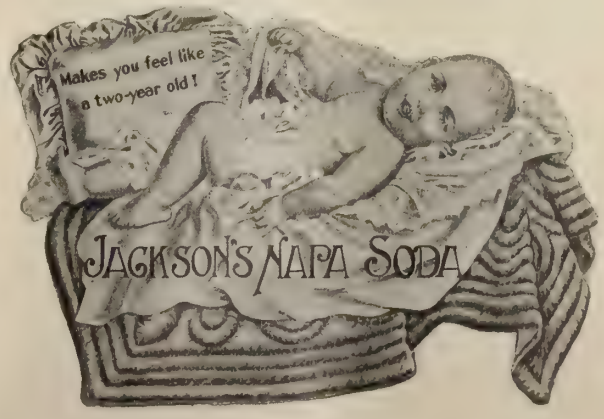
The Chinatown guides did a thriving business during the convention. One of the guides who solicited patronage in the convention hall incurred the displeasure of some of the ecclesiastics by explaining that his charges depended upon the route taken. He declared that there were two routes, the moral and the immoral, and the latter was the more expensive. I heard him denounced by a clergyman at the Palace hotel, but a gentleman of the cloth with Parkhurstian ideas upheld him, saying it was proper for the clergymen to know such things as immoral routes and that he purposed taking the highest priced trip.

Teddy Roosevelt's luck is still with him. Mr. Hanna threatens to resign from the Republican committee and thereby divorce himself from the Administration.

A Dean Story

Walter Dean, the capitalist, is, I have been told, a very sick man. Mr. Dean is an able financier, but he has been very lucky. He began life with nothing and he is now a millionaire. He has mines in process of development which are destined to make him one of the richest men in the State. There is none of the arrogance of some of our rich men in Mr. Dean. He is modest, affable and popular. Mrs. Dean, however, is a trifle pretentious, a circumstance that is perhaps responsible for a story that has been told over the tea-cups. The Deans now occupy palatial apartments at the Palace and are served by their own retinue of servants. But there was a time when they occupied only two rooms. One day, when entertaining some visitors, Mrs. Dean remarked: "I don't see how people get along in one or two rooms. Why, we are crowded to death in eight."

The stork is to be kept very busy during the next few months, and he will have to step lively to keep all his engagements. One of the homes at which he is due I hear, is that of Frank Powers, the attorney. This is not the first visit of the long-legged bird to the Powers' menage, nevertheless it will be welcomed.



A Marriage in Honolulu

Invitations are out for the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lewers' daughter, Harriet Layman, to Mr. Arthur Frederick Wall, on Monday evening, October twenty-eighth, at Saint Andrew's Cathedral, Honolulu. The Lewers' are very well known in this city, which they frequently visit, invariably putting up at the Occidental. Miss Lewers is an uncommonly clever girl, musically talented. Her brother Robert is remembered here as leading juvenile with the Frawley company, when that organization had Blanche Bates, Frank Worthing, Eleanor Moretti and Theodore Hamilton on its membership roll. The Lewers' are among the wealthiest of Hawaiian residents and entertain lavishly at their beautiful home.

Lawyers Buy Gold Bricks

The decision of the Supreme Court knocking out the revised codes served to make it apparent that it is as easy to sell gold bricks to lawyers as to laymen. As soon as the codes were approved at Sacramento, the Bancroft–Whitney company, which deals in law books, sought legal advice as to whether the act was constitutional. They were advised that it was and proceeded to publish a set of codes. Then they sent out canvassers to work the law firms throughout the State. The codes are in three volumes, and the publishers have already sold the first two and have secured contracts of agreement to purchase the third. The lawyers are now sore at the publishing firm, but as lawyers they should have been wise enough to wait till the court had passed on the constitutionality of the act.

Freeman Sponsored the Act

As a matter of fact the act drawn by the code commissioners was questioned in the judiciary committee before its passage. It was objected to on the very ground on which it was declared unconstitutional by Justice McFarland. Code Commissioner Freeman, however, sponsored the act, and declared that he was confident of its constitutionality. I understand that though McFarland's reasoning is unanswerable, yet similar acts have been held to be constitutional in States where the constitutional provisions touching such matters are the same as those of California. McFarland's opinion is therefore contrary to many authorities. But the law is a very uncertain science. Lawyers depend for guidance on the authority of courts, but periodically along comes a McFarland to surprise the profession by pointing out that the judicial interpretation which they had relied on for years was all wrong.

Medicos in London

Young Dr. McNutt has taken two degrees in London, and has but one more to obtain, when he will be a medico with both wings and a bill. Dr. Edgar Dinkelspiel published a long article recently in the London *Medical Journal* which won him not a few good words from his elders in the profession. Its title was "Blood and Germs."

There is really no doubt that the stork is contemplating a visit to the "Chateau d' If," otherwise the home of Mrs. Cornelia Baxter Tevis. There is no concealment of the expected arrival. Every day Mrs. Tevis drives abroad in a smart trap, usually extending her jaunt to Pacific Grove. She is usually accompanied by her pretty young sister and her little stepdaughter, Alice Tevis. The Monterey people have no chance to comment on her looks as she is invariably heavily veiled.

Have you visited Mrs. Cole, the leading Chiropodist and Manicure at her pretty little office in the Parrott Building? Room 460. Telephone Howard 2585.

The *Shamrock II.* having done so well this year, Sir Thomas should christen the new challenger the *Harp and Shamrock*, then he may have a better chance of lifting the cup.

Debutantes in New York

My New York correspondent writes me that the list of debutantes in the swim this winter is larger and of more importance than has been the case for many seasons. Mrs. Ogden Mills' twin daughters, Beatrice and Gladys, will come out under their mother's chaperonage. The Alexander Mortons will introduce their daughter Elizabeth at a large reception. She is a very handsome girl and is a niece of General Barber. Another beauty is Julia Le Roy Edgar, Mrs. Newbold Edgar's daughter; she is expected to make a pronounced success as her face and figure and talents are above the average. Mr. C. Oliver Iselin will present his second daughter, Frances, whose sister Nora was one of last year's buds. They are both charming girls and have inherited the winsome manner of their mother, who as Miss Garner was one of the most popular belles in her set. Mrs. Burke-Roche will bring out her daughter Cynthia, who saw somewhat of society at Newport in the summer. William C. Whitney will give a splendid ball for his step-daughter, Adelaide Randolph, who is a bud of the season. Natica Rives has been much talked of owing to her original type of beauty. She is the daughter of the George L. Rives'. Janet Fish will be presented by her father, Hamilton Fish. Other debutantes will be Violet Cruger, Mrs. J. Frederick Tams' daughter; Evelyn Blight, a sister of Mrs. William Payne Thompson; Gwendolen Burden, whose mother, Mrs. Townsend Burden, gave her a large ball at Newport in the summer; and Louise Gibson, daughter of the George Rutledge Gibsons.

To be a debutante in New York means much more than it does in San Francisco. Endless balls, dinners and receptions in honor of the buds follow in rapid succession, many of the functions occurring on the same day. The blooded equines shown at the Horse Show are not more widely advertised, stared at or commented on than are these daughters of the rich.



JESSE MOORE

A A

WHISKEY

BEST ON EARTH

Debutantes in San Francisco

Money and blood are about equally balanced among the debutantes to be introduced in the local swim this winter. There is no better way just now of obtaining an entree to the charmed circle than to possess a daughter of proper age to make her debut. If she be rich, that is good; if she be pretty, that is better; but if she be pretty, rich and clever, that is best of all. There will be some very sweet girls among this season's buds. Norma Preston is one of the sweetest. It was at first thought that the state of her health would prevent her debut, but her travels have set her all right again and she will be able to come out with the other buds. She is the daughter of Colonel Preston. Her sister, Edith, made her debut two seasons ago. Edith still ranks as the beauty of her set. Norma's beauty is of a type different from her blonde sister's, but is not less attractive. Their half-sister, Isabel, married Len D. Owens. Gladys McClung is a bud of Southern extraction, a niece of the late Dr. R. Beverly Cole. Kate Robinson is also a Southern bud. Genevieve King is a strikingly handsome girl, and is a daughter of the Homer Kings. She has a merry, lively disposition and makes friends easily. Edith Huntington and Kate Herrin are of the "railroad set," and possess both dollars and pulchritude. Frances McKinstry is a younger sister of the popular Laura. Miss Sperry's debut means a series of functions in her honor by her relatives, Mrs. Will Crocker and others. Pearl Landers is a daughter of the John Landers', and is a young and pretty girl. Then there are Jean Nokes, Kate Brigham, Edith Bull, Jacqueline Moore, Emily Wilson and some others who have not quite made up their minds whether to debut this year or wait until next winter.

The Palmers and the Wheatons

Oakland is still quite excited over the Palmer-Wheaton wedding, for George Wheaton had been a beau for years, and society scarcely thought that Mr. and Mrs. Wheaton Sr. would consider the Palmers sufficiently swell for a matrimonial alliance. However, the marriage was arranged and Mrs. George Wheaton Sr., who is quite the handsomest matron in Oakland—far prettier than the majority of the girls—showed her good will by taking off the mourning which she has been wearing for over a year for her younger son. Mrs. Wheaton appeared in a white satin gown, a magnificent creation, and she completely outshone the pale little bride. The wedding was an expensive one. But the Palmers are rich though economical. A large marquee had been erected on the lawn adjoining the bride's home. For purposes of economy the marquee did not have a floor. The lawn was wet down the day before and a thin canvas laid over the grass. The wedding night was not one of those sultry ones which prevailed soon after, and as the floorless marquee was cold, everybody had frapped feet and several of the guests appeared at supper in raglans and opera cloaks. But it was particularly hard on the old men, of whom there were several, and the next day father-in-law Wheaton had the gout, Isaac L. Requa was laid up with rheumatism and several of the guests had severe colds in the head. The golf crowd, which made up most of the guests, speak of it as a "cold night."

Some little feeling was occasioned by the fact that Charles Palmer, father of the bride, who is cashier of the Union National bank, cut all his old friends. Years ago the Palmers lived in San Leandro, where Mrs. Palmer was a dressmaker and Mr. Palmer worked on a threshing machine, but, naturally, the people whom they knew then could not well appear at so exclusive a gathering. Only the golf crowd was invited. Even some of the Palmer family was left out, among others Maro P. Kay, an uncle of Mrs. Palmer, who was conspicuous by his absence. The senior Wheatons have a large house in Lake street and it was planned at first that the young couple should reside there, but this was changed later at the express desire of the bride-elect who feared that her family connections might not be welcomed at the Wheaton home, so the young couple will take a house for themselves when they return from their wedding journey.

A Costly Battle

People are wondering what will be the outcome of the fight between the San Francisco Gas and Electric company and the Equitable Gaslight company. Both corporations are supplying gas to consumers at figures that are not much above the cost of production. No dividends are being paid, and many unfortunate stockholders whose only source of income was their investment in Mr. Crockett's corporation are very much worried. They fear that if the stock falls much lower they will lose their principal. The company appears to be in a bad way. A few years ago it was about the only corporation in the city paying a dividend of more than seven per cent on the market value of its stock, and now it is in debt.

Some time ago a policy of retrenchment was adopted by the company. The salaries of all the employes were reduced, and no exception was made in the case of the general manager. But the reduction in his case was in the nature of a grand-stand play. In a month or two his salary was put back to its former figure. Yet many of the misfortunes that have overtaken the company should be charged against this same general manager who enjoys the princely salary. It was his attitude of arrogance toward Claus Spreckels that turned a friend into a dangerous foe. The company's next annual election of officers will take place on January second. It is already rumored that the president will have proxies out, but the directors are expected to take a hand in the matter.

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They're Not Enthusiastic

I am told that the Hopkins' are far from enthusiastic over the engagement of pretty Georgie to Fred McNear. The social status of the family of young McNear is equal to that of the Hopkins', but Georgie's beauty had inspired great expectation. Young McNear, however, was a persistent wooer, and he is deserving of congratulations. Some months ago one of his brothers married the daughter of an Oakland butcher, and a younger brother, Seward, while at school in the East, wedded an unknown country girl. George McNear was the only one who made a good social catch. He married one of the beautiful Tucker girls over in Oakland.

Queer Pranks Played by Bullets

Dr. Beech, just back from a varied experience in the Spanish-American and the South African wars, has a notable lot of interesting experiences with strange bullet wounds to recount, and he tells stories of queer pranks played by leaden missiles. They are pertinent now in view of the scientific interest aroused by the McKinley case. The returned traveler expresses no surprise at the fact that gangrene developed in the case of the President. "In the Boer war I don't recall," he said, "a severe wound leading to death where gangrene did not set in. The effect of a bullet entering and passing through the body is to deaden the tissues all around it and along its course for a distance of about one-fourth of an inch on every side. But the pranks of a bullet on entering the human body are astonishing. I'm not surprised that the doctors could not locate the bullet prior to the President's death but I confess I am greatly surprised that in the autopsy they did not discover it. The courses of bullets in the human body are as changeable as rays of light. The slightest causes deflect them. I have known of cases where a silk handkerchief in a man's pocket has absolutely stopped a bullet. Many people consider silk underclothes good bullet protectors. There are cases on record where men's lives have been saved by having on two woolen shirts. In former times it was believed that bullets developed a natural poison. I am inclined to think that is a natural excuse for poor surgery.

Remarkable Bullet Wounds

"But let me give you some idea of the erratic courses taken by bullets. Perhaps the most remarkable case that I met was that of a Boer struck in the skull. There was a small entering wound on the right side. Almost opposite was a large exit wound. We first thought that the bullet had passed completely through the man's head. Later on we made another and a closer examination. Wonderful to relate, we discovered that the bullet had not even penetrated the skull. It had glanced around in a circular track, keeping between the skin and skull till it reached the opposite side where it broke through the skin. Of course the patient recovered. A remarkable case at Elandslaagte was that of a soldier who was in the act of shouting when struck in the right cheek. The bullet passed between the open jaws and out through the left cheek without touching a bone. Had the man's mouth been shut the whole lower part of his skull would have been blown away. As it was the bullet left a clean wound which soon healed. I heard of a case where a man was shot in the stomach by a ball. The missile passed through one wall, struck the other wall and dropped back into the stomach. The first thing he did when placed on a cot in the hospital was to vomit up the bullet. He recovered all right and if he's like the others he's fighting yet.

The Record Case

"These are all unusual cases but they can't touch one that happened in South Africa. It is so remarkable that it has taken its place among the most wonderful cases on record. More than anything else it shows how easily a bullet may be deflected and bury itself in a vital organ without apparent injury to the wounded man. Ten years before this officer was ordered to South Africa, he was wounded in a New Zealand skirmish. The bullet seemed to have penetrated the chest just above the heart. After a careful examination the surgeons gave up all hope of his recovery. But in a few days he rallied and in a month or so he was again on his feet, and was invalided home. He suffered for several years with slight pains in the chest and at times with severe palpitation followed by cardiac depression. This temporary flutter however did not alarm either the officer or his friends. Well, ten years later in South Africa it happened that he contracted the fever. He was taken on board the hospital ship and everything done for him, but the fever finally carried him off. By a singular chance it happened that Surgeon Lawrence on board the hospital ship was one of the surgeons who had examined the officer in New Zealand. He asked for an autopsy that he might discover what led them all astray in their judgment on the chest wound. Well, its on record that Lawrence found the bullet imbedded in the man's heart. It had been there for ten years without causing the wounded man any great inconvenience and without of course anyone's suspecting the wonderful fact."

A Family of Beauties

Mrs. Robinson Reiley, nee Goad, whose latest marriage is still a topic of discussion in smart society circles, comes from a family of beautiful women. She is of the same patrician type as her aunt, Mrs. "Jimmy" Goad of Colusa, whom she greatly resembles. W. T. Goad and his brother, James Goad, mar-

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ried two handsome sisters. One of the daughters of the former, Mrs. Osgood Hooker,resembles her mother, and Mrs. McIntosh and Mrs. Reiley resemble their aunt. Mrs. "Jimmy" Goad is one of the leading members of the Methodist church of Colusa. When the Goads came to San Francisco they switched from the Methodist church to the Presbyterian. In those days Dr. Mackenzie's church was quite fashionable, but later on the Goads became Episcopalians. When Genevieve Goad married Andrew Martin she became a Catholic. It may be truthfully said that the Goads have no religious prejudices.

Mr. Wells' Luncheon

Mr. Asa R. Wells, the Republican candidate for Mayor, is very rich, but he doesn't flaunt his wealth The other day he invited a reporter to go to luncheon with him. The journalist was averse to accepting hospitality of a candidate, but he wanted an interview with Mr. Wells, and he thought that to avail himself of the invitation would facilitate matters. Much to his surprise Mr. Wells led him to a free lunch counter and asked:

"Are we late for lunch today? "

"Oh, no," said the man behind the bar. "There are some beans left," and Mr. Wells proceeded to fill himself full of beans. There is nothing so effective as appeals to the polloi in campaign times, but then Mr. Wells is very fond of saloon beans.

The Breckenridges and Tevises

I see that Florence Breckenridge is to spend the winter in Paris with her mother, Mrs. Fred Sharon. Mother and daughter have been separated for many years, for when Mrs. Breckenridge married Mr. Sharon she went to Europe with him and left her three children here with their grandmother. She has been very devoted to her second husband who has been in constant need of the curative waters of Europe. Such has been her devotion to him that some of the tabbies have thought her indifferent to her children. The fact is that she is very proud of Florence, who is most attractive and vivacious, with a way "wiz her" of using her eyes that futters the hearts of men. When some of the old dames of society see Florence Breckenridge looking meltingly into the eyes of some youngster they shake their heads and say, "That's the Breckenridge of her." But there have been a few Tevises, including the founder of the family himself, who were proficient in the art of optical flirtation. The eldest of the three Breckenridge children is "Jack," who inherited many of the failings of his brilliant and handsome father's family. School bored him and tutors drove him insane. Finally he went to the Tevis ranch and lived the life of a hermit. But wearying of solitude he went, later on, to New York and entered the theatrical profession. I believe he is now in vaudeville.

Gossip from Stockton

Stockton seems to be on the verge of an avalanche of weddings. At a charming afternoon function given by Miss May Budd in honor of Miss Ewing the other day, the occasion being the latter's betrothal to Harry Marsh, the fair hostess took occasion to announce her own engagement to Mr. Francis Hodgkins. It was a daintily pretty party, the decorations being wholly in white with suggestion of wedding bells. When the guests filed out to the beautifully arranged dining-room, dainty white envelopes tied with white satin ribbon were at each plate and these contained the cards announcing Miss Budd's engagement to Mr. Hodgkins. Miss Budd is the elder daughter of Regent John E. Budd and a niece of Ex-Governor Budd. She is a pretty, very graceful girl, in a tall, willowy, Gibsonesque way, and is generally regarded as the most stylish of her set. Mr. Hodgkins is a young Englishman of wealth. Rumor sayeth that his brother Sydney Hodgkins will also be married soon to one of the smart set, a charming vocalist and an acknowledged beauty.

A Minister's Bad Break

An awkward incident occurred at the celebration of a Stockton wedding anniversary the other night, writes my correspondent. A minister who is a comparatively new resident of the town was called upon for a few remarks, and took occasion to speak of the sanctity of marriage and the felicity enjoyed by those that stay with their first loves through better or worse long enough to have wedding anniversaries to celebrate. When he finished his wife accused him of stupidity.

"What's the matter ? " he asked.

"Don't you know," she demanded, "that our host was twice and his wife once divorced before they met each other ? "

No, he had not known that.

She Reads on the Lawn

A Californian lady who recently visited Washington, writing to a friend in this city, says, "We went out to the White House yesterday, and saw Mrs. Roosevelt sitting on the lawn reading a book. She doesn't look as though she is afraid of anarchists. There was only one policeman guarding the grounds which are as public as the City Hall lawn in San Francisco. Mrs. Roosevelt looks about thirty-eight years of age. She is rather homely."

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An Anti-Jag Apostle

Francis Murphy, the Apostle of Temperance, and the originator of the White Ribbon teetotalism movement of a generation ago, arrived here a few days ago from Hawaii. Murphy is famed the world over for his continuous crusade against rum. Some months ago he was invited by the churches in Honolulu to visit there. He stayed a month and won hundreds of converts to cold water. Greatest of all his victories was the taming of the thirst of Franklin Austin. a brother of the Territorial Treasurer of Hawaii. He was one of Kalakaua's statesmen, and during that merry monarch's reign acquired an unquenchable thirst. One night he took the stand for teetotalism. He became Murphy's right hand man, and when Murphy went to Australia, Austin voluntarily took his place as president of the Murphy clubs, and leader of the fight against booze.

Austin's Profitable Reformation

He had great success. Being a spellbinder in English and Kanaka he made the Islands resound with the roars of the tail-twisted devil of liquor. He got married for the third time. His woozy figure, so long familiar in Honolulu, was now erect and the mouth into which barrels of intoxicants had run did a continuous performance stunt for temperance. He gave up all his other work—which work had consisted entirely of accepting invitations to drink—and toured Hawaii in the Murphy cause. Murphy came back from Australia. He shook Austin proudly by the hand. "Look," said Austin, "I have raised over four thousand dollars for temperance since you left here."

"Let's see the books," said Murphy.

But Austin had no books. The planters and missionaries who had contributed the four thousand dollars got anxious. A caucus of the temperance folk was held and Austin was investigated. Then it was revealed that whereas Austin had put aside rum, he had been on one long beefsteak and oyster spree. Demosthenes Lycurgus, the famous restaurateur of Honolulu, whose praises Robert Louis Stevenson sang made the fatal disclosure. Nightly when Austin had closed the temperance hurrah, it was his wont to patronize Lycurgus' and there stuff himself with the choicest viands brought on ice from the mainland,and smoke Egyptian cigarettes. The ministers refused to vote their confidence in Austin. Austin's beefsteak spree is a matter of history. Murphy is sadly cast down, and the rum demon in Hawaii is laughing merrily.

Sorosis Hospitality

S stands for Sorosis; I hope that Sorosis does not stand for snobbery. The club is made up of well-known San Francisco women,and has handsome rooms. Its members—familiarly called Sorosisters—aim to lift up themselves and their fellows. A few days ago, the *Chronicle*, *Call* and *Examiner* announced that the public would be welcomed to a picture exhibition at the Sorosis gallery in California street. The invitation was warm and general. A woman artist of San Francisco who has studied and painted in many lands, and who but lately returned from abroad, rang the Sorosis door bell at two o'clock in the afternoon. A Swedish maid poked her head outside and said, "What you want ?"

"Isn't the public admitted to see the pictures today ?"

"Ay tank no," said the Swede, "bot I go see." The artist stood in the vestibule, and presently with a rustling of silks, an elderly woman approached.

"What do you want ?" she pointedly queried

"Am I mistaken in my understanding that the public is invited to see the pictures today ?"

The Sorosister eyed her from Paris hat to dainty boot tip, and said, "We can't have the rabble here. Why we've had the most awful time. The people began to come here at nine o'clock this morning. I just up and sent for the police and they're here guarding the house. We can't have everyone coming here." The artist was crushed but now determined.

"I'm an artist," she said simply.

A Cop Exhibit

The Sorosister looked at her suspiciously and replied, "Well, if you really are an artist, you can come in, but we don't want just everybody." The visitor walked into the gallery where some good canvases were hung. She expected to see the room filled with people, and the police busy. But there was only one other woman in the gallery and two burly cops were conspicuous. They had white gloves on their great hands and carried their biggest clubs. They eyed the artist all about the room, and she, feeling guilty of intrusion, stayed but a minute. I have been told that the club members felt mortified over the shabby treatment of the callers and blamed the fussy old woman who was the officer of the day. It was she who called the cops and who conjured up ideas of robbery and riot as an excuse to humble those art-loving outsiders who sought to take advantage of the advertised public view.

The "farewell doll show" of the Doctor's Daughters last year proved to be a Patti farewell after all. This year's show will be of a slightly different nature. a sale of dressed dolls with a vaudeville adjunct. It will take place on November eighth and ninth, preceding the opening of the Grau grand opera season on the eleventh.

During this unsettled weather the visitors guard against sickness by draughts of Chapin & Gore's Old Reserve Whiskey.

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Barrett-Hayes Wedding

Next Tuesday, at high noon, the marriage of Miss Annie Hayes and Mr. John J. Barrett will take place at St. James church and will be followed by a reception at the home of the bride, 702 Dolores street. Annie Hayes is a very charming, handsome and accomplished girl, and Mr. Barrett is deserving of felicitation for having been lured from bachelorhood into what promises to be most happy domesticity. Mr. Barrett is one of the most prominent of the young attorneys of the city. His advancement in his profession has been rapid, and there is no doubt that he is destined to enjoy a brilliant career. The young couple will spend the treacle moon in Santa Barbara.

A Misapprehension

My paragraph of last week about Mrs. Mills' ambition is declared by that distinguished lady to have been founded on incorrect information. In a letter to me she states that her ambition is to educate women to be good daughters, teachers, wives and mothers. Though many of her students have developed good voices, and have been encouraged to sing, they have never been encouraged to seek public life.

My Oakland Letter

My correspondent across the bay writes:

You don't know how sorry we are that you aren't coming up this winter, when you were *such* a success last year, and half the things given were in your honor. I've been wondering what you thought of the Palmer-Wheaton wedding. We had a jolly time there but I was sorry Ida Belle couldn't have asked more of the girls. Bob Fitzgerald, who stood up with George, is about the only marriagable man left in town, but in all his—yes, I think it must be forty and odd years—he has never been seen paying attention to any one particular girl. Next morning, after telling the family how prettily the house and marquee were decorated by Mrs. Fred Woodworth, nee Emily Hochkofler (who came into vogue as a decorator after the Carolan stable dance at Burlingame some months ago), I heard a story that illustrates strongly the queer ups and downs of life. Twenty years ago (slow music and snow, please!) when Mrs. Wheaton and Mrs. E. L. G. Steele were young married belles and rival beauties and Mrs. J. A. Folger was just squeezing into society, and lavish entertainments were being given almost nightly by General and Mrs. Houghton at their Jackson street home, there was no more popular belle in Oakland than Emily Hochkofler. She and her sister Ella, now Mrs. Martinez of New York, enjoyed all that wealth had to give, and presided over a mansion in the Lakeside district where their father, Rudolph Hochkofler, a true aristocrat, who was consul for Austria and Hungary, granted their every wish. Well, Emily married a man who soon got rid of her money. Now, imagine the thoughts of Mrs. Woodworth, nee Emily Hochkofler, when she returned to the old neighborhood the other day to be hired by a woman who at the time she (Emily) was queening it in society, was going from house to house showing farmers' wives how to run the sewing machines they had bought at her father's little general store at Haywards, where for a dime one could get the finest cabbages and hairpins in town. * * * But I must tell you about the smart luncheon Mrs. C. C. Clay gave on Wednesday for Josephine Chabot and Lucy Moffitt—two interesting brides-elect. Mrs. Clay was detained at the ranch near Livermore where the Major is ill, so her jolly little niece, Margaret Sinclair, did the honors. Josephine's engagement is highly approved of by everyone. Henry Dieckmann is one of a handsome lot of brothers and has been a friend of the family ever since the days when Etta Chabot, now Mrs. Rob Knight, was a bud. Josie says her wedding will take place directly after Lucy Moffitt has promised to love, honor and obey John Hampton Lynch, which will be during November, when the groom and his best man are expected from New York. Mrs. Moffitt is tickled to death with the match, for even if he is a widower with children as old as Lucy, hasn't he millions? And isn't she doing much better for herself than Alice, who married George Doubleday with "only a thousand a month, my dear, *such* a grief to me," (can't you hear her saying it with that brogue?) I know lots of mothers who would be satisfied with half a thousand a month. Look at Ethel Page who took George Gross and his poor little hundred and is now perfectly happy in the little home Papa Gage built for them on Boulevard Terrace. It is very cosy and pretty even if the Peter Bowles in their great place next door, *do* think it spoils their street. * * * Another bride of November will be Hazel Curtiss who will wed handsome Laurie Adams whose first love—when he was a boy at Belmont's school—was Aileen Goad. Of course you know all about Laurie but haven't met the bride-elect who isn't in our set, although her people have some money and may buy themselves in as others have done. Hazel is very pretty and a finished artist—her ballet-girls in water colors being extremely good. I think she is much too young to have had all the experience the gossips talk about. You remember she left Mills very suddenly and—well, I for one, want to be asked over to the home they are preparing at Belvedere. Mollie Thomas McMullin is the only friend of Laurie who has sent Hazel an engagement cup, although she has loads of others. Society here is wondering whether her half-brother, her father's son by a former marriage—will leave his beat on Broadway long enough to attend the wedding, for a policeman's uniform would look very chic and relieve the monotony of black coats! * * * But the biggest surprise we have had for a blue moon was the news of Mary McDermot's engagement to Dr. Crawford of the Navy, which came in a letter from her brother Louis. Before Mary and the family went off to Europe in the spring we used to go down there about twice a week to listen to Mary tell about her wonderful love affairs with Lansing Kellogg and a score of others. We heard about the men who were always glaring at one another in her drawing-room but we never saw them, and we swallowed the fairy tales with the lemonade and ices which, like the stories, were always on tap. Well Mary must have seen some thirty summers, and I am glad that now she has a real live man all of her own. * * * We were discussing Mrs. Hugh Tevis—who is still an object of interest—the other day and talking about the superb dog collar and tiara of pearls she was sporting in some photographs she had taken just after her engagement, when May laughed and said she happened to be at the hairdresser's when Cornelia sent a messenger there from the photographer's asking for the jewels off the lay figure in the windows which were sent to her and duly photographed! Did you ever—and we have all been thinking them real! * * * It remained for a brave little hostess in Alameda to squelch a great, long-tongued dowager we are all mortally afraid of, and who, since she moved into the great house on Vernon Heights is more spirited than ever. At a recent tea, across the estuary, she was talking frightfully about some of the guests to her hostess, who happened to be a relative of the people so cruelly slandered. Nothing was said then, but the day after the prattling dowager received a note from her hostess of the day before, telling her among other things that she need not make her tea-call or any other call upon the writer. If we could have been looking in at the reader I think we should have seen her green with rage. Will it be a lesson to her?

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The Love Letters of Hugo

"After all, ours was but a platonic episode."

Frances' head was turned from me, and as she did not move I concluded she did not hear me. I repeated the observation.

"You might call it so," she said, without turning her head.

A recollection of one or two incidents that Plato might have objected to father rose in my mind, but I hastily dismissed the thoughts. However, the memory reminded me of something else.

"I suppose you would not mind——"

I paused, and Frances looked up inquiringly. What lovely eyes she had, and what a mouth! Somebody has said that a man cherishes a tender feeling for any woman who loves him—until she interferes with his pursuit of another woman. That "until" was what decided me to finish my sentence.

"My—er—letters," I finished lamely enough.

Frances' eyes blazed into brightness for an instant, then——

"Certainly," she said, and then the malice that is inherent in the mildest of women caused her to add, "but really, Hugo, I had no idea of publishing them."

She went over to a corner cupboard and extracted therefrom a pasteboard hat-box. This she brought over to me, and we sat together on the divan with the box between us. She removed the lid and bade me take a peep at the box's contents. They were letters, tied up in neat packages, each with a different colored ribbon.

I laughed at the idea of placing Cupid's correspondence in a hat-box.

"Well," said Frances, "where should I put them, if not here? My trunk is filled to overflowing now, the drawers of the chiffonier are packed to the brim, and indeed I could not get all these into a little jewel casket."

"Like Sapho," I added, then I hastily went on, "did I really write all those letters?"

"You! No, Hugo, you did not write one-tenth of them. I'm going to let you pick out your own bunch of letters."

At a hazard, I seized a huge pack tied with red ribbon.

"Wrong," said Frances, "those are from Henri. You remember Henri?"

A vision of Paris, where I first met Frances, came before my eyes. What days were those! So full of joy, when we worked at our easels, dined at cheap restaurants and on Sundays took little trips into the country. Henri? Oh, yes, Henri was my rival with Frances in those days.

"Henri wrote me twice a week after I returned home," observed Frances, "he wrote me letters, great long ones, until——"

"He died?" I suggested.

"No——married," laughed Frances.

"These are Jacques' letters, and these from old Johnson, and these—oh, well, what's the good of mentioning them all? They're part of the past, Paris, Munich, New York. These are yours."

She took out a pack of letters tied with a purple ribbon. A few dried violets fell from the loosened band.

Though a momentary feeling of wrath had possessed me when I saw those other letters in the bandbox, all jealousy passed away when I noticed how lovingly Frances' fingers lingered over those I had written. I almost forgot that my allegiance had wandered, that I was to marry another woman, as Frances took up each letter and commented on it:

"This was when you were called home by your father's death. You wrote to me every day. Here is where you sent me your photograph. You signed yourself, 'Your own lonely boy.' And here is one you wrote me when I was in Munich. 'Come back, darling, the sun has gone out since you left.' And this one, Hugo, don't you remember? 'I have told my mother all about you and she longs to press you to her heart.' Oh, how long ago—how everything is changed."

In another moment, she would have been weeping on my breast, and I would have broken my troth with that other. But, by a great effort, I forced myself to turn from her, seize my hat and say:

"May I take them with me?"

She put her hands over them with a gesture of despair.

"Oh, no, leave me them a while longer. I promise to send them to you on your wedding day."

And so I left her.

* * * * *

"Isn't this the dearest cushion you ever saw?"

My bride, that was to be four hours later, held up the latest arrived wedding gift.

It was a most artistic arrangement, a design of violets on a darker purple background. The legend running across it was:

"The future's not yet born, the past is out of date."

On the card that accompanied the gift was no name, only the stereotyped "congratulations and best wishes." The writing, however, I easily recognized. The cushion came from Frances.

I had looked in vain for my package of returned love letters. Frances had never broken her word before, yet this was my wedding day and the letters had not arrived. I worried over their non-arrival until I was in a poor state to become a bridegroom. My nerves were all on edge. What if the messenger had lost the letters? What if they had fallen into somebody's hands who would give them to the papers?

I went to the telephone and rang up the studio. Frances answered. There was just time for:

"Did you send them?"

"What? I *always* keep my word."

Then she hung up the receiver. I could not doubt her.

* * * * *

My wedding day passed, the honeymoon trip had to be undergone. Through it all, I was haunted by a vision of those letters. When I returned to the city, I called on Frances at once.

I thought there was a trace of malicious mirth in her greeting:

"Still worrying over the letters?" she asked.

I replied coldly.

"Well, they're perfectly safe," she returned, "I could not bear to think of those love-laden epistles being consigned to the flames by their author. It occurred to me that they ought to live forever."

I shuddered, thinking her next word would be that she had given them to the papers. She read my thought.

"Oh, no, not so bad as that," she answered my unspoken question, "they're perfectly safe. I curled them carefully—the foreign paper lent itself readily to the knife—and used them for stuffing a cushion."

"*The* cushion!"

A light burst upon my dense understanding.

"Yes. Whenever you lay your head upon that pillow, you will think of our little—platonic—episode."

As a parting shot she said, as I went away:

"It is possible that I may have mixed some of Henri's and Jacques' and Johnson's in by mistake. If so, they will add to your pleasant dreams."

* * * * * *

Many a time have I attempted to make way with that psychic pillow, but my plans have been frustrated. My wife considers it our most artistic possession, and watches it with a jealous eye. If she knew what it contained, that jealousy might be of a different timbre. —*The Psychologist.*

There's a deal of comfort and cheer to be gained from a glass of Wm. Williams & Co.'s V. V. O. Scotch Whisky.

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Dramatic World

At the Show this Week

COLUMBIA—"Florodora" — last week of the pretty, skirted girls.

CALIFORNIA—"Rudolph and Adolph"—a foolish, funny farce.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—"The Little Minister"—except Gavin, the cast is admirable.

ALCAZAR—"The Girl in the Barracks"—Frenchy and startling.

TIVOLI—Grand opera—no novelties, nevertheless drawing packed houses.

ORPHEUM—A bill of vaudevillian brilliancies.

He Was Universally Beloved

It will be many a long month before the Alcazar will seem like itself again. Poor Mark Thall! I remember no local theatrical manager, before or during his time, who enjoyed such sincere popularity. Everybody liked Mark Thall. He was invariably courteous. When he granted a favor, it appeared to be as if you were conferring it, rather than he. Among the newspaper workers, he was regarded as a thorough good fellow, and among the actors the opinion was the same. He was open-handed, generous and always kind.

She's Clever and Pretty

There's a little ingenue down at the Grand who is going to win some laurels for herself in the future, if I am not mistaken. She made her debut with Joe Haworth's company and one night she was substituted for the leading lady and did not make a failure. This is Gladys Dexter, a Californian born and bred. Her mother was Jennie Buckley, daughter of a pioneer physician who lived in South Park when that section was fashionable. The doctor was a Southerner and aristocratic to the backbone, and his two daughters were beauties. They were society belles and Anne married her father's young colleague, Dr. Charles Toland.

How Time Changes us All

It scarcely seems possible that Belle Thorne could have come and gone and scarcely a ripple disturb the atmosphere in which she was once so prominent. Belle Thorne was the idol of the johnnies fifteen or more years ago, when she was the prima donna at the Tivoli. Her picture, as the milkmaid heroine of "Patience," sold as briskly as do those of London's professional beauties of the present day. She was not a vivacious beauty, but one of the calm, cow-eyed Creole type, with a languid air and a slow grace of movement. But the johnnies adored her up to the day she left for New York. She came back again for a brief engagement, and found herself still in high favor. Then she married and left the stage. Her re-appearance at the Orpheum last week, caused no excitement, She is handsome still and she sings well, but she is no longer a johnny-darling.

Bright Children at the Orpheum

As a rule I do not care for children's performances. There are rare exceptions in this line of work that interest, but juvenile precocity is not, in my eyes, a pleasing spectacle. Therefore it was not with any degree of enthusiasm that I awaited the turn of the Sorenson sisters and Tom Dunn on the Orpheum's bill this week. But when I saw the children and heard them in their bright little sketch, my prejudice vanished. The sketch shows the trials of a showman, and Master Dunn in the role of the manager is most amusing. He sings too, in a clear, high voice—a voice that would be envied by a head choir boy. The Sorensons are uncommonly lovable little girls and of their aptitude for stage work I have no doubt whatever. They are unaffected and childlike, and act their parts as if they were born to them. Maude possesses remarkable versatility. Her toe dancing is a marvel of easy and agile grace. As a lightning change artist I have seen no adult who is her superior.

Mrs. Sarah Cowell Le Moyne visited San Francisco a number of years ago, giving readings at the First Unitariau church, of Browning's poems. Following Robson at the

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P. BOLAND

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FOR

PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR

(INCUMBENT)

Leaders of the ton prefer Chapin & Gore's Old Reserve Bourbon and Rye Whiskies to any other brands.

Columbia will appear Mrs. Le Moyne in "The First Duchess of Marlborough," and I am sure this charming woman will receive a hearty welcome here where she is well known and admired.

Attractions Next Week

Only a few weeks now to the Grau season at the Grand, which will open November eleventh. "Tristan and Isolde" and "The Meistersingers" are to be given.

The Grand Opera House will have a very amusing bill next week. "The Man from Mexico" was first seen here at the Baldwin, and its fun-making powers are such as live forever. It truly has a laugh in every line, and there is not one dull situation. Walter E. Perkins will play the title role. The Grand has lots of good things coming this winter.

Those who saw Melba in "La Boheme," and the sumptuous Grau production, did not appreciate it so well as they would if the memory had not been with them of another "Boheme," given by the modest Del Conti company at the Baldwin. Puccini's opera saw its first American production here, and it is the two stars of that memorable cast who will interpret their original roles in the Tivoli production next week—Agostini and Montanari. "La Boheme" will draw large houses, as will the alternating bill—"Norma."

The Alcazar patrons do not take to salacious French farces and it is well they do not, for one likes to know a theatre where one is always sure of seeing a play that is suited to the younger generation as well as the elder. Next week that old favorite "Tennessee's Pardner," Scott Marble's version of Bret Harte's tale, will be the Alcazar's bill. It is one of the best melodramas of its kind, and there is no more charming role than that of Tennessee Kent, which Agnes Ranken will portray next week. M. D. Alsop will be Caleb Swan, the gambler.

"The Cotton King" goes at the Central next week.

The Beaux and Belles octet will be the big novelty on the Orpheum's bill next week. The octet includes four pretty girls and four men. The music is by Harry T. McConnell, composer of the Casino Girl, Casino Boy, etc., and the lyrics are by Robert S. Smith. The numbers include Chappies at the Old Stage Door, When Pa Goes Out at Night, Look it up in the Dream Book, and Magnolia Maid. Another novelty will be Mignonette Kokin, said to be one of the most bewitching chanteuses in vaudeville. Frances Le Page, novelty pole jumper and vaulter, has a sensational egg act. John Geiger is a clever trick violinist. The biograph will show the third race between the *Columbia* and *Shamrock III.* Lillian Burkhart will be at the Orpheum shortly.

Years ago the original New York company with Stuart Robson at its head played "The Henrietta" at the Baldwin. Robson as Bertie the Lamb had a character that suited him down to the ground, and I am sure he never played for us in another that fitted him so well. In that company were many who have since visited us with other organizations, but in the revival of "The Henrietta" that will be seen at the Columbia next week are people of equal strength with the original members. Robson will show us whether time has changed his Bertie. Macklyn Arbuckle, last here in "Why Smith Left Home," Dorothy Rossmore, a San Francisco girl, and many other good people are in Robson's support.

—*The Playgoer*

The well known Fachutar Mandolin School and Orchestra has re-opened for the Fourth Season, 1901–1902. To guarantee promptness, all engagements must be made at the Studio, 718 Post street. Telephone Polk 1575. School hours 10 a.m. to 5 p. m.

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AMUSEMENTS

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TTIE WILLIAMS SALTER, of Broadhurst's "Rudolph & Adolph" Co. One of the cleverest soubrettes on the American stage. A graduate of the old Morosco stock company, and originator of "Mrs. Smith" in "Why Smith Left Home"

He Made "O'Grady" Famous

It was Thomas Q. Seabrooke, the man who didn't score a hit in San Francisco, who brought into prominence that song which was once as great a favorite as "Down Went McGinty." This was "Swim Out O'Grady." You may remember how it went, for it was sung here though not by Seabrooke:

When I reached the bottom,
Where the pearls were growing thick,
What should come up before me
But another shipwrecked Mick.
He was very old and feeble
And a tear was in his eye,
But when I grabbed a diamond
He had strength enough to say

CHORUS

Swim out, O'Grady! This is no place for ye!
I'm the first and only squatter at the bottom of the sea,
Begorra, I'm McGinty, an' the place belongs to me,
So swim out, O'Grady! Swim out!

A Great Laughing Hit

In his farce "Rudolph and Adolph," George Broadhurst has taken a lot of familiar situations and put them into new clothes, and the result is a piece that is full of laughter from A to Z. The specialties used as trimmings to the dialogue are the best of their kind. The Sisters Lawrence, Mason and Mason—who are the twin stars enacting the name parts—and Lottie Williams Salter are uncommonly clever. Miss Salter's coster songs are excellently done.

A Splendid Feast

The Paris *Figaro* of date September twenty-first contains an elaborate account of the fete in honor of the Czar of Russia. The banquet was served in the grand state dining hall of the Chateau de Compiegne. The wines were of rare vintages, and the feast was crowned by the champagne, which was the celebrated Montebello grand Cremant. The gourmets of San Francisco will take especial interest in the menu, herewith given:

Tortue claire a la Francaise
Creme Du Barry
Rissoles Lucullus
Caisses de laitance Dieppoise
Barbues dorees a la Vatel
Selles de chevreuil Nemrod
Poulardes du Mans Cambaceres
Terrins d'huitres a la Joinville
Cailles de vigne braisees Parisienne
Citrons granites a l'Armagnac
Faisans de Compiegne truffes rotis
Truffes au champagne
Supremes de foie gras de Nancy

Salade
Pains de pointes d'asperges a la creme
Turbans d'ananas de Versailles
Glace Fidelio
Dessert

Vins
Amontillado sec
Sauternes en carafes
Saint Emilion en carafes
Chateau-Yquem 1874
Chateau-Lafitte 1875
Corton grand vin 1868
Porto Royal Sandeman 1847

Champagne
Montebello grand Cremant

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of Robert Rawson Grayson, sometimes known as Robert R Grayson, also known as R. R. Grayson, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Eugene Lent, Executor of the last will and testament of said deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executor at the office of William F. Humphrey, Room 167 Crocker Building, San Francisco, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

EUGENE LENT
Executor of the last will and testament of Robert Rawson Grayson, sometimes known as Robert R. Grayson also known as R. R. Grayson, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, Oct. 18, 1901
William F Humphrey, Attorney for said Executor
Room 167 Crocker Building, San Francisco, Cal.

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Music World

The music tomorrow at St. Mary the Virgin, Steiner and Union, will be as follows: Rosewig's Mass in G at 11 A. M.; offertory solo by Mr. Smith, "Wait Thou Still" arranged from Franck (1670) by Georg Henschel. Mrs. Taaffe will sing Nevin's "Jesu, Jesu, Miserere" at 4 o'clock Vespers, and Mr. Rosekrans Widor's Ave Maria in G Minor. Gregorians, O Salutaris and Tantum Ergo.

Alma Stencel in Berlin

The musical circles of Berlin are taking the greatest interest in the coming debut of Alma Stencel, already well known to the public as a star pupil of Hugo Mansfeldt. Her appearance last year in Vienna and Budapesth made quite a furore and the prospect for the coming recitals in Berlin is therefore most promising. It has been said by the wiseacres that Mr. Mansfeldt has undertaken more for his young pupil to accomplish than has ever been done before under the same conditions, inasmuch as he has promised to present "the little Stencel"—who is not yet fourteen years of age—in a repertoire of three concerto and three entire piano recitals. The first concert takes place in Beethoven saal on October twenty-sixth with the assistance of the Berlin Philharmonic orchestra under Rebicek's direction. In conjunction with the orchestra, Alma Stencel will play the Concerto in E minor by Emil Sauer, concerto in E flat by Liszt, and Concerto Symphonique in D minor by Litolff. The program of her second concert on November eighth will be "Rondo a Cappriccio" op. 129 Beethoven, Sarabande, Gigue, Gavotte, Bach-Mansfeldt; Neun Walzer, op. 39, Brahms; "Auf Fluegeln des Gesanges" Mendelssohn-Liszt; Etude op. 10, No. 5 Chopin; "Romanze," Mansfeldt; Rhapsody No. 13, Liszt. Mr. Mansfeldt returns to America shortly after the first concert, expecting in fact to leave on November tenth.

The Genss Musicale

Coming back to our side of the big pond, we have had a lively beginning of musical affairs, last week there having been no less than seven concerts. Those of Helen Heath on Monday and Edward Xavier Rolker on Tuesday have already been reviewed. On Thursday evening a musicale was given by the pupils of Herman Genss. It was a long program consisting of eight double numbers besides which a song cycle of nine numbers was given which in itself was a lengthy pragram. Although the numbers were all good it was altogether too long and it was half after ten before the last number was finished. Everyone was too weary to appreciate the real beauty of the Spanish songs contained in the cycle, which was by Schumann from Julia Goddard's translation of Geibel's version of "Popular Spanish Ballads." The piano numbers were all good. Charles Ralph Dutton in his first Mendelssohn "Song Without Words" was a little too labored but the second and the octave study by Schytte were finely done. Master Allen Bier played a Chopin waltz and Karganoff's "Hungarian Dance" with good technique and correct tempo winning much applause for his praiseworthy effort. Miss Teresa Ehrman gave Genss' Nocturne and the Leschetitzky "Tarantelle" with facility and good phrasing. She plays with a great degree of taste but more strength will improve her work and will of course come in time. She is quite young and does exceedingly good work for her years. The rest of the program was vocal, the most noteworthy number being Miss Eudora Forde's Recitative and Aria from "Fidelio" (Beethoven). Her voice is a full,rich dramatic soprano of splendid strength and much sweetness, a voice which should be heard to advantage with operatic accessories. Miss Margarethe Bruntsch gave as a solo the aria from "The Barber of Seville" and besides singing in a duet with Mr. Frank Rodolph, took part in all the concerted numbers, took the solo part "Orpheus" in the first number and sang in three duetts in the cycle. The duet with Mr. Rodolph was very pretty—"Never Worry On't Dear Robin," and Mr. Rodolph put much mimic warmth into the part of the love-lorn swain. His voice is a very sweet tenor. For the rest Miss Rother's soprano was sweet and Miss Shaw's mezzo voice was good. The cycle contains much pretty music but one could judge of its merits better if heard alone before becoming fagged by sitting through so long a foregoing program.

Jesse Moore Whiskies are famous the world over for purity and flavor as well as for all the other qualities that make good whiskey.

The Lucchesi Concert

Richard Lucchesi's concert on Friday afternoon was a great success and was attended by a representative audience musically speaking. His quintet, with which the program opened, was very pleasing and contained much music of very superior merit. The scherzo was a gem, full of originality and delicate conception of idea. Considered technically it was the best part of the quintet. The Epilogue with flute obligato performed by August Rodemann was sung by Lia Poletini and was the composer's best vocal number. The flute obligato was beautiful. The rest of the program was a solo by Madame Tojetti so well known to the music public, and a Caprice Waltz (Saint-Saens), performed by Mr. Lucchesi on the piano with orchestral accompaniment conducted by Mr. Rodemann. In the quintet, had the string quartet rehearsed properly and Mr. Lucchesi played less robusto, as it were, the effect would have been greatly enhanced. Mr. Lucchesi, however, deserves credit for his work also the "Ave Maria" and "Last Adieu" sung by Lia Poletini in the same number with the Epilogue. All evince talent and compositional ability of a high order.

Friday evening the Mancopah Tribe of Red Men gave an entertainment with a fine program by the following musicians: Mrs. Ariel Heanan, pianist, pupil of Roscoe Warren Lucy; Robert Lloyd, Emilio Lastreto, W. M. Ogilvie, Bessie Rosamonde Fuhrer, Mrs. Edith Scott Basford and C. A. Hunt. An original song by Carl Sawvell was sung by Emilio Lastreto.

A Fine Classic Concert

The Minetti String Quartet gave a concert last Saturday that was in every way equal to the standard the organization has raised for these concerts and that our music lovers have learned to anticipate with the greatest possible pleasure. The Mozart quartet in G major No. 12 and the Schumann string quartet in A major op. 41, were the concerted numbers, the *adagio molto* of the latter being particularly pleasing. The work was marked for its perfect unison and rhythm and fine phrasing, the quartet playing as one man and producing a most satisfactory and enjoyable effect. Mr. Minetti delighted the audience with a solo, giving Francesco Veracini's quaint violin sonata in admirably finished style. Mr. Minetti's work is so well known, however, it needs no comment. The *minuetto* of the number was especially beautiful. He was accompanied by S. G. Fleishman on the piano. At the next concert, which takes place on November ninth, there will be performed the Beethoven string quartet in B flat op. 18, and Brahm's piano quartet in F minor op. 34, in which the quartet will be assisted by Mr. Otto Bendix at the piano.

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The Horseless Carriage

A prominent young man of this city, anxious to get a permit to drive his automobile in Golden Gate park, was taken out there Tuesday by one of the salesmen of the Locomobile company and introduced to Mr. Saville, the examiner, as a careful and good driver, etc. The young man in question was very nervous, naturally, as he was a new beginner in the business. After a short ride with the park examiner the young chaffeur was asked to drive up to some object and stop suddenly. On turning a corner Mr. Saville noticed one of the arms of the law standing with his arms folded and back turned, near a large bush by the driveway. He then requested the young man to run up to the stately personage with full power on and when within a few feet of him to stop immediately. This Mr. B—— attempted to do, but the carriage had gotten such a headway, and Mr. B—— forgetting that he had a reverse lever with which he could have stopped the machine instantly, tried to hold it with the brake, and the result was Mr. Policeman was knocked head-over-heels over said bush. On rising Mr. Officer asked of the young man: "What the blankety blank, you blank blank, is the matter with you blankety blank?" Explanations were offered and also cigars and a promise of several more on meeting down town and the thing was settled to the satisfaction of all parties concerned, but Mr. B—— has decided that in the future he will keep as far away from the Park Policemen as he possibly can.

Mr. D. D. Wass recently purchased a No. 2½ "Locomobile," which he proposes to use as a pleasure carriage.

Mr. L. H. Johnson and wife drove the former's "Locomobile" surrey up from San Jose this afternoon. The trip consumed about three hours and a half including stops.

Mr. James Keenan accompanied by Mr. Fred Stolp drove Mr. Keenan's No. 2 "Locomobile" from San Francisco to the latter's ranch in Ramon valley Tuesday. They enjoyed a very pleasant trip, the roads being in excellent condition.

Messrs. H. T. MacKnight and W. S. Arnold will shortly attempt to smash the world's record for a mile straight-away. They will drive a No. 2 "Locomobile." These two gentlemen have ridden the fastest mile on the Pacific coast—one mile straight-away in 1:12 and one mile on a circular track 1:33.

THE CHAFFEUR.

MUSIC WORLD

The Pasmore Concert

The first of the Pasmore popular concerts takes place on Tuesday, October twenty-second, in Maple hall of the Palace hotel, with an unusually fine program. The Pasmore trio—Mary, Susan and Dorothy—who are well known as extraordinarily talented children, will appear as will also Mr. Pasmore and Mrs. Florence Wyman Gardner, Mrs. Edith Scott Basford and Messrs. W. Edgerton Smith, A. E. Nowlan and Arthur Fickenscher.

The first of Mrs. M. E. Blanchard's song recitals will be given in Sherman-Clay hall next Tuesday evening. The progaam, which has been arranged chronologically, embraces works from Scarlatti, Old English songs, Old French, Franz, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Brahms, Schumann, Godard, Hahn, Chaminade, Volkslied, Old Scotch, Nevin and Clayton Johns, showing a versatility of style and range of time unusual in one evening's work. Mrs. Blanchard has been hard at work in the East for two years under the tuition of such authorities on voice culture as Lena Little in Boston and Isadore Luckstone and Oscar Saenger in New York, meanwhile holding the position of solo contralto in the North avenue Congregational church at Cambridge, a position from which the church very reluctantly released her when she returned to California. Before going East Mrs. Blanchard was solo contralto for three years at Trinity Episcopal church in this city, and is well known to the musical and professional circles of San Francisco

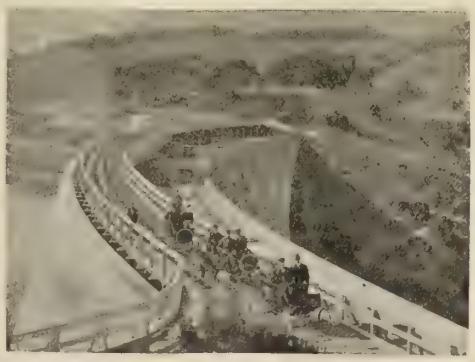
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It is with deep regret that I note the death of little Irma Fitch, our one time sweet singer, who for a little more than two years had been Mrs. Bert Wertheimer and had left music that she might travel with her husband. She was of an uncommonly winsome and sweet disposition and was very well liked in the profession and out. She was a pupil of H. B. Pasmore of this city and had done quite a little operatic work before retiring from the profession. She died at Sacramento, her birthplace, after an operation for appendicitis.

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Ada Palmer Walker, late of the Tivoli, is singing in "Dolly Varden" in Toronto. In the company are Lulu Glaser, who is the prima donna, and Mark Smith.



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Resurrection of an Amateur Company

Years ago the productions of the San Francisco Operatic Society were considered gems of their kind, and indeed they were fully up to many professional performances one sees nowadays. The San Franciscos were a clever company of singers and it seemed a pity they should ever have disbanded. But marriage, and one thing and another, caused the members to drop out until there was no company at all. Lately, finding that many of the old membership were within easy reach, August Schleicher conceived the idea of reviving the San Francisco society. August is one of the cleverest stage managers in these parts, and could match George Lask on his own ground, but he prefers to remain an amateur rather than to guide the destinies of professional road companies. He can sing, dance and act, and his comedy is A 1. Well, August got the old San Franciscos together and some of them sang in "Pirates of Penzance" two weeks ago. They will give a production of their own on October twenty-fourth for the benefit of Holy Cross church. The opera will be Alfred Cellier's "Spectre Knight" which is almost grand operatic in scope. In the cast will be Mrs. Alvina Heuer Willson, Mrs. Emily Parent, Ed Moore, Harry Wood Brown and August Schleicher A ghost ballet will be a feature of this production. Then on October twenty-ninth, they will give "The Doctor of Alcantara," with Mrs. Madden, Mrs. Lloyd, Mrs. Parent, Messrs Schleieher, Lloyd Ogilvie and Parent in the cast. Those who remember the San Franciscos years ago will be greatly interested in the fact that the members have, so to speak, returned to life Mrs. Willson, as Alvina Heuer, was the original soprano prima donna of the company, and Mrs. Madden was the contralto. Mrs. Parent also belonged to the original company, as did Mrs. Lloyd when she was "Tot" Cameron. Alphonse Luttringer was one of the original "Alcantara" cast, but he will not be in the revived production.

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Here and There

There will be a fashionable audience in attendance at Miss Mary Genevieve Moroney's concert this evening in Sherman-Clay hall. Camille d'Arville Crellin and Donald Graham are to sing. The patronesses of the affair include Mesdames J. Dennis Arnold, Richard Bayne, Horace B. Chase, J. B. Crockett, W. E. Dean, W. L. Dean, J. A. Folger, J. Downey Harvey, Phoebe A. Hearst, Osgood Hooker, Eleanor Martin, J. F. Merrill, S. G. Murphy, Henry T. Scott, Rudolph Spreckels, Joseph Sadoc Tobin, Mountford S. Wilson, Russell J. Wilson and M. H. de Young, and Miss Sallie Maynard.

The subject of the second analytical lecture of the regular California series by Otto Bendix the director, was Schumann's Sextet in G minor and the Chopin Preludes. The Conservatory evening was given at half after eight with a short analysis of Beethoven op. 53, "Impromptu" in G, Reinecke, and Schumann's "Manfred" for two pianos by Misses Toklas and Hansen.

"Rosary Sunday" at Saint Dominic's drew one of the largest crowds ever assembled in the church. There was special music of a very high class and the addition of extra voices and an orchestra and tympani. Haydn's third mass (the "Imperial") was one of the strong features of the program. Mr. Howe's "Veni Creator" and "Ave Maria" for solo voices and basso were also given. There was said to have been thousands in attendance. Last Sunday morning at eleven o'clock mass there was given an especially interesting program made up from works of our resident composer, Mr. Alois Lejeal, and comprising the "Asperges Me," "Fifth Mass" and "Veni Creator" and "Ave Maria" at offertory. Mr. Howe rendered Mendelssohn's sixth organ Sonata.

Miss Frances Wertheimer, the young Leipsig graduate, played before the Ebell Society recently in two numbers. The first was the Sonata No. 6, A. major, Beethoven, for violin and piano, the violin part being rendered by Mr. Benjamin Tuttle, one of Sir Henry Heyman's star pupils. The second was the Cantique d' Amour, Liszt, which was encored, and Miss Wertheimer responded with "Lolita" Caprice Espagnole by Chaminade. On the same program was a solo by Miss Jessie Foster, formerly of San Francisco, now of Oakland.

Innes and his band began their regular fall and winter tour in Syracuse, N. Y., on October sixth. Thence the band went to the Pan-American Exposition, where it is playing now. After the exposition closes the band will continue its tour, returning to New York late in the spring. The band travels in the Innes special train, and with it this year are Miss Frances Boyden, the American prima donna; Signora Adele Borghi, the famous Italian "Carmen"—her first appearance in America; Signor Edgardo Zerni and Achille Alberti.

On Thursday evening, November seventh, Miss Nora Sandy, a pupil of Signor S. Martinez, will give a concert.

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Alice Neilsen is studying under Manchielli in Paris. Manchielli is a severe master but a thorough one.

Miss Grace I. Davis, Mrs. Sedgley Reynolds, J. F. Veaco, L. Van Linghem and Roscoe Warren Lucy are members of the Orpheus concert company that will give its opening concert here on Thursday evening October thirty-first.

Roscoe Warren Lucy played before a large audience in Lodi last week in conjunction with Mr. Herbert Williams, Miss Logan Tooby and Cyrus Brownlee Newton. He also assisted in Mrs. Carrie Fross Snyder's program on October eighth, rendering with Hother Wismer the Handel sonata in A major for violin and piano.

At the regular monthly musical service at Central M. E. church on Sunday night the following selections were rendered. Anthem, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty, Gounod; Salve Regina, Dudley Buck, sung by W. E. Whigam of New York, former baritone in Dudley Buck's choir; andante from violin concerto, Mendelssohn, by Mr. Charles Edgar Robson; Light at Evening time, Dow, male quartet; anthem, O pray for the peace of Jerusalem, Knox. Roscoe Warren Lucy,organist and choir-master.

The Kingston *News* contains a very flattering account of the singing of Isella Van Pelt-Mills, one of Mrs. Marriner-Campbell's girls, in a recent concert given in that city, and speaks of her "magnificent contralto being a great acquisition to the musical circles" of that place. It says her rendering of "A Rose in Heaven" at once proclaimed her "an artist of great study." The Kingstonians have evidently taken Mrs. Mills to their hearts, which is a great preventive for homesickness, and also extremely gratifying to her San Francisco friends as well as herself.

St. Dominic's church choir will give Alfred Gaul's "Holy City" tomorrow evening. The regular choir will be assisted by Mr. Theodore Elliot, tenor, and Walter Kneiss, basso. Mr. Howe will play before service the celebrated Guilmant "Funeral March" and "Chant Seraphique" on the grand organ, and at offertory Guilmant's Concert Allegro.

Word comes from Mr. Mansfeldt who is now in Berlin that Sir Henry Heyman is as well known in that city as he is here and his teaching is very highly spoken of. This is very gratifying news for San Francisco.

—*The Music Critic*

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Hilaire Belloc is about to follow up his successful "Danton" by a new work entitled "The life and Character of Robespierre." His "Danton," it will be remembered, was one of the "crowned" books of its year.

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World of Letters

A Bee's Life

Like a tall tree rising out of a tangle of underbrush is Maurice Maeterlinck's "Life of the Bee" compared to the average book of the hour. It is not, as the author says, a treatise on apiculture nor yet is it a work on practical bee-keeping. Neither is it a new study on an old subject. It contains nothing but what has been told many times before more or less dryly. But Maeterlinck is a poet and a lover of the bees, and his work is redolent of the perfume of honey and mystery of the hive. He has chosen certain great episodes in the life of the bee: the swarm, the foundation of the city, the birth, combat, and nuptial flight of the young queens, the massacre of the males, and the return of the winter sleep. Of these he has constructed a veritable epic in eight cantos. Though not in metre, the whole is most truly a poem instinct with color, life and movement. We are enabled to picture to ourselves the hive, a dome more colossal than Saint Peter's, occupied by eighty or ninety thousand little winged creatures with an incredible ardor for work and dominated by that wonderful unity of purpose which the author calls the spirit of the hive.

But let the eye draw near and endeavor to see, and at once the least phenomenon of all becomes overpoweringly complex; we are confronted by the enigma of intellect, of destiny, will, aim, means, causes, the incomprehensible organization of the most insignificant act of life.

On reading the "Life of the Bee" we do not know which to admire most, the profound philosophy which the writer has brought to bear on the complex and highly organized life of the hive, or the brilliant poetic diction in which his observations are clothed. He has shown us the wonderful interdependence of the insect's traits and habits, and we are enabled to discern the meaning of its manifold labors, all directed to a future, in which the individual can have no share. For that is the tragedy of it.

At the magnificent moment when the flowers all cry to them they seem to be stricken with the fatal ecstacy of work; and in less than five weeks they almost all perish, their wings broken, their bodies shriveled and covered with wounds. For the sake of the future each one renounces more than half her rights and her joys. The queen bids farewell to freedom, the light of day, and the calyx of flowers, the workers give five or six years of their life, and they shall never know love or the joys of maternity. The queen's brain turns to pulp, that the reproductive organs may profit; in the workers these organs atrophy to the benefit of their intelligence." "Nature is always magnificent when dealing with the privileges and prerogatives of love. She becomes miserly only when doling out the organs and instruments of labor. She is especially severe on what men have termed virtue, whereas she strews the path of the most uninteresting lovers with innumerable jewels and favors. 'Unite and multiply, there is no other law, or aim, than love' would seem to be her constant cry on all sides, while she mutters to herself, perhaps, 'and exist afterwards if you can; that is no concern of mine.' Do or desire what else we may, we find, everywhere on our road, this morality that differs so much from our own."

"The drones have nothing to do, no prey to hunt down, their food is brought to them ready prepared, and their existence is spent in the obscurity of the hive, lapping honey from the comb. But they are the agents of love, and the most enormous, the most useless gifts are flung with both hands into the abyss of the future. * * To every one of these unlikely lovers of whom nine hundred and ninety-nine will be put to death a few days after the fatal nuptials of the thousandth she has given thirteen thousand eyes on each side of the head, while the worker has only six thousand." "They have a helmet made of enormous black pearls, two lofty quivering plumes, a doublet of iridescent yellowish velvet, an heroic tuft, and fourfold mantle, translucent and rigid."

But one morning the command of massacre goes forth, and these magnificent males are rudely slaughtered by the workers. Maeterlinck has described the sacrifice in a manner almost Homeric, but the passage is too long for extended quotation. To the lover of nature, the lover of poetry, or to one who simply enjoys a story, this book will appeal. The reader who is perfectly familiar with the facts of the bee's natural history will enjoy it none the less, for the Dutch writer has succeeded in endowing the commonplace with new interest and significance. And herein, lies the virtue of the poet. The old and threadbare becomes in his hands new and magnificent, and what we have seen and known all our lives assumes the freshness and novelty of a new discovery. The book is translated by Alfred Sutro.

A Santa Cruz Author

Dr. C. W. Doyle is about to publish another book of Indian stories. His other volume, "The Taming of the Jungle" showed him to be as conversant with his subject and as capable of terse and vigorous writing as Kipling, who has heretofore been supposed to have preempted the field. "The Shadow of Quong Lung," another of Dr. Doyle's books dealing with our local Chinese quarter, is being put to use in London as the libretto of an operetta, and an English publisher has solicited the work of bringing out a volume of the author's selected poems. Dr. Doyle was not one of the phenomenal boom authors, but "Long-lived trees make roots first." Some of the books that were going off the bargain counters as fast as the presses could turn them out when his books first saw light, are forgotten now, even in name.

Woman and the Law

In compiling "Woman and the Law," Professor James George Bayles has not only done an excellent thing in itself and filled a long felt want, but he has made evident how great a need there has been for some compact and handy treatise of this kind. As set forth in the preface, "The work is designed to serve the purposes of a general view of the legal condition of the women of the United States at the present time, and is more especially for the reading of women. It is a general statement and not an exhaustive analysis; it is not designed for the practicing lawyer, man or woman, for though it deals with legal principles, it does not apply them to concrete cases; and least of all is it an attempt to make every woman her own lawyer." The subject

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matter is treated under three heads, Domestic Relations, Property Relations and Public Relations. Under the first head the questions of marriage, divorce, guardianship of children, adoption and right of support are explained at length. Under the second, Property Relations, a comprehensive view is given of the rights of a married woman in the matter of inheritances or in her personal estate under all conditions which may arise, and her ability to enter into trade on her own account, make contracts, deeds and other legal conveyances of property. The third head deals with women as citizens, and their rights as such. The book is designed for the use and guidance of women in general, and is written in plain and simple language, entirely without technical terms and the usual ponderous legal phraseology. It is within the comprehension of any one with sufficient understanding to be considered legally responsible, and while it will not enable a woman to dispense with the services of a lawyer in any given case, it will give such knowledge of her status under the law as will prevent her from acting in opposition to it through ignorance, and will prepare her to understand and act on the advice which she may receive. A Table of Statutes and tabulated index add to the value of the work by making any topic immediately available for reference. It is a book that every woman should possess. [The Century Company, New York.]

Some time ago *Leslie's Weekly* published an apparently original story by one Ella Star, which was in reality, one of Dickens' short tales slightly changed from the original. Protest and comment were leveled at the head of both publisher and claimant, and now comes the explanation, for those who are willing to accept it. Miss Star, whoever she may be, is engaged by the periodical to prepare for publication some of the less known stories of well-known writers, and prizes are to be given to those who first detect their origin. What the authors themselves might think of the undertaking is left to the imagination for of course they are all dead. Since there was nothing whatever to indicate that Miss Star was not put forward as the original and bona fide author the explanation is rather belated and the majority of readers will have their own opinion of the scheme, no matter in what light it is represented.

"The Eternal City" has hardly left the press when Hall Caine is announcing its successor. He will return to his first love and lay the scene in the Isle of Man, the theme being the failure of Dumbell's bank and the consequent hard times. Hall Caine seems to have had his brief day of triumph, such as it was, and now the critics are one and all proclaiming that he has really written but one novel. "The Deemster," and all the rest have been compiled by the aid of notes and guide books. "The Deemster" is known to the dramatic world as "Ben my Chree."

Yvette Guilbert is reported to be at work writing a three-act play and compiling a book of reminiscences.

—*The Bookworm*

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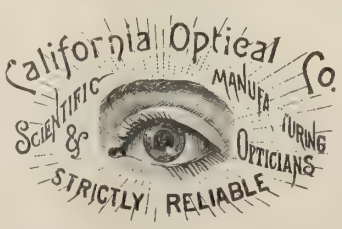
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THE LEADING WEEKLY.

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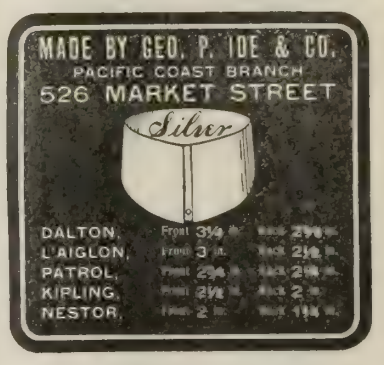
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San Francisco, October 26, 1901

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OUR OPINION

Our Unconventional President

If Teddy Roosevelt should fail to rank at the close of his term with the greatest of our Presidents, he will at least be known as one of the most spectacular. He has not been in office two months but since his accession he has been doing things which cause him to be talked about. Barring Lincoln he is the most unconventional President we have had. First he found fault with his stationery. He objected to the words Executive Mansion, and decided to substitute White House. This was an innovation that startled the old timers. But it is a good one. There is an aristocratic flavor to the phrase Executive Mansion. White House is more democratic and more distinctive. The President next objected to a body-guard, but that objection was overruled. Then he startled the partisan politicians by selecting a Democrat in the South for a Federal judicial position. Mark Hanna and other narrow-gauged statesmen were astounded to learn that a Republican President was more concerned for the quality of the judiciary than the interests of a political party. He next jarred the snobocracy by sending his son to a public school. And now it is to be hoped that he will take account of the course of study in the public schools, and give us a vigorous expression of opinion with regard to what they seek to do with small brains and immature minds. If he should interpose stout objection to the cramming of his son with one hundred per cent. more mental food than his mind can assimilate, he will add one more to a long list of good deeds. But perhaps the most unique of the President's spectacular performances was the entertaining of Mr. Booker T. Washington, a distinguished colored gentleman,at dinner. Knowing Roosevelt as we do, there was nothing surprising in the incident itself. Booker T. Washington is a man after Roosevelt's own heart. He is a man of ability and energy, an exponent of the strenuous life. The circumstance of his being handicapped by color only serves to heighten the President's admiration and respect. By treating him with marked courtesy the President has inspired our colored citizens to strive to perfect themselves so that they may be entitled to similar treatment. When King Kalakaua came to this country, some people of good social standing considered it an honor to be permitted to entertain him. He was the guest of the country. He was a king, but Booker T. Washington is a sovereign of this Republic, and he is a man much more entitled to respect and cordial hospitality than was ever any black monarch of the Hawaiian Islands. Both President and Mrs. Roosevelt long ago expressed themselves on the color question, so emphatically that there should have been no surprise at the dining of Washington It was when the women of the New York State Federation were in convention at Albany a year ago. One colored delegate had been sent to see what stand the New York women would take. Both at official and social functions the negro woman was snubbed right and left. When she arose at a session to discuss a question she wasn't recognized and had to sit down. Those women that did speak to her at receptions did so in a half-patronizing fashion. Quite a contrast was afforded by the attitude of Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt. Nothing could have been more gracious than their conduct toward the woman when she appeared at the reception given by the Governor in honor of the clubwomen. There was no mistaking the cordiality and sincerity of the greeting. Mr. Roosevelt may be expected to do many other things during his term which are characteristic of the thorough, well poised gentleman, and which will surprise those people whose culture is skin deep.

Why Wells Is Impossible

The complications are such in this municipal campaign that the ordinary voter must find it difficult to solve the problem as to the direction in which his duty lies. The press which usually arrogates to itself the right to direct public opinion is singularly and amusingly vague, reticent and unsatisfactory in this campaign. The organ of the Democracy has asserted its loyalty to the Democratic candidate, but it has not espoused Mr. Tobin's cause in a strenuous way. It prefers to content itself with printing the news, even to the extent of going into such details as are calculated to injure both Wells and Tobin. The *Examiner's* method is conducive to the welfare of Schmitz, the accomplished fiddler. Mr. Wells is being opposed, as he should be, by the two Republican morning dailies and they have lambasted him in a way that will do him much injury. He is receiving the support of the evening Republican dailies, but before advocating his election one of them publicly announced his unfitness by publishing the story of his utter subserviency to the bosses. It was the *Bulletin* that exploited the story of Wells' indignation over his failure to secure a nomination for his friend

Flint, and of his ridiculous bluff which was called by the bosses. Town Talk was the first paper in San Francisco to stigmatize Wells as a political charlatan. We warned the Republicans against nominating him, and since his nomination the correctness of our analysis of the man has been proved. But owing to the attitude of the dailies in this campaign, there is likelihood of people being misled. In a three-cornered contest there is always danger of the wrong man scoring a victory. Dr. C. C. O'Donnell was very nearly elected Mayor of this city some years ago. It would not be surprising if Mr. Schmitz, the fiddler, proved to be a disappointment to those that regard him as a joke. He is the representative of an element in the community which feels that it has a grievance, and if he receives the vote of that element combined with the votes of disgruntled Democrats and Republicans he may become the Mayor of this city. Under the circumstances it is the duty of conscientious citizens who have the interests and the reputation of the city at heart to concentrate their support in behalf of a man of the character of Joseph Tobin. Wells is impossible. He has announced that his motto is to "help those who have helped me," and he has accepted help from Dan Burns, Martin Kelly and a money-lender who has done a thriving business handling salary warrants at the City Hall with the help of the Republican candidate. That is not a good motto for a candidate for the office of Mayor. It is an infamous motto. The Mayor is elected to serve the people and to administer the affairs of government conscientiously and in accordance with law. Mr. Wells cannot do that and at the same time help Burns, Kelly and Goldberg.

Result of a Judge's Blunders

Few criminal cases have attracted such wide-spread attention as that of Roland B. Molineux, who was granted a new trial last week by the Court of Appeals of New York. The case was one of extraordinary dramatic interest, unprecedented in the criminal annals of New York because of the guarded secrecy of the crime and the morbid suggestiveness of some of the attendant circumstances. It was developed during the trial that Molineux belonged to a coterie of male degenerates, and the supposition was the crime was in some way connected with their disgusting practices. Molineux was tried for the murder of Katherine J. Adams, who died in December 1898 from a dose of cyanide of mercury. The poison had been received by Harry Cornish, a director of the Knickerbocker Athletic club of which Molineux was a member. It was sent through the mail in a bottle and purported to be bromo seltzer, and was received as a Christmas present. Cornish administered it to Mrs. Adams to cure a headache. The evidence against Molineux was circumstantial, and the prosecution not being satisfied with the legal evidence which could be adduced against the prisoner, virtually put him on trial for another and distinct murder, that of Henry Barnett who died some months earlier at the Knickerbocker club. He was also a victim of cyanide of mercury poisoning. It was supposed the poison was sent to him by Molineux, and in support of that theory the declarations made by Barnett to two physicians were received in evidence. This was manifest error and the Court of Appeals so ruled. But the most interesting point ruled upon was in relation to the testimony of handwriting experts. These experts have played a conspicuous part in litigation of recent years, and they have been allowed a deal of latitude. The Court of Appeals declares that their testimony must be subject to restrictions. They may be permitted to compare disputed writings with only such other writings as are proved to the satisfaction of the Court. The justice of the rule is obvious and it is incredible that a judge would permit a comparison with writings the genuineness of which was not proved or admitted. But the error was committed by Recorder Goff in the Molineux case, and as a consequence the prisoner who was sentenced to be electrocuted at Sing Sing is to have another trial.

A Shortage of Clerical Recruits

President Moore of the Andover Theological Seminary, a Congregationalist institution, complains that "fewer young men than ever before, in proportion to the number who seek other fields of Christian usefulness, are entering into the ministry. "President Moore does not attempt to account for the falling off, but he undoubtedly knows that it is due to the scepticism for which men already in the ministry are responsible. The ministers of nearly all denominations have been actively engaged in discrediting the Bible, and they have therefore done much toward destroying religious faith. They should not expect to stimulate enthusiasm and scepticism at the same time. President Moore also states that of those applying for admission to the theological seminaries many are turned away because "they have not the mental training or capacity to warrant their entering the ministry." It is a fact then that there is discrimination against candidates for the ministry who are lacking in mental capacity. It cannot be a very intelligent discrimination, however, since there are so many men in the ministry whose unfitness is by no means vaguely defined. The test for mental capacity is surely not an adequate one. Its inadequacy is evident from the fact that so many divines are constantly displaying their incapacity.

The well known Fachutar Mandolin School and Orchestra has re-opened for the Fourth Season, 1901–1902. To guarantee promptness, all engagements must be made at the Studio, 718 Post street. Telephone Polk 1575. School hours 10 a.m. to 5 p. m.

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Love Laughing Low

Love laughing low, unmindful of its fate,
And sin that often sighs, but sheds no tear;
Sin! Nay, the myrtle wreath love offers, dear,
Is better than the buds that desecrate
The bride's fair brow, when priest begins to prate
The loveless links that gall from year to year;
How fast the feeble fetters disappear,
When the lone heart leaps to its longed-for mate!

What bond can bind the blood at rest to keep
Within a placid pool, and see one face
Glassed ever on its surface night and day?
When, like a torrent, it was wont to leap,
And on in unrestricted freedom race
To clasp the waves that waited far away.

Oct. 1901 LOUIS A. ROBERTSON.

The Saunterer

Editor De Young's Resolution

It is reported that the senatorial toga no longer has any charms for Mr. M. H. de Young; that the editor of the *Chronicle* has resolved to devote himself to the interests of his paper and waste none of his energies in pursuit of the political bauble. I hope that such is the case, not, however, because I should not like to see Mr. de Young in the Senate. I am one of those that have felt that he could be of great benefit to this State as its representative in the Upper House, but I also feel that he could render much greater public service as the editor of the *Chronicle* if he were not burdened with political aspirations. When an editor is innoculated with the job-chasing virus, he ceases to exercise any influence as a journalist. As an independent newspaperman with the best interests of his party in view Mr. de Young will exercise a much greater influence in politics than ever before. He has stood by his party for years, rendering valuable services for which he has received scant recognition.

Not only have his services been unappreciated, but according to the testimony of the loquacious Mr. Wells, the party bosses undertook to snub him by refusing to nominate a man whose popularity and record entitled him to the most favorable consideration. I think it is generally acknowledged that such conduct was as unwise as it was ungracious. But if Mr. de Young no longer has any political interests to conserve we may now look for some interesting revelations concerning party management.

In "Jim" Smith's Honor

A number of friends of General James F. Smith decided four days ago that the time was ripe to give him a rousing banquet as a testimonial of California's regard for her visiting native son. General Smith will not leave for Manila to resume his duties on the Supreme bench till about the holidays. He is taking a long vacation but he is entitled to it: he has been saving up his leaves-of-absence for some time in order to pay an extended visit among his old friends. The proposed banquet would have been accorded him on his arrival here but that happened coincident with the time of our great national loss. According to the ideas of those having the matter in charge, party lines will cut no figure in the personnel of those who will gather round the festal board, but both wings made up of the law and the volunteers will lend every effort in their power to support a solid centre of general good fellowship headed by General "Jim" himself. There is a tip abroad that General Smith is being secretly tempted by a small band of conspirators to enter the race for the Governorship next year. General "Jim" laughingly denies this and his nearest friends declare he has too good a place on the Philippine bench with its six thousand dollars a year and an indefinite engagement to risk it on such a venture.

The Big Hope Diamond

Anent the columns of space the daily papers devoted to the description of the great Hope diamond and the "cascades of jewels" that blazed on Lady Hope in the Palace hotel at the time of the discovery of the Hope–Strong escapade it is interesting to note that Lord Francis Hope has just obtained permission

Engraved Wedding Announcements and Invitations

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from the English court to sell the famous Hope blue diamond. This means of course that Lady May Yohe Hope never "blazed" in the lustre of the real gem during her public appearances here but that she wore a fairly good imitation of the original. The real Hope diamond is set in the form of a brooch, is of a deep sapphire blue, and is of the greatest brilliancy and purity; no other diamond of its peculiarly rich color has been found in the world. Lord Francis Hope's solicitors have taken pains to deny the rumor that Lady May Yohe Hope ever took the famous jewel to America. They claim that it is now and has been for many years under lock and key in a bank in Cavendish Square. London is curious to see how much this famous gem will bring, as experts have always held that it is worth a fabulous amount.

But above this curiosity London expresses the fear that England will now lose the unique jewel and that it will either be purchased by a wealthy American or go back to the land of its birth as the property of an Indian prince. Meanwhile Lady May Yohe Hope, who was pictured by Sunday supplements all over the country with the great Hope diamond blazing on her breast, is quietly resting in Japan with Captain Strong. They now declare they will make that country their future home and live there as happily as the proverbial turtle doves. The divorce papers sent by Lord Hope's solicitors are on the way to the land of the Rising Sun and will be served on Lady May by an agent this month.

A Possible Royal Lecturer

Here is the latest story of King Edward of England, according to Congressman Kahn who picked it up from a British globe trotter on his recent trip to Hong Kong. When Edward was a plain Prince, he was seated in a club one day when the discussion arose in a circle of his most intimate friends as to how they would each meet a sudden reversal of fortune. Suddenly one of them turned to the Prince and said: "If the monarchy here were overthrown, sir, what would you do?" The Prince wrinkled his brows in deep thought for a moment and then replied: "Well, I feel certain I could make a good living for my family by going to the United States and lecturing on 'How it Feels to be Prince of Wales.'" Very few people are aware of the fact that the King is an excellent shoemaker. He was thoroughly instructed in the trade at the urgent wish of his father who had all his children taught some trade.

Squeezing Out American Turfmen

A friend of Lester Reiff, the famous jockey, writes me that he is coming out here this fall to be married to the daughter of Dr. Henry E. Rowell, the well known Fresno turfman. Though the young folks have refused to confirm the news their friends here are stout in the assertion that the nuptials will be celebrated about holiday time. Lester takes his recent disbarment from the English turf philosophically. He declares positively, and others bear him up in this statement, that there was a conspiracy among the English turfmen to drive him out of the country. He writes that every native jockey had "it in" for him and that he took his life in his hands every time he mounted a horse in a race. He believes there is to be a general cleaning out of foreigners on the English turf. W. C. Whitney, it is said, received a quiet tip of what was coming early in the game, which accounts for his sudden withdrawal of Yankee, Blue Girl and other famous nominations in the crack events and his unexpected announcement that he would race no more in England. Croker has announced that he will spend very much less time in England next summer and Mackay and Corrigan intimate that they think that this country offers a better field than England; so evidently there's "something doing" in the "tight little isle" that makes our turfmen think it's getting tighter than ever.

His Great Success as a Jockey

Lester Reiff's case differs materially from that of Tod Sloan. Sloan was not ruled off but was notified that he had better not apply again for a license. Reiff was ruled off the turf for alleged crooked riding and the judgment bristles with harsh terms. It is the severest punishment that can be meted out to a jockey and practically disbars him from riding on tracks of any standing in the world. From a material standpoint this does not disquiet Reiff. For his twenty-four years he has been one of the luckiest and thriftiest lads on the turf. Two years ago he admitted having accumulated two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Last year he headed the list of winning jockeys in England and this year he won the Derby. He had a contract to ride for Mr. Whitney this year for twenty-five thousand dollars. He easily earned double that sum in outside mounts. Besides this he has been lucky in speculation, notably in some oil fields near his home in Ohio. His bank roll is now estimated at five hundred thousand dollars. This is pretty good for a boy who, twelve years ago, started out in Kansas rooting up mounts at county fairs and taking them gladly at four dollars a week. His rise was less meteoric than the dazzling Sloan's but the conservative turfmen there regarded him as Tod's superior. They dubbed him a "plugger" but he usually got to the wire ahead of the English jockeys just the same and many a visiting American swelled his roll by practically backing young Reiff's mounts. His suspension closes the career abroad of the most successful jockey that ever bestrode a horse in England. At one time he talked of starting a stock breeding farm in this state. Whether he will settle down here and do so after his marriage is not yet determined.

She'll Shoot No More

Lady Florence Dixie, one of the most famous sportswomen of England, and a near relative of Lord

THE STANDARD FOR CHAMPAGNE QUALITY IS

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THE WORLD OVER

Sholto Douglas, has resolved to shoot no more. This woman who has killed lions in Africa, gazelles in Arabia and bears in the Rockies, has come to regard with absolute loathing all forms of sport produced by the sufferings of animals. She has written a little brochure entitled "The Horrors of Sport," for private circulation, and one of them has come this way. She thus explains why she abandoned the chase:

I have bent over my fallen game and seen the beautiful eye of the deer grow dim. I have ended with the sharp yet merciful knife the dying sufferings of creatures that had never harmed me. I have witnessed too, the angry, defiant glare of the wild beast's fading sight as death deprived him of the power to wreak his vengeance. The memory of those scenes brings no pleasure to my mind. On the contrary it haunts me with a cruel reproach, and I fain would that I had never done those deeds of skill—and cruelty.

The Impending Free Pass Battle

The knee-knocking, hair-raising order of President Hays of the Southern Pacific company stopping all free passes to country newspapers, it now transpires, was a warning blast announcing that the railway corporations of this country were preparing to give battle against the free pass army in general and its great reserve battalions of deadheads. After January first, 1901, free passes on many railways in this country will be abolished. The decision has just been reached in a conference in the East where practically all the railroads were represented. The agreement to make the fight was unanimous. Last year some of the managers, foreseeing the approaching fight, tried their practice hands on the "peanut butcher." They succeeded in "throwing him through the smoke-stack," and their success so filled them with elation and confidence that this year they determined to tackle the rural editor.

Editor Green Retaliates

So the rural editor had better fill up his ink-pot, sharpen up his quill and get ready to defend his ancient and inalienable rights. Members of the legislature are in the same free pass boat, and they, likewise, have got to look to their perquisites. Ex-President Hays, as I said, anticipated this move of the other managers by just one year and his experience here shows in a way the character of the jabs the other managers will get. Just one case will suffice. Will Green runs a paper up in Colusa. When his pass was canceled last year he accepted the tidings apparently with seraphic resignation, but his feelings as a country editor and a patriot were touched just the same. To show the "don't tread on me" spirit that dominated him as a moulder of public opinion and a champion of the people he quietly rode about the country side for a few days and talked with freight shippers. At the end of a week he had a hard-and-fast shipping combination formed that handled all its freight by the Sacramento river instead of by the railroad and now the officers of that division of the company look over the receipts and grit their teeth for the returns show that the company's freight earnings have been cut down some six thousand dollars a year by Green's combination. Green declares that this is only a little preliminary tail-twister and that it isn't a marker to what the country editors can do to the railroads if they'll only stand together in the fight.

The Free Pass Fiend

It is to be hoped that some day there will be a strong sentiment aroused against the free-pass fiend in his infinite variety. Theatrical and railroad magnates are responsible for his development, and now that he has become a pest as well as a financial problem something should be done to discourage his procreation. There is no more reason for transporting a man free of cost, or admitting him as a pauper to a place of amusement than there is for giving him a free meal, or a new hat or a suit of clothes. Free passes originated as courtesies extended by way of reciprocating favors, but now everybody with more nerve than self-respect avails himself of the free-pass system. Judging from the number of grafters that seek free passes one might imagine that railroads and theatres are quasi-eleemosynary institutions. Some people are proud of exhibiting free passes, because the presumption is that the possessor is a person of some consequence, whereas in nine cases out of ten he is an insufferable nuisance who aroused somebody's contempt when he obtained the pass to save a little money.

Ben Wheeler's Bad Taste

Early in the week it was again reported that Mr. William R. Hearst was en route to this city. He was due here Wednesday evening. He has been expected at the *Examiner* office for several months, and once or twice it was rumored that he was here. Anent the coming of Mr. Hearst, I have heard that the feelings of Mrs. Hearst were severely wounded by the attitude of several people when the shooting of McKinley was taken as a pretext for making her son the target for most bitter abuse. She was particularly distressed over the circumstance of Benjamin Ide Wheeler's joining with Hearst's rivals and enemies in the attacks on the *Examiner* and its editor. Mrs. Hearst has been exceedingly generous, not only to the university but also to President Wheeler, and many people thought that that learned gentlemen should have refrained from abuse of her son. His exhibition of bad taste was offensive to all friends of the university which has been the object of so many of Mrs. Hearst's benefactions.

J. B. Stetson Barred

Some weeks ago a woman friend of Mrs. Hearst asked her permission to exhibit her picturesque home at Pleasanton to some acquaintances. The permission was granted, but Mrs. Hearst expressed a desire to know who the people were. She was told, and among others mentioned were Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Stetson. Mrs. Hearst thereupon withdrew the courtesy saying that she did not object to Mrs. Stetson, but she did not care to have her home entered by a man who had

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sought to have her son expelled from a club of which both were members. She expressed surprise that Mr. Stetson should expect to be permitted to enter her home. The Stetsons are perhaps not the only people who will regret having joined in the assaults against Will Hearst.

Norma and Worthy

Norma Preston is not the only bud who has announced her engagement before she made her formal debut in the giddy whirl. There was Marie Baird, for one, who preferred to marry Barry Baldwin rather than win her laurels as a belle before tying herself down. I can recall a few others who made their debuts as engaged girls, and consequently forfeited the delight of flirting with others than their fiances. Nobody was surprised when "Worthy" Ames' engagement to one of the Preston girls was announced though some thought it would be Edith and not Norma. The Preston girls have always been as thick as peas with the Ames sisters, especially with Bessie, who is Edith's particular chum. When the Ames' gave a party—and they always give one or more original entertainments during the season—the Prestons were always among Bessie's right hand assistants. Worthington Ames never seemed to think more of Norma than of Edith. But he must have the power of concealing his thoughts. He is a fortunate fellow to have won the hand of a Preston girl, and there is no doubt that "Worthy" and Norma are well suited to each other. And the Ames' will heartily welcome their son's bride, who has always been very dear to them.

Edith and Willard

"I'll never believe another girl who denies her engagement," said a friend of Edith Preston's, last Friday, "and the next thing I shall expect to hear is Ethel Keeney announcing that she is engaged to Mr. Tomlinson." This was apropos of the surprise that Edith Preston injected into that now famous afternoon tea, when her sister Norma's engagement to Worthington Ames was formally made known, likewise Edith's betrothal to Willard Drown. I am rather disappointed in the latter engagement, though it is certainly a great thing for young Drown and eminently pleasing to his parents, his father in particular. Papa Drown looks for monied matches for his children, and Willard is the pride of his heart. He has always been a good boy, went through college without getting into any scrapes and came home and started in at once at his law studies. But he has his spurs to win, and it will takes years for that, while Edith Preston is a girl who seemed destined to make a brilliant marriage. Her beauty is simply perfect, not a flaw to be found in her face or figure by the most carping critic. She is a bright girl and her father has given her every advantage. Nevertheless though in her recent travels I am told she met more than one man who expressed warm admiration for her, she came home and announced what she had formerly always denied—that she was going to marry Willard Drown. Well, she is sure of having a charming mother-in-law. Mrs. Drown is a lovely woman, devoted to her children and their happiness.

A Contrast

The announcement in the dailies of the engagement of Edith Preston to Willard Drown with pictures and all the typographical panoply that bespeaks social prominence, was in strong contrast to the way the matrimonial plunge of his brother Archer was treated. The social editresses didn't get a chance to put in print their "Oh dears" and "How shockings" when Archer went to the halter. The story was handled by the man "on the desk" and he played it up for a good news story. Archer didn't marry according to Hoyle. He didn't ask anybody's permission or blessing and he didn't even take out a tape-measure to ascertain the altitude of the lady on the social ladder. She was a tailoress who worked in a Cl-y street factory. He fell in love with her and that settled it. The house of Drown bowed low under the blow. It was called a mesalliance but Archer Drown and his pretty wife are happy on their little ranch.

A Musical Heretic

Leslie Stuart, the young Englishman who wrote the "Florodora" music and lyrics, and who arrived here last Saturday, came to America to attend the anniversary performance of his melodious comedy in New York on November twelfth. On that occasion he will conduct the performance of his own music at the Casino theatre. Stuart prides himself on his lack of musical culture, and the fact that he is possessed of natural musical talent. In discussing the matter the other day, he said: "I never received any academical musical training. My limited resources caused me to become a musical heretic. When I was a boy I practiced my piano twelve hours a day, while two friends of mine who were intent upon becoming great musicians were cramming themselves with golden rules of how symphonies were written. One spent much time in composing huge works for an orchestra demandng six oboes, eight bassoons, twelve horns and three harps, with no hope of ever hearing them performed. The other was discovering consecutive fifths in Mozart. They would not deign to go to the theatre to listen to music. And all the time I was becoming more and more of a diatonical mountebank. Yet I became organist of a cathedral before I was fifteen though I had never received a lesson on an organ in my life. I played from memory almost every mass written by Mozart and Haydn. When I wrote a song that reached the barrel organs my two cultured musical friends ceased to know me. One is now a prosperous potato merchant and the other is a race-course bookmaker."

Trusts and combinations do not affect Jesse Moore Whiskey. Its fame is established, its quality is the finest and it is always the best.

DEWAR'S
SCOTCH WHISKY
HIGH BALL

Small piece of ice in glass, pour whisky over ice and fill glass with syphon or plain water

A Cooling and Delightful Drink

How They Do It

Now that the "Florodora" girlies have gone several of the club-chappies who experienced the exquisite sensation of being mashed over the footlights are sighing mournfully. Those "Florodora" skirt-shakers were the boldest aggregation of grafters that ever tipped the wink eloquent to an audience. How the theatre has degenerated! It was not so many years ago that the management of first-class theatres strictly prohibited mashing over the footlights by leg-pulling Amazons and coryphees. But now mashing is one of the features of a show. The "Florodora" girls conducted their flirtations with brazen abandon. And they played a very successful engagement, for there is nothing so flattering to some men as to be mashed by a stage divinity.

Easy Way to Live High

The secret of how small-salaried chorus girls with touring troupes manage to put up at first-class hotels en route was revealed to me the other day. It may interest some of our local johnnies. A smart chorus girl arranges to have her hotel bill presented when she is in the company of a devoted cavalier. It generally happens that she cannot find her purse at that opportune moment and a beseeching glance is usually effective.

He Didn't Know Greenway

The last night of "Florodora," Ned Greenway was seized with a wild desire to entertain one of the girls who had come properly accredited to him, and who he believed had not properly sampled Californian hospitality. According to Ned's own confession he prefers supping with a "Florodora" girl to a member of the smart set. He sent a messenger boy to the stage entrance with an invitation to supper, and the boy was denied admittance just as though he were bearing a message from plain John Smith. When he returned to Greenway, the leader of the 400 wrote on the envelope, "From Mr. Greenway," and he remarked, "Show that to the stage manager." The messenger did as he was told, and the uncouth fellow at the door exclaimed, "Who the devil is Greenway?" Ned was indignant, but undaunted. He managed to reach the girl. The supper is another story.

The Social Side of It

During Mayor Phelan's administration he has extended the hospitality of the city to distinguished visitors in a most gracious and lavish manner. And, by the way, it is of considerable importance that a Mayor should be qualified to represent the city in a manner of which the people should be proud. An hospitable Mayor has many opportunities to promote the interests of a city. I am not seeking to make political capital, for both Wells and Tobin are well qualified to perform the social duties of the office. Both are married men and have money. The Tobins have a slight advantage in the possession of a home, and, though they are of the smart set, their functions are less formal than those of the socially ambitious. Their guests are clever and entertaining, and Mrs. Tobin is somewhat of a genius as a hostess. I have been told that she objected to her husband's entering the mayoralty race. The night of his nomination he dined as usual with Mrs. Tobin, and said nothing of the impending honor that was to be bestowed. The next morning when he picked up the paper he exclaimed: "Good heavens! They've nominated me for Mayor. Now I must take it."

The Wells Family

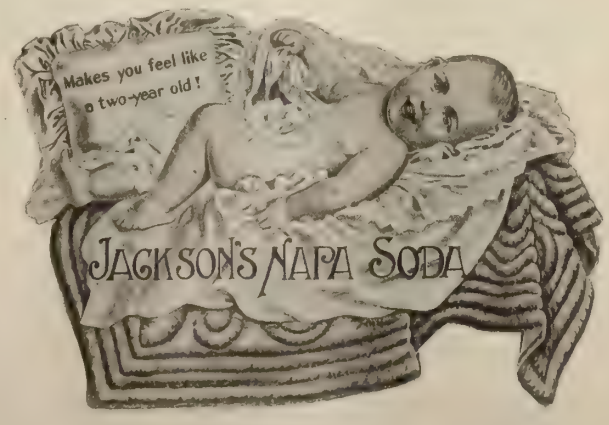
The family of Mr. Wells is not prominent in the smart set, but moves in very good society nevertheless. It is in that set in which is found the cultured club-woman and wealth galore. Mrs. Wells is gracious and handsome. She has perfect taste in gowning. Her gowns are always costly and becoming. She is Mr. Wells' second wife. His two daughters by his first wife, Susie and Laura, do not care much for society. The latter is musically inclined.

Titled Cabmen

If American girls of moderate means craved foreign titles as eagerly as do our heiresses, those titles would soon become a drug in the market. Any girl with a mere paltry thousand or two can go over to Europe and get a husband with a title. So writes an occasional correspondent from Vienna. "There are some very smart cabs in this gay capital," she writes, "and the smartest of them have impoverished noblemen for cabmen. Several of them are scions of old and distinguished families, and no American girl with a dot large enough to set one them up in the sausage business in America should have any difficulty in capturing an Austrian title. One of these noblemen, Baron Felix von Ehrmanns, was lately committed for insanity. He has been driving for a cab proprietor for several years."

Curbstone Flowers Libeled

Some of our Eastern visitors must have carried away some peculiar ideas of our city if the conversations overheard in our street cars may be relied on as an index. For instance two ladies were talking of the profusion of flowers, and the exceedingly low prices asked for beautiful bunches in the street. "But I wouldn't buy any of those displayed by the street peddlers," said one; "of course it is a beautiful sight—but they tell me that those venders have simply the refuse of the florists, that they are stale, and that they do not last a day after you buy them." This was too much for an old Californian, who at once took it upon herself to set the visitors right and to tell them that the flowers were the product of Chinese and Italian gardens.



Physicians would not recommend Jesse Moore Whiskey if they did not know it to be the best in the market.

Eccentric Pedar Bruguiere

Here is the latest story of the Bruguieres in New York, just brought back by a well known member of the local smart set who stopped over to see the yacht race on her way from Europe. All the votaries of golf, tennis, riding and veranda small talk had doffed their yachting clothes and laid aside their nautical expressions to gather at Sherry's to celebrate *Columbia's* victory. One of the modish groups consisted of Miss Van Alen and Louis Bruguiere. Miss Van Alen was all smiles and Louis was all attention. Presently there entered a party of four gentlemen among whom were Pedar Bruguiere and a brother physician who is Pedar's office mate. The four took seats at a table near by and in direct view of Miss Van Alen. The eyes of Pedar and Louis met and the brothers smilingly exchanged nods. "Who is that handsome looking friend of yours?" asked Miss Van Alen. "My brother, Pedar," responded Louis. "Won't you manage to introduce him? I should like to meet him; besides he's a brother of yours." Louis declared he would be delighted. Presently he stepped over to Pedar and remarked with some pride, "Here's your chance. Miss Van Alen has expressed a desire to meet you. Come along and I'll introduce you." But Pedar was not enthused over the opportunity to meet the society girl. He begged to be excused, and Louis was very much embarrassed, but he returned to Miss Van Alen, and faked some sort of an explanation. Pedar is not exactly a woman hater, but he is eccentric. He prefers actresses to society girls.

He was Not Out of Touch

J. Pierpont Morgan astonished the financial and social worlds by coming to this city to attend a church convention, thereby missing the yacht races and getting out of touch with Wall street at a time when stocks were very unsteady. But I have been told that Mr. Morgan had a leased wire running into a room adjacent to the convention hall. It was connected with his office in Wall street, and he was in touch with the stock-market throughout the discussion of church topics. Moreover, he was kept posted on the movements of his yacht. When he received the news of the failure of Tom Lipton to lift the cup the bishops took a recess long enough to congratulate the great financial king. Mr. Morgan is undoubtedly a zealous 18-karat pillar of the church, but such is the versatility of his genius that he can lend his presence for the greater glory of God without faltering in his devotion to Mammon.

The Bishops at the Club

What a pleasant and agreeable lot of chaps those Episcopalian bishops are! They added so much to the gaiety of the town that I am sorry they withdrew. No man is more in sympathy with the sentiment expressed in the maxim about emulating the Romans in Rome as the up-to-date Episcopalian ecclesiastic. All the high officials of the church of the plutocrats had cards to the Pacific-Union club, that being the home of the millionaires. They dined there, and even supped, smoked and wined there after the convention adjourned at night. And they didn't embarrass any of those members whose gods are the world, the flesh and the devil. One well known club man who saw the bishops putting away high balls and Scotch straight was a bit shocked, and remarked: "It's all right, but damme if I like to think that a bishop is no better than the rest of us."

All Eyes on Yorke

Father Yorke is to deliver a lecture Monday night on "The Arbitre of Morals," and speculation is rife in political circles as to whether he will disclose his sentiments in relation to the three-cornered fight for Mayor. I am of the opinion that he will not. Nothing has yet developed in this campaign, that I know of, to draw the fire of the doughty free-lance of the priesthood. But it is not difficult to rouse him to action. If, for instance, some paper should intimate that Father Yorke's sympathies were with Candidate Schmitz, I should expect to see him come out and indulge in some vigorous denunciation. Though he supported the cause of the labor unions it cannot be argued that he prefers Schmitz to any other candidate. In one of his addresses to the laboring men he urged them to attend strictly to their affairs and to keep out of politics. He abhors politicians, and I believe he sincerely regretted the organization of the Labor party. He knows that the average politician is a bunco-man.

What Hints May Come

But if occasion should arise for an expression of opinion from Father Yorke, the complexion of the campaign would begin to take on a more distinct hue, for he undoubtedly has a strong following. No leader of men ever enjoyed the confidence of his constituents as does Father Yorke that of his admirers in this city. Shortly after the nomination of Joseph Tobin the *Examiner* declared that the Democratic candidate was unfriendly to the paper because it had published Father Yorke's discussion of the labor controversy. The inference was that Tobin didn't like Yorke, and that the latter was opposed to Tobin's candidacy. Perhaps Father Yorke may take occasion to refer to that matter. What a surprise it would be to the *Examiner* if he should express confidence in Tobin! I have absolutely no knowledge of the facts in the matter, but I should not be surprised if he threw out a few hints in his lecture Monday night. He has the knack of saying a world of things parenthetically.

Have you visited Mrs. Cole, the leading Chiropodist and Manicure at her pretty little office in the Parrott Building? Room 460. Telephone Howard 2585.



JESSE MOORE

A A

WHISKEY

BEST ON EARTH

Couldn't Stand Ennui

Justice of the Peace Tom Dunn had a case before him the other day wherein the foreman of a mine sued his employer for breach of contract. It came out in evidence that the reason the man quit his job was because there was no work to do! It appeared that he needed some coal to heat the furnace in which he heated and afterwards sharpened his tools. The coal ran out, the order for more was ignored, and so business came to a standstill. The man put on his coat in disgust and started to walk to the nearest town. On the way he encountered his employer. "Where are you going, Sam?" inquired the latter. "I'm going to quit; there's nothing to do," replied the man, to his employer's amazement. Then he opened suit for breach of contract, and the testimony showed that he got tired of having time hang heavily on his hands pending the arrival of the long-delayed coal. The case should go down in history as a record-breaker, especially in such times as we in San Francisco have been having of late.

Filipino Philosophy

Congressman Julius Kahn delivered an interesting talk on the Philippines at the Press club the other night. He says it is a mistake to suppose that the natives will not work. On the contrary, they are, on the whole, extremely industrious, and are clever in their own way. The speaker told of the number of churches in the main island, and said that they were landmarks and showed something of the temperament of the inhabitants. Speaking to a native one day, the man said: "Big house mean something every country. In England, big house, brewery; in America, big house, saloon." Which showed the native to be of an observant turn of mind.

What Morgan Couldn't Do

A crowd gathered in Kearny street a few mornings ago and watched a man at work upon a tall flag-pole which surmounts a high building at a busy corner. The man must have been a sailor, for he was as comfortable as possible seated astride a rope hitched to the top of the pole and swaying to and fro with the breeze. One of the most interested spectators was a middle-aged man who, from his appearance, evidently belonged to the working class. He looked up at the sailor for some time in silence, then suddenly he nudged his neighbor, a stranger, and asked, pointing up at the flagpole:

"D'ye think, now, that J. Pierpont Morgan could do that?"

The stranger turned to his questioner and, with a smile, replied:

"No, I don't suppose he could."

A pause, and then the old man returned to the charge: "Well, could he ever do it?"

This time the person addressed was fairly amused, and he looked quizzically at his interlocutor. Then he admitted that in his opinion, at no time in his great career could Mr. Morgan have performed the feat. The answer appeared to satisfy the old man, for he nodded his head emphatically and said:

"No' you bet he couldn't," and away he walked, muttering things about the martyrdom of labor and the cruelty of oppression.

How It is Done

If that somewhat stringent amendment to the divorce canon which the Episcopalian convention made a bluff at adopting had been in force and effect long ago, or if the church had never tinkered with the original Christian code, smart society in New York would not have to solve the embarrassing problem with which it is now confronted. The Ogilvie Haigs are coming over from London to spend the winter in New York. Hence the problem. Mrs. Haig was formerly Mrs. Coleman Drayton. She trifled with the moral code, caused a scandal, and went through the divorce mill. But instead of going way back and sitting down just outside the portico of the holy of holies, she proceeded to London to seek social rehabilitation. Being the daughter of Mrs. Astor, that was easy. She married Ogilvie Haig, and then the Prince of Wales, who is now king, entered into a reciprocity treaty with Mrs. Astor. He agreed to resuscitate Mrs. Haig socially in London providing Mrs. Astor would do the same thing in New York for some of his ladi-friends. Mrs. Langtry was one of them, and she was given the glad hand on her last visit to New York.

The Embarrassing Problem

But now the question is: Will the London cachet be given recognition by the New York 400? Mrs. Haig has gained a good position in London, despite her past, and I am quite sure she will be entertained in New York. But Coleman Drayton, the former husband of the lady, has taken a house for the season almost within the shadow of the Astor mansion, and now the smart set is wondering whether the same people who entertain and are entertained by the Draytons will receive the Haigs. And there is also curiosity whether Mrs. Astor will make it a sine qua non that those who wish to enjoy her hospitality and social pull must accept her daughter.

What They Can't Raise in Fresno

The quartet of warbling Fresnoans that helped entertain the Odd Fellows during their recent session in the raisin city consists of four bald heads. They are so abnormally devoid of hair that ever since W. H. Barnes drew attention in one of his speeches to the peculiarity of their pates they have been cruelly jollied. This is the way Mr. Barnes put it: "This is the Raisin city, and you're good at raisin' everything,

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raisin' flags, raisin' grapes, raisin' hell—and children. The only thing you seen incapable of raisin' is hair on your quartet."

The Society Vaudeville

'Tis real Bohemian club vaudeville the Doctors' Daughters are going to give us at their doll show after all. When the managers preserved such a silence about the participants, only saying they were Bohemian club men and society girls, more than one thought that some disappointment might be in store. But the Doctors' Daughters knew what they were doing; their reticence whetted the public appetite. The Bohemians are real club men, and the society girls no brummagen article. Marie Wells, who Theodore Wores considers has the most perfect neck he ever saw on a woman, is to appear in living pictures—miniatures, the program calls them—and her cousin, Marie Oge, will also appear. Bertha Dolbeer, the golf champion, will be the subject of a miniature, and so will Mary—"Minnie" as her friends call her—Joliffe. She is one of the prettiest of the Joliffe sisters and looks more like Nellie—Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels—than does any of the others. Her eyes are glorious. The personnel of the "Florodora" sextet was revealed on Tuesday. All the stars of the Bohemian club's entertainers will help to render the program attractive, and the original farce by Peter Robertson promises much in the way of amusement. A star feature will be the appearance of Mrs. Richard Bayne, who so seldom sings nowadays outside of her home. Mrs. Bayne is a relative of Mrs. R. T. Carroll and is a very beautiful woman. She took part in that memorable entertainment at the California theatre, a few years ago, "Columbia," given by society women. There have been so many false alarms in the way of "society vaudevilles" that I am glad to find this one bona fide in the matter of its participants.

The Daughters, Past and Present

There is none more active in arranging this affair than Mrs. Linda Hoag Bryan. She always goes into everything with heart and hand, and her enthusiasm is infectious. Nearly all of the original Doctors' Daughters are matrons now. Some of the charter list no longer belong, but there have been others to fill their places. Both the Stetson sisters, Mrs. Winslow and Mrs. Oxnard, helped form the club. Miss Blair was also a charter member, as was Mrs. Wakefield Baker (Cora Thomas) if I remember rightly. I am not sure that Mrs. Sam Buckbee (Julia Crocker) was on the charter roll, but her sister, Fannie, now Mrs. McCreary of Sacramento, was. Dr. McKenzie's "Daughters" are a very smart set of young women, and they do not play at charity. Their benefactions are the real thing.

Why They Went into Vaudeville

The introduction of vaudeville features marks a big revolution in the annual entertainment of the Doctor's Daughters since Mrs. Oelrichs started them with the Doll Show idea several years ago. The first year the Doctor's Daughters had no difficulty in coaxing all the leading dressmakers to contribute richly dressed dolls for the show. A handsome prize was offered for the best gowned exhibit, but when it was awarded there was a low, quiet and forceful purr of protest. From some corner came the echo, "Pull," but every one interested being either well-bred or dependent on well-bred dames for custom, nobody paid any attention to the rude remark. The following year, however, the committee of Doctor's Daughters in charge of the business of getting the dressmakers to furnish dolls for the show was very much surprised to hear from most of them that it was "such a dreadfully busy season they couldn't possibly find the time to dress the sweet dolls." By dint of indefatigable work the committee managed to make a fair showing. There followed another little purr of protest when the prize for the best-dressed doll was awarded. The next year it was hard work getting any of the best modistes to make even a pretence to furnish a dressed doll. This year it was deemed advisable to cut loose from precedent. Look at their bill and you'll see the dolls have no show and had better turn their faces to the wall. Indeed, they won't be noticed when that handsome sextet foots it blithely before the footlights and warbles, "Tell me, pretty maiden."

Death of a Young Mother

By a private advice from New York I have learned of the death on Wednesday of Mrs. Louis Wertheimer. It was only last May, I believe, that the young matron was visiting relatives here. Her death was quite sudden, and resulted from typhus fever. Therese Wertheimer was the only daughter of the late Mr. S. Wertheimer, the rich tobacco manufacturer. She was a beautiful girl, a brunette, with musical talent far above the average. Her marriage with her cousin Louis, of the same name, was of a romantic nature, a case of love at first sight, the betrothal closely following the cousins' introduction to each other. Their home was in New York. Three little children mourn their mother's loss. Therese Wertheimer will be remembered by Girls' High school graduates of the class of '85. She was one of the most popular girls in her set.

Watson-Macfarlane

Mrs. Robert Watson announces the engagement of her daughter, Florence I. Ballinger, to Edward C. Macfarlane of Honolulu. Miss Ballinger's father was the popular city editor of the *Call*, Frank J. Ballinger, who died some years ago.

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He Shied at "The Elephant"

A good story has come to my ears about one of San Francisco's most spectacular physicians, a gentleman who runs a medical college of doubtful reputation, and who delights in attiring himself in the trappings of a military man, a conceit that has been fostered by his friend, Governor Gage. The story would be pointless without the preface which begins in regulation fashion—many years ago—in Salt Lake, where this cultured and fastidious high-priced doctor worked as an errand boy in a department store, known as "The Elephant." Later on he became the office boy of a physician, and did an occasional stunt as coachman. He was such a promising lad that the physician sent him to a medical college, and when the old doctor was on his death-bed he made the boy his heir on condition that he adopt the surname of his patron. The young man did so, adopting it for a Christian name and with it he parts his whole name in the middle. Well, some weeks ago, the doctor obtained as a patient a young woman, who recently came hither from Salt Lake, and he became very attentive to her. He gave her a dozen of his photographs, and when the day came for her to leave his sanitorium he suggested a dinner a deux. He had been impressing the young woman with his greatness and his importance, going so far as to don his regalia to show her what a dazzling soldier he was, and he was no doubt quite sure she would accept. He promised to take her to Chinatown and the Cliff.

"Will you show me everything that's interesting, doctor?" she asked, with a merry twinkle in her eye.

"Yes, everything," he replied.

"Will you show me the elephant?"

It was no doubt the emphasis that recalled to him the fact that she came from Salt Lake. Her bill included charges for extras.

The Audience Stampeded

That was rather a frosty reception the Supervisorial candidates on the Republican ticket received at the ratification meeting. To the eloquent Myron Wolfe had fallen the task of presenting all the candidates, and, like a proud and lusty showman, he paraded them on the platform.

"Here is honest John Lackmann," he shouted, and the audience cheered.

"And here is popular Arthur Fisk." More cheers.

Presently he stood the Supervisors up, and the audience broke for the doors, as though somebody had yelled "Fire!" The meeting was brought to an abrupt close. Now the aspirants for jobs in the local legislature demand that they be introduced ahead of all the other candidates at all meetings.

Ireland a Snob

Some months ago, when it was reported that the faculty of Yale intended to confer on Monseigneur Ireland, Archbishop of St. Paul, the degree of LL.D., I declared that if he accepted it he would prove himself more of a clerical snob than I had suspected him of being. The degree was conferred last Wednesday on the occasion of the celebration of the second century of Yale's existence. The presumption is that it would not have been conferred if the Archbishop had not agreed to accept it. Archbishop Ireland stands convicted of snobbery. The church of which he is a prelate has been grossly insulted and libeled by the faculty of the institution from which he has accepted an honor.

Bigoted Utterances

A few months ago Professor George B. Adams of Yale stated in a class-room lecture that the Catholic church teaches one doctrine to the learned Catholics and another to the ignorant. Rev. Charles Wolcott Merriam, a theological student of Yale, declared in his graduating address last June that when the Catholic church announces a doctrine to its members they must acquiesce in it even if they have to defy law and everything else. This fledgling preacher no doubt desired to convey the impression that Catholics regard the Pope as supreme in affairs of State as well as in matters of faith and religion. The faculty of Yale has not, to my knowledge, repudiated the bigoted utterances of either Adams or Merriam. It is surely an eloquent commentary on the character of Archbishop Ireland that he has accepted an honorary degree from an institution which fosters bigotry against the church which he represents. Perhaps the bestowal of that degree is in the nature of an apology. The institution itself, however, has stultified itself in bestowing a degree on a man who, according to the testimony of its professor and its graduate is engaged in the business of buncoing ignorant people.

Snob Sampson, Too

Yale appears to have an admiration for snobs, for it also issued a degree to Rear-Admiral Sampson, the most picturesque snob of the navy. It was only a short time ago that Sampson objected to the promotion of a young gunner on the ground that he was not skilled in the arts of the social hero. From the testimony elicited at the Schley investigation it appears that when Sampson came up after the sinking of Cervera's fleet, the *Brooklyn* signaled the news of the glorious victory. Instead of responding with a message of congratulation or of felicitation, the indignant absentee-hero abruptly demanded a list of the casualities. Yale should have withheld the Sampson degree until the Rear-Admiral had a chance to emerge from the cloud in which he is shrouded.

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The Plot that Failed

There's a delightful little story running the rounds describing how four lights in the smart set endeavored to pin down Mrs. Eleanor Martin on the exact date of the marriage of Peter and Lily Oelrichs. They planned that each should ask her a direct question concerning that much disputed event. If the first one did not get a satisfactory answer she was to pass it up to No. 2 and the latter was to frame from it the second question. The ingenious quartet thought that in this way Mrs. Martin could be cornered and the much sought for date obtained without any of the four betraying any indelicacy. The result, though ludicrous, shows that Mrs. Martin is an adroit diplomatist. The first lady marched to the attack during the early October hot spell. There came a lull in the conversation and she casually remarked:

"Oh, by the way, Mrs. Martin, when are you going East to Peter's wedding?"

"When the weather gets a little cooler," promptly answered the flushed matron, vigorously fanning herself.

The Second and Third Assaults

No. 2 waited until the weather moderated. Then she went over to the Martin domicile for tea. At the opportune time she swung her weapon: "How nice it is that dreadful hot spell is passed. I expect you'll go East now to be ready for Peter's wedding?"

"No," said the unconscious victim, calmly, "I'm going to wait till the weather gets a little warmer." No. 3 was vigorously trained to go against the enemy with a pointed and direct question. The quartet picked out an auspicious day for No. 3 to take her chance, kissed her a fond farewell and faced her in the direction of the Martin mansion. The conversation ran along smoothly till No. 3 fired her shot:

"When are you going East, Mrs. Martin?"

The Lady of the Flukes hemmed a moment, and then replied in her kindliest way, "When Peter gets married."

The articles of war of the quartet forbade No. 3 to ask the momentous question, "When is that to be?" That was reserved for No. 4. Accordingly No. 3 hurried back to the other conspirators and reported that the shifting Mrs. M. was at last driven into a corner from which there appeared no possible escape.

The Last Assault

So the three took No. 4 in hand and for five days they carefully coddled her with inspiring stories and trained her for the final assault. When they thought her in prime condition they drove her in a closed carriage up to the Martin house and turned her loose against the cornered enemy. They declared there could be but one result—victory. No. 4 let the conversation run blithely till she considered Mrs. Martin in an open, affable, genial and genuine heart-to-heart condition, then in a sympathetic way she remarked:

"When is Peter going to be married, dear?" She sat back very self-possessed, for she didn't dream that Mrs. M. had a possible chance of escape. Peter's mother started back. The point blank shot couldn't do anything else but batter down the mark. But the victim struggled nobly. In a moment she had a grip on her feelings and she managed to articulate:

"Why, why, when I go East, of course."

No. 4 simply wilted. She made the first excuse that offered to escape and hastening around the block she managed to get into a closed carriage where three breathless, anxious women grabbed her in their impatient arms and chorused, "Well?" At No. 4's report they all collapsed. Over the writing desk of one of them is the following catechism showing how Mrs. Martin gaily galloped out of the snare set for her:

When are you going East to Peter's wedding?

When the weather gets cooler.

Now that the cooler weather is here, when will you go East to be ready for the wedding?

When the weather gets warmer.

When are you going East?

When Peter gets married.

When is Peter going to be married, dear?

When I go East.

Carmen's Quarrels

When Calve comes to town we will see a Carmen somewhat different from the torrid, ravishing female that Collamarini has portrayed at the Tivoli. Calve, by the way, favors the Collamarini type, but she was too intense even for European audiences and she toned it down. Collamarini's interpretation is undoubtedly correct, but it would be much more effective if she were less cumbersome and correspondingly more bewitching. I have heard experts say that such a buxom Carmen could not bewitch a gallant, but the fact is that she has bewitched the gallant who falls a victim to her wiles in the opera. The frail Russo loves her with all the fiery passion characteristic of his race, and his love is reciprocated. And they have real lovers' quarrels more fierce than those that take place on the stage, and as a consequence, Collamarini has to take an occasional night off.

His Epigrams are Copyrighted

Some of those merry Bohemians who are known as wits because of the clever papers read by them at club jinks are wondering how they are going to live up to their reputation. When the *Examiner* men resigned in a body more than one reputed wit felt that the source of his best inspirations had evaporated. The other day a member of the club who is kept so busy in a big wholesale house that he never has time to dash off a piece of light literature for the entertainment of

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his friends, called on his old chum, Ashton Stevens, and asked him to help out in an emergency. "I'm going to give a dinner to Mr. —— and Mr. —— and Mr. —— up at the club, and I want to make a little speech over the coffee, jollying each one of them in a breezy sort of a way. I want to make a hit with them, and I should like you to dash off a few epigrammatic suggestions."

"I should like to very much," said Stevens, "but the fact is that Mr. Hearst has hired me to write exclusively for him. I'm sorry, old chap."

My Oakland Letter

From across the bay my correspondent writes:

In spite of the rain we all went over to see Edith Stubbs married on Wednesday and were chatting on the boat about the parties the Stubbs' gave when they lived over here in Madison street, and we were all youngsters scratching each others' eyes out and running away from the kissing games in vogue at children's parties then, which reminds me that one of the girls who was a terror at screaming and hair-pulling when it came her turn to be kissed, was probably only starting a hair-album. Anyhow, she doesn't mind *now* as you may learn if you take one of Captain Goodall's boats as I did the other morning, and row up and down the lake off Adams Point at the end of the golf links. There you'll see them on the steps of the little landing-place, *he* squeezing her natty red golf coat out of all shape, *she* kissing him at the rate of I don't know how how many times a minute, regardless of the new coat and the feathery white powder-puff on her hat. She is evidently a girl with a thought above her clothes—and she doesn't seem to care who knows or sees it. When I go over to the Club House tomorrow I'm going to slip an envelope into her locker with the quotation inside that goes something like this: "That all the world a lover loves is very likely true, but it does not love to have him love his love in public view." But to return to the more respectable Stubbs'. Edith looked like a white violet in her wedding robes, but her bridesmaids, with the exception of Irene Baker, were the plainest lot of girls I've ever looked away from; and they must have been looking their very best under those dreams of big white hats lined with pink! The fluffy pink gowns were awfully pretty and it was a shame Margaret Salisbury tore such a slice out of hers. Just as the bridesmaids started down the aisle from the altar to meet the bride, Margaret's skirt caught on a nail, and there she was stuck fast, struggling and squirming to get free, Mrs. Monroe Salisbury sitting two feet away, purple in the face with excitement. It was a trying time for every one concerned, although her sister Kate, who sat near by looking very well in violet cloth appliqued with panne velvet of the same shade, didn't get at all flurried. I don't believe she even got excited when her mother told her about the fine marriage she had arranged for her. All eyes were turned upon Irene Baker and whispers of "Who is she?" came from every side. Even I, who see her about Oakland every day, couldn't take my eyes off her. She *is* a dainty beauty! The bride's three sisters are very plain and quite ordinary looking, although Helen looked more stylish than usual in her maid of honor robes. Mamie held a handkerchief to her face all the way out of church and wept and wept, although the rest of the family appeared cheerful enough. Mrs. Stubbs was in black lace and jet over white, with a white fan, but her hair was drawn back so tightly that the large black velvet hat with the nodding white plume wasn't at all becoming. * * * Although one could safely say that all society turned out to hear the Italian band on Tuesday evening, one couldn't truthfully assert they all turned *in* after turning out, for when we arrived at the church we found the street blocked all around the square, not only with the rabble who were there to hear the music for nothing, but with members of the upper ten who were either standing or comfortably fixed for the evening in the many phaetons, carts and other traps standing about. When our cabman asked us in tones of pained surprise if we were going to *get out*, I felt as though we were doing something quite wrong, and didn't expect to find twenty people inside, because I never realize how many people there are in Oakland until I begin to talk over the 'phone; but the place was crowded and amongst others I saw the George McNears, the Harry Adams', Miss Wilcox, Mrs. Will Dargie, Mrs. Orestes Pierce, Mrs. Tom Williams and party, Grace and Laura Sanborn, the Hubbards and C. O. G. Millers. We had never been in the church before—which by the way is fitted up with theatre chairs instead of uncomfortable pews—because we came to the conclusion long ago that the Rev. B. Fay (or B. Fake) Mills is a very bad actor, although he is always talking about the great "hits" his sermons make, and sends long accounts of them to the newspapers—which, by the by, they never publish. Although he is only trying to get people to believe in himself now, he wasn't so reasonable at Santa Barbara, years ago before he struck Oakland, when he used to rant and wave and yell about hell-fire and other things at the big revival meetings, when we used to stroll down from our hotel after dinner to see the poor old women carried out in hysterics and the foolish young ones give him their diamonds because he had promised to speak to the Lord about their wayward husbands. And how disgusted every one was later on at the Hotel del Coronado, when he used to parade up and down in a red bathing suit ogling all the girls, and when he came up here and left his bag of jewels on the train, what a rumpus there was with telegrams flying and detectives scurrying! I used to think clergymen didn't care a rap for diamonds; wasn't I a loon? * * * Amy Requa Long gave the largest luncheon of the season on Tuesday, when she entertained twenty-two of the girls and young matrons at "Highlands" in honor of Lucy Moffitt. Instead of the usual flowers, her table decorations were entirely of fruits, the centerpiece being composed of clusters of grapes on the vine, which effect was very pretty. I saw Mrs. Requa in the gardens later and she said she was completely tired out after the convention, and intends to go south for a rest very soon. Lucy Moffitt was also the honored guest at Mrs. Philip Williams' tea the other day, which was the first affair Clare has given since Phil sailed off on a long sea voyage, to end somewhere down near Manila, where we all hope he will stay! Mrs. Stanley Jackson in a stunning affair of black and white silk was one of the girls receiving, but since then she has heard of the death of a cousin, one of the Benedicts of New York, who was crushed under an automobile, so she will have to go into mourning again, at least for a short time. * * * This morning my little gray-haired manicure (a sensitive little woman in reduced circumstances that we all try to be good to) arrived in tears and I found that Mrs. Folger had been making another break. She had just returned from the East and sent for the manicure to remove the stain of travel from her hands, and just as she was about to begin, the little woman very naturally said she hoped Mrs. Folger had enjoyed her trip. That proud dame drew herself up, and with the haughty gesture of an empress (a stage one) threw her arm out in the direction of the poor little lady, and glaring down upon her said, "Attend to my hands, and don't address me, because I *never speak to servants*"! And *that* from a woman whose *own sister* was for years and years a manicure, is just about the best—or worst—I ever heard, and I was so angry that I couldn't help telling the little woman about the tin shop Mrs. Folger's father kept in the basement of the shanty they lived in, and all the rest of it, but she said even had she known all that she wouldn't have had the courage to answer her back, because she looked big and fierce enough to swallow her down at one gulp!



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The Debut of Buckley

It must have been an enemy of Wells that induced Dr. C. F. Buckley to throw mud at the Tobins. Dr. Buckley was one time the physician of the Tobin family, and he fondly hoped to become a director of the Hibernia bank. When he lost his job his ambition wilted and hence the mud-slinging exhibition which is bound to make votes for Tobin. It was a nice, clean campaign up to the time of the introduction of the sore-head medico who effects an interest in affairs of State while confessing that he has been too lazy during his thirty years residence in this country to take out naturalization papers. If ever an autopsy be performed on Dr. Buckley it will be found that he has two gall-bladders. His impertinence in injecting himself into the campaign for the purpose of hurling nasty abuse at an American citizen is of a most indecent character. This is the same Dr. Buckley who has figured in numerous attempts to gouge exorbitant fees out of unfortunate patients.

Webster's Man Jordan

The recently published report of the Superintendent of Schools awakened the sympathy of the public for the overworked teachers who are struggling along under the exactions of an impossible course of study. I have received a letter from a prominent teacher on the subject of the report, in which she tells me it is clap-trap for political effect. These are excerpts from the letter:

If it is not clap-trap, why do we find Mr. Webster's pet deputy, L. A. Jordan, whose entire scholastic career has been a ridiculous failure, and who is known as Webster's Svengali, giving orders that only increase the burdens of the overworked teachers? Jordan is a crank on the subject of vertical handwriting. He has made that his specialty. He compels the teachers to rule vertical lines down each page in each copy-book so that each letter will come directly under the one above it. Did you ever hear of anything so absurd? Mr. Jordan should be hoeing corn or planting potatoes. We have not forgotten how he exalted the copy-book work of the Hancock school above every other. He lugged the copy-books from school to school and he placed them on exhibition in his office and compelled teachers to go there and worship the writing which was really a fine specimen of drawing, but not of free-hand writing. The result was that the Principal was charged with neglecting the more important branches of the curriculum, and Margaret McKenzie, whose school had been the joy and the delight, the boast and the pride of Jordan, the devotee of vertical handwriting, lost her job.

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Always La Femme

A woman would have wept out of sheer vexation. The man only muttered an imprecation between his teeth. It was hard to have worked for months on what was to have been a masterpiece—and then get this!

The big fellow in a velveteen jacket, with black curly hair that was carelessly brushed back from a brow that certainly breathed intellect, threw down the last of the papers he had been reading and the smothered oath of a moment before was repeated aloud.

"They say the same thing," he said, "in different words, but it all amounts to the same in the end. I have failed again. I had thought my work this time was above reproach, but my hope was a vain one."

A timid knock at the door, and the man called out, "Oh, come in."

A glad light leaped to his eyes as a woman entered. He held out his arms and she came slowly toward him. Her eyes did not meet his, nor did she at first respond to his warm caress. He misunderstood her attitude, as the wisest of men often fail to comprehend the actions of women.

"Never mind, cherie," he said, "you are left to me. If I have failed again, as these say,"—he swept the papers to the floor—"you are here to console me."

The girl slipped from his knee and began to busy herself in the breakfast arrangements. She prepared the coffee and set the rolls upon the table. The man, absorbed in his own thoughts, paid little attention to her movements.

"Just think, cherie, they say I am a fool, a bungler. And God knows I tried. Some of them try to gloss over with honeyed words the cruel truth. But one, you know the one, mignonne—Gaspard, the relentless critic, who used to be my chum in days past. He has cut my poor picture into a thousand bits. He rends my soul, for he knows. Come, darling"—as she placed his coffee-cup before him—"let us drink together to the destruction of Gaspard!"

The girl muttered some inarticulate words, as she raised her cup to her lips.

"I can't understand the reason of his enmity," he mused, "if I had done him a wrong; if he were jealous—but we never quarreled; we simply drifted apart. He took to literature, I kept on at my painting. This bitter denunciation of what I *know* is good, I cannot comprehend."

As he spoke, more than once the girl opened her lips as if to interpolate something. But he closed them with kisses.

"Ah, dear little girl," he said, "I know all you would say. You feel wells of tears rising in those bonny black eyes when you think of poor Jack Thompson's crushed hopes. You would that you had a sharp stiletto in those brown hands, to plunge into Gaspard's breast. You dear little devil of a darling, I know your thoughts, though you haven't enough English to express them."

What tender pride had Jack taken in transferring those exquisite ivory flesh tints, those rounded limbs, those perfect feet that would have been fitting models for a Praxiteles, those strong, rosy-palmed hands, to his canvas! What a lucky chance was that which had given him this queen of models. He had found her wandering forlornly about the French quarter one night, with but a word or two on her lips that he could understand, and he had introduced her to his complaisant landlady, who readily supplied her with wherewithal for a night's rest. Nana, as he called her, let him paint her. She was unable to tell how it happened that she was lost in that gay section of the city, but she showed no apparent regret at losing her friend or friends.

She had sat for the great picture and though Jack had failed in his own opinion in transferring the glorious tints of that peachy skin to his canvas, he had made a very fair drawing of her magnificent contours. "Queen of the Forest," he called the great nude, and he had almost hated to have it carried away to the exhibition, he had grown to love it so. But the exhibition meant fame for Jack Thompson.

He had grown fond of the Forest Queen, too, as the likeness of her grew on his canvas. She was always with him. She seemed fearsome of stirring from the studio, and when she was not posing, she was sitting curled up in one of the window seats, sunning herself and absorbed in contemplation of her painted fac simile. She seemed to revel in the sight of her own beauty, like Narcissus.

* * * * * * *

Jack's thoughts came back to the present. Nana was saying something in her halting English.

"I see heem—the man from whom I run away," she said.

"The devil you did!" exclaimed Jack, "and who is he?"

This was the first time Nana had ever mentioned the little incident.

"Who is he?" repeated Jack, but Nana would say no more, though she cast furtive glances toward the door time and again.

Jack took up the paper again, the paper in which Gaspard's article appeared. Oh, the venom in it! Jack's faults were laid bare with the science of an experienced surgeon. The man who had studied with him, painted side by side with him in the same atelier, listened to his wailings at his own shortcomings, well knew how to strike. The very weak points that only the picture's creator could suspect were piled up for the laughter of Jack's world. Everybody would read Gaspard's critique. He was the cleverest art critic in San Francisco. Those others but took their cue from the greater light.

With a gesture of "don't care," the young artist pushed his breakfast from him and, taking his companion in his arms, he strove to forget his sadness in the sight of her beauty.

"Never mind," he whispered, "if I can't have fame, I'll get money instead. I'll paint pot boilers, and design posters for new cigar and whisky brands. We'll be rich, you and I, love—"

But she shrank from him, and a look of terror came into her eyes, as a heavy step was heard outside the door.

"Come in," called Jack, to the visitor's knock.

"No, no," cried Nana, trying in vain to close the door and keep out the newcomer.

"Ho! Gaspard," exclaimed Jack, in surprise.

He was about to hold out his hand, but he remembered.

"I can't understand it," he said instead.

"Can't understand what?" asked Gaspard, somewhat coldly.

"Why you roasted my picture," said Jack.

"Well," said the critic, "it is certainly a great picture, a remarkable picture, but surely you don't expect to have your work praised by the man whose wife you stole for a model?"

"Your wife!" was the startled ejaculation.

"Yes, my wife, and I've come for her."

He started toward Nana, but she shrank from him, and threw her arms around Jack's body.

"Does he speak the truth?" Jack asked, looking fondly into her eyes.

Nana bowed her head affirmatively.

"But I cannot leave you," she cried, clinging to him more firmly.

"Well," said Jack, turning to Gaspard, "I'm sorry I can't oblige my old friend, but he is asking too much. Nana is your wife, but she's my model and I need her in my business."

Then Jack stepped to the door, opened it and bowed significantly. As Gaspard made his exit the artist remarked:

"This little scene suggests a study for the next exhibit. Perhaps I can do something that will merit your approval."

—*The Realist.*

The beautiful half-tone on the cover of *Town Talk* last week attracted much admiring comment. The original painting from which the photograph was taken is by A. Asti, and is to be seen in the Gump art gallery, 113-115 Geary street.

O. W. NORDWELL
Draper and Tailor
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SAN FRANCISCO

Dramatic World

His First Appearance

They were talking about dramatic debuts at the club, and Stuart Robson said: "I remember my first appearance very well. It was fifty-four years ago in a museum in Boston. 'Uncle Tom's Cabin as It Is' was the play, a reply-drama to Mrs. Stowe's Uncle Tom and written by Professor Hewitt of Baltimore. I had the part of a good little boy, the kind Mark Twain didn't like. My stage-mother was always weeping over the loss of her slaves which the North had deprived her of and my lines were, 'Mother, your little son will share your tears with you.' Oh, yes, I guess I was nervous, but I can't remember a case of stage-fright so far back as '47."

One of Robson's big stage successes, though it is not such a familiar creation to the many as is his inimitable Bertie the Lamb, was his Slender played to William H. Crane's Falstaff. This was in the revival of the "Merry Wives of Windsor" at the Star theatre, New York, just seven years ago. Robson's revival of "The Comedy of Errors" was given at the Baldwin shortly before that theatre burned down.

Robson at Home

One of the most picturesque chalets in the Navesink Highlands is the summer home of the Stuart Robsons. The house is situated on a hill top, with the sea as the view from the front windows and a forest at the back. The comedian's favorite room is on the second floor, where he has his fine collection of photographs, one of the most valuable in the country. It contains photos of Booth and Barrett, taken by the comedian himself, who was their intimate friend, also a picture of Mr. Barrett in his study, taken by Edwin Booth. Mr. Robson has a valuable collection of paintings, all of which adorn the walls of his mountain home.

She was a Portia

Miss Payson Graham, who is supporting Johnstone Bennett, was one of the charter members of Mrs. Clara Foltz' Portia club. Miss Graham was in the Bowdoin theatre company, Boston, at the time the club was founded, playing in "The Cotton King." She became interested in Mrs. Foltz's movement to instruct women in the law, through her friendship for Trella Foltz Toland. Mrs. Toland and Miss Graham made their stage debuts about the same time.

A Specimen Program

The De Courcy brothers, now in their second week at the Orpheum, are the most remarkable acrobats that have been seen here in many moons. The large one has a superb physique. He is a Hercules and yet an Adonis; his muscles are not ugly knobs. His strength is wonderful. The thinner brother's muscles stand out all over him in bunches, the result of the kind of training he has to undergo to do his part of the act. I think the De Courcys' turn is the best on this week's bill, but the Keatons are amusing, especially tiny Buster. John Geiger the trick violinist is excellent in his way, and that violent sketch of Monroe, Mack and Lawrence has lots of laughter in it. Tommy Baker has a good London music hall voice and his songs and monologue are rather better than the average. He has the merit of knowing how to gauge his audience's temper, and see when he has scored or missed a point. Francis Le Page, the world's champion jumper, is worthy to be placed on the same bill as the De Courcys. His high jumping and pole vaulting turn should not be missed by the local athletes. Le Page's lady attendant adds not a little to the interest taken in his performance. Mignonette Kokin is a first-rate dancer, has a wealth of warm blonde hair and wears some stunning costumes; otherwise she is uninteresting. The Beaux and Belles are a fair imitation of the "Florodora" double sextet. They haven't the style or poise of the latter, nor do they sing so well, but they are better dancers. Their costumes are pretty and harmonize with the rosy stage setting.

The "Boy Manager" will Marry

There has been more than one marriage among local theatrical managers during the past year, and now Selby Oppenheimer is to join the benedicts. Perhaps Selby was

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tired of being joshed about his youth; perhaps the openly expressed admiration of the matinee girls palled upon the young manager. At any rate, Selby is going to be married. His bride-elect is a San Francisco girl, Miss Gertrude E. Leavy, who has just returned from a visit to her sister, Mrs. Frederic E. Baume, in Auckland. Miss Leavy is handsome and clever and comes of a family noted for the high quality of its brains. She is a sister of the "prince of advertising men," Clarence E. Leavy.

Attractions Next Week

The Alcazar did not change its bill, after all. The public wanted more of "The Girl in the Barracks" and so the management continued it all this week. Next week "Tennessee's Pardner" will be the bill. This is that favorite old melodrama Scott Marble wove from Bret Harte's story. It is a play full of action. Agnes Ranken will make a very charming heroine. The Alcazar has a lot of good things in preparation for the winter season. I hope that revivals of "The First Born" and "Madame Butterfly" will be given.

Walter E. Perkins has made a big hit at the Grand in "The Girl from Mexico." He is a very clever comedian and his extreme seriousness and earnestness are strong points in his work. He is a natural humorist. The second week of Mr. Perkins' engagement begins Monday evening next, when he will be seen in the role of Augustus Keene Shaver, in "My Friend from India," a part he played over four hundred times in New York. The cast will include Herschel Mayall, Agnes Maynard, Alfa Perry and Laura Nelson Hall.

Edwin Emery and Willard Blackmore do some remarkably strong work in "The Cotton King" this week at the Central. "The Great Northwest" will be next week's attraction.

Lillian Burkhart, whose popularity in this city is of the undying kind, will be warmly welcomed on her return to the Orpheum next week. Her opening piece, "The Way to Win a Husband," was written especially for her by Francis Livingstone and Walter L. Hackett. "Miyo San," (White Lilacs) a Japanese musical comedy, in one act, book and lyrics by Herbert H. Lome, and music by Byrd Dougherty, promises to be a novelty. It is said to contain picturesque scenery, a trio of pretty girls clad in kimonas, a handsome tenor, tuneful songs and a bright book. Charles Harris and Nellie Walters, who are pleasantly remembered at the Orpheum, will reappear after a long absence, in "The Black Haired Widow." The Leslies, direct from Australia, promise a musical act absolutely new to America. The Beaux and Belles will sing new songs and indulge in new dances. John Geiger, the violin humorist, has a lot of surprises in store, and Mignonette Kokin will change her entire act. The biograph has new pictures.

Stuart Robson's portrayal of Bertie the Lamb has been received with immense favor by Columbia audiences. Mr. Robson will appear tomorrow night with his company in "The Henrietta," and Monday enters upon the second and last week of his engagement, when the same play will be given. These may be the last chances theatre goers may have to see Mr. Robson in this deliciously droll character, as he has announced that next year he will be seen in a Shakespearean play. An unusual number of local favorites appear with him on this trip, each of whom has made an individual success. Sarah Cowell LeMoyne comes next.

The last week of the grand opera season at the Tivoli will open next Monday and much sorrow is expressed thereat. However, what is to be, will be, and owing to other attractions claiming time at this theatre, the grand opera season cannot be prolonged. Steindorff, who has done such splendid work ever since he accepted the baton here, will be given a benefit on Monday night. A fine program has been prepared consisting of classical, orchestral and vocal selections. The sextet act from Lucia will be sung, with the same artists that gave the opera before, also the last act of Il Trovatore, the prison scene, with Collamarini, Barbareschi, Castellano, and Ferrari. This will be Castellano's and Barbareschi's last hearing this year. Agostini will sing the aria from Favorita, Spirito Gentile, in which he was first heard here. He will also appear with Dado and Barbareschi in the trio from Lombardi. Act second of Carmen is underlined, with Collamarini, Russo, Nicolini, and the others. An orchestra of over forty pieces will render the over-

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FOR

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(INCUMBENT)

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FOR

AUDITOR

JOHN H. WISE

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FOR

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DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE

VOTE AGAIN

FOR

P. BOLAND

DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE

FOR

PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR

(INCUMBENT)

Leaders of the ton prefer Chapin & Gore's Old Reserve Bourbon and Rye Whiskies to any other brands.

tures from William Tell, Lohengrin and Tannhauser. La Boheme, which has been the gem of this season's performances, will be sung on four more occasions and Carmen will fill out the week. On Monday, November fourth, Pollard's juvenile opera company will present The Belle of New York. The children forming the company are Australians and this will be their first American appearance.

Freakish But Funny

An entertainment of unusual quality and quantity was that given recently when Joaquin Miller's "Heart of the Sierras" was presented by his daughter and her company, under the auspices of the Modern Lyceum Bureau. To begin with Miss Miller was late. One realized that something was wrong when the clock pointed ten minutes of nine and the show had not yet begun. There was no orchestra to lighten the dull tedium of delay and the hour hung heavy. Just at this time there were hopeful signs of something doing. A man came before the curtain and made a speech, the burden of which was that Miss Miller had telegraphed him at six to meet her at the ferry with a doctor. She was very ill at her hotel but if possible would be on hand at nine; till that time Mr. Bernard Walther would play a selection on the violin. The violinist appeared not unlike a parody on Paganini the great and after his third consecutive solo he announced that he was liable to keep it up for some time as he had to fill in till Miss Miller arrived. By the time we had arrived at twenty minutes of ten and the curtain rolled up amidst a chorus of "oh!" the show was on. Miss Miller certainly did not show any signs of her severe illness and made a very lively and up-to-date Carrots in this revival of her father's old play "49." She received in the last act a huge bouquet of chrysanthemums which was tendered by a child. Carrots was "doing" a tableau in the arms of "49" and did not see the floral tribute approaching. It advanced a step nearer—it was on the stage and finally, grown desperate by the harrowing situation, the floral messenger poked Carrots in the near arm with the bouquet, resigned it to her keeping and fled precipitately amid great applause and shouts of laughter. *The Playgoer.*

The October Sunset

The current *Sunset* magazine is an exceptionally interesting number, and is typographically more attractive than ever. Accompanying the number is an engraving of the late President William McKinley, as he appeared on his recent memorable visit to San Francisco. There is a clever story in this number by Bourdon Wilson with illustrations by Arthur M. Lewis, and there are entertaining articles on California winter recreations and the Epworth League pilgrimage, with some splendid half-tone illustrations.

Music World

At St. Mary the Virgin's, tomorrow: Rosewig's Mass, 11 A. M.; Ave Verum, Millard, Mr. Rosekrans; Vespers, 4 P. M.; "My God, My Father," Marston, Miss Birchler; Ave Maria, trio, Omen, Mrs. Taaffe, Miss Birchler and Mr. Rosekrans; O Salutaris, Mozart, arranged and Tantum Ergo composed by Mr. Pratt; cornetist, Miss Myrtle Morgan. St. Mary's choir (with cornet), under Mr. Pratt's direction, will give an especially beautiful funeral service at the Odd Fellows' Cemetery at two o'clock.

Orpheus Concert Company's Concert

Next Thursday evening in Sherman-Clay hall will be given the first concert this season of the Orpheus Concert company. The program will be of rare excellence and will be interpreted by Miss Grace I. Davis, Mrs. Sedgley Reynolds, J. F. Veaco, L. Van Linghem and Roscoe Warren Lucy. This concert company is composed of singers of experience whose talents are beyond question. Miss Davis has a clear, high soprano voice; Mrs. Reynolds is a contralto who has been splendidly trained. Mr. Veaco is one of our best church tenors and Mr. Van Linghem a strong basso. Mr. Lucy is the pianist and accompanist of the organization, which is to tour the State this winter. Tickets for the concert are fifty cents; for sale at Sherman Clay & Co's.

Miss Anne Louise Daniels will be the feminine soloist at the Loring club's concert next Thursday evening. At this concert the club will sing for the first time a cantata, "The Birth of Love," by John Hyatt Brewer, composer of the setting of "Sing, Sing Music was Given."

The Grand Opera Season

Mr. Alfred Bouvier will manage the grand opera season for Mr. Grau, as he did last year, and the season promises to be even a greater success than last. Mr. Bouvier knows the temper of the San Francisco public. He understands that what may go one year will not go the next. For instance, during the Ellis season, the only crowds were on Melba nights, but in the Grau season last year Melba nights, except when "Faust" was the bill, were frosts. Now this year, judging by the enthusiasm with which the German

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A Strong Picture of Western Life
Agnes Ranken as Tennessee Kent - - M. L. Alsop as Caleb Swan
A Charming Play Beautifully Presented
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A long list of favorites in support
Nov. 4—Mrs. Sarah Cowell-Le Moyne in "The First Duchess of Marlborough"

operas were received last season, a manager not gifted with knowledge of our opera-going public's fickle temperament, might judge that we care only for German opera and make his program according to that. Mr. Grau, made wise by Mr. Bouvier's local experience, knows better and acts accordingly. He has even disregarded that time-honored precedent and instead of opening his season with "Faust" or "Aida" has scheduled "Lohengrin" for the opening bill. This will be given on Monday evening, November eleventh. It will be sung in German and Emma Eames will be the star. Calve in "Carmen," sung in French, will come on Tuesday night. Sembrich in "Traviata," in Italian, will be Wednesday's bill. Sybil Sanderson in "Manon," in French, will come Thursday; "Les Huguenots," Italian, Sembrich and Gadski, Friday; Calve in the French "Faust," Saturday matinee; Eames in "Tannhauser," Saturday night. That is truly a feast, and "Tristan and Isolde," "Die Meistersinger" and "Le Nozze de Figaro" are to come later. The season will continue for three weeks. The sale of seats for the twenty subscription performances will open on Monday at the Grand and will continue until Tuesday, November fifth.

The Opening Pasmore Concert

The success of the Pasmore series of popular concerts is assured by that of the first, which took place in Maple hall on Tuesday night before a large and delighted audience. The first number, the Haydn trio in G, was given by the Pasmore children—Mary, Susan and Dorothy—in a style at once intelligent and artistic. They play with the fervor of true musicians and yet have been so accustomed to playing together and before people, they have lost all fear of that "hydra-headed thing, an audience," and play with a confidence and control that make listening the keenest pleasure. Mary, in her solo, the *andante*, *allegro* and *moderato* from the De Beriot Concerto (seventh) showed a wonderful improvement over her last appearance in solo work, and plays with surprising strength of wrist, getting a tone of beautiful color and warmth. Marked progress may be claimed for all three, however, each adding materially to the fine effect of the whole. Mrs. Florence Wyman Gardner gave two solos in a soprano voice of particularly pleasing quality, flexible and sweet, and to her "Maids of Cadiz" (Delibes) received an encore. Mrs. Edith Scott Basford has a big contralto voice in which there is much of promise. Her Siciliana (Mascagni) and "Time Enough" (Nevin) were given with quite a bit of dramatic feeling and were heartily encored. Mr. Pasmore gave three numbers—his own—"Still Barred Thy Doors" being exceptionally good. He accompanied his own numbers as well as the others. Two quartets were given and greatly enjoyed, the parts being taken by Mrs. Gardner, Mrs. Basford, Messrs. Nowlan and Pasmore, Arthur Fickenscher accompanying.

The Blanchard Recital

Also on Tuesday night was given Mrs M. E. Blanchard's song recital, her first since her return from New York. Mrs. Blanchard was possessed of a pure rich contralto before going East and was well known to musical circles, but her improvement under Eastern teachers is wonderfully marked. She sings with more life and feeling than before and the work done on Tuesday night places her among our very finest vocalists. Her pianissimo effects are lovely. Even on the finest thread of tone, which is so difficult to produce perfectly, her voice was sweet, sympathetic, and above all absolutely true. There was no suggestion of even a shade off pitch and the auditor felt a degree of satisfaction not often enjoyed. "Jeune Fillettes" (Old French) was one of her best numbers and the "Spinner liedschen" was given with so much life and realism the audience clamored for its repition. Fred Mauser was the entirely satisfactory accompanimist.

The stork visited the home of the Seth Cushmans in Newark, N. J., last month and left a baby girl. Mrs. Cushman is remembered here as Olive Reed, the contralto.

Miss Frances Boyden, the Cincinnati soprano whom Innes took to Buffalo as soloist with his band, which is playing a wonderfully successful engagement in the Temple of Music, is said to have made a great hit, and is quite the sensation of the musical coterie in Buffalo.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of Robert Rawson Grayson, sometimes known as Robert R. Grayson, also known as R. R. Grayson, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Eugene Lent, Executor of the last will and testament of said deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executor at the office of William F. Humphrey, Room 167 Crocker Building, San Francisco, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

EUGENE LENT
Executor of the last will and testament of Robert Rawson Grayson, sometimes known as Robert R. Grayson also known as R. R. Grayson, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, Oct. 18, 1901

William F Humphrey, Attorney for said Executor
Room 167 Crocker Building, San Francisco, Cal.

$2.00 ROUND TRIP

Sunday by the Sea

Last opportunity will be offered October 27th.

Special trains for Monterey leave Third street depot at 7:30 A. M.

AND

For Santa Cruz from the Ferry at 7:45 A. M., giving five hours at either point.

"Old English" style of engraving increases in favor not only for calling cards but for invitations as well. Messrs. Cooper & Co., the Art Stationers, make a specialty of this style.

A letter from Hugo Mansfeldt on October first states that he and Mrs. Mansfeldt were in Dresden the guests of Emil Sauer, who has recently been appointed Director of the Vienna Conservatory of Music. He also states that Sauer would go to Berlin to attend the coming concerts of Alma Stencel in that city.

Harry Wood Brown, the baritone, will be the recipient of a testimonial concert next Tuesday evening.

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The Zech string quartet, which did such excellent work last year, announce their initial concert to take place Friday afternoon, November eighth, in Century hall. The numbers to be rendered are a quintet in D minor for clarinet and strings by Brahms, a work that has never been given in San Francisco and in which the quartet will be assisted by Mr. J. Wrba on the clarinet. The second number will be Grieg's beautiful quartet in G minor. The quartet is composed of W. F. Zech, first violin, E. B. Lada, second violin, C. W. Fuhrer, viola and A. M. Lada, cello. There will be four concerts in the series and for the remaining three works of Borodini, Schumann (the quintet in E major for pianoforte and strings in which the piano will be taken by Belle Clair Chamberlain), A. Dvorak, Tschaikowsky, Mendelssohn, Schubert and Beethoven.

Humperdinck's fairy opera, "Hansel and Gretel," was given last week at Stanford university by the Von Meyerinck school pupils, with Miss Heath and Miss Cullen in the title parts, and Carrie Brown Dexter as the Sandman. It created an impression on the large audience that found vent in terms of the highest and most enthusiastic approval. A feature of the evening's entertainment was the rendering of old German folk songs also some German compositions by Arthur Fickenscher whose talent is of a high order. The songs were set to words by Professor Goebel of Stanford and were sung by Maude Fay, Mrs. Decker-Cox and Mrs. Brown-Dexter. The entertainment was under the direction of Arthur Fickenscher.

The Wagner recitals by Miss Annie Wilson, which are being given Thursday afternoons in Century hall, are receiving the approval of "people who know." Not alone is she said to be a finished pianist, but an interesting talker as well and thoroughly conversant with Wagnerian subjects. Her lectures embrace the operas of the "Ring" to be given in ten illustrations, beginning with "Das Rheingold." Miss Wilson has been associated with Krehbiel, the critic of the New York *Tribune* in his musical lectures and is thoroughly conversant with all lines of the work.

Louis H. Eaton, the new organist of Trinity Episcopal church and successor to Dr. Stewart, has opened a studio at 1429 Van Ness avenue where he is prepared to receive pupils. Mr. Eaton comes to us highly recommended as a pupil of the celebrated Guilmant which should in itself be sufficient. He is first vice president of the Fraternity of Pupils of Guilmant and in every way a fit successor of Dr. Stewart who held first place as organist here for so long a time.

Miss Moroney's Au Revoir

The farewell concert of Mary Genevieve Moroney on Saturday night was socially a great success and Miss Moroney could flatter herself that she had the most fashionable audience of the season. It was a very pretty concert too, a nice program well arranged, plenty of potted plants to make the stage look like a

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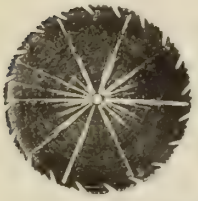
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bower, lots of flowers and all the agreeable accessories to a properly successful concert. Miss Moroney played three piano selections from Chaminade, Schumann and Godard with good taste and feeling. She was assisted by Camille d'Arville Crellin who was in excellent voice and won hearty encores, Lovell Langstroth, the young cellist, who gave two delightful numbers, and Donald Graham, whose beautiful phrasing and perfect French are a never-ceasing delight. As his last encore Mr. Graham gave the old song, "Only Tonight." One of the beauties of Donald Graham's singing is that one can understand every word he sings. Miss Moroney accompanied all the solos herself, thereby proving the art of accompanying to be her strong point, as her second was always subdued and sympathetic, yet perfectly clear and distinct.

Little Enid Brandt, whose wonderful pianistic talent I commented on last season when she made her first appearance as a soloist, is to give another series of recitals this season. At her first concert at Sherman-Clay hall November fifth, she will give among other selections the Bach Prelude and Fugue No. 5, as also Chopin's Fantasie Impromptu in C sharp minor. De Pachman said he considered little Enid a genius. A feature of her playing is the perfect detail of her work. She is perfectly trained. Little Enid is the daughter of Noah Brandt, the violinist and composer. Her mother, who is her teacher, is a trained pianist.

Coming Home with Honors

No young Californian has done better work in his study abroad than has Marshall Giselman, who is returning home for a year's rest after nearly three years of constant study at the London Organ School and International College of Music in Cavendish Square. Young Giselman, who is the son of Mr. and Mrs. William Giselman and brother of Mrs. William A. Lange of this city, is only sixteen years of age, but he has already accomplished sufficient good work to show evidence of real talent. Though he took up eleven courses of study in London, his especial talents are in organ and composition. He has appeared in recital at the students' invitation concerts given at his college. To the program given on Saturday October fifth he contributed the opening and final numbers. Bach's Fantasia and Fugue in G minor and Chopin's Marche Funebre (in memoriam President McKinley) were given. On the following Saturday he played all the six numbers, with Miss Maggie Connal, another pupil, at second. Young Giselman's own arrangement of the Pilgrims' Chorus from "Tannhauser" and the prelude to "Lohengrin," for two organs, were given. The young man's friends here await with interest his appearance and it is hoped he will give a public recital at one of the churches containing new modern organs.

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World of Letters

A Novel By Weir Mitchell

To those who appreciate the writings of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell a new book from his pen is always a treat. "Circumstance," which is just issued from the press of the Century company, contains four hundred and ninety-five pages, which we would readily see extended to twice that length. It is a story of society life in Philadelphia, and one would have no difficulty in imagining it to be the history of a veritable family. Superficially it is the record of a social adventuress, and her more or less successful efforts to attach herself to a family of wealth, social position and established tradition. Dr. Mitchell has gathered into the web of his plot a number of interesting people such as one would expect to meet in like circumstances, and the complications are such as to keep the reader absorbed and expectant. But the plot is never the sole interest in Dr. Mitchell's books. The bits of characterization and brief, graphic descriptions possess much interest and the conversations are as bright as they are natural. John Fairthorne's disposition is accurately outlined when we are told that he has "preferences but not affections," and no amount of word piling could produce a better picture of the two Miss Markhams who are reduced to sub-letting their house, but who keep up the fiction even to themselves that they do not keep a boarding house, than the reference to them as "the little white mice." And when another is spoken of as affecting one like a misplaced punctuation mark, we recognize instinctively the supplying of a long-felt want in the way of a comparison. So too, there is a world of truth in the remark of Dr. Archer, that "If one could go from bed to bed, and simply be the technical engineer of human machines, it would be easy; but these machines have mothers and wives and notions. One has to listen and prescribe for anxieties and splint broken hopes." Though there are two love stories woven into the plot of this tale, not to mention the continuous one of Harry Swanwick and his wife and the innumerable flirtations of the butterfly, Kitty Morrow, there are so many other interests, such as the scheming of Mrs. Hunter and her brother, the social aspirations of Roger Grace, the self-made banker, and the re-establishment of Martin Blount, the orphan son of an old Andover professor, who has never known parental care and has seen the rough side of life only until he determines to work his way through a medical college; the sympathy between the two sisters, Mary Fairthorn and Margaret Swanwick; the ritualism and devotion to forms and ceremonies of Father Knellwood, rector of St. Agnes', who was none the less an army chaplain in the day of need and a good man on the firing line, that the last characterization of this novel would be to call it a love story. As to the significance of the title it is contained in the following quotation:

"On the hilltop of an island endeared to me by many memories, the ocean wind has permanently bent pine, fir and spruce.

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The Forcing Process

"English As She Is Taught" is a reprint of a small volume published several years ago, and is made up of a choice collection of the mistakes, misapprehensions and blunders of school children in their helpless stumbling along the roads and byways of modern education. The best possible review of the work is the introduction written by Mark Twain for the first edition. It is a question whether the title would not better have expressed the compiler's meaning had it been "English As She Is Learned," for it is evident that the result of this process of attempting to cram the contents of a bushel measure into a pint jar lies as much in the inability of the child to comprehend and assimilate, as in the lack of ability on the part of the teacher. The real fault lies in the idiocy of school boards who will insist on the impossible and concern themselves as little about the bemuddled brains of successive classes of children who are experimented on as does the potter about his broken clay pots. There is a vast amount of unconscious humor in the efforts of the poor children to grasp some thread of an idea occasionally, but there is far more of pathos in their blind and helpless bewilderment. Very fittingly is the volume prefaced by a quotation from Dickens, describing the educational institution under the supervision of the eminent Dr. Blimber. The Century company publishes "English As She is Taught" for Caroline B. Le Row.

The Happy Poor

"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" is a humorous little story concerning a settlement of "po' whites" on the outskirts of Louisville, Kentucky. The Wiggs family, consisting of a widowed mother and five children, the death of one of whom furnishes the pathos, are of the better class, having once owned their own home in "the country," and they still have a sturdy pride which holds out against asking help or going into debt. Despite the slatternly way of living which is manifested by keeping candle ends in the sugar bowl and the family treasures in a conglomerate mass in the drawer of the table, there is a certain quality of thrift and ingenuity which shows itself in the tin roof which the boys have made for the domicile out of discarded tin cans, and the ready expedients of Mrs. Wiggs in coming to the rescue of an abandoned horse which is begged from its fate at the hands of the public executioner, and becomes the pride of Billy Wiggs, peddler of kindling wood and the main support of the family. Mrs. Wiggs has a passion, which is common in real life amongst people of her walk in life, of selecting names for her offspring, and her three girls are introduced to us as Asia, Australia and Europena, and when Billy, in the pride of acquisition, asks for a "jography name" for his horse it is promptly forthcoming, and the forlorn beast annexed to the family is at once called Cubia. In spite of poverty the Wiggs' are hopeful and incorrigibly optimistic, and in the end it would seem that they are justified. There is a little love story which binds the Cabbage Patch to the more fortunate world. This little tale is unique in one respect at least. It is the habit of the chronicler of the annals of the poor to represent them as invariably cast down and sorrowful, the children without spirit for play, or ingenuity to invent playthings, and the elders hopelessly pessimistic, whereas in life and in fact, it is the exception and not the rule that this is the condition of affairs unless as the immediate result of some misfortune. The author, Alice Caldwell Hegan, has done a good deed in giving us a cause for healthy laughter. [The Century company, publishers.]

—*The Bookworm*

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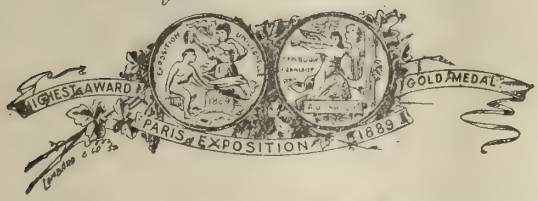
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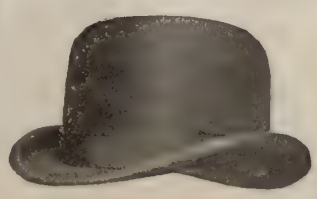
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Town Talk

THE LEADING WEEKLY.

L. 10—NO. 479 SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 2, 1901 PRICE, 10 CENTS

[illegible] STATE



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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, November 2, 1901

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Theo. F. Bonnet, - - - Editor

1019 Market Street, Third Floor Telephone South 735

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OUR OPINION

The Mayoralty Contest

The campaign is now drawing to a close and by this time we should be quite well acquainted with the candidates. They have done a deal of talking, their claims to our suffrages have been presented and their shortcomings exploited. In determining our choice for Mayor, if we are actuated solely by a desire to promote the interests of the city, and to sustain the reputation of the community for decency and intelligence, there should not be the slightest hesitation. But there are many so-called intelligent, respectable and highly moral citizens who are not so actuated. Some of them are political partisans of small mental calibre who religiously vote the party ticket for municipal office regardless of the character of the men thereon. They are very bad citizens. Others are swayed by their passions and prejudices, and they are unworthy of the elective franchise. Their interest in the commonwealth is personal. They are devoid of civic pride. But it is to be hoped that the people who are interested solely in the welfare of the city and who are not dominated by petty grievances will hold the balance of power and determine the election. Fortunately there is no likelihood of those people being divided. In making a choice for Mayor with three such men in the field as Tobin, Wells and Schmitz there is no necessity for hesitation to avoid going wrong. Mr. Tobin's honesty, independence and sincerity cannot be successfully questioned. The worst that his enemies can say against him is that he is the political offspring of the present Administration. In view of the fact that it is conceded that this is the best Administration the city has ever had that accusation should not occasion serious alarm. For the first time in the history of the city government a political party has dared to renominate the men that have served a term in the Board of Supervisors. And Mr. Tobin is one of them. The worst to be feared in the event of his election is the reappointment of some of the Phelan commissioners. But it is not likely that he will appoint those that are responsible for the abuse that has been heaped on Mr. Phelan. Mr. Phelan erred in some instances. He thought he could afford to ignore popular prejudice against such political hacks as McCarthy, Grady, "God-bless-you" Maguire, Denman, Manson and Wallace. Mr. Tobin has too much sense to repeat the blunders of the present Mayor. It has been demonstrated that the ostentatiously honest and the sycophantic job-chaser do not constitute a very serviceable political constituency. Mr. Tobin's principal opponent is Asa R. Wells, who has made no effort to conceal his own shortcomings since the opening of the campaign. If he had not been so actively engaged in rocking his tongue in the cradle of his chin, there would have been danger of the people being misled. He might have refrained from revealing himself to us, and then he would not have supplied so many arguments in favor of Tobin's election. But he has at least the merit of frankness. He confesses in an artless way that he is sponsored by certain bosses, and that he intends to help them because they have helped him. Surely no honest, conscientious voter is intent upon enabling the old gentleman to prove his gratitude to a coterie of bosses. As for Schmitz, the fiddler and third candidate, his claims to recognition and support are based solely on the circumstance of his being the representative of a class. He is imbued with a spirit antagonistic to the Constitution of the country, and he should be suppressed. Being a bad citizen himself, he cannot hope for the support of good citizens.

Exit Phelan

Let us consider the case of Mayor James D. Phelan. It is an interesting one, and is fraught with wholesome suggestion to young men inspired with the lofty and laudable desire to achieve honor by faithful service of the people. It is a propitious time to consider the case of Mr. Phelan for he is fresh in the public mind, though somewhat in the background just now, and about to retire from public life. It is a good case to consider, for it is a remarkable one, and for the perspicacious it may point a moral. Mr. Phelan is a rich young man, with none of the indolent traits of his species. He came before the people imbued with civic pride, a lively sense of the obligations of citizenship and a desire to merit the approval of his fellowman. Most young men of fortune in this country have a contempt for the strenuous political life. They prefer to caper nimbly in the drawing room, or devote themselves to a life of luxurious ease. It was Mr. Phelan's ambition, however, to become a statesman, to figure prominently in the history of his country, and he began his political career humbly but most auspiciously. The people greeted him cordially and with most flattering encouragement. His entrance was dramatic and well-timed. The services of such a man were needed, for the city was in the grasp of a gang of corrupt politicians. There was popular demand for reform, and it was generally felt that nobody was better qualified for the task than the young, vigorous, courageous and independent

millionaire. He was elected, weighed in the balance and found not wanting. He did all that the people elected him to do. It appeared as though he were destined to realize his cherished ambition. He was re-elected and public confidence in him was strengthened. It seemed as though he had taken the tide in his affairs at the flood, but on the contrary his was the experience of Cardinal Wolsey—that of the little wanton boys that swim on bladders. He put forth the tender leaves of hope which blossomed only to succumb to the killing frost of ingratitude. It is the sad and singular spectacle that darkens the pages of history of the man who for a short time was the idol of the people, then relegated to the background unwept and unhonored. So Mr. Phelan's case is not an unusual one. It is reminiscent of that of the father of Madame de Stael, the great economist, who was worshiped for a time by the French people, and then driven from the country. The only difference is that the French economist was suspected of being false to his trust, while Mr. Phelan, though a faithful official, aroused the antagonism of a powerful element by "doing politics." Instead of relying on the backing of a wholesome public sentiment for reward he undertook to create a powerful constituency. It was not a crime to seek to fortify his political position. The greatest and most revered of our statesmen have done that, but they have done it with more tact and with the assistance of more faithful followers. It is a sad commentary on the judgment of Mr. Phelan, that the men who owe him the warmest allegiance and who conjured with his name a few years ago, now mention it in whispers fearful that the echo might prove their undoing. It was not mentioned in the convention that nominated the Democratic ticket, and never once has it been mentioned on the platform during the campaign. Yet Mayor Phelan committed no crime. On the contrary he dominated the present Administration which is conceded to be the best the city has ever had. Such has been the record of Mayor Phelan in his official capacity that it is improbable that he is likely to suffer anything more serious than temporary obscuration. When the city again falls into corrupt hands perhaps the people will recall the few years of freedom from solid nines, and begin to sing once more the praises of James D. Phelan.

Tolstoi's Latest

Count Tolstoi is at it again. Count Tolstoi is one of the cleverest literary fakers of the age. He compels people to read his quaint philosophy, for he ladles it out with much earnestness and well simulated sincerity, and it is always as plausible as it is unique. His latest book is on "The Sexual Question." It is a discussion of his theory of marriage and divorce, and in it he affects the belief that marriage is a sin, not a duty. He contends that religious and moral men should seek to discourage marriage and promote celibacy. According to his theory the human race should be gradually wiped out, because the God-fearing man, married or celibate, must always and under all circumstances be as chaste as possible. Of course, Count Tolstoi doesn't believe anything of the sort. He is a fake philosopher, pure and simple, and his only purpose is to attract attention to himself. He takes advantage of the fact that people take him seriously. There was more sincerity in Oscar Wilde as the exponent of the aesthetic. Tolstoi bases his theory of the sinfulness of marriage on the circumstance of neither Christ nor his disciples having married, and he contends that it is anti-christian because Christ told His followers that to regard woman as an object of desire was the greatest sin. The teachings of Christ do not lead to the conclusions of Tolstoi. He recognized the family as the basis of society and discussed marriage as a sacred institution. Tolstoi argues that those who are able to overcome temptation should not marry, that those who cannot, should marry and be as chaste as possible, have few children and live with their wives not as lovers but as brothers, and that the married should regard themselves as sinners whose fall is not irremediable. Tolstoi may convert some people to his views but not in large numbers. He would be surprised if he did. That is not his purpose. He merely wishes to pose. Consistency is a jewel upon which he sets no value. Marriage is sinful, yet the good Tolstoi is married. Children are concrete evidences of crime, but Tolstoi is the father of thirteen. Poverty is the chief of virtues, but he has considerable property in his wife's name. He is a vegetarian, but there is always flesh in his larder. In fact there is no question of ethics or conduct upon which his preaching and his practice are not opposed to each other.

Chinese Labor Wanted

An interesting anomaly may be presented when the Chinese Exclusion Act comes up for re-enactment. While the people of California are anxious for the exclusion of the Chinese, the Americans of the Philippines are eager for them to emigrate to the Islands. It has been demonstrated that the white man cannot perform manual labor in the Orient, and the Filipino laborer has a natural repugnance for work. A labor problem has therefore confronted those who are interested in the development of the industries of our colonial territory. It is contended by the American press of Manila that if American industry is to travel along at its usual pace, there should be importation of the character of labor which is accustomed to the climate. And it has been suggested that this labor be sought in China. One paper asserts that several hundred thousand laborers are required throughout the different islands. The people of the Philippines should have no difficulty in supplying the demand. Perhaps by diverting the tide of immigration from this country to the Philippines they could solve the Chinese immigration problem. They might even adopt the plan of seeking Chinese labor in this country, providing they cannot fill the demand rapidly enough from the shores of the Chinese Empire.

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And worn with fast of carnal joys denied,
Can loose the soul and leave it free to glide
O'er countless leagues of land and miles of main,
And sweet communion with some far one gain;
These fond fanatics I may not deride,
Since loaded heavy with love's fettering chain,
Through space I swiftly sweep and reach thy side.

Or with the subtle skill and conjuring lore,
Learnt of thy lips, my senses have the power
To summon thee when day begins to fade;
'Tis twilight! Ere the lights are lit, once more
Speed unto me! Yea, 'tis the very hour
When last these lonely lips on thine were laid.

LOUIS A. ROBERTSON.

The Saunterer

The Return of Hearst

Mr. William R. Hearst, the young Napoleon of yellow journalism, has returned to the scenes of his earliest journalistic triumphs, and none of the dailies published an interview with him. I am surprised at their oversight. Mr. Hearst is easily the most notable figure in journalism to-day. His contemporaries acknowledged that a short while ago by making him the object of a concerted attack of unprecedented violence. They could not have more eloquently testified to the influence they believe him to be exercising. If he were of less consequence they would not have devoted so much attention to him. The unimportant editor never gets jolted by his hated rivals. He is vouchsafed the undisturbed obscurity of his sanctum. He must cut a swath or be consigned to inglorious peace and quiet.

Intends to Start a Magazine

This is the first appearance of Mr. Hearst in town since the memorable Gage-Maguire gubernatorial campaign. After losing that fight he went back to New York and began editing the *Examiner* over the longest leased wire. He has not changed much in appearance since then. He is the same well-groomed young man, of placid countenance and frail form, the last man on earth any one would suspect of putting up a job to assassinate a sovereign. He looks more like a Blingum golf player than an exponent of aggressive yellow journalism, a scion of the plutocracy rather than a champion of the proletariat. He doesn't talk much about his business, but he says he has no intention of starting another daily. It was his ambition to own a daily in each of the three cities through which his leased wire extends and now he is satisfied. He expects, however, to launch a magazine before many months.

A Libel Suit

Mr. Hearst came to San Francisco to visit his mother and since his arrival he has spent most of his time with her, but he sees the *Examiner* to press every morning, and is in touch with both the Chicago *American* and the New York *Journal*. He is informed by wire of the doings in each city, and issues instructions regarding the news to be featured. One of the first persons to greet him on his arrival was a process-server from the office of the pestiferous Horace Philbrook, who has brought suit against Hearst for libel founded on a reporter's error. One of Mr. Hearst's first acts upon reaching the *Examiner* office was to write out his resignation from the Bohemian club. I have heard from a member of the club that he explained in his letter of resignation that he did not care to belong to a club which was distasteful to the members of his staff.

After Hearst's Scalp

Yesterday afternoon, too late for this issue of TOWN TALK, a meeting of the members of the Pacific Union club was held to consider the matter of the petition for the expulsion of William R. Hearst. This is the petition which was pigeon-holed by the directors some weeks ago. Since then the enemies of Mr. Hearst in the club have been active. Prominent among them are Prince Poniatowski, Will Crocker and Billy Bowen. They have had a meeting of the club called for the purpose of compelling the directors to act on the petition. Hearst's friends in the club, led by Truxton Beale, Eugene Lent and Tom Williams, have been busy rounding up a pro-Hearst element to stand off the Prince and Crocker. The brothers-in-law are sore on Hearst because the *Examiner* was not with

Engraved Wedding Announcements and Invitations

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them in the race-track war. It's quite a merry war and one that will no doubt result in a bitter feud. But it's the liveliest thing that's happened in the millionaire's club for years. Some of the old boys never took themselves so seriously before.

Anxious to Conciliate Mrs. Hearst

And, by the way, I have heard that some people who were alleged to have expressed their disapproval of Will Hearst a few weeks ago, are now trying to explain with a view of retaining the good will of Mrs. Hearst. The influence of Mrs. Hearst in the circle of the cultured in both Washington and this city is tremendous, and to be in disfavor with her is an unenviable plight for any one on the fringe. Even tradespeople have come under her ban. When Goldberg, Bowen & Co. took their ad out of the *Examiner* they forgot that Mrs. Hearst was one of their best customers. She is in a position to cut quite a slice off their revenue. And retaliation is something that that firm doesn't relish.

It was a Tame Story

Auditor Wells is a remarkable man. He is over seventy years of age, and he came to this city in the romantic days of old when dramatic and tragic episodes were of daily occurrence. And he was here during all that exciting period when the Vigilantes were engaged in making sensational history, but throughout his long career never has anything occurred in his personal experience which might suggest even to the most fanciful biographer a theme for an anecdote. In other words, Mr. Wells has led a most prosaic life amidst the intensely exciting scenes of a most romantic period. That he did so is not to his discredit. I chronicle the fact merely because it is somewhat extraordinary. It evoked the amazement, by the way, of a newspaperman who was sent to interview Mr. Wells shortly after his nomination, and who desired to present the story of his life in a most attractive form. So tame was the story that the reporter was thoroughly disgusted.

The Barr Brothers

Very few people are aware of the fact that Captain Charles Barr, who sailed the *Columbia* against the *Shamrock*, is a brother of the Captain John Barr who raced the *Thistle* in her contest for the America cup against the *Volunteer*. A Scotchman who knew the Barr brothers when they were boatmen on the Clyde many years ago informed me of the relationship the other day. They were natives of Gourock, one of the most important yachting stations on the Clyde. When John Barr was a young man he saved enough money to buy the sunken wreck of a ten-ton yacht, which he patched and trimmed, and sailed to victory against all the smart yachts in his part of the country. Charles Barr, fired with enthusiasm over the success of his brother, took to sailing the Clyde fishing smacks, and after learning the navigator's trade, took a twenty-ton yacht, the *Clara*, across the Atlantic. He then settled in this country and became a citizen.

That "Great Syndicate Bet"

Young Kingsley is being crushed in a business way by that sensational fake "syndicate bet" he engineered on the *Columbia-Shamrock* race. Kingsley, I heard the other day, recently fell into a fat position: it was to look after the "promotion end" of a big English irrigating ditch scheme in Arizona. Several of the leading directors happened to hear of that skyrocket sporting episode and they dropped him like a "live" wire. Kingsley's friend declare he has energy, perseverance and originality and that he'll strike it big in this country yet. The trouble with this lively young man's originality seems to be that he lacks the judgment when to display it, as was witnessed in his late disastrous coup which stirred the betting world. The true story of the "great syndicate bet" has never been published. Very few people know that Kingsley came to this country as the accredited representative of Arthur Pearson, the owner of a dozen English magazines, weeklies and the *Daily Express*, a London newspaper conducted on somewhat rather yellow lines for conservative England. Pearson is Harmsworth's great rival in the publication world there. He is the same man who recently visited this country and was invited by the New York *World* to try his hand for a day in an effort to make a "circulation hit" on the great American public. He conceived the idea of advertising the fact that a one thousand dollar bill would be folded in a copy of the *World* and the paper would be placed among those offered for sale along a certain district in Broadway.

Floating the Story

Coming over on the steamer Kingsley discovered that the nub of everybody's talk was the forthcoming *Columbia-Shamrock* race and he conceived the brilliant idea of getting an ad out of it for his business enterprise. He gave out in New York to the eager newspapers that he was handling a quarter of a million dollars to be placed on the *Shamrock* end of the race for certain English gentlemen. He furnished the details of his meeting with a number of American millionaires on board the Atlantic liner and told how they had quickly made up a purse to cover his offer. It was such a big story that the newspaper men stuck strenuously to Kingsley's trail for details, and in furnishing them, the ingenious Mr. Kingsley was compelled to do more or less lying. Within a week he was caught, for his sensational details didn't dovetail and he was obliged to confess the story was a fake got up for a little fun. But it proved very expensive. He had tacked the name of his employer, Arthur Pearson, at the head of the English syndicate. Pearson nearly had a fit when he heard of it and the cable sizzled with a message firing Kingsley. And the ingenious young man dropped out of sight till his enterprise brought him in touch with the Arizona capitalists, but when the story of his connection with the "great syndicate bet" came out he lost his job.

THE STANDARD FOR CHAMPAGNE QUALITY IS



THE WORLD OVER

Ziegenfuss, the Rover

Once more have I located Mr. C. O. Ziegenfuss. He is now the editor of the Manila *American*. Mr. Ziegenfuss is the great rover of journalism. He has lived in more cities and worked on more newspapers than any other man in the business. And necessarily he has had broad and valuable experience. His copy is familiar to the printers of Paris and London, and in every composing room in newspaper row in New York. He has worked as a Washington correspondent, and he has reported legislative sessions in Albany and Sacramento. He has worked on the rural press, and it was not long ago that he was editing a paper in Fresno. He spent a few years in this city and for awhile he was city editor of the *Chronicle*. He is the best type of bohemian in the profession, and he is personally acquainted with every politician of national fame. I got track of him the other day through the columns of the Manila *Critic*, a weekly paper in which appeared an interesting article from his pen on "The Making of a Daily Newspaper in Manila."

The Filipino Printer

In that article Ziegenfuss complains of the dilatory methods of the Filipino printer. He will not use the American composing stick, but adheres to an absurd native contrivance which holds just one line of matter and which must be dumped every time the end of the line is reached. "The Filipino printer," says Ziegenfuss, "is constitutionally weary, and cannot endure night work, many times falling asleep over his case. The forms are made up on wooden trays on the office floor, and carried unsecured to the press. It is sometimes possible to follow the forms from the composing-room to the press-room by the type, quads and spaces that were dropped in transit."

The Subdued Smash

The candidates and their friends breathed more freely when Father Yorke finished his address at Metropolitan hall last Monday night. It was feared that he could not resist the temptation to throw out a broad suggestion on the subject of the Mayoralty contest, but he eschewed politics. He was too busy with Colonel Irish, but he did take a quiet smash on the side. It was only a hint, not as wide as a barn door or as deep as a well, but perhaps it sufficed.

McEnerney in Ireland

Garret McEnerney is "doing" Ireland and his friends believe that he will visit the birthplace of James G. Fair before his return. As Mr. McEnerney is one of the attorneys who shared in a partial but substantial distribution of the Fair estate, the supposition of his friends is that he cherishes the memory of the founder of the fortune. When last heard from Mr. McEnerney was being entertained at Maymooth college by Rev. Walter McDonald, brother of Father McDonald of this city. Rev. Walter McDonald is Vice-President of Maymooth college.

Fated to Figure in Romance

It appears as though Genevieve Goad, that was, is destined to figure as the heroine of sensational social gossip. She has surely had more than her share of romance crowded into her young life. It may be said that hers is the fate of the beautiful young woman whose veins are active with the red corpuscles that stimulate and promote grit and vivacity, and that foster independence of spirit and resolution to do as nature dictates. But other beautiful young women have been blessed with those red corpuscles and have not had one-tenth the varied and exciting experience which has fallen to the lot of the strenuous young matron who is now Mrs. Reiley, who was formerly Mrs. Martin and who had a narrow escape from becoming Mrs. Williams, the wife of a gay but successful adventurer. It was through no fault or deliberation on the part of Mrs. Reiley that she achieved the notoriety which came to her through her engagement to Williams. She courted criticism by marrying a dying consumptive possessed of wealth, but in that she displayed courage. Her subsequent career has been lively and unconventional, without crowding the proprieties, but the red corpuscles are responsible.

Was It an Elopement?

When the news reached San Francisco of her marriage in London to a Mr. Reiley of Washington, D. C., it occasioned some surprise, because none of her friends had ever heard of the gentleman. But they concluded that he was all right, and that the fair Genevieve had settled down for a long matrimonial session. Nobody suspected that her latest venture was in any measure spiced with romance. But gossip has filtered through to this city and over the tea cups the tabbies are discussing it. One story is that Reiley's heart was caught on the rebound just after he had been turned down by Addie Murphy, with whom Mrs. Martin was traveling through Europe. The other version is that Reiley was not turned down but that Mrs. Martin alienated his affections. It is said that Miss Murphy and Reiley were affianced and that he eloped with Mrs. Martin from Paris to London, where the marriage took place.

Mr. Reiley's Past

"Attie" Murphy's friends do not give credence to the story. They cannot believe that any man would jilt her. Though not very pretty she is winsome and attractive. But Robinson Reiley, from accounts that come from Washington, is an emotional chap, and eccentric in love. He has had his share of romance. Some time ago he was very attentive to a Mrs. Daingerfield, a witching widow of Alexandria. She caused considerable talk at Narragansett Pier one summer owing to the attention she received from a Washington club man named

Go where you will, the best saloons sell Jesse Moore Whiskey.

DEWAR'S
SCOTCH WHISKY
HIGH BALL

Small piece of ice in glass, pour whisky over ice and fill glass with syphon or plain water

A Cooling and Delightful Drink

Blunt. The latter was threatened with a horsewhipping by Mrs. Daingerfield's husband. Not long ago Daingerfield liberated his wife by committing suicide in the bath-room of his Virginia home. Some people thought that Reiley would marry Mrs. Daingerfield.

More of His Heart-Breaking Record

Since writing the above I have learned enough of the past of Mr. Robinson Reiley to warrant me in extending congratulations to "Attie" Murphy if it is a fact that she was jilted by that young man. Mr. Reiley is thirty years of age and the son of a merchant who kept a dry-goods business in Washington. The father was a prosperous man when he died but there was a time when he was not averse to measuring off a yard of cloth or selling you a pair of balbriggan hose at twenty-nine cents. The son was the only member of the family with social aspirations and he proceeded to gratify them several years ago. He was quite a dude and he was noted for his detonating attire. Flaming ties, lurid socks and crimson bands on his straw hats were features of his wardrobe. He always looked as though he had been to the bottom of his trunk.

He was on Probation

His first love-affair was with a gray-haired widow, long past middle age, in whose home he spent most of his time. She was like a mother to him, but being a virile young man he did not care to concentrate his affections on the widow. He undertook to cheer the lonely wife of an army officer who was doing patrol duty in Manila. But the poor fellow was misunderstood, and when the soldier husband returned the son of the Washington haberdasher deemed it expedient to fill a pressing business engagement in New York. The final rupture between Reiley and the ancient widow took place only last summer when they met at Jamestown, and she sought in vain to fan the dying embers of his affections. It was about that time that he became enamored of a St. Louis girl whose parents offered him a handsome bonus to mend his ways and make a match. The probationary period of one year was to be spent in Europe and he sailed last August. So instead of one this fickle young man has jilted two girls, and his record as a heart-smasher for one of his age is something phenomenal. Mr. Reiley was not in the smart set of Washington nor was he a club-man there.

Jere Lynch Back Again

Jere Lynch, bohemian, Klondiker, bon-vivant and Egyptologist variorum, is back from the Yukon with the declaration that he has quit its ice-covered gold fields forever. A cantankerous ore car on an air-line trolley is responsible for his change of dining rooms over some 25 degrees of geographical latitude. He was riding in the car one day when it ran amuck and tossed him over fifty feet through the ice-jagged air and dropped him on the broken side of an overturned Keeley glacier. When the distressed miners picked him up he had a rib stove in and several of his "innards" badly mixed in dips, cross-cuts and levels. By the time the surgeon had patched him up Jerry vowed he had had enough of digging out gold on the Klondike. So he sold out and made a clean-up that is said to be big enough to keep him in comfort for the rest of his days. That is, unless he goes against the same gamesters who hooked the last pile he cleaned up when he pulled out of the Comstock boom. They left him barely enough to reach the Klondike some three years ago.

Miss Landers' Debut

The Tallants and Landers mustered all of the various cliques of the smart set last Saturday for the debut of Pearl Landers. And by the way, Mrs. Fred Tallant, the mother of several children, looked almost like a debutante herself in her white mousseline de soie frock. Miss Landers, holding in her arms a big bouquet of baby roses, received about three hundred of her friends of both sexes. There were many handsome, large California girls receiving, and conspicuous among them was Miss Marguerite May of Monterey, who is the cousin of Miss Pearl. Linda Cadwallader throwed out temporarily, and was quite gracious in pale green. Therese Morgan was fetching in a pale blue peau de soie frock trimmed with ruffles of blue chiffon. She has a dainty fad, that of wearing a cluster of small chiffon rosettes in pastel shades on her evening frocks. Ethel Cooper was in white mousseline. Azalea Keyes, she of svelte form, was in a white chiffon gown, with Margaret Salisbury wore a soft pink gown with a deal of hand-work on it, the same that she flashed up at the Stubbs' wedding. The beauty of the receiving party was little Miss Tallant, daughter of John Tallant. She is just back from abroad where she was educated. One of the most striking looking girls was Miss Louise Hoffacker, whose mother was one of the handsome Dore girls. She is a cousin of Lurline Spreckels and resembles Mrs. Gus Spreckels. Miss Landers is soon to give a tea for Miss Elsie Cook.

Stylish, if from the "Country"

A correspondent takes exception to what I wrote a fortnight ago about Seward McNear's marrying "an unknown country girl." The "country girl," my correspondent writes, is the most stunning woman of the McNear connection. She is handsome, with a superb figure, and an irreproachable style in dress. "Young McNear was lucky to win such a wife," adds my correspondent.

She Is Really Engaged

I am glad that Miss Ethel Keeney has borne out the prediction I voiced last week, and has announced her engagement. Yet it was but a short time ago when the rumor was around of Miss Keeney's betrothal, that I asked her if it were true and she answered: "I am not engaged. I have no intention of being engaged." Ah, me, these young women who don't want their world to know their heart secrets! Mr. Tomlinson never concealed the fact of his infatuation; he wore his heart quite openly on his sleeve, as if it were a mourning badge for the Queen. He fol-

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lowed Miss Keeney about at Del Monte in a manner most heartrending to the spectators. "How can she be so cruel to him?" said the tabbies, of the gay, vivacious brunette Ethel. But, as with most of her sex, Miss Keeney was cruel then, only to be kind later on. Mr. Tomlinson is of a good family and though he has not a large fortune, I understand, he is what outside of New York is called "in comfortable circumstances." Miss Keeney will be very much missed if after her marriage she decides to live East. She is a very clever little actress, and if she settles in Newport should make a hit with the gay fashionables of the Oelrichs-Fish set. Miss Keeney's imitation of Anna Held is said by those who have seen it to be more fetching than the original.

If Bob becomes Governor

Bob Wilcox has been endorsed by the native party to succeed Dole as Governor of Hawaii. Wilcox is now the delegate to Congress from Hawaii. If he be made governor of the Territory, the missionaries will have spasms. Bob does not drink much, is not a confirmed crap shooter—as are most of the natives in Hawaii—nor has he fame as a Lothario. But Bob is married, and Mrs. Bob is a holy terror. She calls herself "Princess" Wilcox, and claims to be descended from some chief whose family antedated the coming of the first whites to Polynesia. The Princess was once a beautiful woman, but that was many years ago. As a young girl she became the wife of Bruce Cartwright, a society broker, of Hawaii. Bruce finally got loose, and she married Bob Wilcox.

The Princess on the Warpath

When Frederick O'Brien was news editor of the Honolulu *Advertiser*, the Princess came into the sanctum one day with blood in her eye and threatened a libel suit. The paper had told how the residents of Punchbowl street had been awakened in the middle of the night by the strident voice of a lady who claimed to be a Princess, and who was exhausting the profane vocabulary in expressing her opinion of a Chinese laundryman, who dwelt near by. The Princess had called in a carriage to get her lingerie, and the Chinese had not produced the right garments. The Princess wanted to know if the article referred to her. She had a war club which had belonged once to Kamehameha the Great, and swung it threateningly. Mr. O'Brien elicited from her that she had paid the nocturnal visit to the laundryman; also, that she had been to a hula, and on her way home decided to seek possession of her week's washing. Addressed as Princess, she became mollified and said that the only thing that she objected to in the article was the statement that she had called the Chinese a "blank, blank, blank." "As a matter of fact," said the wife of the present delegate to Congress from Hawaii, "I merely called him a 'blank blank.'" Mr. O'Brien acknowledged the fine distinction and apologized for the extra "blank." She lowered her war club, told of its origin, and presented it to the editor, who now has it in his Hawaiian collection. If the Princess becomes the wife of the Governor of Hawaii, there will be hot times in the old town of Honolulu, and the Dole regime must look to its laurels. The Princess believes in keeping alive the native customs and the present waltz and two-step will have to make way for the hula-hula if the spirited chieftess comes into her own.

Returning With Honors

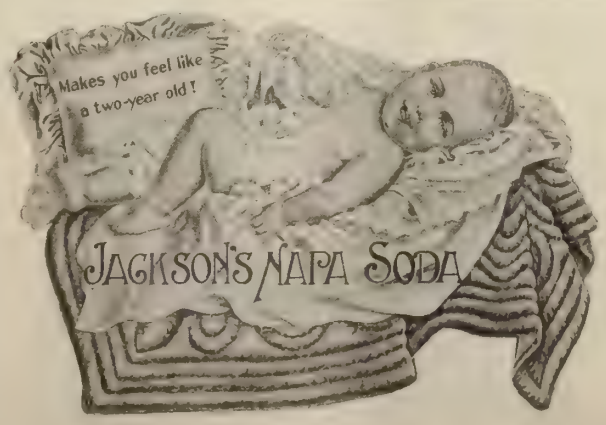
Mr. and Mrs. William Giselman, who went to London some time since to join their son, will return with him about the middle of November. Young Marshall Giselman studied with great diligence during his stay abroad, and his teachers prognosticate a splendid future for him. I predicted his success over two years ago, while he was yet a student of local organ teachers, and I am not surprised that the London masters have corroborated my opinion. On October nineteenth the young Californian played at St. James hall, which has a seating capacity of two thousand. His number was Liszt's Hungarian fantasia, which he rendered on the piano with full orchestral accompaniment.

Willie: Papa, what is a genius?

Papa: A genius, my son, is a man who does what he pleases and who doesn't care what people think or say about him.

Election Forecasting

The wise men who are always forecasting elections, and who guess correctly once in ten years, are at it again. Some of them can tell you how Wells is going to do the trick in a walk. Others can produce statistics in the shape of election returns to demonstrate that Tobin has a cinch. And there are a few who consider Schmitz such a sure thing, that they would hate to take your money. Of course prognosticating election results in this city is just as easy as persuading the Supreme Court to rule twice the same way. The popular vote is somewhat less variable than the winds that blow over the city. When we gave Budd a majority for Governor we sent Jeff James back to the sheep range; when we retired Maguire to private life and elected Gage, we gave Phelan a big majority for Mayor. If you haven't the last election returns handy, find out how the Irish are going to vote, and then the rest is easy. But the Irish are good to their own only when they think the A. P. A.'s are all dead or sleeping. Discussing the clannishness of the Irish the other day, a curbstone philosopher called my attention to the fact that if four grocery stores were opened at the intersection of two streets south of Market, and three of them were owned by Irishmen and the fourth by a German, and there was nothing but Celtic patronage in the neighborhood, the A.O.H. men would starve to death and the Teuton would get rich. "That's how the Irish stick together," said the philosopher.



Matinees at the Camera

They are trying hard to make their teas popular, at the California Camera club, but the tea habit apparently does not work so well in San Francisco as it does in London. The club instituted the afternoon tea some time ago, the last Saturday in each month being the time decided upon. The first reception was only a partial success, as not one-twentieth for whom refreshments had been provided called. But at the next reception there was an increase in attendance and the reception committee rejoiced thereat. Last Saturday it rained, but quite a few were present at the Camera club-rooms. There are many good views, taken by the members, to be seen and it is always interesting to note the improvements in artistic photography. But the members of the club who first suggested these pleasant little matinee receptions are wondering what they can do to make the unenthusiastic members come and bring their friends. They might modify the Harry Lehr idea of a dog dinner, and have a canine tea or a feline vaudeville.

Not to be Divorced

A Britisher who recently returned from a trip to the old country tells me that Lord Francis Hope and May Yohe will not be divorced. The Duke of Newcastle, brother of Lord Francis, objects and that settles it. The English courts would quickly undo the knot, yet in deference to his brother, Lord Hope will take no legal action. If May Yohe becomes the Duchess of Newcastle then Lord Francis, having the title and income, will repudiate the unpleasant Duchess, but it is then more than possible that he may not be able to get a divorce, as the English courts are much opposed to the condonement of the offense of which Lady Francis Hope is guilty. The Duke of Newcastle holds the purse-strings of the family, and has the ear of his immensely rich mother, the Dowager Duchess of Newcastle, who is intensely High Church, and is now seriously considering retirement to an Anglican convent. As it is she devotes the greater part of her splendid income to charity. The Duke of Newcastle is the acknowledged leader of the extreme ritualistic wing of the Church of England, and holds to the doctrines of the Roman Catholic church with reference to the marriage state. Lord Francis does not share the Duke's rigorous view on divorce, but as he has little money in his own name he must submit.

Fired out of Church

The passionate opposition of the Duke to divorce is more readily understood when it is known that he has no son to succeed to the dukedom, and that while he fully understands that an heir to his line might be the outcome of a second and more honorable marriage by his brother, the heir presumptive, he yet stands as adamant in opposition to his penniless brother's wishes to be free from the woman who has brought disgrace on the name, and who was never expected to prolong the family line. The marriage of Lord Francis Hope is the only one of recent sensational theatrical marriages among the English nobility that has proved unhappy. Connie Gilchrist is devoted to her husband, the Earl of Orkney; Bell Bilton is a model wife to the Earl of Clancarty, while Rosie Boote is making a first-class Marchioness of Headfort. Only recently the Duke of Newcastle created a scene by attending a marriage where one of the contracting parties had been freed by divorce, and rising when the clergyman asked if there was any opposition to the union, demanding that the ceremony stop. He was fired out of the church. I hear from a returning tourist that May Yohe and her paramour, Captain Strong, are entertaining to a limited extent in their Japanese home, and that some of their gay parties have lasted until the sun rose. May Yohe has adopted the Japanese fashion of dressing, and in a dainty kimono and exquisitely tied obi, looks quite the most beautiful woman in Japan. She has given up corsets and adopted socks with a big toe in each, and often receives her guests seated on a mat on the floor in the true Oriental fashion.

Calve's Jewels

Though everybody is interested in the coming of Emma Eames and Sybil Sanderson, the name of Calve among Grau's stars has aroused the most eager curiosity. As one frank society girl put it the other day, "I don't care so much for her voice but I do want to see Calve herself, her superb physique and her famous jewels." Melba's tiara, a Royal gift, attracted as much admiration as did the diva's voice when she paid her first visit to San Francisco, but Calve has a collection of jewels that will outshine the memory of the Melba coronet. The jewels were all gifts of Queen Victoria, who appreciated Calve's singing more than that of any other operatic prima donna. In the collection is a superb brooch of pearls and diamonds in the shape of the late Queen's monogram, surmounted by a crown studded with rubies. Another brooch has a figure of Fame with jeweled pinions, and "Victoria" in sapphires passing across it in a semi-circle. Queen Victoria was so fond of Calve that she had a bust of the singer in one of her apartments.

A Bright Young Girl

Miss Helen de Young is one of the season's debutantes. Mrs. Isaac Requa's tea and launch party in her honor will be but one of many functions of which this bright young girl will be the motif. This is only Miss Helen's Californian debut, for she was introduced to Parisian society during her stay there with her parents. She had the finishing of her education abroad, but is distinctively American for all that. Mrs. de Young has brought up her children with splendid tact. They are well mannered and well educated and there is a cordial simplicity about their bearing that is very pleasing. The debutante will have a luxurious home in

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JESSE MOORE
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which to entertain, and the advantage of a private ball room. But there will not be any balls given at the De Young home, I understand, until next spring, for the family will go to Paris for the Christmas holidays.

Across and Back

Oakland and San Francisco are exchanging civilities this season in a very genial way. Miss de Young is not the only San Franciscan Mrs. Requa has delighted to entertain at her home on the Heights, and Miss Dillon—on this side of the bay—had Miss Jacqueline Moore as her honored guest at a recent tea. The Driscolls are coming over this side to live during the winter, and there are other Oaklanders, I hear, who are contemplating a similar move.

An English Girl

Miss Annette Hullah, who is being entertained at an afternoon tea to-day by Mrs. Tom Magee, Sr., is a real English girl. She has the reserved English manner and her face and figure are of the type we became familar with through Du Maurier's sketches. Miss Hullah gave a piano recital a few weeks ago, with Harry Barnhart, the baritone, to assist. She came direct from London, and as she had letters to some of the best people she has been entertained not a little since her advent. She was at the reception Mrs. Emma Shafter Howard gave, in Oakland, to Annie Russell. Miss Hullah met Mrs. Magee's sister, Mrs. Denis O'Sullivan, when she was in London. She is a very good friend of Mrs. Carmichael Carr, our self-expatriated San Francisco pianist.

Bush in but Kelley Still Waits

My Napa correspondent writes me that there is still lots of talk about the shake-ups in the Napa Insane Asylum. The new Board of Trustees has been cutting off heads right and left. They began, as everybody who reads the papers knows, with Doctor Gardner, though he only had a month more to serve, and put Dr. Dozier in. Then the matron went, and then a watchman who had been there for twenty-one years; also the storekeeper, who had seen good service at the asylum and against whom no fault had ever been found. The amusing part of it is that the new member, Bush, was put in to oust Johnston, the Superintendent's private secretary, with view to substituting a man named Kelley, who had been slated for the position for six or seven months. During all this turmoil, while others are being thrown out and down, Johnston—the primary motive of the Board's action—still holds his place, and the expectant Kelley is still waiting.

The Heathen Chinee is Peculiar

W. W. Thompson, gentleman farmer of Napa county, tells this joke on himself. He met Blanchard Chase of Stag's Leap at the Farmers' Institute the other day, and the two agriculturists discussed points on gophers.

"Why, just last week," said Thompson, "I paid a Chinaman a bounty on eight hundred gophers' scalps, at five cents per."

"That's funny," said Chase, "for just the other day I paid a Chinaman a bounty on eight hundred gophers' *tails*."

They compared notes and found it was the same wily Celestial who had thus outwitted the two neighbors.

When the Bench Upset

A large number of people witnessed an amusing spectacle in Golden Gate park last Sunday. It is always amusing to see somebody in a ridiculous and embarrassing plight. The spectacle was an impromptu affair, and the two principals that figured in it were a very stylish and elegantly gowned woman and a well-groomed man of somewhat distinguished mien. They were strolling through the park and came to a bench on the edge of the main drive on which two men were seated. They halted, and the woman sat down. The man surveyed the surrounding prospect and then slowly and with much dignity proceeded to take a seat beside the woman. But he did not measure his distance well, and, as he put too much weight against the back with sudden force over went the bench, carrying woman and men. Of course, their feet went up in the air, and there was a fleeting vision of open-work hose and dainty lingerie. The grass being wet the lady soiled her clothes and her escort crushed his hat. But it was an amusing spectacle.

An Orgie on the High Seas

In a private letter from Manila comes the news of another big army scandal in the gay metropolis of the Philippines. This time it is not in the commissary department, the hot-bed of scandals, but in the official smart set. It involves the wives of some high military men. The women took a jaunt on the sea not long ago, and they were accompanied by a number of officers. There was an abundance of wine aboard, and the passengers had a most convivial time. The affair degenerated into quite an orgie, and it was not long before the news leaked out in Manila. As one of the women is a social leader, being the wife of a distinguished officer, the news of her conduct created quite a stir.

Cards have been issued by Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Sumner, announcing the marriage of their niece, May Margaret Lowell, to Mr. John Edward Medau, on Tuesday, October twenty-second.

Have you visited Mrs. Cole, the leading Chiropodist and Manicure at her pretty little office in the Parrott Building? Room 460. Telephone Howard 2585.

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CALIFORNIA MARKET SAN FRANCISCO

A Californian Beauty

Mrs. Colton, her daughter Mrs. McLean Martin and Miss Theodosia Martin are coming back from Europe this winter for Miss Theodosia's debut in Washington. I hear that Mrs. Colton had not quite the success she expected during the two years of her residence in Washington, but now society is at her feet because she is the grandmother of a great beauty. The news drifts my way that the Californian girl took Europe by storm. Wherever she went she was beset by crowds of people anxious for a look at the girl of wondrous beauty. In this city when she was only fourteen years old people went into raptures over her. I saw a photograph of her the other day, taken in the fancy dress costume of a Venetian masked-ball, and I can testify that Miss Theodosia is the most ravishing bit of femininity that ever posed before a camera.

Metamorphosis of a Dashing Woman

Mrs. McLean Martin, I learn, from letters written by friends who have been traveling with her in Europe, has lost her old vivacity and dash of manner. She is actually sedate, but whether because she is the mother of a grown-up daughter with the prospect confronting her of becoming a mother-in-law, or from having failed to accomplish her heart's desire, none can tell. Mrs. Martin has a most profound contempt for San Francisco and her men. One evening when she was at one of the Friday Fortnightly dances in this city, some one asked her why her daughter was not present. "Why, pray?" she asked in amazement, "do you see anything in this room that a self-respecting mother would want her daughter to attract?"

An Episode of the Surf

Mrs. McLean Martin has charmed many men in her time, for she was a dashing and brilliant woman. It was thought at one time that Mayor Phelan would be led captive in her train, and there are some people who believe that no man ever made such an impression on her as did the young millionaire. That was when they spent lots of time together in the surf at Santa Cruz. Both are excellent swimmers. Some years ago Mrs. Martin's daily plunge meant a trip to the whistling buoy in Monterey bay, and the buoy is a distance of two miles from the Santa Cruz beach. When her husband was alive he became very much alarmed over her practice of taking such long trips, and he begged the swimming teacher who accompanied her to resort to some scheme to discourage her. The man agreed to do so, and one day as they were swimming side by side they were enveloped in a fog which hid the shore. Two fishermen in a boat encountered them, and begged them to get aboard, but Mrs. Martin laughed at them. Presently she suggested that they had gone far enough and that they turn back. The man assumed a reckless air and replied that it was no use as he didn't have strength to swim back. He feigned exhaustion and upbraided her for having lured him on such a foolhardy journey. Much to his surprise, instead of frightening her he aroused her indignation and contempt.

"Put your hand on my shoulder," she said, "and I'll take you back."

The swimming teacher, seeing that he could not frighten her, turned his head to the shore and escorted her home.

If Lloyd Why not Gunst?

In order to remove all doubt in the public mind as to the efficiency and capabilities of Mr. Wells that very successful attorney, Mr. Reuben H. Lloyd, published a card in the *Bulletin* the other night vouching for his patriarchal client. Now will somebody please step forward and certify to the value of Mr. Lloyd's expert testimony? A voice from the galiery replies that Mr. Lloyd's foresight is unsurpassed except by the hindsight of the same individual. It was with his hindsight that he discerned the widow Craven in the distance. It was Lloyd that launched the widow Craven in the Fair estate litigation, and as she promoted complications, she must have augmented his fee considerably. But that is only one instance of Mr. Lloyd's sagacity. I shall next expect to hear from Mr. Mose Gunst on the subject of Mr. Wells' qualifications. As Mr. Gunst expects to be appointed Police Commissioner in the event of the election of Mr. Wells, with a wide-open town to exploit, I assume that he is as competent as Mr. Lloyd to give a little expert testimony.

Why He Can Be Unconventional

A reader sends me the following, over the signature, *The Parvenue:*

I read with interest your editorial last week on our "unconventional President." However, while I agree with you that it is right for the President to do as he pleases, did you ever stop to think *why* Roosevelt dares do what some of his predecessors did not? Roosevelt can do what he likes because he is sure of his ground. He is sure of it because he is well bred and has the instincts of a gentleman. Being an aristocrat if he, thrusts aside convention everybody knows it is not from ignorance but because he chooses to be unconventional. If he were a common man and uncultured, he would not be unconventional because he would think that if he did not conform to established rules, the lookers-on would think he did not know how. It is just the way in American society. The newcomers are stiff and sticklers for form because they aren't sure of their position. Those who have always been in are not afraid to fly in the face of form because they know that they can set a fashion if they wish. When all Americans become as sure of their position as Britishers are, we can all be as unconventional as Roosevelt is without fear of being misjudged by our critics.

The Most Distinguished

A correspondent informs me that I erred in stating that the husband of Mrs. Frederick E. Baume delivered the address of welcome to the Duke of Cornwall and York in Auckland. The address was de-



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livered by Dr. J. Logan Campbell, who is known as the Grand Old Man of New Zealand, and who was elected Mayor of Auckland just before the Duke's arrival so that the citizens might more felicitously do honor to their King's son, "through their most distinguished citizen." Distinguished citizens must be rare in Auckland. What a hard time we should have to pick out our most distinguished citizen for the Mayor's job.

Rev. Smith: I see that criminal anthropologists now admit Lombroso's theory of hereditary crime.

Brown: Well, if crime be hereditary I suppose piety is too.

Rev. Smith: Certainly.

Brown: There isn't much piety in the ministry then, for it is notorious that the sons of parsons are generally scamps.

News from the North

The *Times* of Seattle and the *News* of Tacoma have been engaged during the past week in a very vigorous war of words brought on by a dispute as to the relative importance of Seattle and Tacoma as entreports for foreign commerce. Government statistics of foreign shipping for the two ports are reported together as the figures for the Puget Sound customs' district, but each city employs a harbor master whose chief duty is to compile statistics of the commerce entering or clearing at the port at which he is employed, and the duties of these officers are much the same as those of the circulation liar of an enterprising newspaper. Each has been swelling his totals at such a rate that now each of the two ports as reported by these officers amounts to about eight times the commerce of the entire customs' district as reported by the collector of customs. Under the circumstances it was somewhat amusing for the *Times* and the *News* to come out simultaneously the other day with fierce denunciations of the padded returns of the rival port. Special correspondents have been sent by each paper to the rival city to scrutinize the reports of the harbor masters, and those reports and the data upon which they are founded have been riddled by the indignant journalistic contemporaries.. * * *

None of the papers of the State has told of the manner in which ex-United States Senator John L. Wilson of Spokane was held in check at Walla Walla recently, by the ladies of that city. Wilson is a candidate for re-election. His ownership of the *Post-Intelligencer* of this city and his control of the Tacoma *Ledger* and Tacoma *News*, the only three Republican dailies of prominence in the State, enables him to pose as the boss and the oracle of his party. During the fall months he has managed to get himself invited to every important country fair in the State, and he has served as orator on numerous such occasions. All of which has been exploited at great length in his papers, and much has been said about the friendship felt for the toga-seeker in the agricultural communities. At Walla Walla fair the prominent visitors and officers of the organization were entertained by the ladies of the town at a reception. This reception was managed by a close political and social friend of Levy Ankeny, the millionaire Walla Walla banker. He is also a senatorial candidate and toward him the Wilson papers have been particularly offensive in their criticism. At this reception, by skilful arrangement, Mr. Wilson was seated at a table with two well-known but wearisome pioneers and a professor of languages at the provincial college of the town. He was not asked to respond to a toast and he was not given the slightest opportunity to make a campaign talk. He was broken-hearted. * * *

Sammy Perkins has contributed to the gaiety of the Northwest. Perkins is a native of Ohio and came into some national prominence a few years ago as the private secretary of Mark Hanna during the first McKinley campaign. Later on he became the manager of the Tacoma *News*, which is owned by an Eastern syndicate, and having since secured control of the Tacoma *Ledger*, he holds the associated press franchises for that city. Recently he went East to attend the annual meeting of the associated press and on his way home stopped a few days in Washington. Editor Scott of the *Oregonian* and Sam Weston, manager of the *Post-Intelligencer* of this city were in Washington at the same time and the three visited the President. Mr. Scott was acquainted with Roosevelt and he presented the other two journalists. The President invited all three to dine with him at the White House. The invitation was accepted and on the following day Perkins wired the *News:*

"Dined with the President today. Play up prominently.
"*S. A. Perkins.*"

That day the *News* contained a special dispatch, played up prominently as directed, telling of the honor conveyed upon Tacoma by the courtesy extended by the Chief Executive of the nation to one of Tacoma's most prominent citizens. No mention was made of the other guests. But the joke was too good to keep. One of the reporters on the *News* gave it away and now Perkins is being guyed.

A Costly OO Cloak

San Francisco girls who estimate five hundred dollas as a high price for a wrap will be interested in the claim now made by a Kanaka in Honolulu for that amount for a cloak belonging to him which was destroyed in a fire set by the Government authorities to exterminate the plague. The claimant is S. L. Peleiholani. His grandfather was the son of Kalaniulunoku, who was the grandson of Kamehameha the Great. The cloak is made of the feathers of the OO bird, and orig-ignally belonged to Keeaumoku. Many efforts had been made to get the cloak from Paleioholani, but he would not be tempted by money or position. One time King Kalakaua filled the owner full of missionary rum and then placed a pile of gold pieces at his side with a specious plea for the cloak. Many witnesses were called to testify to the value of the garment. It was shown that the OO bird from which the feathers came had been tabu always, except to the chiefs. There were but seven of the kind of feathers used in the cloak under each wing of the bird, and it required thirty thousand birds to make the cloak, which had taken generations to capture. The Court of Claims in Honolulu was impressed by the testimony, and the descendant of chiefs will get his price.

A Giddy Jail-Bird

What a giddy old girl Mrs. Botkin is! Though in jail for murder, she seems to be more concerned about her fading beauty than anything else. She has the artistic temperament. She has pasted bright colored silk on her cell windows to produce the effect of stained glass. To a young visitor, she remarked the other day, "Oh, for your beauty and then to make men love me!"

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PACIFIC COAST AGENTS

Our dainty book of Menus, "Some German Suppers", free on request The American Brewing Co.

Mayor Phelan Lost in Marin

Mayor Phelan went out hunting the other day, and had a harrowing experience. He was lost in the woods of Marin county. This city was without a Chief Executive for several hours. The Mayor started out from the headquarters of the Country Club in the morning in pursuit of game. As he is not fond of walking he bestrode a horse, and after riding many miles he encountered some quail. He quickly alighted from the horse, and took his first shot. The report of the gun frightened the horse, and the animal ran away, leaving the Mayor all alone in the woods. For awhile Mr. Phelan was worried over nothing but the prospect of legging it back to the club-house. But he wandered off the road, and was lost. Then he began firing the gun at intervals to attract attention. As the day wore away he became alarmed as well as hungry, and when he exhausted his ammunition he concluded that he was in a very bad predicament. When the riderless horse returned to the club-house the people there became very much alarmed, and a scouting party was organized. The supposition was that Mayor Phelan was lying wounded somewhere in the woods. He was found about dusk not much the worse for his experience, but glad to be recovered.

Nellie Bly in Print Again

"Nellie Bly," the pioneer of the "woman's view" balderdash in ultra yellow journalism, has come to the front again after several years of quiet seclusion. This time it is not as a writer of such sensational stories as "How I beat the record around the world;" "How a Woman can be insulted in the Park;" "How I interviewed the murderers of English in a balloon." "Nellie Bly" had Irish wit enough to drop all that highfalutin rot while she was the shining figure of "woman in journalism," on the New York *World*. She captured a millionaire husband who was within easy distance of his dotage, estimating, no doubt, that he would prove just as valuable an asset to her as a younger millionaire on his death-bed would be to a society girl. In her effort to preserve her wealthy husband's shekels from certain sharks who are trying their best to raid them she now ventures from her late coy seclusion into the old time sensational print. When she and her husband left for Europe they appointed an agent to look after his business interests and certain securities. On their return the vigilant young wife, after checking up their goods and chattels, discovered that their agent was a quarter of a million short, and she is making it hot for him.

She Thumped a Hawkshaw

Nellie Bly's marriage with capitalist Robert L. Seaman was the opening of a new chapter in a remarkable career that was dotted with hair-curling experiences in insane asylums, interviews with murderers and freak adventures written from "a woman's viewpoint." She met Seaman when she was ill in a Chicago hotel. He was ill too, and they convalesced about the same time and struck up a how-are-you-feeling-today acquaintance which led to marriage. At first the newly wedded couple did not get along very well together. Seaman was not only old but he was very jealous. He had read all the pop-eyed experiences that his wife had written for the press, and he thought she would bear watching. "Nellie Bly" soon discovered she was being trailed by a private detective. One day she got the detective in a public place just where she wanted him, and she fell upon him in all her fury. There followed the most sensational scene in her whole career. Seaman tried to get out of the fix and gossip by whisking her off to Europe.

That was in 1895. Before the end of the year the indefatigable Nellie was in control of all her aged and repentant husband's business. She runs the whole shop now, and employs all the private detectives needed in the family. Seaman has about four million dollars left, so she is not working for a dead horse.

India Scott's Expectations

Arthur Spear is being felicitated on all sides over his engagement to Miss India Scott. The indications are that some day she will inherit a very tidy sum from her aunt, Mrs. William Willis. There was a time, some four years ago, when the indications were not so bright and had it not been for the firm and vehement stand of Mrs. Scott, India's mother and Mrs. Willis' sister-in-law, the chances are that the bulk of the handsome property would have passed under the control of a gentleman who dropped out of society very suddenly at that very time. He was a frequent visitor at the smart Willis home in California street. Gossip had it that he would, at an early date, be the head of the household. India's mother heard of this rumor, and at once she promptly came on a protracted visit to her sister-in-law and set up her camp and fortifications to give battle to the man who had presumed to try and capture any of the Willis affections or fortunes. It was a battle royal for several fortnights. The invader was game, however, and he stuck to his intrenchment, confident that his blandishments had rendered him invincible. But he was mistaken. His persistent courtship ended in a very dramatic scene in the Willis drawing-room. He went his way, never to return. When Mrs. Scott contracted her second marriage and moved to Los Angeles, India remained with Mrs. Willis and has been practically raised as her daughter.

Trusts and combinations do not affect Jesse Moore Whiskey. Its fame is established, its quality is the finest and it is always the best.



GOOD THINGS can only come from a GOOD SOURCE. Forty years experience and an investment of millions of dollars are what make STUDEBAKER VEHICLES reliable, both as to style and to quality. Robes, Blankets, Whips, Harness. Repairing properly done.

Market and Tenth Sts.

STUDEBAKER BROS. COMPANY

A Fortune for a Divorce

There is a sensational story going the rounds in the smart set about a wealthy resident of San Mateo of sporting proclivities. It is said that he has given his wife two hundred thousand dollars to procure a divorce, and that his purpose is to marry Mrs. Avery McCarthy as soon as he is at liberty. I have not been authorized to deny the story, but I can scarcely give it credence. I am inclined to think that it is the product of a lively imagination. The gentleman in question has been very attentive to Mrs. McCarthy, and that circumstance, combined with the fact of his seeming indifference to his wife, may have suggested the story of the purchased divorce. But it may be that the gentleman's heart is already moored, for he has been more attentive to the wife of a captain in the United States army than to Mrs. McCarthy. The army officer's wife is the daughter of a very prominent citizen. The story is one with complications enough for a salacious society novel, and it is just the sort of fiction to appeal to the fancy of the Blingumites.

"That shoe you threw after the happy pair's cab nearly spoiled the bridegroom's new tile," remarked the first usher, after the wedding.

"Wish it had cracked his skull instead," returned the second usher.

He was one of the bride's rejected suitors, and his aim was good.

Gunter and Savage

Archie Gunter is in town and is having a good time exchanging civilities with his club friends. Gunter is one of the few Californians who have made money out of literature. His novels lay no claim to being fine writing, but they are rattling good stories and they sell. "Barnes of New York" and "Potter of Texas" made paying plays as well as novels. It is Mr. Gunter's method to write his novels from a dramatic standpoint first , and then make them into books. He cuts out all unnecessary verbiage, and leaves the story to tell itself in breezy dialogue and situation. It is this cutting habit that split the comradeship that once existed between Gunter and "Dick" Savage. Savage wrote "My Official Wife," and showed it to Gunter for his opinion. The successful creator of Barnes of New York said that "My Official Wife" was a crackerjack, but too wordy. He agreed to whip it into selling shape and make it go.

Why "The Little Lady's" Debut was a Frost

The Savage novel, edited by Mr. Archibald Clavering Gunter, was issued and sold like waffles on the beach on Sundays. It was dramatized and produced by Minnie Seligman and her young husband, Bob Cutting. Then Savage wrote another novel, "The Little Lady of Lagunitas," and passed it over to Gunter for a friendly review. Gunter returned it with blue pencil through half of the manuscript and the word that with the elision of certain marked passages the story would go all right. It so happened that the blue penciled bits were the author's favorite portions. He refused to butcher his work and sent "The Little Lady" in as she was. The result was, a few newspaper notices, a small sale on the strength of the author's previous successful novel, but no tremendous expression of public approval such as had greeted "My Official Wife."

Physicians would not recommend Jesse Moore Whiskey if they did not know it to be the best in the market.

My Oakland Letter

Well, Lucy Moffitt was married at noon on Wednesday, much to everyone's surprise, excepting of course, the relatives and few friends asked—because they kept it awfully quiet. Josie Chabot and Miriam Gardner of Pasadena stood up with the bride, while Mr. Lynch was attended by Wyllys Terry and Joseph Vernon—the latter a cousin of Mrs. Tom Williams—who came out from New York with the groom, and since their short stay at the Palace have become two of the most popular men in town. Marguerite Joliffe Moffitt was the most distinguished looking girl at the wedding, and is so perfectly happy now and different from the girl who before her marriage was constantly having the blues and didn't know whether to become a nurse or enter a convent! Dr. Moffitt arrived from abroad and fell in love and made her fall in love, just in the nick of time and deserves all the success he has had since. Lucy and her husband will return from their southern honeymoon trip in time for the Chabot-Dieckmann wedding, which comes off on the fourteenth, and then they leave for the four children and New York where I'm sure Lucy will become a model stepmamma! Everyone at the bride's table was talking about Tom Driscoll's engagement to Miss Tobin and wondering why some girl over here couldn't have caught him. He has probably been in love with her all along which explains his indifference to us. * * * I must tell you about the very latest divorce, or what will be the latest very soon, I had it from a relative of the man in the case, some one nearer than the cousin too—who with the rest of the man's relatives, takes the part of the wife, and hopes with them that the daughter having married, her mother will do as she has been planning and rid herself of a husband—who if all they say is true, must have changed awfully since the old days at Fruitvale, when they say there wasn't a better man living than Joseph, he of the Mardi Gras scandal of some years ago. * * * Jacqueline Moore made her formal bow to society on Saturday, although Katherine Dillon gave a large tea for her in San Francisco, several days before. The Moores have the art of entertaining down to a fine point, and always do things up brown. Florence Blythe Hinckley Moore was not one of the receiving party this time, as she and Al are in New York and Washington. Mrs. Frank Baldwin nee Kittredge who is here from Honolulu, looked so stout and matronly that one had to look twice to be sure it was the dainty little bride who sailed off some months ago. Katherine Dillon in pink was surrounded with men.She is so devoted to Patricia Cosgrave that she refuses all invitations in which her bright companion is not included. * * * The first private ball of the season will be given by Ruth Dunham, another one of our girls wintering across the bay, who has sent out cards for Tuesday evening next, to meet Rose Nalle of Texas who is visiting her. * * * We went over to see our Helen's Japanese etchings at Vickery's yesterday and found most of them sold. Mrs. Chauncey Taylor has three of the best. Laura Prather has had ever so many new orders since her miniatures were on exhibition there. We have some clever painters, but why doesn't some one in our set write a book? I don't believe anyone has tried since Mrs. John Glascock published something called "Dare," and then had herself photographed grasping a large atlas upside down in her lap and looking more literary than Marie Corelli ever dared to

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TELEPHONE BUSH 51

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look; which reminds me that Walter Hackett is having a little play of his acted by Lillian Burkhart at the Orpheum this week He wasn't making his salt a year or so ago, but is now raking in a big salary as one of the editors of the Chicago-*American*, and his people who have been awfully hard up lately have closed their house in the Lakeside district and have gone to him. Ed Jackson is also coming to the front and getting prizes for his photographic studies, from all the Eastern magazines; the one in last week's "*Life*" that Ione Fore and Prentiss Selby sat for, is awfully good and we are all dying to pose for him now. * * * The McNears will move over to the George Newhall place, bag and baggage, as soon as Bessie comes back from the Islands, and they are awfully pleased over Fred's engagement to Georgiana Hopkins, which is such a relief to them after the rumpus they had over John's engagement and wedding to Julie Noy. When we heard that the wife Seward McNear was bringing home was an unknown little country girl he had met while at Harvard, we said she was sure to be stupid, but changed our minds after her first appearance amongst us, when all doubts of her slowness vanished, because it really didn't take her two seconds to tumble to Oakland society. I know because I was waiting with the other guests for her to come down, when with many bumps, shrieks and swishes of the skirts she had caught her heel in, she *came*, and when we looked out the drawing-room door and found her jumbled at the foot of the staircase, we thought she must be all broken up, but the pretty aigrette in her hair was the only thing that really suffered, and from her charming manner one would never have guessed what a *come down* she had considered meeting us was!

A Note and a Diamond

Colonel Sexton of Butte, Montana, who is staying at the California hotel, received a singular note the other day. It was handed him by the clerk and when he opened it out dropped a fine unmounted diamond of some two and one-half carats weight and worth about three hundred dollars. On a sheet of full black bordered mourning paper was scrawled the words: "I have seen you, Colonel, and I am anxious to meet you." There was no signature and no date. I wonder if the Colonel is writing to himself?

A Fine Art Gallery

Tourists from the East take great pleasure in visiting the various art galleries, and at none are the admiring comments more general than at the art gallery which is a feature of Gump's, 113–115 Geary street. The pictures at Gump's are all of a high grade, many of them being prize winners from the Paris Salon and other European exhibitions.

Gildea's New Fall Styles Now Ready



Men's
Youths'
Boys' and Children's

CLOTHING

In Exclusive
High Grade Styles for
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ALL OUR STYLES GUARANTEED
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Clothier for All Mankind

756-758 MARKET ST. COR. GRANT AVE

EXTRAORDINARY
AUCTION SALE

The following choice and select list of improved and unimproved properties will be sold for the heirs of the late William A. Piper, at our salesroom, Monday, November 11, 1901, at 12 o'clock noon Subject to confirmation by the Superior Court. Gustave H. Umbsen, Sole Referee.

212 WASHINGTON STREET
Between Front and Davis streets. Improvements consist of frame building. Rent $60.00 per month. Lot 22 x 120 to Oregon street.

712–714–716 KEARNY STREET
South-east corner of Merchant street. Improvements consist of a substantial three-story and basement brick building, containing two stores and lodging house. Rents $300.00 per month. Lot 40 x 68.9.

624 MARKET STREET
Between Montgomery and Kearny streets. Improvements consist of a two-story and basement brick building. Rent $375.00 per month. Lot 20 x 80.

1450–1452–1454–1456 and 1458 FRANKLIN STREET
South-east corner Bush Street. This choice investment consists of two corners with five elegant two-story and basement houses of 14 rooms and bath each. Rents $315.00 per month. Lot 120 x 114 6. Also two desirable building lots 25 x 120 each. Fronting on Bush street and Fern avenue.

237–239–241–243 and 245 THIRD STREET
North-east corner of Clementina street between Howard and Folsom streets. Improvements consist of frame building, containing six stores. Rents $121.00 per month. Lot 80 x 105.

1451–1452–1455–1457 and 1459 FRANKLIN STREET
South-west corner of Bush street. Choice investment consisting of two corners with five elegant two-story and basement residences of 14 rooms and bath each. Rents $350.00 per month. Lot 120 x 144.9.

1212 to 1226 POLK STREET
South-east corner of Bush street. This choice business property consists of two corners and is close to the transfer point of Sutter and Polk streets. Improvements consist of 8 stores and 3 flats with frame building, 1385 Bush street. Rents $331.00 per month. Lot 120 x 100. Three frontages.

219 FRONT STREET
Between California and Sacramento streets. Improvements consist of a two-story and basement brick building. Rents $140 per month. Lot 25 x 87.6.

225–227 THIRD STREET
South-east corner of Tehama street. Choice business corner consisting of frame improvements containing store and flat above. Rent $60.00 per month. Lot 30 x 80.

NORTH-EAST CORNER SUTTER and GOUGH STREETS
This choice corner would pay handsomely if properly improved. Lot 70 x 120. Three frontages.

McALLISTER STREET
Near Junction Market and Jones streets. This choice business property could be made to yield handsomely if properly improved. Lot 123 x 87.6 irregular.

CITY HALL AVENUE
Between Leavenworth and City Hall Square, two choice building lots. 25 x 100 each.

BUSH STREET south side between LARKIN and POLK STS.
Eight desirable and choice building lots 25 x 120 each two frontages. To be offered separately.

South-west corner BUSH and LARKIN STREETS
Four desirable building lots consisting of two corners 27.6x30 and 35 x 112.6 each.

GIFT MAP No. 3
Elsie street west line between Esmeralda and Virginia streets. Lots 364, 366, 367 and 368. 25 x 70 each.

POTRERO

Portion of Block 520	Lot 200 x 200.	Three frontages.
Portion of Block 518.	Lot 100 x 150.	Two frontages.
Portion of Block 513.	Lot 100 x 400	Three frontages.
Portion of Block 514.	Lot 100 x 400.	Three frontages.
Portion of Block 441.	Lot 100 x 400.	Three frontages.
Portion of Block 466.	Lot 100 x 400.	Three frontages.
Portion of Block 492.	Lot 100 x 300.	Two frontages.
Portion of Block 475	Lot 100 x 300.	Two frontages.
Portion of Block 512.	Lot 100 x 300	Two frontages.

For Catalogue and further particulars apply to

G. H. UMBSEN & CO. 14 Montgomery Street

Men Deserving of Support

It is generally conceded that the majority of the members of the Board of Supervisors have proved themselves faithful officials and that they should be re-elected. Such men as Comte, Dwyer, Connor, Brandenstein, D'Ancona, Wilson, Braunhart, McCarthy and Stafford are especially deserving of public gratitude. Of the new nominees there should be no hesitation in recommending Wm. D. Wasson, an active and aggressive young newspaper man; John Landers, a man with the respect and confidence of the commercial world; Knox Maddox, an upright young lawyer, and Alfred Lilienfeld and Fred J. McWilliams, energetic young business men who shine by contrast on the Republican ticket. Two other officials who have been faithful and energetic are Sam Brooks, the Treasurer of this city, who has given us the cleanest administration that that office has had in many years, and P. Boland, the Public Administrator, whose record cannot be questioned.

HORACE WILSON.

No member of the present Board of Supervisors has made a better record or is more deserving of public gratitude than Horace Wilson, who is a candidate on the Republican ticket. He is one of the three Republican members of the present Board. Mr. Wilson is a man of culture and of integrity. He is a native of Maine but came to California in 1868. In 1871 he went to Japan under contract with the Japanese Government to serve in the Educational Department. He returned here in 1877 and for sixteen years was librarian of the Mechanics' Institute. He is now secretary of the J. D. Maxwell Insurance Company. He was a member of the Charter convention of one hundred, and has always been recognized as a public spirited citizen. He is a Grand Army man, and a member of the Loyal Legion.

JOHN H. WISE.

No man is more closely identified with the commercial and political development of this city than Mr. John H. Wise, who is now a candidate for the high and responsible position of Auditor on the Democratic ticket. He has been a resident of this city since 1853, and his record throughout his long residence is a guarantee of his integrity and ability. His experience has been varied. As early as 1876 he was chairman of the Finance Committee of the Board of Supervisors. He was Harbor Commissioner from 1883 to 1889, and Collector of Port from 1893 to 1897. He performed the duties of those offices with integrity and the highest order of ability. In commercial life, as a member of the firm of Christy & Wise, he proved himself a man of industry and rare judgment. For many years he has been a trustee of the Free Public Library, an institution which is in a flourishing condition to-day. He is surely fitted in every sense for the office of Auditor.

Don't Grow Old

Take care of your face and hair. Do what every actress and every society woman is doing—have your scalp treated and face massaged. How absurd for a woman to grow old and ugly, wrinkled and bald, when by skilful treatment she can have a smooth, soft skin and retain her beautiful hair. The personal attendance of a practical masseuse and scientific shampooer is no longer a luxury but a necessity. Miss Marcella E. Noel, who has for the past five years treated Oakland's elite, has now located at 121 Post street, Rooms 12 and 14; telephone, Red 3342. Miss Noel is an expert at facial massage and scalp treatment.

The Races

Opening day of the new California Jockey club at the Oakland race track will be a society as well as a sporting event. All swelldom will be at the track this afternoon. The chief event will be the open handicap for a purse of fifteen hundred dollars, but there will be other interesting events on the card. All the old Californian favorites are entered, and some of the best Eastern racers. The weather is perfect for racing and nothing should prevent opening day from being a red letter day in the annals of turfdom. Races start at a quarter after two sharp. Ferry boats leave San Francisco at twelve noon, half after twelve, one, half after one, two and three o'clock in the afternoon, connecting with trains for the track.

POLITICAL CARDS

FOR

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DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE

FOR

AUDITOR

JOHN H. WISE

REGULAR DEMOCRATIC

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GODCHAUX'S RECORD

18 months—Godchaux

Surplus $9,057 86

18 months—Predecessors

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THAT'S ALL!

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SUPERVISOR

L. J. DWYER

(INCUMBENT)

DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE

FOR

COUNTY CLERK

GEO. DAHLBENDER

DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE

VOTE AGAIN

FOR

P. BOLAND

DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE

FOR

PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR

(INCUMBENT)

Leaders of the ton prefer Chapin & Gore's Old Reserve Bourbon and Rye Whiskies to any other brands.

Dramatic World

Maurice Grau's First Lieutenant

As the advance courier of Maurice Grau there arrived in town on Monday Mr. Max Hirsch, who was Grau's lieutenant last season. I believe there were many who were more pleased to see Mr. Hirsch than if he had been one of the great stars whose local financial prospects he is looking after. Mr. Hirsch made many warm friends here last season, and was entertained by the smartest hosts and hostesses. He is a very handsome man, his distingué air being intensified by his prematurely silvered hair. Mr. Hirsch has a remarkable gift of memory. He never forgets a face, and can generally place it with its proper name after a first introduction.

Shafter's Niece will Star

Some time in November there will be an interesting production at one of the local theatres, which of them is not yet decided. This will be the first presentation of a new swashbuckling drama by Frank Robinson, with Miss Grace Fern in the leading role. The drama deals with a Russian Empress and those who have read it say it contains elements as fascinating as "The Prisoner of Zenda," "The Three Guardsmen," "Don Caesar de Bazan" and "Michael Strogoff," all rolled into one. Miss Fern made a great hit in San Rafael recently in the title part of "Esmeralda," and she has made up her mind to take to the stage seriously, as her talents certainly fit her for that career. She has done some good literary work and has contributed to the *Call's* Sunday Supp., but she prefers a dramatic career to that of literature. Her debut as a professional will be a society event. She is a niece of General Shafter, and of course all the Army will turn out to do her honor.

Popular Julia Dean

Julia Dean, the ingenue of the Neill company, and one of the most charming young actresses of the stage, is not with the Neills just now. Miss Dean's mother, who lives in New York, has been very ill for some months and some days ago Miss Dean was summoned to her bedside in anticipation of a perhaps fatal result from an operation about to be performed. The Neill company sails for Honolulu in a very short time, and Miss Dean is expected to join before it sails. Meanwhile, a new ingenue has been engaged. The Neills were in Honolulu a year and a half ago and achieved a triumph. Julia Dean was much sought after by the romantic youths of the Hawaiian capital, and was feted by the society leaders of Honolulu. She was quite a stunning figure in a brilliant bathing costume, and on the sands of Waikiki broke more than one male heart. Julia told Louise Brownell, the San Francisco girl, who joined the Neills a few months ago, of the delights of Honolulu, and both have prepared some stunning gowns for that balmy climate. Miss Brownell is a magnificent swimmer, and hopes to learn to ride the surf-boards at Waikiki. She will doubtless be a belle during the company's stay in Hawaii. I understand that since going East with the Neills Miss Brownell has broadened mentally a great deal and is now a thorough bohemian.

John Dunsmuir and Tommy Leary are with Marguerite Sylvia's "The Princess Chic" company,en route to the Columbia.

Attractions Next Week

The first American appearance of the Pollard Juvenile Opera company will be at the Tivoli on Monday night. They will open in "The Belle of New York," which they gave lately in Manila and Honolulu with much success. Willie Pollard, the leading comedian of the company, will have the role of Ichabod Bronson, and the Salvation Army lassie, Violet Gray will be interpreted by Alice Pollard. Lily Thomson will sing the tenor role of Harry Bronson, and Madge Woodson will have the part of the little Parisian, Fifi Fricot. Daphne Pollard, a tot of seven, will be Cora Angelique, the "Queen of comic opera." All these children are said to be fine singers and clever actors. The chorus is splendidly drilled and the precision with which every evolution is performed speaks volumes for the stage manager, Alf Goulding. The musical end of the show is well looked after by Mr. Alfred R. Moulton. Matinees will be given on Saturdays and Sundays during this engagement.

DEMOCRATIC MUNICIPAL TICKET

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From the sparkle of "The Henrietta" the Columbia turns next week to the historic drama. Charles H. Meltzer's "The First Duchess of Marlborough" is from all accounts a very strong and well written play, with interesting situations and entertaining dialogue. It deals chiefly with the character of Sarah Jennings, that remarkable woman who exercised such a mastery over Queen Anne. The characters are all historical, and the principal ones, among the most famous in English song, story and drama. Mrs. Le Moyne has the title role, and as this charming actress is known and liked in this city through her Browning recitals some years ago, there will be a large and fashionable audience to greet her on Monday night.

We all remember "The New Boy," which was given at the California a few years back with Bert Coote as the Boy. It is one of the most laughable plays I ever saw. "The New Boy" will be revived at the Grand Opera House next week with Walter Perkins as the Boy. Mr. Perkins will say good-bye to us in this farce. He has made many friends here, for he is a most refined and clever comedian.

The Orpheum is running some rattling good bills these days, each week being better than its predecessor. Next week will come the Onllaw trio, two men and a woman, just from the London Hippodrome, in a daring cord and wire turn. Burton's clever acrobatic comedy dogs will return after their two years' absence; John and Mary Locke will show the latest moves in bag punching, and Jessie Dale, female baritone, will make her debut. Lillian Burkhart, who is as sweet and vivacious as ever, will have a new playlet, "A Leap for Love." "Miyo San" will go one more week, as will the Beaux and Belles. "The Girl with the Auburn Hair," who sings cathedral music, is on her way here.

There will be some new people in the Alcazar's cast of "Nancy and Company," the merry Daly comedy, next week. Margaret Wycherly is an English girl, said to be pretty and a clever actress. Marion Convere will be welcomed as the sister of Lila Convere, now Mrs. Francis Bruguiere, and once the Alcazar's leading lady. If Miss Marion is one-quarter as charming as her sister, she will be at once taken to the hearts of her audience on Monday night. An extra matinee will be given of "Nancy and Company" on Election Day, Tuesday, November 5th.

"Northern Lights" will be next week's bill at the Central, following "The Great Northwest."

A. H. Pollard, one of the managers of the clever Pollard juveniles, was himself a member of the company in 1882, being known as "Little Arthur Pollard."

Madame Pilar-Morin is appearing as Cho Cho San in "Madame Butterfly" at Proctor's, New York. I can fancy the little Frenchwoman making an ideal Madame Butterfly.

—*The Playgoer*

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NEXT—FOR FAIR VIRGINIA

Experience By Elevation

Being The Story of a Novice Who Merely Wanted To Know.

October 1, 1901.

Dear Lil: I promised to tell you all about the dinner at Marchoni's with Dick. Well it was the tamest affair that ever happened. I had heard so much about dinners a deux that I was dying for the experience. I thought it would be something exhilarating, but I guess Dick isn't such a devil as he is reputed to be. He didn't even ask me to have a cocktail before dinner. I can't see anything risky about a dinner a deux in a dining-room with people all around you, and not even a screen in sight. I told Dick so and he said that he would go up-stairs next time. I should imagine that would be better. When he takes me I'll tell you about it.

Yours affectionately,

Marie.

October 8, 1901.

Dear Lil: Well I've had another one of those dinners with Dick. We went upstairs just over the dining-room where we dined last week. There was only one table in the room, so we had it all to ourselves. I like it much better that way. And I had a cocktail and some wine; not that ordinary red but the sparkling stuff that makes you feel like singing and doing all sorts of things. And Dick kissed me and I kissed Dick. Now I suppose Jane would call that sort of a dinner disgraceful, but it isn't even naughty. We just had a rollicking good time. I remarked to Dick that it was wonderful what a difference just one floor made in a French dinner, and he laughed and said that that was as good a bon mot as he had ever heard. He told me too that while one floor made a difference, two floors made a bigger one. I thought of what he said after leaving the restaurant and asked him what he meant. He said I'd understand by dining on the next floor above the next time. So I insisted upon being taken to the next floor next week. Nothing like experience, is there, dear? I'll tell you all about the next dinner.

Yours affectionately,

Marie.

October 17, 1901.

Dear Lil: Haven't a thing to tell you. I know I bored you telling about my dinners with Dick, so I'll not pursue the subject. Dick and I are beginning to understand each other more and more every day. He is a charming fellow. Some day I may let you see him.

Yours affectionately

Marie.

The Chronicler.

The Horseless Carriage

Gunner Charles Morgan, who has been before the public for some time owing to the objection of Admiral Sampson to his promotion, is an enthusiastic automobilist. He can be seen almost every Sunday in Golden Gate park with friends enjoying himself in his Locomobile.

Baron L. L De Pedroni of Milan, Italy, an enthusiastic automobilist and the owner of several styles of gasoline and steam carriages, was seen riding in Golden Gate Park on Sunday last in a handsomely built Locomobile surrey.

Dr. Henry Barbat, the well known physician of this city, has lately joined the ranks of automobilists and can be seen making his round of calls in his new Locomobile.

Miss Helen Kelleher, the clever lecturer on California, was seen in the Presidio grounds on Wednesday last with a party of friends enjoying a drive in a Locomobile surrey.

The Chauffeur.



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Music World

Durand's Mass in G will be sung tomorrow at St. Mary the Virgin, Steiner and Union. At the offertory, Mr. Rosekrans will sing Millard's "Ave Verum." Mrs. W. A. Taaffe, the soprano, sang Tosti's Prayer in D, last Sunday, in place of the above "Ave Verum," necessarily omitted. It was rendered with splendid strength and fervor. At vespers tomorrow the newly arranged "O Salutaris" of Mozart and the "Tantum Ergo" of Mr. Pratt will be repeated.

The Week's Concerts

Two concerts occurred on Tuesday of this week. The first, given in the afternoon, was the autumn program given by the pupils of Mrs. Marriner Campbell before the California club and embraced many lovely features characteristic of the subject. Among other things were appropriate excerpts from the "Persian Garden." The stage was decorated beautifully in autumn leaves and Tokay grapes making a lovely setting for the subject represented. It was a most enjoyable afternoon. The work will be more thoroughly reviewed next week.

That of Harry Wood Brown, the young baritone, who received a testimonial concert the same evening will also receive a review in the next issue. Mr. Brown is one of our young singers and has taken part quite often in public affairs. The concerts of the Orpheus concert company and the Loring club, both on Thursday evening, occurred too late in the week for more than mention in this issue.

Miss Sandy's Recital

The piano recital by Miss Nora Sandy will take place on November seventh in Sherman-Clay hall. Miss Sandy is but a young girl of fourteen and plays remarkably well for her years. I have heard part of her solo work which she is to give at her concert, and find her technic clean and correct and her interpretation exceedingly good. She plays the "Rondo in G," Beethoven, and the "Fantasie" in C Major, Haydn, in a style of which her teacher, Signor Martinez, may feel justly proud. She will also render Lysberg's "Fontaine," and the "Rondo Capriccioso," Mendelssohn. Miss Sandy will be assisted at the concert by Miss Katherine Black, D. Manlloyd, Mr. S. J. Sandy, R. La Raja, L. von der Mehden Jr,, and Signor Martinez.

The Author of "Cavalleria"

It is odd how "Cavalleria" still continues to magnetize large audiences. The intermezzo is now familiar music to the masses. Mascagni, the composer, well knew how to write for the people, for he was one of them. He was the son of a baker of Livorno, Italy, and his father intended him to become a lawyer and had him educated for the bar. But unknown to his father the young man became a pupil at the Instituto Luigi Cherubini under Alfedro Soffredini. When Mascagni senior learned of this he was enraged, but Pietro's uncle and the instructor persuaded the old gentleman to allow him to continue his studies. A score for Schiller's cantata, "Alla Giogo," brought him under the notice of Count F. de Larderel, who offered to pay his expenses for a time at the Milan Conservatorio. Here he studied and worked hard for months and them, somewhat disheartened, he went on the road as conductor of an orchestra in a barn-storming opera company, which soon stranded. He joined another company with the same result, and he was left in Naples without means and ill. A young woman nursed him through a violent fever and restored him to health. They fell in love and were married. Mascagni joined another opera and again ran against financial rocks and was wrecked. At Cerignola he and his wife remained and the young musician was given work as a teacher, earning a scanty living. At Cerignola Pietro saw in a newspaper the offer of Sonzogno, the famous impresario and publisher of Milan, of a prize for the composition of the best one-act opera. He lost no time, but wrote at once to his old chum, Targioni-Tozzetti: "For God's sake, send me a good libretto." His enthusiasm caught Tozzetti, who consulted his friend Menasci, a lawyer, and the two wrote the libretto of "Cavalleria Rusticana" which was first produced May 17, 1890, at the Great Roman Opera House, and which has made the fortunes of the composer and librettist.

"Old English" style of engraving increases in favor not only for calling cards but for invitations as well. Messrs. Cooper & Co., the Art Stationers, make a specialty of this style.

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R. B. MILROY, Secretary.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of Robert Rawson Grayson, sometimes known as Robert R. Grayson, also known as R. R Grayson, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Eugene Lent, Executor of the last will and testament of said deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executor at the office of William F. Humphrey, Room 167 Crocker Building, San Francisco, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

EUGENE LENT
Executor of the last will and testament of Robert Rawson Grayson, sometimes known as Robert R. Grayson also known as R. R. Grayson, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, Oct. 18, 1901
William F Humphrey, Attorney for said Executor
Room 167 Crocker Building, San Francisco, Cal.

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Lillian Nordica, who made such a splendid impression last year with the Grau company, will not appear with that band of artists this year, but will come hither in February, when she will give six song recitals under the direction of Bouvier and Greenbaum. The dates have not been positively decided on, nor the place where the concerts are to be given. The concerts themselves are, however, an assured fact, and the announcement will be greeted with pleasure by the many who enthused over the illustrious diva last year.

In Chicago on the 13th instant occurred the death of the father of Fannie Bloomfield Ziesler, the talented pianiste. He was ill but a short time.

A Genuine Prodigy

Manager Friedlander has undertaken the coming tour of little Enid Brandt, for the coming season. At the child's opening recital she will play entirely from memory the thirty pages of Weber's Concertstuecke which she renders in a marvelous manner even though her extreme youth were not considered. It is a composition hitherto played by the

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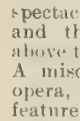
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greatest artists alone and a tremendous undertaking for such a baby. It is to be given with full orchestral accompaniment of fifty pieces. In her concerts of last year Enid Brandt created an impression of wonderment and surprise by the technical difficulties she overcame and the mature interpretation she gave everything she played, and her improvement in the year that has intervened is said to be almost beyond belief. Enid will give this season six piano recitals, commencing Tuesday evening November fifth and continuing for three weeks from that time, every Tuesday evening and Saturday afternoon. It has been said by those who have heard all the child wonders that have appeared in the musical firmament, that Enid Brandt is the most remarkable prodigy of them all. She is declared to be far and away greater than Josef Hoffman was at her age, and that there is no child pianist living who can compete with her today. The little child played at the tender age of two and one-half years, and before her third year had a repertoire of classical selections and popular airs that astonished all who heard her. Even at the age of two years she played from memory the second melody in Chopin's Funeral March. Her memory is wonderful. She never forgets a melody once heard, and she reproduces anything she hears, interwoven with beautiful harmonies of her own. She will embrace in her program the works of the most eminent composers and will present not less than thirty of the most difficult compositions from memory in three concerts. She will also give some of her own compositions and her astonishing exhibition of musical telegraphy which she introduced last year, Without the aid of a musical instrument she will sing any note asked for, and with her back turned to the piano will name any number of chords or discords of any number of notes, even though there were twenty in the combination. Her muscles are developed to an enormous extent for one of her age owing to the regularity with which she has practiced and the method she has studied, for this baby studies everything she plays with a maturity of intelligence born of her intense love of her art. Little Enid is not alone well equipped technically, but she has the soul of the true artist and her sense of rhythm, delightful phrasing and perfect tempo are so finished that even Paderewski, De Pachman and Rosenthal were surprised at her performance. De Kontski insisted on being taken with her in photograph when she was but two years of age, saying he wished to go down to posterity with her, as she was bound to become something wonderful. The sale of seats is now on at Sherman, Clay & Co's.

The Spectre Knight

Alfred Cellier's comic opera "The Spectre Knight" was presented last week by the reorganized San Francisco Operatic Society, with the following cast: Grand Duke, A. F. Schleicher; Lord Chamberlain, E. M. Moore; Otho, another Grand Duke, and Spectre Knight, Harry Wood Brown; First Lady-in-Waiting, Miss E. Rutherford; Second Lady-in-Waiting, Mrs. Emily Parent; Viola, Mrs. Alvina Heuer Willson. Mrs. Willson sang and acted the role of Viola, the heroine, with fine effect, and Mr. Brown in the title role did some remarkably good work. The others were all excellent, and the concerted numbers were especially well sung. The ghosts' ballet was an amusing feature. All spectacular effects were cleverly managed and the scenic accessories were far above the average amateur performance. A miscellaneous program preceded the opera, in which a particularly fine feature was the playing of the Welch sisters, Mary, Alma and Grace.



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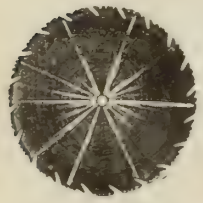
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Apropos of Salaries

It is not long since that the papers were full of the success of Isabelle Gilman, the talented California girl, a native of Sacramento, who has won her way to success with a good voice and strong determination. She is now under a salary of five hundred dollars a week. In strong contrast to this comes a reprint from the London *Times* in the *Musical Courier* which gives the following interesting facts: "The London *Times* publishes every morning a reprint of its items, published exactly one hundred years ago. On October 7, 1901, it published the following from its issue of October 7, 1801: "Theatricals.—In the year 1728 Miss Fenton, one of the most admired singers of her time and afterwards Duchess of Bolton, thought herself greatly flattered by Rich, the manager, who gave her a salary of *thirty shillings* a week, amounting to about forty-five pounds for the season! In 1801 a singer is thought worthy of the arbitration between two rival manson, and a clear benefit. In the year 1901 a New York manager pays one of his singers £20,000 or $100,000 for an American season."

The Second Blanchard Recital

Mrs. Blanchard's second concert, which took place on Saturday afternoon last, deepened the impression made by her first. Her work is clean, artistic and thoroughly satisfactory. She is the ideal singer of lieder and interprets her subject with refinement and delicacy of phrasing that are refreshing. Two old French songs, "Margoton" and "Viens Aurore," were charming in their dainty conception. Wiegenlied, Brahms, was an excellent number, strong and impressive in its light and shade. "An Irish Mother's Lullaby," Margaret Lang, and "Who'll Buy My Lavender?" German, showed the sweetness of her upper tones and the evenness of the middle register, where Mrs. Blanchard's best points lie. It is a voice that is a decided acquisition to the local musical world.

The Sacramento Saturday club gave its first concert of the season last Saturday, "Artists' day." The club made this a red-letter day. It has engaged some very fine outside talent for these special-days. The numbers on this first program were furnished by Mrs. C.. J. Wetmore, contralto, and Louis von der Mehden Jr., selected from Foote, Lynes, Nevin, Wekerlin, Tschaikowski, d'Hardelot, Godard, Old French, Chadwick, Cowen, Tours, for the vocal part, and the cello numbers from Bach, Popper, Golterman, Klengel and Vogrich.

Miss Fern Frost, a piano pupil of Elizabeth Westgate, gave an invitation recital of some of her pupils last Saturday afternoon. Quite a large number of pupils participated in a very creditable and well-chosen program. They were assisted by Fred Seiffert, a pupil of Alexander Stewart on the violin.

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World of Letters

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"What is that which I should turn to, lighting upon days like these?
Every door is barred with gold, and opens but to golden keys.
Locksley Hall.

"Days Like These" is a picture of New York life, or rather, one should say, two pictures, since it gives us a view of the high lights of society and the dwellers in the tenement district Rose Cavendish, assistant forewoman in one of the less prominent department stores, inherits an enormous fortune from an uncle who has been at outs with her mother, his sister, and being possessed of a presentable name and good manners, not to mention a beautiful face and perfect form, she is launched into society, where she makes an immediate success. With an income of some six hundred thousand dollars annually, that is little to be wondered at, though one must admit that Rose deserves her good fortune, since she remains unspoiled in spite of the adulation of society and the worship of her wealth, and marries a comparatively poor lawyer who has managed her vast estate when she might have taken an English duke and his encumbered estate. Incidentally we are kept in mind of Kipling's couplet with reference to the similarity to be observed between "The Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady," for at one extreme there is the Maxwell family, the mother and two daughters, leaders of their social set, who on finding at the death of Mr. Maxwell that their income has come down from fifty thousand to five thousand, determine that at all hazards they must maintain their former position, and to that end the son is sacrificed and every cent of his salary devoted to the keeping up of appearances. At the other extreme is Mrs. Trout, mother of Percival, floorwalker in the same establishment in which the heiress was formerly employed, who spends her time in perusing sentimental novels, while Percy provides maintenance for her and several minor Trouts, and does the housekeeping nights and mornings with such assistance as he can get from a young brother. Petie Foster, of social rank, has no visible means of support but the tips he gets from his grandmother and what he clears on bets and horse trades, while Foley and Cairns of the slums pick up a precarious living from forced levies on Jack-ashore or any other incautious individual who comes their way. Neill Mulgrave, district leader, saloon-keeper, and disreputable scoundrel, differs in little save lack of outward polish from *The* Mallory, to whom all heads in society must bow. The Worthingtons represent the element who have inherited wealth which they never could have inherited in any other way, and who are therefore afraid to spend. The Maxwells having inherited position without wealth, hang on by tooth and nail and uphold the old traditions. Sterne, the Western millionaire, who married into the Maxwell family, is a different example of the new rich, with breezy Western slang and a young daughter whose education he has undertaken himself with the usual results; and the Fosters and Van Ness' represent the artistic and somewhat bohemian circle who cannot be ignored

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in spite of their short supply of coin of the realm. Mr. Garnett is a type of another class, the wealthy widower owned by his son and daughter, and narrowly watched by each lest the other should secure an advantage. It would seem as though one who knew New York society could name each of these characters. We have side glimpses of how the petty thief is made and how the petty criminal is protected; how the political ward leader is made, and how he is "turned down;" and what an enormous power is his in the day of his exaltation; how social and political blackmail are levied, and how many other things are managed when one has the golden key to the situation. There are some excellent bits of description in this book, notably that which serves to introduce it, the outpouring of the workers from office, shop and factory in the late afternoon of an August day. While "Days Like These" is far from being a masterpiece it is none the less an interesting story and infinitely better worth attention than the host of poorly constructed, pseudo-historical romances, all as much alike as lengths of stovepipe. It is to be hoped that Mr. Townend will give us more of the same sort. [Harper Brothers, Publishers, New York.]

A Book of Adventure

In writing "The Crystal Sceptre" Philip Verrill Mighels has shown that he is possessed of a lively and original capacity for imagining strange adventures and episodes. He wastes no time in preliminary sparring, but drops his hero from a balloon and lets him land on an unknown island in the midst of a tribe of Missing Links and with nothing but the clothes he wears and a knife. The clothes are promptly appropriated by the females of the tribe, and the solitary man is left to his own devices, in a more forlorn and helpless condition than Robinson Crusoe, the Swiss Family Robinson or any other of the classic castaways, since they had tools in abundance, fire arms and other civilized conveniences and had but to turn these to account and accustom themselves to unwonted occupations. John Nevers is an American, and with the adaptability of his race and countrymen, he soon puts himself at the head of the tribe of Links and leads them in successful warfare against another tribe of the same race, black in color, and apparently hereditary enemies. He succeeds in teaching his own tribe some of the simpler arts, such as making bows and arrows and shooting with them, instead of depending on hand to hand encounters with stone clubs. Under his guidance they establish their camp on the summit of a hill which they rudely fortify, and having succeeded in manufacturing a supply of gun-powder from the crude materials of which there is abundance to be had, and using his explosive to annihilate a war party of the opposing tribe which has besieged them in their stronghold, he is made chief in name as well as in fact, by the presentation of the crystal sceptre, the weapon and badge of office of the old chief. This is a very small part of what befel the adventurer, whose exciting explorations rival those of Rider Haggard's heroes and whose discoveries of hidden treasure and the secret processes of of nature recall Verne's "Journey to the Centre of the Earth." To those who enjoy these flights of imagination "The Crystal Sceptre" will prove of thrilling interest. It is a pity that Mr. Mighel has not seen fit to give more attention to his grammar and structure. In style he descends from the familiar and colloquial to the frankly slangy, but we can almost forgive him the number of times his hero has "run the gauntlet" in view of the fact that he always "dived" where he might have been made to have "dove." The fathers of growing families of active boys would be grateful to Mr. Mighels if he would initiate them into the secret by which a single pair of ordinary leather shoes was made to withstand the wear and tear of so much rough usage. [R. F. Fenno & Co.]

An "Improbable" Incident

The "Easy Chair" in *Harper's* Magazine for October contains a somewhat lengthy but just and appreciative discussion of Frank Norris "Octopus." The incident of the smothering of S. Behrman, chief prosecutor of the ranchmen, in the hold of a ship, in the wheat which he had wrested from the farmers, is characterized as "a bit of the melodrama towards which Mr. Norris dangerously trends in his hours of triumph." Viewed as a righteous retribution to Behrman, the incident may be melodramatic and improbable enough to suit the gallery gods of a south-side theatre, but it is a part of probability that many improbable things will happen. It is only a few years ago that the captain of a vessel loading with grain at Port Costa went into the hold to inspect the progress of the work and lost his life in precisely the way that Mr. Norris has seen fit to dispose of the obnoxious railroad agent. "The Octopus" has met with high favor in England, where the author is complimented on having written a book for men rather than women.

—*The Bookworm*

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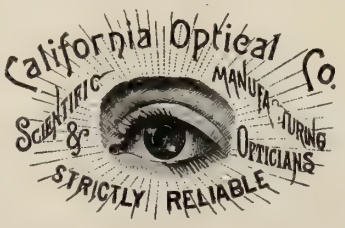
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(See Page 19)

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Capital actually paid up in Cash	1,000,000.95
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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, November 9, 1901

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Pay no money to persons representing themselves to be connected with TOWN TALK unless a written authority to receipt for the same is shown and accept no receipt unless it be on our printed blanks.

OUR OPINION

Now for Schmitz

Mr. Eugene Schmitz, the accomplished fiddler, is not such a joke after all. The people have taken him seriously and elected him to the high office of Mayor of San Francisco. TOWN TALK opposed the candidacy of Mr. Schmitz, not because we feared he would make a bad Mayor, but because of the principle upon which his candidacy was based. As the representative of a class his candidacy was in violation of the spirit of the Constitution. But this is a government by the people. Mr. Schmitz is the choice of the people, and we should be satisfied with the result of the election. We might have fared worse. The Union Labor party might have selected a less worthy man as its representative. The result would no doubt have been the same. This is a freak year and the nominees of the regular parties were destined to defeat. Unfortunate indeed would it have been if some rabid crank had been elected Mayor of San Francisco. Mr. Schmitz is not one of the ultra-demagogic herd. He is a sensible, hard-headed man of a conservative nature and he is not likely to do anything sensational or freakish. There is no occasion for alarm. Even though Mr. Schmitz should be inclined to cut a swath, and occasion uneasiness in business circles, he would soon find that he was not possessed of unlimited power. A good conservative Board of Supervisors has been elected and it should be able to hold a sensational Mayor in check. Of course he has the appointment of certain commissioners, and that is a circumstance not to be greatly deplored. The people should be glad to lose some of the men on the commissions. It is even possible for Mr. Schmitz to get rid of some whose terms do not expire in the next two years, and there are a few whose loss will not be mourned. So after all we should not be greatly depressed over the election of the baton-wielder. He may not prove such a calamity as some people imagined he would. Even though he should decide to open the town a little wider, as he promised during the campaign to do, he will not be execrated by those that voted for him. He was not elected for the purpose of reforming the city. The present is a reform Administration, and it is a good one of its kind. But the people evidently have not been greatly enthused over it. While they like to have the affairs of government administered honestly they also like to be in touch with those that are engaged in administering. They do not admire a kid-gloved government. The Walter Martins, the Casserlys, the Newhalls, the Wallaces, the Mansons and Mendells and all the rest of them are nice, clean men but it is difficult to see them without a telescope.

Where Reform Should Begin

Notwithstanding all that is said in the abstract on the necessity for diminishing the number of divorces, it is evident that any measure directly attempting to limit judicial separations is bound to raise a chorus of protest from pulpit and pew, from lawyer as well as layman. It is claimed that divorce, however easily obtained, is better than continuance in the marriage relation after either desires freedom, and both law and gospel are freely called upon in the maintenance of the argument. Divorce is made shamefully easy, but marriage is equally easy. Any couple, old or young, may present themselves before minister or magistrate, armed with a license, and demand to be made one, and the ceremony is performed without question. Indeed it would be of little use for inquiry to be made, since it would be a simple matter to find some more complacent official who would pocket the fee and concern himself with nothing more. There may be another wife or husband in the background, a convict's record or an absolute lack of either means or intention to provide for the support of the wife, but that does not stand in the way of the marriage. Apparently it concerns no one. We have had a number of cases in which ministers have been called upon to marry young people who afterward applied for divorce on the ground that they had never intended to remain together; it was all for fun, and giddy girls have seemed to think that because they had giggled and gurgled all through the ceremony it was a mitigating circumstance which should have made divorce the easier. This business of slipping out to see a companion for an hour or two, and dropping in on a minister on the way home, or of going to Oakland for an afternoon and coming home married should not be treated lightly. If seven-tenths of the marriages are dissolved by divorce, then seven-tenths of the marriages should never have taken place, and the next best thing to do is to find some means of protecting society from the action of young fools who either do not know their own minds or have no minds to know. The publication of the names of those who apply for marriage licenses is a short step in the right direction, but as no interval is necessary between

the granting of the license and the performance of the marriage ceremony, there is often no opportuuity for lodging information or protest which would prevent the marriage. It could not work a great or serious hardship if some public notice of intention were demanded and some decent interval required to elapse. The Catholic church still adheres to the publication of the banns and though it might not happen one time in a million that any objection could be entered, the fact that the opportunity for public protest is afforded may act as a deterrent upon those that should be restrained. While people can marry as readily as they can take cold, easy divorce is bound to follow. It might be well to look to the entrance as well as the exit.

What Shall We do with our Girls?

It is only a few years since the question, "What Shall We do with Our Boys?" was the all-absorbing one, and the politician, the preacher and the editor found each his inspiration in trying to suggest a solution of the problem. No account was taken of the girls and any suggestion on their behalf was turned aside. The boys would marry them, so in taking care of the youthful males, the girls were being equally provided for. But the boys have not married the girls if we are to place credence in the complaints of the clergy that marriage is falling off. The girls have taken a hand in the matter of providing for themselves in a manner not expected by the reverend sages who thought them too insignificant to count. Little by little, they have edged into one occupation after another,until now, the female clerk, stenographer, typewriter and office attendant has all but supplanted her brother. The sales-woman and the cash-girl are in evidence in every shop, and there is no trade or profession, in which physical strength is not the first consideration, where girls cannot be found serving an apprenticeship. We have even had sporadic cases of the girl blacksmith. Some of the Eastern banks have recently discharged male clerks and cashiers and substituted women, and now the messenger boy finds his position threatened. Complaint used to be made that women and girls made unsatisfactory assistants because they intended merely to tide over the time before marriage, and had no interest in learning their duties thoroughly. But that view is no langer tenable, since on the one hand, it is asserted that self-supporting women refuse to marry, and on the other, it is a certainty that when they do, it is with no intention of laying down their work. Either they continue in store or office without considering for a moment the proposition of foregoing their accustomed salaries, or after a brief vacation they are to be found soliciting the old job. So now it seems that the question, "What Shall We do With Our Girls"? has bobbed into paramount importance. They seem to be able to look after themselves, but in doing so they are making the solution of the query concerning the boys more remote than ever. Surely something ought to be done with our girls. They have become altogether too strenuous.

An Impending Shake-up

President Roosevelt abhors the beaten path. Having the courage of his convictions he is always ready to hew his own way along. He does not fear to rush in where others have not dared to venture. When he contends that the old way is the wrong way he proceeds to create a new way. Hence the tax-eaters of Washington, D. C. are becoming uneasy. They are filled with misgivings, because it has already become pretty generally understood that the Rough Rider President is preparing to ride rough shod over many of the old customs which his predecessors were wont to respect on account of their age. There is to be a shaking up of the dry bones in the various departments of the Federal government. Abuses of all sorts have been growing in Washington for many years, and there is abundant room for reform. Our Presidents have been reluctant to interfere because even the President of the United States sometimes deems it expedient to treat with deference those who have become fixtures in high official circles. But it is evident that Teddy Roosevelt intends to be the Chief Magistrate of this country in an aggressive and dignified way. He may have pet measures to put through Congress, but he will not seek to wheedle them through. Recent advices from Washington hint that the President contemplates a raid on the beaureaucracy. The beaureaucrats constitute the most powerful and dangerous element in official circles. They manipulate the affairs of government, and have been for many years very active in directing the policy of the nation. The army and the navy are controlled by them, and it was due to their machination that Admiral Schley was turned upon the grill. They started the Sampson boom and were behind the persecution of Schley. Many of them are naval officers who are holding clerical positions and there is now a prospect of their being sent to sea where they belong, and where they cannot do much mischief. President Roosevelt will create a big sensation if he breaks up this coterie of schemers, but Roosevelt does not fear to figure in a sensation.

A Remarkable Pulpit Announcement

The most remarkable announcement ever made from a pulpit was uttered by Rev. Father Freiden in St. Ignatius church last Sunday morning. It was too remarkable to be permitted to pass without comment. It was an announcement to the effect that the church having paid off its indebtedness was no longer in need of the cooperation of the Ignatian Society which was organized two years ago to raise money, and that therefore the society should be dissolved. Whoever

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heard of a church not being in need of money and proclaiming the fact? In this age of religious scepticism, an age which has developed the widespread complaint that the church is losing its grip on the people, that soul-salvation no longer concerns the multitude, and that there is growing apathy in matters pertaining to spiritual welfare, the announcement of Father Freiden is not without significance. Evidently there is one church which has no occasion to complain of empty pews. The Jesuits have not lost their hold on the people, and they are not intent upon getting "all the traffic will bear." They have often been charged by their enemies with being mercenary, but here is a branch of the order which announces to its flock that having paid off its indebtedness it wishes to discontinue the collection of subscriptions.

The Saunterer

Why McKinstry Lost his Job

The death of Judge Elisha W. McKinstry the other day revived recollection of the dismissal of that highly esteemed member of the bar from the position of dean of Hastings' Law College. The dailies related that his dismissal was very much regretted by the students, by whom he was idolized, but nothing was said of the incident that was supposed to have led up to his removal or of the ill-feeling it engendered. Judge McKinstry always believed that if he had never become the attorney for the Barron estate he would never have been asked to resign his professorship in the law college. The will of Edward Barron had been in the safe-keeping of the firm of Pillsbury, Blanding & Hayne, and that firm had looked forward for a long time to the pleasure of probating the instrument. It was regarded as one of the plums of the office, and a nice fat asset which could be safely relied upon to produce a handsome fee.

The Umbrella Incident

When Edward Barron, the capitalist, died, the law partners who had been felicitating one another on the prospect of handling the big estate were filled with disappointment, for the widow retained Judge McKinstry the dean of the Hastings Law College as her attorney. It was about that time that the trustees of the college reached the conclusion that Judge McKinstry should give his entire attention to his pedagogical duties and not interfere with the practice of other attorneys. As attorney Hayne of the firm of Pillsbury, Blanding & Hayne was one of the trustees, Judge McKinstry didn't have much of a chance to hold his job. Justices Beatty and Harrison of the Supreme court were also trustees and they agreed with Hayne that McKinstry should either resign or give all his attention to the law college. Judge McKinstry always believed that he had been conspired against, and he regarded the trustees with contempt ever afterwards. One day Hayne addressed McKinstry on the street, and the old gentleman struck him across the face with an umbrella.

He Wrote the Sharon Decision

Judge McKinstry figured in another street scene many years ago. On that occasion he appeared in the role of the assaulted. His assailant was Jerome B. Cox, the man that killed millionaire Charles McLaughlin. Judge McKinstry wrote the opinion of the Supreme court reversing the judgment of the lower court in favor of Cox, and it was that decision I believe, which provoked the murder of McLaughlin. McKinstry's opinions are regarded as the best that were ever written on the Supreme Bench of this State. They were characterized by clarity of reasoning and vigor of expression. He, by the way, was the author of the opinion of the court sustaining Judge Sullivan in the Sharon case That was on the appeal from the judgment based on the finding that there had been a marriage.

Hearst wasn't Expelled

The Prince and his brother-in-law lost their fight. When they lined up their forces at the Pacific Union club last Friday to swat William Hearst and banish him forever from the gilded home of the millionaires, they couldn't count more than seven noses. There were about one hundred and fifty on hand to vote in favor of sustaining the action of the board of directors. All the hundred and fifty were not champions of Mr. Hearst. Many of them were opposed to the proposition to expel him, purely on constitutional grounds. Some of them expressed their disapproval of the Hearst style of journalism but they contended that it would establish a bad precedent to fire a man merely because he had conducted his business in a manner that displeased some of the members of his club. It was even argued that a newspaper proprietor had the right to caricature and criticise his fellow members in the columns of his paper without incurring the risk of losing his membership. Reference was made by Robert Y. Hayne to the fact that Mr. Spreckels did not always protect Pacific Union club men, but Mr. Hayne was promptly called down by his old partner, Mr. Pillsbury, who was in the chair, and who objected to personalities.

He's a Good Loser

Prince Poniatowski and Will Crocker appeared to be surprised to learn that the Pacific-Union club did not have power to curtail the freedom of the press. But then the Prince shouldn't care much, for if his friends are to be believed, he doesn't need protection from his club. During the race-track war it was re-

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ported that he had sent a most threatening message to a certain newspaper proprietor, and that it had the desired effect. Besides being a brave man the Prince is a good loser. He lost the race-track fight and now he has lost the anti-Hearst fight and he isn't saying much about either.

A Yellow Dinner

Saturday night Mr. Hearst was apotheosized as the great exponent of yellow journalism by the members of the *Examiner* staff. They wined and dined him at the Palace hotel. It was a yellow dinner, and was a splendid affair. Not long ago "yellow journalism" was regarded in all newspaper offices as a term of reproach. The deciples of Hearst have adopted it as the slogan of advanced journalism. The table decorations at the yellow dinner were safron-hued throughout. Yellow chrysanthemums were in abundance, and one huge yellow bouquet was placed directly in front of the guest of honor. There were eighty-five employes of the *Examiner* at the dinner. The only speeches made were those of Ned Hamilton, who presented Mr. Hearst with a magnificent loving cup in behalf of the *Examiner* employes, and of the High Priest of yellow journalism in accepting the testimonial. Mr. Hearst made a rattling good pro-yellow journalism speech, and he aroused great enthusiasm by declaring that he would rather have one good friend in California than a thousand in any other part of the world.

Methods of the McKenzie Ring

The more one hears of the proceedings in the court of Judge Noyes in Nome, the greater grows the surprise over that autocratic jurist's escape from the mining country with an unpunctured hide. The case of George Allen is one that illustrates the peculiar phases of justice in the far North. Allen is the son of ex-United States Senator John B. Allen of Seattle. He went to Nome in the employ of William Fink, the attorney for the Pioneer Mining company which was struggling against the conspiracy of the Federal ring headed by the arch-conspirator, Alexander McKenzie, to get control of all the valuable claims in the district and to release them for a consideration. Allen's duties were to shadow McKenzie and to take an inventory of all the gold taken from claims worked under the receivership. He came into possession of some interesting facts which, if exploited in court would have made it unpleasant for McKenzie and his co-conspirators. So the ring undertook to get rid of him. First he was arrested for vagrancy and then for carrying dangerous weapons, and when released, a charge of robbery was trumped up. Though he established an alibi, he was convicted and sentenced to fifteen years imprisonment. Other men possessed of information which made Allen persona non grata to the ring were driven out of the country.

Investing Nome Gold

Seattle is enjoying another real estate boom. This time it is due to the generosity of Jafet Lindberg, the Nome millionaire. My Seattle correspondent writes me that he has been loading up on suburban residence lots at metropolitan prices, greatly to the joy and profit of the real estate sharks. Lindberg went to Seattle as a sailor on a whaling schooner. Not liking the treatment he received he deserted with two companions, went prospecting for gold, discovered Nome and staked out the richest creeks. The three sailors are now millionaires

An Episode in a Seminary

From Portland comes the story of an episode in a seminary which had a most unfortunate climax. St. Helen's Hall is the chaste name of this college for young women. It appears that it is customary for the fair collegians to keep nocturnal trysts outside the seminary walls, and that they utilize a freight elevator to escape the vigilance of the matrons. One night recently the occupants of the elevator on one of its surreptitious trips were Miss Charity Ankeny, daughter of Levy Ankeny, the millionaire banker of Walla Walla and perennial candidate for United States Senator, Miss Ruth Anderson, daughter of. R J. Anderson a San Francisco mining man, and Miss Rita St. Clair of Skagway, Alaska. The three girls, on this occasion were detected by a member of the faculty and in their excitement lost control of the elevator which fell from the third floor to the basement. Miss Ankeney and Miss Anderson suffered severe fractures of ankle bones. Miss St. Clair was uninjured.

Just a Little Dance

What a difference there is between the Charity Ball of San Francisco and the Charity Ball of New York! In the great metropolis, the annual Charity Ball is as important a function as the Horse Show. Cards are hard to obtain and only the very elect attends. We have hard work to make a charity ball go at all here. I remember some given in previous seasons at which so few men could be mustered that the girls had to dance with one another. The girls present at the charity ball that was pulled off on Tuesday night in Golden Gate hall were not driven to this expedient, for there were more than the average of dancing men in attendance. But after all, the charity ball was not a brilliant affair. I should call it a pretty little dance, rather. Some of the dancers only stayed for a deux temps or so, and then moved on up town to the hall where Miss Dunham's ball in honor of her visitor from Texas was in progress. Miss Dunham, by the way, intends to entertain largely this winter. She likes to give large functions, and as she has the necessary tact with the addition of the just as necessary wealth she should be a success.

If you want a GOOD drink, call for GILT EDGE WHISKEY, for there is NONE better. WICHMAN, LUTGEN & CO., Sole Proprietors, S. F.

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When Connie Was a Dancer

Anent my reference to Connie Gilchrist last week, a correspondent, who evidently has a large fund of information concerning alliances between representatives of the British nobility and stage divinities, writes me that the career of that young woman would supply material enough for a big novel. "Connie", he writes, "was one of the prettiest girls that ever danced on the Gaiety stage. She was London born and bred, but her debut was accomplished at Bedford music hall in Camden town. She was a curly-headed, bright-eyed little thing and her specialty was a skipping-rope dance. One night Hollingshead of the Gaiety theatre, London, dropped in at the fourth-rate music-hall, saw Connie and immediately made her an offer to join his company. She accepted and became the associate of Nellie Farren and Leslie, the Gaiety idols One of the front-row habitues, the Duke of Beaufort, who was about sixty years of age and a notorious roue, fell in love with Connie and installed her in a smart Hampstead mansion, later supplementing his generosity by the gift of an elegant house in Manchester street.

How Connie Hooked a Duke

"Beaufort took his chere amie everywhere and through him she became acquainted with all the gay young men about town. Among them was the Earl of Orkney, then about twenty-four years of age. Connie, about five years the senior and considerably wiser than the young Earl, laid the wires carefully and soon trapped her game. Their marriage is still remembered as a very swell affair, in All Souls' church, the old Duke of Beaufort giving the bride away. He was still very fond of Connie, whom he had taken from the stage and given every opportunity for improvement. She was, at the time of her marriage, considered one of the most dashing equestriennes in London. Of quiet manner, one would not have fancied her a woman with a scarred past. There used to be a standing joke in England:

"'What does K. G. mean after the Duke of Beaufort's name?'

"'Oh, K. G. stands for Konnie Gilchrist, of course.'

Others That Captured Titles

"Connie Gilchrist was not the first, though she was the most talked about, music-hall singer to marry into the Peerage. Louisa Brunton became the Countess of Craven. Kitty Stevens married the Earl of Essex; Lavinia Fenton, the Duke of Bolton. Nellie Farren of the Gaiety wedded the Earl of Derby and Maria Foote became the Countess of Harrington. Mrs. Mellon easily captured the Duke of St. Albans. Belle Bilton, who married Clancarty, was mentioned last week as a perfect success as a wife. Dollie Tester married the Marquis of Ailesbury and Lily Ernest became Lady Mansel. Miss Fortescue, who sold her right to figure in the Peerage, for ten thousand pounds, is still remembered. Phyllis Broughton, another music-hall singer, took two thousand pounds for a similar resignation. But all of these were English or Irish women. May Yohe is the only American singer that ever broke into the titled aristocracy."

Did you say Rye? Then try Jesse Moore Rye—the finest in the world

From Barleycorn Tall Oakes Grew Woozey

Reverend E. W. Oakes, a Baptist minister of Riverside, believes in a strenuous life. He is a tall, finely put-up clergyman, with a magnificent gift of black whiskers, and a sob in his throat that draws to the amen corner at all times. San Francisco has not been favored with his presence lately, but the boys along the line are looking for him. In Los Angeles, a few days ago, he was in the jag tank at the jail. He was found in the Van Nuys hotel, about nine o'clock in the morning, making a vain effort to grab one of the dozen or more hotel registers which were rushing past him. Finally he made his mark on the book. Landlord Potter believed he held the pen in his teeth and sneezed, but in reality someone tried to take the hotel counter away, just as the Reverend Mr. Oakes went to the register, and he had to hold on with both hands and let the pen take care of itself. He did not stay at the Van Nuys. Landlord Potter said nay. The minister charged Potter with changing the position of the front doorway, every time he tried to go out, and congratulated himself on getting the better of Potter by sliding along the wall until he struck an opening.

From Automobile to "Maria"

The Reverend Mr. Oakes rode in an automobile during the rest of the day until about three o'clock. During all this time he had been making a careful study of the liquor curse, and from personal observation had learned that rum of varying qualities, but all intoxicating, was sold all over the city of the angels. The chauffeur finally brought in an account, and the Reverend Mr. Oakes felt so keenly the insistence of the man that he attempted to chastise him. In the patrol wagon, the eloquent preacher delivered an illogical attack on the decalogue, to the cop, and at the police station,where he was charged with being woozy, he quoted the example of Noah and other Biblical characters to show that he had companions in his defense of his condition.

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A Sermon on Booze

"Tsallri,'" he told the sergeant, "zhgood book has shapter bou' Noah an' zhdemonrum. No use resish demon, goin' roun' like roar' lion. Man's fool stan' up 'gainsh such terr'b'l odds. Ol' Noah take sensh'b'l view, Lie ri' down an' led demon walkover 'im." Later it developed that the Reverend Mr. Oakes was subject to severe stomach-aches. Forgetful of the insidiousness of the Fiend—so argued his friends—he had taken a mixture containing some alcoholic component. It did him no good and he had, in his agony, taken more. Some years ago, the handsome minister married a rich woman whom he met at a camp meeting, where he was an earnest worker in the vineyard. Somebody ought to throw out the life-line to Oakes.

Election Reveries

The wise men who can always produce facts and figures to show you how an election is going and why, found that they were somewhat off in their calculations when the returns came in Tuesday evening. Mr. Eugene Schmitz played havoc with facts and figures. But now that it is all over, it is easy to explain how it happened. Mr. Wells was beaten because he was nominated on the presumption that this was a "yellow dog year," and because he talked too freely immediately after he was nominated. Mr. Tobin was beaten because he was suspected of being the representative of those who were responsible for what has been termed the pernicious activity of the police during the recent strike.

'Rah for the Native Sons

The most exultant person in town after the election, I think, was a correspondent of mine who has written to call my attention to the wonderful success of the job-chasers of the N. S. G. W. He writes as follows:

"Have you noticed the splendid showing made by our boys? They stuck together manfully and won all along the line. If you should scan the returns you will find that the native sons did great work The carpet baggers were not in it. California for Californians forever! Here is a list of the successful Native Sons but I am not sure that it is complete: Mayor, Schmitz; treasurer, McDougald; auditor, Baehr; tax collector, Smith; county clerk, Mahoney; district attorney, Byington; coroner, Leland; police judges, Fritz and Conlon; supervisors, Boxton, Wynne, Brandenstein, D'Ancona, Lynch, Curtis and Sanderson."

As I have not a roster of all the parlors I do not know whether my correspondent overlooked any of "our boys." From the showing that has been made it is evident that the Native Sons are very good job-chasers. Even the Y. M. I. never made a better showing. Now is the time to start the Flint boom for Governor.

The Real Aristocracy

We have an aristocracy after all. It is not one which represents mere money, but a real bourbon aristocracy that poverty and ill-fortune cannot down. When it was recorded in the society columns of the dailies last week that Mrs. C. Preston Robinson gave a tea to bring out her debutante daughter, there were not many that knew that she was that dear, white-haired old lady in the dress-making department of Samuels' Lace House and formerly the wife of Crittenden Robinson. She is the sister-in-law of Mrs. John Jarboe and Mrs. Monroe Salisbury. She is a noble, gentlewoman, who has bravely supported and carefully reared her two girls, and it was the older one that made her debut at the tea.

Generaled by Mrs. Salisbury

There is a widespread belief that when you become desperately poor all your friends desert you, and you sink into oblivion. That is not so if you happen to have the blood of the Crittendens, Thorntons and Robinsons in your veins, as this fortunate debutante has. It is the blood of the genuine aristocracy. Judging from the list of those receiving with Mrs. Robinson you might be deluded into the belief that she lived in a stately mansion and had a large rent-roll. Mrs. Salisbury, the leader of the *400*, who is extremely loyal to her friends, as well as to her flesh and blood, was there and she generaled the tea in her own masterful manner. So there is little doubt that Miss Katherine Robinson has just as good a prospect as though she were an heiress.

Some Social History

What a lot of interesting social history could be written around the aristocratic Southern clan, with its numerous branches! Its members have been identified with all that is glorious in the social history of this State. And I am reminded, by the way, of the singular fact that, though the Thorntons were, perhaps, the warmest sympathizers of the Southern cause in this part of the country, the three daughters of Judge James D. Thornton, who was one of the pillars of Dr. Scott's church, married officers of the Union army. I have heard it said that the children used to gather in the garden and cheer for Jeff Davis, and for every Confederate victory. Yet from that home went forth three brides of loyal Union fighters. Gertie Thornton married Commander Glass. Ann Mary Thornton married Lieutenant Todd. She died within a year, and Mrs. Glass also died. The eldest daughter, Lizzie, married Lieutenant (now Admiral) Watson, to whose already illustrious career were added new laurels in the Spanish-American war.

When Olavarovski Proposed

The young generation have not forgotten one of the Thornton sisters—Maggie—who was bright and pretty, and sang with dash and great self-possession. During her brief career in San Francisco society she captured many hearts. And one of the most brilliant matches ever possible to a San Francisco girl was rejected by her parents. Consul Olavarovski, the Rus-

DEWAR'S
SCOTCH WHISKY
HIGH BALL

Small piece of ice in glass, pour whisky over ice and fill glass with syphon or plain water

A Cooling and Delightful Drink

sion representative in this city, was most enthusiastic in his infatuation for the petite blonde. He proposed for her hand and was refused. Later, Maggie Thornton became the bride of Abbott Kinney, of Southern California, who became one of the Yosemite Commissioners. Crittenden Thornton, who married one of the Colton girls, belongs to the Thornton family. His daughter was recently married in Paris to a high dignitary. The Thorntons have always married well. Why not Katherine Robinson of that ilk?

Parsons Still Single

Every once in a while the Burlingame set hears rumors started by some professional knocker concerning George Parsons, who, after residing two years in California, settled a few months ago in a banker's office in New York. A while ago it was whispered that Parsons had to give up his job, and only after several telegrams had been exchanged was the matter cleared and proved not to be true. The latest rumor was to the effect that Parsons had just married the maid of one of the young Burlingame society matrons. This rumor caused inquiry on the part of some of his friends, who could not imagine that such a story would be circulated without foundation. However, to a telegram sent to him in New York, simply stating that the report of his marrying had just reached San Francisco, the following was received: "Not a word of truth in it. Sorry to disappoint. Find me the girl and I shall do my best."

Marie: How did you manage to get so slender; by bathing or by taking a course in physical culture?

Carrie: Neither, I just worried over my stoutness. I worried off a pound of flesh a week.

Josie Mansfield's Career Here

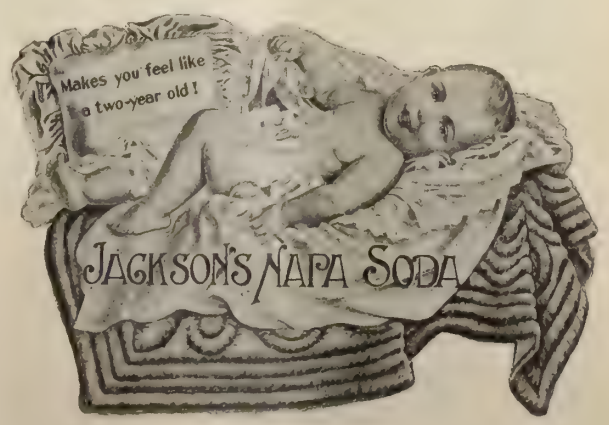
The death of Ed Stokes in the East, last week, closes another chapter in the sensational Fisk-Stokes-Mansfield tragedy of thirty years ago. Hardly any one knows, however, that the woman in the case, the beautiful Josie Mansfield, began her career right here in San Francisco. Major Tom Darling remembers her back in '59 quite well. She was but sixteen years old, but even at that age she gave splendid promise of the voluptuous form and velvety tigress beauty that afterwards made her the most famous woman in New York's gilded set. She betrayed great ignorance, but some years later, through tact gained in associating with people of the world, she contrived to conceal this weakness. She was a veritable Nana, and her arts and wiles not only led to the killing of Fisk, but plunged Jay Gould, Tammany and the Erie financiers into a whirlpool of litigation, scandal and shame. Her career began right after her marriage in this city to Frank Lawler, an actor. She disappeared with her husband on a barnstorming tour that lasted till she separated from him in Boston six years later.

Jim Fisk's Dazzling Rise

Meanwhile, Jim Fisk was working out a devious career amid sinful surroundings in a way to rival the strenuous lives of such financial kings as the first Vanderbilt, Huntington, Carnegie and their like. He was the son of a poor Vermont peddler, and he arose to be one of the money and political powers of New York. All he ever inherited from his father were the sinister traits that marked him through life, great cunning, shrewdness, daring and unscrupulousness. With this capital, before he was twenty, he was "working" Boston, buying legislatures, fixing juries, debauching judges, and driving women madly over every path but the right one. He was the prince of schemers and went after thousands while other crooks plotted for dollars. At the time of Josie Mansfield's marriage in San Francisco he was scheming in Boston to circumvent the government on contracts in the Civil War. His particular crony in the game was Eben Jordan, a pillar of the church. Eben worked the church element and Fisk worked everybody. This saintly Eben had some influence with certain deacons who exercised high powers under the government. Through them the Fisk-Jordan combination was awarded a fat lot of contracts to furnish the Union army with underclothing. They cleared up nearly two millions on their flyer in patriotism. Later on Fiske made a fortune and went to New York, where he became a factor in Wall street.

Bursting of the Storm

One day there boldly entered Fisk's private office an extraordinarily beautiful woman in plain, worn attire. It was Josie Mansfield, flat broke, after an exhausting experience on the stage, where she had met with only failure and worse luck. Fisk was the man of the hour and she had coolly cooked up an old excuse for a chance to meet him alone. Her sensuous beauty did the rest. He built her a palace and surrounded her with every luxury. All sorts of revels were held there, and there, in course of time, among Fisk's other friends, drifted Ed Stokes. The woman and Stokes quickly became infatuated with each other. It was some time before Fisk suspected this; then the great storm burst over the heads of prominent financiers and the innocent families of Stokes and Fisk, for both were married. The men fell out and had each other arrested. Stokes, through Josie Mansfield, got hold of a lot of letters which exposed the incriminating secrets of Fisk and Tammany. Fisk charged them with blackmail and Stokes shot him. Stokes had three trials and was finally sent to Sing Sing for manslaughter. After serving four years he was pardoned, and then he opened the famous Hoffman cafe. Josie Mansfield went to Paris and married Robert L. Reade, a wealthy Minneapolis man. She is now living in obscurity.



An Unnecessary Precaution

A gentleman who recently returned from the East tells an amusing story about a reception recently given by Walter Price at his home in Staten Island to about a score of his friends of the Lambs' club. Price was, not long ago, a reporter in this city, but he is now manager for Laidlaw & Co., the Wall street bankers, at something like ten thousand a year. The day of the reception it suddenly occurred to him that he didn't have beds enough in his home to accommodate all his friends. He told a few of them and they agreed to supply the beds. They hired a truck, drove to a furniture house and rented about a score of beds and sent them to Price's home where they were erected. They filled all the rooms and hallways on the second floor. The reception was such an enjoyable affair that the guests forgot all about the beds until the next day, when they were returning to New York. Nobody had thought of going to bed.

The Wily Political Grafter

"Legislators who have had their votes sold without their knowledge are more numerous than those that have received the money." Such was the remark of an experienced politician the other day, and then he went on to explain the favorite modus operandi of the wily lobbyist. When a measure is before the legislature and it is the subject of a contest, the grafter goes to the man who is trying to pull it through and offers to deliver a certain number of votes. He mentions the name of the men he controls. The man behind the bill expresses doubt as to whether some of those mentioned are purchasable. The grafter proposes that if they don't vote for the bill he will expect nothing, but if they do he will expect a certain stipulated amount. This appears to be fair and is accepted. Then the grafter goes to the man who is engaged in trying to defeat the bill, and offers to deliver the same votes to him on the same terms. If his proposition is accepted he stands to win no matter how the men vote. And that is the way men have their votes sold without their knowledge. It is the way in which members of the legislature who are honest become known as crooks, and it is the way in which thrifty politicians create the impression that they exercise great influence in legislative bodies.

The Prince of Promoters

Major Frank McLaughlin is spending an unusually long time in New York. The Major's friends are beginning to worry about him. The Prince of Promoters, I have been informed, is engineering one of his big financial deals, out of which he expects to clean up about eight hundred thousand dollars. This time he is handling a copper mine. The Major is a king-pin promoter. He can capitalize anything from an electric banjo to a gold mine. A few years ago he had a big deal on with an English syndicate, some valuable Oroville mining property being involved, and he was just about to wind up a transaction that would have netted him over half a million when the slump occurred in African mines, and as a consequence the bottom dropped out of the syndicate.

Have you visited Mrs. Cole, the leading Chiropodist and Manicure at her pretty little office in the Parrott Building? Room 460. Telephone Howard 2585.

The Hebrew Ball Episode

The members of the Young Men's Hebrew Association have no reason to be proud of the manner in which their organization was used for political purposes in the late campaign. According to newspaper report the members were very indignant because Joe Tobin declined to purchase any tickets for a Hebrew ball. It appears that they sent each of the candidates for Mayor twenty tickets, that Wells took twenty at one dollar per, that Schmitz took two and Tobin none. After reading the story my respect for Tobin was increased. I was not surprised at Wells, for his weakness was manifest throughout the campaign. As for Schmitz, he gave evidence of an economical discretion. He graciously submitted to being sandbagged, but the effect on his campaign sack was slight.

Why It was an Impertinence

Candidates for office expect to be sandbagged, but not by organizations composed of reputable men. The Young Men's Hebrew Association would not have sent Mr. Wells or Mr. Schmitz or Mr. Tobin tickets for a ball if those gentlemen were not chasing a job. But the fact that they were candidates in no measure extenuates the impertinence. And it is an impertinence to attempt to extort charity from a man who happens to be a candidate for office. The sending of tickets for a charity to a candidate for public office because he is a candidate cannot be construed to be anything else than an intimation that if the money is forthcoming it may win the favor of the recipients. And the converse of the proposition is that if he should fail to buy he will incur the disfavor of those by whom he was importuned. It is an imputation against a man's moral courage to present him with such an alternative. Moreover, no man likes to be forced to become a hypocrite, and it is a case of compulsory hypocrisy when a man is intimidated into the bestowal of charity.

A Bad Business

It was no doubt far from the intention of the Y. M. H. A. to coerce Mr. Tobin, and I have no desire to censure the members, for they merely followed a custom which has been pursued for so many years that people regard it as quite proper. The members of various church societies avail themselves of the opportunity to intimidate candidates, and I have known of instances of threats being made against men who refused to be blackmailed in the interest of some House of God. That some of the Y. M. H. A. expected charity from Mr. Tobin merely because he was



JESSE MOORE

A A

WHISKEY

BEST ON EARTH

a candidate is evident from the fact that they kicked up a big row over his refusal to buy. And they went so far as to lie about him. They quoted him as saying disdainfully that he wouldn't go to a Hebrew ball. Nobody with an ounce of sense believes that a candidate for office would be quite so indiscreet, but it all goes to prove the indecency of indulging in that sort of business. An organization that resorts to such methods to fatten its treasury places itself on a level with a piece-club. If Mr. Tobin was not a candidate for office he would no doubt have gladly contributed a few dollars to the society, for its purposes are worthy and deserving of encouragement. But being of an independent spirit, as all American citizens should be, he resented a species of intimidation which approximates blackmail. Candidates for office are looked upon as legitimate game for plucking, but no man who is not a truckling hypocrite would fail to do just as Joe Tobin did when he received those tickets.

A Honolulu Marriage

My Honolulu correspondent writes that one of the smartest weddings that has taken place at St. Andrew's in an age was that of Miss Harriet Lewers and Arthur Frederick Wall, on October twenty-eighth. It was an evening affair, with a reception at the Lewers home at Waikiki following the cathedral ceremony. There were six bridesmaids beside the maid of honor, The sweet French frocks of white mulle that her attendants wore were the gift of the bride. "I have never seen St. Andrew's so beautiful," writes my correspondent. "The decorations were of tropical plants, flowers and ferns, while the altar was a mass of flowers with light from many candelabra. A feature of the reception at Waikiki was the music, furnished by native musicians. It was a rare moonlight night and the house and grounds seemed like a glimpse of Paradise. When the happy pair left for Waiahole, at midnight, they did not spirit themselves away as is the fashion in town, nor did they object to the shower of congratulations flung after them. Their carriage, even, was decorated with flowers and ferns."

A Halloween Party

Miss Helen de Young was the hostess at a very delightful Hallowe'en party last week, at her parents' home in California street. It was not an elaborate function, for Mrs de Young believes in having young people entertain simply, as they do on the continent until they are fully launched into society. About thirty guests were present, all young friends of the hostess. The affair was given in the ball-room, which is by the way also the art-gallery. The little stage was decorated with greenery, and jack-o'-lanterns, and when the Hallowe'en mysteries were on, the room was darkened so that the only lights were those in the pumpkin-heads. The magic potion was brewed on the stage, and added to the effect.

Embarrassed in a Bathtub

When the steamship *Alameda* was four days out from San Francisco on her last trip to Honolulu, one of San Francisco's most beautiful belles, who was a passenger, was the victim of a remarkable contretemps. The ship was in the tropics, the air balmy and the land gulls long lost. Miss San Francisco arose to bathe early. The *Alameda's* lavatory is luxurious. One turns a spigot and the tub fills with water from the ocean; if the temperature of the briny is too strenuous one has but to move a lever and a jet of steam permeates the water and warms it to one's notion. The belle was in twenty inches of lukewarm water, luxuriating in dreams of Oriental beauties, luaus and plumy palms, when without the slightest warning the steam pipe burst, letting a flood of stifling steam into the bathroom. Each second the air grew denser with the affrighting vapor.

A Mad Rush in the Nude

There was not time to think of a dressing gown, and with a vision of death urging her, she gained the door and fled into the passageway. Up the stairs she went in the altogether, until she came to the opening into the saloon where was her stateroom. Just as she passed the piano she stumbled. Suddenly she felt herself lifted in strong arms and set upon her feet. Then she dashed into the first alleyway and into an empty stateroom. A furious ringing of the stewardess' bell brought that comfort to her. When she explained how she happened to be in the room of a leading Honolulu merchant, a gown and slippers were procured, the way cleared and her own berth reached in safety. It was a half-hour before breakfast yet and no curious people about. The belle never asked who picked her up; the Honolulu merchant who was taking a constitutional on deck found his pillow wet and a faint, sweet odor all about when he descended. The night before the *Alameda* reached the Pearl of the Pacific, a young man who had paid the belle some attention on the voyage confessed that he had come to believe in mermaids.

When Fife Met Mrs. Duboce

If Lieutenant-Colonel W. J. Fife, who married Mrs. Victor Duboce recently, had behaved himself in the Philippines he might not have met the lady who is now his wife. Fife was under thirty days' suspension for unbecoming conduct at the time of an outbreak of the insurgents near Paco. Duboce was in command of a battalion of the California regiment which was guarding Paco, and one day Fife visited his headquarters and was introduced by Duboce to Mrs. Duboce who had come out from Manila to see her husband.

"Will you join me?" "Well, yes, in a drink of Chapin & Gore."

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The Joe Tobins were at the Columbia on Wednesday night, and Mr. Tobin betrayed no evidences of having passed through a political ordeal the day before. He enjoyed the intrigues of the Duchess of Marlborough as if there were no politics outside of Queen Anne's court. Mrs. Tobin wore an exquisite gown of black spangled net. She also wore a high collarette and carried a picturesque muff.

The "Willie" Howard Will

There is still talk of a contest over the Howard estate, the two branches seeing fit to take exception to the way in which the late W. H. Howard willed his belongings. Mrs. Howard had lived in the East for some years and was separated from her husband for some years before his death. When Gertrude, the eldest daughter, was married to Frederick Silsbee Whitwell, the wedding was not celebrated at her San Mateo home but in a rented house in Beacon street, Boston. Gertrude had been visiting in Boston for two years before her marriage and was to all intents and purposes as Bostonese as her young husband. She married into one of the swellest families of Massachusetts, and one of the most exclusive. Fred Whitwell is a member of the Somerset, Puritan and Country clubs and is besides very much at home in New York, his uncle Horatio Whitwell owning a cottage at Newport and being prominent in the swim. His sister Natalie was one of Gertrude Howard's bridesmaids. Beside Mrs. Whitwell there is a younger Howard sister, Frances, and two boys who are Harvard students. Mrs. "Willie" Howard took a home in Beverly, a select suburb of the Hub, and she has lived there for several seasons. When the news of her husband's approaching death was wired her, she came to California. This was about a week before the end. Mrs. Howard did not stay at the family home, but at the hotel.

The Home in San Mateo

George H. Howard, the progenitor of the Californian family, went to San Mateo in 1850 and settled on the estate of some six thousand acres which is usually called "the Howard place." It is one of the most beautiful suburban estates in California. For over fifty years it has been under continuous cultivation and is literally a garden spot. The house is not especially large but is a comfortable country home. A little hill at the back, whose summit can be reached by a short walk, gives one of the finest views obtainable of the surrounding country. St. Matthew's church is just at the borders of the Howard estate and was erected by George Howard.

Ties of Blood

Mr. Howard's widow married Henry P. Bowie. Her daughter, Julia Poett Howard, married Edward Duplessis Beylard, the clever Blingumite who introduced, last summer, the English fashion of tooling a coach for pay. Mrs. Beylard is a step-sister of Mrs. Willie Howard and a niece of Mrs. John Redington. Her husband is a native of France but was educated in Harvard. His people live in Paris but they have a handsome chateau in Normandy that dates back to the fourteenth century. When Julia Howard married Mr. Beylard all the San Francisco swim went down to the wedding, which was solemnized in St. Matthew's. The late W. H. Howard stood up with the bridegroom.

A Story of the War

Editor Dungan of Woodland is out for Governor Gage for Vice-President to run with Teddy Roosevelt. I had forgotten all about the Woodland journalist but now I recall an amusing story that is so intimately connected with the history of our late war that I think it should be told. Just previous to the outbreak of the war Dungan and Editor Ed. Leake of Woodland had been waging a bitter newspaper battle. Each was turning out a column a day of vitriolic abuse. They worked their pens fiercely. When the time came for volunteers to enlist Dungan proclaimed Leake a coward, and challenged him to disprove the charge by offering his services to his country. He declared his readiness to enlist, but demanded that Leake, too, should become a volunteer.

How Budd Fixed the Editor

Editor Leake was very much worried. He knew that Dungan could not pass a physical examination for admission to the army, and he was certain that he himself would be accepted without hesitation. He knew that Dungan was trying to force him into a trap and he didn't care to be caught. Finally he decided to confer with Governor Budd and explain the whole case.

"Is that the fellow that has been abusing me in his paper?" asked Budd.

"The same," replied Leake.

"Then I shall attend to his case," said Budd. The Governor sent for the examining physician and addressed him in this manner: "There's a man named Dungan from Woodland coming up for examination. His eyesight is bad, his kidneys are on a strike for shorter hours, his liver is green, and his heart is in the wrong place, but I feel quite satisfied that after you get through with him he will be in sound condition and fit for service anywhere." There was not a flaw in the Governor's prediction. And much to the amazement and consternation of Editor Dungan he was passed by the doctor.

The Journalist's Escape

As soon as Dungan became a soldier he sought to have a position created for himself so that he would not have to go to the front. When Governor Budd



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heard about his efforts he declared that in his opinion as a military man, Dungan would fill no position better than one on the firing line. But the editor with the cold feet was not to be led to the slaughter so easily. In his desperation he started dissensions in the Woodland company. And finally Governor Budd was compelled to disband the company and send the Woodland volunteers back to their homes. This action of course aroused the indignation of the Woodland people against Dungan, so after all his plot that failed was a disastrous one, even though he did escape from the service.

Gulling Credulous Californians

Jules Pages, who made a name for himself here in local art circles, writes me from Paris that the reputable art dealers there are greatly stirred up over the fact that counterfeit paintings are being worked off in numbers on rich Americans. He says that a fortnight ago the well-known artist, Julien Dupree, stopped the exportation to a millionaire Californian of several counterfeit pictures attributed to himself. He would not give the name of the Californian, as he did not wish to embarrass him by publishing to the world how he had been "sold." A detective was employed to delve into the matter and he discovered that a big industry was being worked to full capacity to bunco the rich Americans raiding Paris in search of masterpieces. The new industry is part of the hold-over business developed by the late exposition.

Thriving on Fraud

Rich Americans at that time exhibited so much desire to possess paintings by Henner, Secin, Roybet and others that the industrious dealers in bogus art goods at once started in to supply the demand. Reputable art dealers blame the Americans for this state of affairs on account of the carelessness with which they buy anything with a big name attached to it. The art dealer who was arrested for the offense confessed he got his cue by observing how easily the London bogus art dealers bagged credulous Americans with their counterfeit wares. He declared that a spurious Henner had been worked off on Senator Clarke for a fat sum. The revelations made by the detective have roused the reputable dealers to combine in a prosecution of the swindlers in order to protect the trade. More arrests are expected to follow. Wherever a counterfeit can be traced to this country a note will be sent to the owner notifying him of the imposition that has been played upon him. The wealthy Californian referred to above has already received his notification through the authorities.

The Two Pearls

For some reason Pearl Landers, who will be remembered here as a member of the Frawley company, is being touted by a leading New York paper as the latest new American beauty. Nothing caters to success so successfully as the successful press agent. Miss Landers is young and before her trip East she was not so quick to appreciate the value of flaring advertising. Some time ago a well-known clubman of high social and financial standing in the East came out here on a visit. He was a thorough good fellow and the local jeunesse doree took pains to give him a good time. One day, while with two clubmen, he passed a bright face and handsome gown on Kearny street. "Who is she?" he asked. "Pearl Landers," was the reply, with no further explanatory remark. Later on he happened to be dining at a friend's house, when the name of Pearl Landers again cropped up in conversation. It happened, however, that this time reference was being made to the Pearl Landers who subsequently made her debut at the Landers-Tallant tea.

He Met Her

The name caught the ear of the New York clubman, and he besought his friend to arrange matters so that he could obtain an introduction to Miss Landers. He showed so much interest in the prospective meeting that the friend resorted to a number of artful little schemes in order to hasten the date and make the introduction appear to be one of the most natural things in the world. So very naturally did it come about that the clubman was the only surprised one among the people present. But he had tact enough to conceal the fact that he had expected to meet Pearl Landers, the actress, and not Pearl Landers, the society bud. Later on a hint of the comedy of errors was dropped among his cronies. This was only one of a score of reasons why the family of Miss Landers of the smart set would be pleased if the actress would change her name, and I have heard it stated that the actress was induced for a consideration to add Lilian to her name. For a time she was known as Lilian Pearl Landers. But lately she dropped the Lilian and now she is known as Pearl Landers, "the New American Beauty."

Society Will be There

Next Thursday evening Mrs. Fred H. Hanson of Boston will give a monologue recital, which promises to be a delightful society affair. It will be given in Sherman–Clay hall and Homer Henley will assist in the program. Misses Pauline Pettis, Mamie Henry, Maud Hickox, Avena King and Marguerite Johnson will act as ushers. Mrs. Hanson is a very charming reader, with much dramatic ability and her repertory of selections is large and well chosen.

Wasn't It True?

Miss Elena Robinson is going to spend the winter in Denver and New York, and I have heard no mention of any announcement of her engagement. Yet last year there was a decided rumor extant that Miss Robinson and Knox Maddox had come to an understanding. Can it be that the tabbies erred?

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SAN FRANCISCO

Is Wheeler Job-Chasing

The rumor will not down that President Benjamin Ide Wheeler is thinking of resigning the presidency of Berkeley university. And as he called on President Roosevelt the other day, some newspaper correspondent surmised that he was after a political job and that he would probably be appointed ambassador to Germany. I do not think there is much likelihood of Professor Wheeler being put into the diplomatic service. He has never done anything to indicate that he is fitted for such an important position as ambassador to Germany. Men of tact and worldly experience are the only ones qualified for the diplomatic service. Professor Wheeler is an inexperienced academician, who was never heard of until he was selected for the position which he now occupies. And for that position, and the prominence which he has attained therein, he is largely indebted to Mrs. Hearst, whose son he abused a short time ago because it seemed to be the popular thing to do.

A Costly Picture

Though not desirous of revealing the secrets of the craft, nevertheless I am constrained to tell a story. The other day, the editor of the *Examiner's* Sunday Supp,, wishing to have a fashion article illustrated, requested one of the members of the Beaux and Belles octet to pose in an expensive gown, borrowed for the occasion from the White House. She consented as the women of the stage invariably do. The pictures were taken and the gown returned with thanks. The following day the *Examiner* was presented with a bill for one hundred and fifty dollars, the price of the gown. It was explained in the note that accompanied the bill that the lady had "perspired copiously."

Cunha of Yale

"Sonny" Cunha, the famous Yale footballist, is here. He arrived a few days ago from Honolulu. "Sonny" is about six feet tall, weighs about three hundred pounds ,and is of mixed Portuguese and Hawaiian blood. He is as active as a cat, and his shoulders are the broadest of any man's in Hawaii. "Sonny" cut a wide swath at Yale until Cunha pere cut off "Sonny's" allowance. When "Sonny" was at Yale, there were misty stories of his being the son of a Hawaiian prince or planter, or other fabulously rich foreigner. Now the fact is that old man Cunha keeps a saloon in Honolulu. He is quite a character there. The richest and most prominent church in Hawaii is the Central Union. Old Cunha is desperately irreligious, so he called his saloon the Central Union. He is worth half a million, but he still serves his patrons in his shirt sleeves. Drinks are twenty-five cents each at Cunha's, and Honoluluans, being thirsty, the source of the wealth of "Sonny" Cunha's father is apparent.

To Inspect Fair Damsels

"Sonny" is studying law in Honolulu. Most of the time, however, young Cunha spends with Prince David Kawananakoa, the nephew of the late Queen Kapiolani. Cunha is here to plan for a trip to the South Seas, which some of the young bloods of Honolulu will make in a few months. Those booked to go besides Cunha and Prince David, are Harry Wilder, Horace Craft, who, by the way, is the husband of Helen Wilder, Francis Brooks, Frank Loucks, Harry Roth and Lionel Hart. They will charter a schooner of fair size and will sail from Honolulu to Samoa, and thence to Tahiti. The expedition is for scientific purposes, so the intending explorers claim. They want to make a study of the comparative beauty of the ladies of the southern islands at which they will touch. According to Cunha some of the rarest specimens will be brought back to Honolulu.

Leaders of the ton prefer Chapin & Gore's Old Reserve Bourbon and Rye Whiskies to any other brands.

Beware of Counter-Demonstrations

Just before Governor Budd stepped out on the platform at Metropolitan hall to address the German-Democratic meeting last week, Chairman Rosenthal whispered in his ear, "Don't mention the name of Schmitz or you'll start a counter-demonstration." Budd obeyed the injunction, but fifteen minutes later Rosenthal took occasion to mention the name of Phelan and the "counter-demonstration" he evoked almost ended in a riot. Rosenthal is the same tactful individual who was selected some years ago to place a slate candidate in nomination at a Democratic convention, and who created such a "counter-demonstration" on that occasion that he smashed the slate, shattered the program and secured the nomination for the other fellow.

Discovery of a Red Clay in Colorado and its Remarkable Effect upon the Hair

This Clay is nothing more nor less than mud and water, which comes from a mine in Colorado. The Clay is perfectly harmless, will not stain the most delicate skin. Applied to the hair it changes it to beautiful shades, such as no hair dye has ever succeeded in producing. The color is regulated by the number of hours in the Clay bath—light shades from one-half hour to two hours—medium shades from two to six hours—dark from six to twelve hours. Gray hair can be changed to original color without changing the natural color, or the following tints with darker or lighter shades as desired: Black, brown, auburn and Titian red. Peroxide hair will take a rich golden or chestnut. Unlike dyes, the Clay stain is permanent. never wears off; can only be bleached off. The luxury of the shampoo can be indulged in at will as it does not effect the stain in any particular. The Clay never fails to leave the hair soft and glossy, and the one great point we claim for the Clay stain is its perfectly natural appearance. It defies detection. FRANCES C. SHERMAN
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PACIFIC COAST AGENTS

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Henry's Easy Conquest

Henry had been a fortnight in town and had not yet made an effort to locate his widowed aunt, yet his father's last word to him was to hunt her up and deliver a string of affectionate messages from her only surviving relative.

But Henry, fresh from Honolulu, where he had passed all of his twenty-one years, found San Francisco as enticing as a provincial finds Paris upon a first visit. Therefore, he left his call upon the aunt he had never seen until he had absorbed a few sights more to his liking. Tonight he found himself at the Vaudeville taking in with delight the array of "turns" that only bore the habitué.

What a lot he would have to tell his friends at the College club when he returned! They had boasted so much of the sights they had seen when they "did" San Francisco. Well, he had seen as much as they—only one thing he had not done. *They* had bragged about their conquests. Henry, in his fortnight of metropolitan life, had not subjugated one woman. He had met a few nice girls—but a woman, the kind his friends loved to dilate upon, had not yet crossed his path.

In a box seat near Henry's, and separated from him by a row of empty chairs, sat a pretty woman; quite the prettiest, thought Henry, that he had seen since his arrival. As often as Henry looked in her direction he found the lady's bright eyes fastened upon him with a glint of amusement in their dark depths. Henry, child of the Islands as he was, felt some embarrassment at first when he noticed those black eyes smiling at him. Then he called to his mind the stories his friends had told him of their own conquests, and his heart swelled with pride.

He had evidently attracted this beautiful creature. With a view to pursuing his advantage during the next entr' acte he moved one chair nearer the fascinating brunette. She turned her eyes toward the stage, and he feared his action had given offense. But when the turn began, and an octet of pink-frocked girls pranced upon the stage, the lady again turned her eyes toward Henry. Her lips parted in a charming smile. At that moment she dropped her program. Henry bent to pick it up, and their hands touched over the bill.

In the next entr' acte Henry found himself chatting with the pretty brunette as if he had known her all his life.

He even ventured a timid compliment.

"Ah, naughty one," she laughed, giving him a tap with her fan, "you Hawaiians are very wicked, I have heard."

Henry wondered how she knew whence he hailed.

As the sheet went up for the biograph the lady said, as she drew on her wrap, adjusted her millinery and donned her gloves: "Good-bye."

"I may go with you?" suggested Henry.

The lady was alone; he thought it but right to offer his escort. Had not his friends done so, in those glowing personal tales they told?

"I don't know as it would be the right thing," she demurred, but she did not seem disinclined to accept the youth's escort.

"Oh, dear, I am awfully hungry," she said as they reached the door of the theatre, and passed out into the street.

"Oh, may I—will you—" stammered Henry.

He felt that his request was highly improper, but those little suppers a deux he had heard of at the College club tingled his memory.

They walked along, chatting briskly, until they found themselves—Henry was sure he did not lead the way, for he was unfamiliar with the après-théatre restaurants—before the Drinkand.

"Well, I don't mind going in here for a few minutes," observed Henry's companion.

She followed him, and the head waiter's lead, to a table over in one corner. Henry helped divest her of her sealskin, and his heart throbbed harder than ever as his hand came in contact with the diaphanous sleeve of her frock.

"Let me see," she said, consulting Henry, as the waiter looked on, "what shall we eat? I think, don't you"—to Henry—"that it is nice to begin with cocktails. Bring two vermouth cocktails. Then we will have half a dozen Eastern each, and—well, bring those and we'll think what we'll have next."

Henry not being used to the seductive cocktail, or to the proximity of a woman so fascinating as his vis-a-vis, was rapidly losing his head. About midway in the feast he found himself telling her all his sins of omission, how he had failed in his duty to his father and had not called on his aunt.

"And this aunt—how does she look?" she asked sympathetically.

"Never saw her," returned Henry, "but I suppose she's like my father, and a big, stout woman. Aunt Marie Louise would never have her photograph taken."

"And why?"

"Too ugly, I suppose," replied Henry with a laugh, and then he murmured some foolish things about the beauty of his companion.

His admiration was so openly expressed that the lady betrayed a playful alarm.

"We aren't alone here," she cautioned, "remember, there are people all about us watching my—*our* every action."

"I shall see you home," he said as they went out, and he called a cab.

If the supper had seemed brief to Henry, that ride seemed still shorter. 'Twas a chapter of "Paradise Found," for he ventured to take his companion's hand in his and even to put his arm around her waist. He was considering whether it would do to venture a kiss when the cab stopped.

"This is my home," said the lady. "No, you must not come in."

"Must not!" repeated Henry.

The champagne had given him a fictitious courage it often imparts to backward youth. He escorted the lady to her door.

"To-morrow," she whispered, "take a look at the house now, so you'll know it again."

And she hastily turned her latch key, opened and closed the door before Henry could collect his thoughts.

"To-morrow," she had said, and he fell asleep thinking of what the morrow would bring. *They* had said it was hard to win a woman, but he could tell them better. He——

* * * * * * * * *

Over his breakfast Henry cursed himself for a dunderhead and worse. Where did the lady live? He had not the most remote recollection. "Take a look at the house," she had said—oh, the cruelty of her, as if he could see a house on a dark night! That was just the kind of an adventure a provincial might be expected to encounter. Henry determined to say nothing of his "conquest" to his friends; he would never hear the last of it.

His mail was brought in, and with it was a letter from his father. "I hope you are making yourself agreeable to your aunt," he wrote, "for I wrote her that you would spend some time in San Francisco."

"Bother the aunt!" exclaimed Henry.

But he found the address, and at two o'clock presented himself at the house indicated. The servant said: "Madame is at home," and he was ushered in to wait for his relative in the drawing room.

Absorbed in thought, he did not notice the entrance of a woman until a silvery voice broke upon his reverie:

"Welcome, nephew Henry."

Was he dreaming? Or was this the lady who had supped with him the night before?

No, it was no illusion. The lady gave him a warm, affectionate kiss.



SHEA, BOCQUERAZ & CO, Agts., S. F.

"I couldn't kiss you last night," she said, laughing, "though I longed to do so—in the cab. Come, wake up, Henry, this is the twentieth century and you are in San Francisco."

Then she rang for the servant.

"Bring tea," she ordered, "and two vermouth cocktails."

"I've been waiting two weeks to bid you welcome," she said, "and as my son is away you'll have to be my escort now and let me show you the sights. Shall we go tonight to the—Vaudeville?" *THE DRAMATIST.*

Finis

Around was the evening's twilight glow,
He softly whispered, "I love you so,"
Lip pressed to lip in a warm caress,
Two hearts aglow with happiness.

Over the hill in a churchyard gray,
The grass grows rank in a wanton way,
The water oozes, trickles and glides,
'Round the husband's bed the earth-worm hides,
The dark mold quivers on lip and chin,
The worms creep out and the worms creep in.

The bells ring out on the sunlit air,
The bride is young and the bride is fair,
The world is throbbing with love and life
The bridegroom hastens to kiss his wife—
An ashen pallor o'erspreads her face,
The dead man stands in her lover's place.

The vision is gone—she breathes again,
The minister says, "Till death, Amen."
The dead goes back to the dead once more
As far, as close as he was before,
And holds his vigil all grim and drear
Till her conscience cries, "Appear, appear."

In a cozy room all warm and bright,
A cheerful sight on a winter's night,
A whispering low, "Alone, at last,"
Is caught and whirled on the icy blast—
"Alone, alone," it whistles and moans
And scurries away to a graveyard stone;
It snaps the twigs with its chilling breath
And dances the frantic dance of death:
"Alone, alone," it hisses and shrieks,—
The green slime freezes on lips and cheeks,
Through the clustering curls, the mouth's wide grin,
The worms creep out and the worms creep in.

SAN FRANCISCO MABEL PORTER PITTS

To a Recreant Correspondent

[*But more than Likely, 'twas Uncle Sam's fault, not Hers*]

Your letter did not come today,
(I thought I shouldn't care,
So sure you loved me anyway);
Your letter did not come today
And so my heart is darkly gray
And I sit here and swear.
Your letter did not come today—
I *thought* I shouldn't care.

I thought I shouldn't care, and yet
My heart is gloomy, sad and gray.
I wonder if you feel regret?
I thought I shouldn't care, and yet
My work's neglected while I fret—
Your letter did not come today.
I thought I shouldn't care, and yet
My heart is gloomy, sad and gray.

—THE ADORER.

The Bohemian and Baccarat table glass-ware, also the cut-glass shown at Gump's are of wonderful beauty and of rare design. Fine table china is a specialty at this art store, 113-115 Geary street.

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THE JEWELRY CRAZE

A Few Timely Suggestions to People of Prominence

The stealing of two hundred thousand dollars worth of jewelry from the Marquis of Anglesey by his valet has awakened society the world over to the fact that certain fashionable fops are spending an extraordinary amount of money in the attempt to adorn their persons with bizarre jewelry. The sensational press has suddenly discovered that the King of England wears a bangle, that a well known English fop wears jeweled armlets and a coiled gold snake about his waist, that another Beau Brummel adorns his shins with anklets studded with rubies and sapphires and still another unmentionable hides the glories of his figure behind jewel-studded suspenders. The reporters have looked over the jewelers' establishments and have discovered that they are turning out anklets, armlets, amulets, bangles, belts and necklaces of rare design and cost and all for the exclusive use of men—society men. The fad has not yet set its fangs on Burlingame and the environs of Del Monte but the prophets declare it is on the way here. As a vaccination remedy and to lessen the evils of the virus when we feel its fangs upon us it wouldn't be a bad idea to introduce a mild dose of the distemper among us somewhat as follows:

Joseph S. Tobin—a persimmon banked in rubies, mounted on a scarf-pin.

Asa R. Wells—collaret of railroad-iron with a "sack" burst in brilliants pendant.

S. M. Shortridge—the words Requiescat in Pace blown in ruby red hot air around a tireless windpipe.

Dan Burns—Higgins old amulet for success in politics belted around the waist in cold steel and padlocked with Mexican gold.

The Four Hopkins Girls—broad belts of diamonds with inscription in sapphires and rubies, "Matrimony Trust."

Mrs. Genevieve Goad-Martin-Reiley—armlets of assorted gold plate hearts each bearing inscription in chameleon ink "My Own True Love."

Herman Oelrichs—a "solitaire" shirt stud.

Henry T. Scott—a fancy diamond dust plaster inscribed "my bills," cut plain, liver pad style, all done in ecru.

Judge Troutt—wristlets fixed in plain gun metal.

Irving M. Scott—set of shirt studs of naval beans encircled with sea-green emeralds.

The Preston Girls—high Cupid-bow hair combs adorned with heavenly blue sapphires.

Marie Wells—a necklace of miniatures by Theodore Wores studded with brilliants.

Jack Casserly—something in suspenders.

Peter Martin—two rubber hearts interchangeable in bills, I. O. U's or any old thing.

Walter Hobart—a "pony" chasing a "high ball" on a toboggan slide of chased gold.

Frank Carolan—two lovely brown cats eyes in a "pink" setting.

Pin-head McCarthy—a stout steel clamp set in iron dust around the caput.

Dr. C. C. O'Donnell—a rubberneck turned toward the City Hall in blazing gilt bullion.

Dr. Winslow Anderson—watch fob of heavy gold elephant stuffed with assorted bogus gems of any kind that will attract attention.

Mayor Phelan—a bangle ornamented with forget-me-nots.

Eugene Schmitz—a silver breast plate ornamented with a police club and broom rampant.

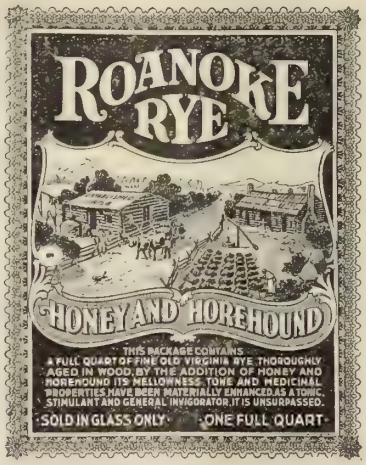
Will Hearst—a necklace of yellow chrysanthemums, with a saffron rooster pendant.

The Jeweler.

Don't Grow Old

Take care of your face and hair. Do what every actress and every society woman is doing—have your scalp treated and face massaged. How absurd for a woman to grow old and ugly, wrinkled and bald, when by skilful treatment she can have a smooth, soft skin and retain her beautiful hair. The personal attendance of a practical masseuse and scientific shampooer is no longer a luxury but a necessity. Miss Marcella E. Noel, who has for the past five years treated Oakland's elite, has now located at 121 Post street, Rooms 12 and 14; telephone, Red 3342. Miss Noel is an expert at facial massage and scalp treatment.

The well known Fachutar Mandolin School and Orchestra has re-opened for the Fourth Season, 1901–1902. To guarantee promptness, all engagements must be made at the Studio, 718 Post street. Telephone Polk 1575. School hours 10 a.m. to 5 p. m.





Dramatic World

The Play of the Week

Sarah Jennings, the first Duchess of Marlborough, was a remarkable woman. Her life and letters show that she possessed characteristics that shone out very prominently in contrast to the mental lack betrayed in her royal mistress, Queen Anne. Charles Henry Meltzer has taken the historical facts of Sarah Jennings' life, and has constructed from them a play of considerable strength. To be sure, a play written for and around a star is apt to be weak in the other characters, which is the case with this one. Sarah dominates everything and everybody, probably very much as she did in real life, only as seen on the stage the other people seem scarcely to be worth dominating. It is like a battle where all the fight is on one side. Mrs. Le Moyne has not changed much, as I remember her in her dramatic reading days. She is a handsome woman of graceful bearing, and her clear diction rounds out the artistic interpretation, making it complete. Queen Anne is cleverly sketched by the playwright. She is like those little houses on Pacific Heights whose architecture bears her name. Miss Barker grasps the part of the Queen with intelligence. Miss O'Brien is evidently too inexperienced an actress to give Mrs. Masham the individuality such a part necessitates, but Miss Brooks puts a deal of life into the minor role of Lady Taraminta. Mr. Russell's Duke is impressive, and Mr. Paulding is quite at home in the role of Harley. The other members of the cast are satisfactory but the author has given them little to distinguish them except make-up. Villiers, Steele, Haendel and Doctor Swift are names that interest, and consequently their stage prototypes are interesting.

Mrs. Le Moyne Was a "Bully Mother"

I remember when Sarah Cowell Le Moyne was playing the Duchess in "Catherine." and some one asked how she happened to hit upon that pleasing idea of dressing the role without the conventional white wig. Mrs. Le Moyne replied that the moment she read the part she knew that if she wore the conventional "old woman" make-up, her impersonation would fail of a hit. She talked with Mr. Frohman about it, and he said, "Oh, dress and act the part just as you wish." So Mrs. Le Moyne thought over all the good-looking women of about forty-two or forty-three of her acquaintance who had grown-up sons. Not one that she could think of had more than the least touch of silver in her hair. "Don't you know," said the lady who is now starring in "The First Duchess of Marlborough," "there are lots of boys of whom other boys say, 'Oh, but he has such a bully mother.' Now, that is what I tried to make the Duchess—a 'bully mother.'" The Duchess made the biggest hit of "Catherine," and the heroine was not in it with the dear "bully" mother of Mrs. Le Moyne. It was that success that persuaded her to continue on the stage, and later to star in a play written for her.

His Hardest Role

"The hardest stage work I ever did," said Harold Russell of Mrs. Le Moyne's company, the other night, "was in 'The Masked Ball' when I was in John Drew's support. I was Martenot, and you may remember that in the last act of that play he fancies he is poisoned, and has to drink quantities of milk, and run rapidly across and back on the stage to bring on a perspiration. Well, I used to hate that part, though the audience liked it evidently, from the applause it received. But I had the influenza through the whole long run of 'The Masked Ball', and could not have appeared except for frequent Turkish baths."

Mr. Russell has been playing leading roles since 1883. He is not English, as so many fancy, but a Bostonian. He has played leads for Mansfield, Mrs. Fiske, Kate Claxton, John Drew and Cora Tanner.

Mr. Perkins' Comedy

"The New Boy" is not such a clever farce as the piece that evidently suggested it—"Little Puck"—but it was written for an English comedian who wanted something of the kind and did not look for entire originality. Then he passed it to Jimmy Powers and in turn it went to Bert Coote. Now Walter

Go where you will, the best saloons sell Jesse Moore Whiskey.

EXTRAORDINARY
AUCTION SALE

The following choice and select list of improved and unimproved properties will be sold for the heirs of the late William A. Piper, at our salesroom, Monday, November 11, 1901, at 12 o'clock noon Subject to confirmation by the Superior Court. Gustave H. Umbsen, Sole Referee.

212 WASHINGTON STREET
Between Front and Davis streets. Improvements consist of frame building. Rent $60.00 per month. Lot 22 x 120 to Oregon street.

712–714–716 KEARNY STREET
South-east corner of Merchant street. Improvements consist of a substantial three-story and basement brick building, containing two stores and lodging house. Rents $300.00 per month. Lot 40 x 68.9.

624 MARKET STREET
Between Montgomery and Kearny streets. Improvements consist of a two-story and basement brick building. Rent $375.00 per month. Lot 20 x 80.

1450–1452–1454–1456 and 1458 FRANKLIN STREET
South-east corner Bush Street. This choice investment consists of two corners with five elegant two-story and basement houses of 14 rooms and bath each. Rents $315.00 per month. Lot 120 x 114 6. Also two desirable building lots 25 x 120 each. Fronting on Bush street and Fern avenue.

237–239–241–243 and 245 THIRD STREET
North-east corner of Clementina street between Howard and Folsom streets. Improvements consist of frame building, containing six stores. Rents $121.00 per month. Lot 80 x 105.

1451–1452–1455–1457 and 1459 FRANKLIN STREET
South-west corner of Bush street. Choice investment consisting of two corners with five elegant two-story and basement residences of 14 rooms and bath each. Rents $350.00 per month. Lot 120 x 144.9.

1212 to 1226 POLK STREET
South-east corner of Bush street. This choice business property consists of two corners and is close to the transfer point of Sutter and Polk streets. Improvements consist of 8 stores and 3 flats with frame building, 1385 Bush street. Rents $331.00 per month. Lot 120 x 100. Three frontages.

219 FRONT STREET
Between California and Sacramento streets. Improvements consist of a two-story and basement brick building. Rents $140 per month. Lot 25 x 87.6.

225–227 THIRD STREET
South-east corner of Tehama street. Choice business corner consisting of frame improvements containing store and flat above. Rent $60.00 per month. Lot 30 x 80.

NORTH-EAST CORNER SUTTER and GOUGH STREETS
This choice corner would pay handsomely if properly improved. Lot 70 x 120. Three frontages.

McALLISTER STREET
Near Junction Market and Jones streets. This choice business property could be made to yield handsomely if properly improved. Lot 123 x 87.6 irregular.

CITY HALL AVENUE
Between Leavenworth and City Hall Square, two choice building lots. 25 x 100 each.

BUSH STREET south side between LARKIN and POLK STS. Eight desirable and choice building lots 25 x 120 each two frontages. To be offered separately.

South-west corner BUSH and LARKIN STREETS
Four desirable building lots consisting of two corners 27.6x30 and 35 x 112.6 each.

GIFT MAP No. 3
Elsie street west line between Esmeralda and Virginia streets. Lots 364, 366, 367 and 368. 25 x 70 each.

POTRERO

Portion of Block 520.	Lot 200 x 200.	Three frontages.
Portion of Block 518.	Lot 100 x 150	Two frontages.
Portion of Block 513.	Lot 100 x 400.	Three frontages.
Portion of Block 514.	Lot 100 x 400.	Three frontages.
Portion of Block 441.	Lot 100 x 400.	Three frontages.
Portion of Block 466.	Lot 100 x 400.	Three frontages.
Portion of Block 492.	Lot 100 x 300.	Two frontages.
Portion of Block 475	Lot 100 x 300.	Two frontages.
Portion of Block 512.	Lot 100 x 200.	Two frontages.

For Catalogue and further particulars apply to

G. H. UMBSEN & CO. 14 Montgomery Street

Perkins has it. One of my contemporaries said that "The New Boy" had its first presentation in this city on Monday night, but this is an error. Bert Coote produced it at the California quite a few years ago, right on top of its London and New York hits. Mr. Perkins' art is well fitted for such roles as he has given us during his three weeks' engagement. He has made many friends here who will gladly welcome his return. His success appears to have been won by reason of the repression of any tendency to horseplay in his work. The public that thinks the farcical art is that of the circus clown discovers its mistake when seeing Mr. Perkins in "The New Boy." He is amusing, sincerely and frankly funny, but he does not find it necessary to tumble around the stage to force a laugh.

New People, and Good

I enjoy the Alcazar. There is always something to interest one there, and the stock company is now one of the best that has been gathered there in a long time. The new women, Marion Convere and Margaret Wycherly, are charming. Miss Convere of course reminds us all of her sweet sister, Lila, though she is rather more dashing than the latter. She has had more stage experience and that gives her an advantage. She is sure to be a great favorite with Alcazar audiences. In "Nancy & Co" it seems as if one could not get enough of her. Miss Wycherly is very winsome and chic. The others in the cast, those whom one is used to, are all good. Miss Ranken has a number of pretty scenes and Mr. Scott is most effective. Mr. Alsop is a fine, handsome and manly fellow. He was the most pleasing figure in "Tennessee's Pardner" last week, and in "Nancy & Co" he acts an entirely different role quite admirably. As for Frank Bacon, when has the Alcazar had a character actor to equal him? Wasn't he delightful as the old falsifier in last week's play? And he is just as amusing this week. He doesn't overact but makes all his effects naturally. Barton Hill is another strong member of the company, and I can see his experienced hand in many of the little details of the stage management.

There is a rumor along the Rialto that the stage is to have a recruit in Sol Pincus, the good natured and cordial youth who inhabits the box office at the Columbia on working days. Mr. Pincus, whose brother Ralph is the Columbia's press agent, has a gift for comedy and his friends say he should do as Dave Warfield and some other Californian boys have done—go on the stage. At present, however, Sol says he is satisfied to sell tickets for other stars' performances, and not his own. Later on, perhaps—but that will be another story.

Attractions Next Week

"The Girl with the Auburn Hair" has at last reached San Francisco and will appear at the Orpheum next week. She has been about two years in vaudeville, and no one has as yet unraveled the mystery of who she is and whence she came. It is said that she is a Canadian girl of good family but reduced fortune, who took this means of making a living. She is a contralto and in surplice sings "The Holy City" and "Rock of Ages." The background to her turn shows a choir gallery, with grand old organ. Other additions to the bill are Fred Niblo, monologuist, who is already well known here; the Fraser troupe of international dancers; Joseph Adelman xylophone virtuoso, who brings with him a invention, the "chime organ." Lillian Burkhart will present for the first time on any stage "The Eighth Year" or "The Wedding Anniversary" by Anna S. Richardson, a very charming playlet with a pathetic flavor that easily blends into

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Civil War Relics

An interesting exhibition is now on at 517 Market street, where W. S. Kirk is conducting a sale of Civil War relics. This is the finest collection of such relics ever shown here, and includes guns, ammunition, canteens, powder horns and all the military equipment of Civil War times. The guns, some of which cost Uncle Sam thirty dollars or more each, are going at this sale at one dollar and seventy-five cents each, which includes twenty cartridges. The old rifles, carbines and revolvers are especially valuable for decorative purposes, and aside from their historical value make unique ornaments. Students of history should not miss this exhibition as the sight of these relics gives new impetus to the study of the period they represent.

Don't fail to ask at any Dellicatessen, Grocery or Market for . . . . . **Alladio Royal Cream Cheese**

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of Robert Rawson Grayson, sometimes known as Robert R Grayson, also known as R. R Grayson, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Eugene Lent, Executor of the last will and testament of said deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executor at the office of William F. Humphrey, Room 167 Crocker Building, San Francisco, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

EUGENE LENT

Executor of the last will and testament of Robert Rawson Grayson, sometimes known as Robert R. Grayson also known as R. R. Grayson, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, Oct. 18, 1901

William F Humphrey, Attorney for said Executor

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comedy. The Onllaws, Lockos and Burton's dogs with the biograph will fill out the program.

"For Fair Virginia," formerly the Russ Whytals' play, will be given at the Alcazar next week with Mr. Alsop in the role of Edward Esmond. Miss Convere will be Virginia, and Miss Wycherly will be Nell. Mr. Shumer will have the part of Steven Dunbar, and Barton Hill will be the Sergeant. It is a pretty play and should draw well.

The juvenile company at the Tivoli has been welcomed by big houses all the week. The small actors have carried all before them by their cleverness. The dancing and stage business are better than any seen here for a long time and the fresh costumes set off the little folks to good advantage. All the small folks have made individual hits. The same piece goes all of next week, to be followed by "A Ga'ety Girl." Matinees will be given on Saturday and Sunday evenings at eight sharp. Next week I shall give them extended notice.

Mrs. Le Moyne will be at the Columbia another week in "The First Duchess of Marlborough." After her will come the ever favorite Willie Collier in his new farce-comedy "On the Quiet."

The Central has done a strong week's business with "Northern Lights," and will put on "Lights o' London" on Monday night. The stock company has been increased by the addition of a new leading man, Hallett Thompson.

Music World

Now that Trinity has gone back to Sunday evening services, the church of St. Mary the Virgin, Steiner and Union is the only Episcopal church in the city holding Sunday afternoon services. The vesper service there, at four o'clock, lasting one hour, has attracted much attention, on account of the high ritual and the high order of the music.

Enid Brandt's Recital

The first of the Enid Brandt piano recitals took place Tuesday evening, and despite the fact of its being election night there was a good house, which testified strongly the interest awakened in the music public by this little girl a year ago, in her initial performances. To say that she has improved is using a mild form of expression. She has expanded like a flower under the careful direction of her mother's loving but intelligent training. Her music is so evidently a part and parcel of her being that the performance of the most difficult numbers gives her no concern whatever and in Weber's beautiful Concertstucke, which she played with a quartet of strings, there was not a moment's hesitation in taking up her cue, and her attack was masterly. Last year she could not play octaves, so tiny were her baby hands, but proper training has given her the required stretch and she now plays them in runs with the greatest facility. Not alone is her technique wonderful but the soul of the child seems to grasp intuitively the composer's idea, giving to her playing a warmth of expression not to be expected for one of her tender years. Thome's "Mandolin" is a favorite with the child and she rendered it with delicious



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effect. Chaminade's "Flatterer" was given with beautiful shading and a rapid tempo which doubled its difficulties. She played a number of her own pretty compositions among which the "Danse Antique" with its quaint harmonies shows the originality of the little artist to be strongly developed. The musical telegraphy tests were as convincing as ever and leave one in a state of wonderment as to the manner of soul that is encased in so small a body.

Little Enid will give her second recital this afternoon and another next Tuesday night.

The Pasmores, assisted by Mrs. Hillman-Smith, gave one of their delightful concerts in San Jose last week to an enthusiastic audience. The Royal Italian band even roused no greater degree of enthusiasm than did the three young Pasmore artists in their ensemble numbers. They will give a concert in Sacramento later on.

Miss Wilson's Debut

The debut of the charming young singer, Anna Wilson, was made at the Tivoli opera-house this season, first as Frederic in "Mignon," which part was very cleverly acted and sung, and later as Michaela in "Carmen" which, despite her being a novice, was done with all the aplomb of a seasoned professional and showed to advantage a sweet mezzo-contralto voice of fine range and quality. The young debutante has a future in operatic work and as this year will be spent in hard study and preparation for professional work, we may expect to hear something to her credit later on. A pretty face and figure go far to aid in her efforts to achieve success in professional life.

In his testimonial concert last week, Harry Wood Brown was assisted by Elizabeth Lyle Kavanaugh, Miss Lily Roeder, Miss Pearl King, Miss Neamata Van Pelt, Ella V. McCloskey, J. F. Veaco and Mrs. Alvina Heuer Wilson. Miss Pearl King gave a reading and Miss Van Pelt a piano solo; both very good. Miss McCloskey's numbers were given with the finish and fine phrasing that always characterize her work and Mrs. Wilson's French and German songs were charmingly rendered. Mr. Brown has lots of voice which education will doubtless train into something fine provided he is careful in his selection of the teacher to whom he intrusts it. He left Saturday for New York and will be gone about three months.

Those who participated in the California club's "Afternoon of Autumnal Music" last week were Mrs. Walter G. Fonda, Misses Edna Smart and Elsie Arden, Herbert Williams and Willard Young. Mrs. W. J. Batchelder accompanied. The voices are all known to be superior and the quartet work was especially pleasing. The program was under the direction of Mrs. Marriner-Campbell.

On the seventeenth of October, Irene Palmer, piano pupil of Joseph Beringer of this city, played in Sacramento on the program of Erma Wing's concert, receiving unstinted applause and much praise for her work.

At the Hopkins on Thursday evening an orchestra under the direction of Henry Heyman rendered a fine program in which occurred a Serenade for flute and cornet rendered by Signor Lombardo and Mr. Mahood.

Samuel Adelstein, the mandolinist, played solos last week at a tea given by Mrs. D. F. Ragen at 1299 Haight street, on the twenty-ninth, for the benefit of St. Agnes church; at Golden Gate hall on the thirty-first, for the Eastern Star; on the first instant at the musicale given by the Theodate League connected with the Second Unitarian church; and on the third at the United Brotherhood entertainment.

This afternoon at Y. M. C. A. auditorium the Minetti String quartet will give its second concert, with Otto Bendix at the piano in the Brahms quintet.



The New York *Dramatic Mirror* reports the Maine Music Festival at Bangor, which took place at the Auditorium heatre, as being given to large and greatly pleased audiences. There was a chorus of eight hundred voices and the soloists were Mesdames Schumann-Heink, Suzanne Adams, Charlotte Maconda, Isabelle Bouton, and Signor Guiseppe Campanari, Gwilym Miles and our own Willis E. Bacheller. The music was under the direction of William R. Chapman.

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The Orpheus Concert

The concert which opened the season for the Orpheus Concert company was given to a good house, considering that not three blocks away the Loring club was giving its regular invitation concert to a packed house. The program prepared by the Orpheus company was an excellent one and the ensemble work showed the voices to be well balanced and gave evidence of careful rehearsing together. The first quartet "Estudiantina" (Lacome) was given with good attack and unanimity of shading. "Where are You Going to, My Pretty Maid?" was encored and the Song of the Triton was given in fine style and with spirited tempo. Mr. Lucy gave three Chopin piano numbers; the etudes "Butterfly" and "Revolutionary" and the Tarantelle. The last was his best work. It was taken in more strict tempo than the first two. There was a duet from "Gioconda" by Miss Davis and Mrs. Reynolds; solos by Miss Davis whose work is always satisfactory; Mrs. Reynolds, whose unsteady tone mars an otherwise agreeable voice; Mr. Veaco the tenor and Mr. van Linghem the basso who gave the "Romance" from "Dinorah" in fine voice. One of the best numbers was the trio "Qual Volutta" (I Lombardi) which received a justly earned encore. Altogether it may be said that it was a very successful concert and as this was the first, improvement may be looked for in the next.

The Loring

The Loring club concert was greeted by the usual full house. The programs, which by the way, were provided plentifully, were beautifully gotten up and the numbers selected with fine discretion and discriminating taste, the heavier numbers being equably interspersed with those of lighter character. Of the former class "King Olaf's Christmas" found such favor with the audience that it was repeated in its entirety. The solos in this number were taken by Dr. J. F. Smith whose tenor was well received and Herbert Medley, one of the club's baritone voices who has done solo work for them before. I noted in his solos a year ago an objectionable tremolo which is a fault so easily overcome there seems really no excuse for it. There is enough of good natural timbre in Mr. Medley's voice to repay him for development, as the voice has still an immature quality that is a drawback to his doing high-class work with success. Dr. Schalkhammer, also one of the club members, gave two solos in a sweet, sympathetic tenor that won him an encore, to which he responded with "The Daily Question." Another of the club's concerto numbers that was repeated in response to an encore was "Secret Love" a folksong of the eighteenth century by W. Llegemuth. Miss Anne Louise Daniels, contralto, was the woman vocalist of the evening and gave several solos, "Im Herbst" (Franz) being really her best and "The Danza" (Chadwick) winning an encore to which she responded with "At Parting" by Rogers. Miss Daniels is quite a young singer and has a very pretty quality of voice with which she will be able to do better work when she has it absolutely under control. It is still quite unsteady with the result of producing a cloudy tone. The club as

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a whole did better work than a year ago. A few more tenors would balance the ensemble better and are greatly needed as the bassos are good and strong and make the choruses a trifle lop-sided. Still the work barring this, was acceptably done and it was a very enjoyable concert. The lovely old "Blue Danube" set to words by William A. Murison went off with a fine swing and set all the feet in the hall moving instinctively. Of all the Strauss waltzes there has never been one that contained the witchery of the "Beautiful Blue Danube." This number closed a fine program.

Reynolds-Biggerstaff-Weiss

A delightful concert was that given by Mrs. Sedgeley-Reynolds and Frederic Biggerstaff assisted by Arthur Weiss, last Saturday afternoon. Mrs. Reynolds gave a number of solos from Schubert, Brahms, Nevin, Rogers, Chadwick and D'Hardelot, and Arthur Weiss played once in a sonata for cello and piano by Nicode and again rendered in good style the Popper Polonaise de Concert. Mr. Weiss gets a beautiful tone from his instrument. Frederic Biggerstaff, who by the way was a pupil of Louis Lisser before going to Europe, and studied under Moszkowski among other masters while there, gives us the same clean technique that characterized his playing in his concert last year. He is not a forceful player and has much of effeminacy in his style, not a bad thing, either, since all pianists cannot play alike and Mr. Biggerstaff gains in this a delightful delicacy of execution. His Variations on the Name Abegg by Schumann was flawless in its performance and the Glazounow Barcarolle was beautifully interpreted. It was a most pleasing program and Mr. Biggerstaff's work stamps him as one of our most intelligent pianists.

The Extras to a Lesson

Paris is said to abound with musical fakirs, who love to be known by some absurd practice that sets them apart from their fellows and is used purely as a means of advertisement. I had the following from a retired opera singer: A certain teacher in Paris in order to follow the methods in vogue among the professional musicians was greeted, on the entrance to his studio by one of his pupils with "Good morning little papa." The teacher replied, "Good morning little baby," both of course in French, and then followed a kiss after which the business of the day was entered upon. This was invariable and was never omitted on pain of the high displeasure of the teacher in question. It seems ridiculous to enlightened Americans and so it is, but it is a fact nevertheless, and only one among many customs in common practice that are equally absurd.

—*The Music Critic*

World of Letters

Archibald Clavering Gunter contributes to the October *Writer* an article on the subject of "Authors and Publishers." Mr. Gunter does not favor the plan of publishing books without the aid of an established house unless an author is phenomenally successful from the start or unless he has capital at his disposal to establish a publishing business. Apparently he takes no stock in the plan of authors acting as their own agents and reaping all the profits.

George Moore is engaged in condensing his two novels, "Evelyn Innes" and "Sister Theresa" into a single volume preparatory to its issue in a Tauchnitz Edition.

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Charles Felton Pidgin has no intention of being driven from the field by any adverse criticism of his defense of Aaron Burr. Besides his recently published novel, "Blennerhassett," he has in preparation a "Life of Burr" which will appear as soon as may be. Mr. Pidgin calls to his support no less an authority than President Roosevelt, who, in his "Winning of the West," makes light of the so-called "treason." Mr. Pidgin invites his critics to look a ltttle deeper into the early history of the country than the few brief paragraphs of their forgotten school books, and indeed, some of these same critics acknowledge that they would be willing to think better of Burr did it not involve the abandonment of previous theories in connection with Saint Hamilton and others of the hierachy. Whatever may be the outcome of this championship, there can be no question of Mr. Pidgin's own sincerity.

The *Anglo-Saxon Review* is dead, and there is some question as to whether its demise is due to lack of patronage or bad business management. It is an interesting question, in view of the fact that it was supposed to be so prosperous and so firmly established that other publishers were contemplating the advisability of bringing out high-priced periodicals for the benefit of the exclusives who are willing to pay a guinea a number for their reading matter. The cheap magazine has multiplied, but the *Anglo-Saxon* held the high-priced field alone. It is probable that the back numbers will command an additional price from faddists and collectors.

Paul Kester has dramatized "Tom Sawyer." He is the brother of Vaughn Kester, whose novel, "The Manager of the B & A" has been one of the recent successes. There is some curiosity as to what disposition Mr. Kester will make of his dramatization of "Silas Lapham," which was made for the late James A. Herne.

Albert Bigelow Paine, whose story, "The Bread Line," attracted deserved attention, has two new books in press with the J. F. Taylor company. "The Van Dwellers" is a humorous account of the efforts of a small family to find a home in a large city, and "The Great White Way" is a story of adventure and exploration in Antarctic regions.

Captain Michael White, an ex-officer of the British army, has written a novel of the Sepoy rebellion. That he is also heralded as an ex-schoolmate of Kipling can hardly be counted on to add merit or interest to his work. "Every herring must hang by its own head."

"The Dead Calypso" is sixth amongst the best selling books, locally, for the last month. That is good for poetry these days, and shows that Louis Robertson's verse is not unappreciated. It is also noted in the list of books received in the *Bookman* and will probably be reviewed next month.

All the prize winners in the short story competition recently closed by *Life* were women.

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The question of the passing of the serial story is apparently settled so far as *St. Nicholas* is concerned. There are to be no more continued stories, but occasionally a long story complete in one number will appear. *Lippincott* is apparently in the vanguard. It uses no serials but gives a complete short novel each month. The serial story has gradually shortened, and is now on the verge of disappearance.

The Ought-not-to-be-ographies

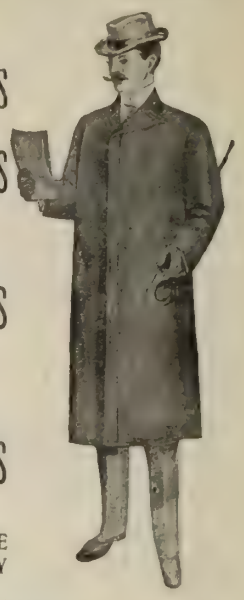
Andrew Lang is protesting against the "Life and Letters Plague," and his protest deserves hearing. He thinks that we can, as a general thing, learn all that is of any concern to us about an author from his books, and there is altogether too much description of nothing and nobody turned out. The Chicago *Dial* is inclined to laud the popularity of biographies and memoirs and thinks it shows a taste for more solid reading than was heretofore the case, but one is apt to question whether it does not show, rather, a vulgar curiosity about the private affairs of people who are for the moment, in the public eye. The *Dial* classifies biographies under three heads, First, the ambitious and mercenary, written solely for the pecuniary returns, and for which the authors read up. Second, the didactic and ethical, which have a tendency to the picturesque, and Third, those written in the interest of pure truth. Some one else recently made a much better classification, into, Biographies, Autobiographies and Ought-not-to-be-ographies.

A Real Incident

Mrs. Burton Harrison's story, "Winwood's Luck," in a late number of the *Lippincott*, is not altogether an effort of the imagination, for it embodies an incident which was one of the experiences of her family during the Civil War. Two chests of old English silver, part of it brought by her ancestor, Lord Fairfax, to the colony more than a hundred years previous, were hastily buried by Mrs. Harrison's mother, aided by a young cousin who was killed soon afterward, and an old negro steward who faithfully kept the secret. The old house was burned during the war, the surrounding forest laid waste and the trees used as the breastworks of a fort which was erected on the site of the dwelling. A camp of Union soldiers was pitched there, and had there been any suspicion of the buried treasure nothing would have been simpler than to have unearthed it. Years afterward, the exact spot in which the silver was buried was identified by the family and the blackened treasure recovered. The tragedy of the story was not a part of of the family history, though such incidents were not uncommon amongst families living on the borderland of the two sections.

A new novel lately issued by Archie Gunter, is named "The Deacon's Second Wind," and deals with the far-fetched idea of a woman who, having become a power in New York society returns to her father's farm and takes up the housework, washing and rough chores because she thinks her parents disprove of the way in which she has come by her fortune. People are none so particular. "Get rich, honestly if you can, but get rich anyhow," is the popular maxim. —*The Bookworm*

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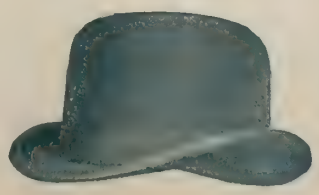
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San Francisco, November 16, 1901

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OUR OPINION

Gone to Chicago for Culture

"Goes to Chicago to Study Music," was the heading in the *Examiner* the other day of an item about Miss Harriet Calkins who has gone to the Windy City, the city of smoke, filth and embalmed beef and the home of the parvenue, to perfect her musical education. If this State is educating girls at Berkeley to fit them for the higher culture of the most uncultured city on the globe it is time we should become aware of the fact. Perhaps the case of Miss Calkins is an exceptional one. It is the first that has been called to our attention, but from the item in the *Examiner* one might conclude that it was usual for Berkeley graduates to go to Chicago for the finishing touches. There was no note of surprise in the *Examiner* item. It read as though everybody knew that Chicago was the place to go for musical culture. And yet we have been flattering ourselves that there are here in San Francisco more music lovers, and more cultured vocalists and musicians in proportion to the population, than in any other city in the country. It is pretty generally understood that voice cultivation can be carried to as high a point in this city as in any city in the country, and that even a trip to Europe would not be of much benefit if it were not for the musical atmosphere and the more abundant opportunities of hearing the best musicians and best voices and of observing the best methods. But the thought of going to Chicago for atmosphere or anything conducive to musical culture should strike the average person possessed of knowledge of the facts as preposterous. Why, an expensive opera company takes a desperate chance when it undertakes to fill an engagement in Chicago. Scarcely anybody stays in Chicago after making sufficient money to live in luxury elsewhere. Chicago is a splendid commercial city. It is a good place to go if you want to learn how to embalm beef or to get an adequate notion of the volume of energy that a greedy dollar chaser can expend under high pressure, but to seek culture there is as absurd as it would be to go to Berkeley to learn how to carry a hod. Chicago has a university but it is unlike any other institution of learning in the world. No man of learning can stay there more than six months without being afflicted with the taint of commercialism. It was a Chicago professor that compared John D. Rockefeller to Shakespeare. The professor of literature teaches that there is no writing so fine as that which adorns a check, and that the purest English is spoken in the stock market. The mechanical arts are the only arts discussed in the Chicago university. The only music that is encouraged is rag time.

The Wickedest City

The perennial and periodical discussion of which is the wickedest city is up once more, and from the parade of statistics of crime and of the number of arrests, one might think the distinction one to be proud of. The wickedest city is like the youngest soldier, a claim that is easily made and hard to establish. Mere statistics prove nothing, for laws are not uniformly enforced in all communities, or even in the same community at all times, or in all wards and cantonments at the same time. Where one officer is content with warning small boys and minor misdemeanants, another is bent on making arrests, and where one will make complaint of a misdemeanor another will magnify the fault to a crime. When a sergeant or a chief is bent on making a record, arrests are made where under ordinary circumstances transgressions would be winked at, and there is always more or less of the proverbial new broom activity. Statistics of convictions are as unreliable as statistics of arrest, for pull is potent, and while the habitual thief may escape punishment, the casual, or the man convicted on purely false or circumstantial evidence, may be held to account. The wickedest city according to one count may be the one where there is most sin in evidence, but the protection of the officials often helps it to hide sin in communities that enjoy a good reputation. It invariably happens that when a clerical convention is held anywhere, that municipality's stock of wickedness takes a sudden bound, and staid and respectable citizens who have resided there for years are made aware of reprehensible doings and disreputable haunts by these casual sojourners who are supposed to have neither time nor inclination for indulging in forbidden sights. It is commonly taken for granted that small towns and villages are anterooms of Paradise, and that the country youths come to the city as innocent and unsophisticated as the angels. They are presumed to know nothing of the seductions of "red licker" or of the sinister appearance of a deck of cards, but the difference is largely one of opportunity. Arrests for intoxication or sharp words or knock down fights are rare in rural communities, not because the occurrences themselves are rare, but because it is generally considered that interference is unnecessary. Except in such larger

matters as murder, arson or burglary, there is a different standard and moreover people are apt to consider twice before they stir up ill-feeling amongst those who are their permanent neighbors. There is nothing to be especially proud of in setting up a claim for depravity and those preachers and editors who make a business of calamity howling would be better employed in doing what they can toward improving conditions than in proving their respective communities to be unsafe to settle in.

Roosevelt's Attitude Toward England

There is great curiosity in England as to the views and sentiments of President Roosevelt toward that country. W. Laird Clowes thinks that he can enlighten his countrymen on that subject, and he has undertaken to do so in an article in which he discusses the President and his views at great length. President Roosevelt has devoted much of his valuable time, since leaving college twenty years ago, to literature, and the best method of ascertaining his views on any subject is to read his works. They are well worth reading. He has never written anything dull or uninteresting. And it matters not whether you wish to learn something about the war of 1812, or about the experiences of a ranchman, or the manner in which the corrupt police department of New York was reformed several years ago, or what sort of big game we have in the United States, all you have to do is look up your Roosevelt and you will be enlightened and entertained. For President Roosevelt is a man of letters as well as a Rough Rider and a sportsman. His essays, his histories and his biographies should be read by every young American, for his sentiments are of the broadest and most wholesome and invigorating character. It is your duty to be loyal to your President, and you will find it a pleasure as well, if you read his works and familiarize yourself with the unconscious representation of his mind and character. And if Englishmen desire to know what sort of an American our President is they need not obtain information second-hand. By consulting his essay on the Monroe Doctrine they may get an adequate conception. And it should profit them to do so while the Nicaragua Canal question is still unsettled. That Mr. Roosevelt is not one of those timorous Americans who tremble at the thought of enforcing the Monroe Doctrine becomes quite evident from a perusal of that essay. He therein declares that if that doctrine did not already exist it would be necessary forthwith to create it. He also says:

> To argue that it cannot be recognized as a principle of international law, is a mere waste of breath. Nobody cares whether it is or not so recognized, any more than any one cares whether the Declaration of Independence and Washington's farewell address are so recognized.

Not only, he contends, have we the right to forbid a European State to aggrandize itself on American soil, but we have also the right to prevent a transfer of an American colony from one European State to another, if in the judgment of the United States such transfer would be hostile to its own interests. It was in this essay that Roosevelt upheld the policy of President Cleveland in the Venezuela dispute and referring to the probability of a war, he said:

> Such a war we would deplore; but it must be distinctly understood that we would deplore it very much more for England's sake than for our own. * * * We do not wish to be misunderstood. We have no feeling against England. On the contrary, we regard her as being well in advance of the great powers of continental Europe, and we have more sympathy with her. In general, her success tells for the success of civilization, and we wish her well. But where her interests enlist her against the progress of civilization and in favor of the oppression of other nationalities who are struggling upward, our sympathies are immediately forfeited.

Surely there should be no doubt as to the attitude of our President toward England. There should be no doubt as to his attitude in any matter.

The Antitoxin Remedy

The death of Chief of Police Sullivan from what is believed to have been the evil effects of diphtheria antitoxin injection will no doubt be regarded by persons who have denied the efficacy of the serum therapy and of vaccination, as confirmation of their views. The opponents of serum treatment have contended all along that the use of germ culture in medical practice was wrong and should be abandoned. There is no doubt that deaths have resulted from vaccination in small-pox cases and from injections of diphtheria antitoxin, but they do not disprove the soundness of the bacillus and germ theories. Those theories suffer when deaths occur because they tend to arouse prejudices that it is difficult for the scientist to overcome. But the fatal effect of antitoxin in sporadic cases is scarcely worth considering in view of the fact that there have been hundreds of thousands of cases in which the administration of antitoxin has checked the progress and caused a cure of malignant diphtheria. Its efficacy is now generally recognized by the medical fraternity, but the science of serum therapy is still in its infancy. In effecting a cure the physician is frequently required to use a medicine which has a tendency to produce bad effects that must be guarded against. Antitoxin has occasionally produced tetanus or lockjaw, and it is necessary to guard against that disease. But the remedy has long since passed the experimental stage, and is now in general use. It should not be regarded as dangerous.

Artistic Framing

There is a good deal more in framing a picture than one fancies. The finest work of art in an inharmonious setting is practically ruined. One of the most interesting sections of Gump's art rooms, 113-115 Geary street, is the framing room. Here one may see how different a picture looks when it is unframed.

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Overcoats For All Occasions

The Shrine of Song

In mute amazement oft I pause before
The portals of Song's Shrine and list to those
Whose music from its classic cloisters flows
Adown the tide of Time forevermore.
I see the place that no man may explore,
Save Him whose Art its life to Genius owes—
On whose rapt lips the sacred cinder glows
That teaches Song's sweet shibboleth and lore.

Ah, it were heaven to venture in and kneel
In some dim aisle, unnoticed and apart,
With thirsting soul to drink the sounds that shame
My songs to silence; then to rise and feel
That my untutored lips had learnt the art
That seats the singer in the House of Fame.

November, 1901 LOUIS A. ROBERTSON

The Saunterer

Homer Davenport

The chapter of autobiography presented in this week's issue is one that should be read with unusual interest. It is the story of the early struggles of the country's premier cartoonist, Mr. Homer Davenport. With the exception of Th. Nast no cartoonist in this country ever achieved such fame as Davenport, but the latter's work has enjoyed an even wider circulation than that of his predecessor, and it appeals to the understanding and appreciation of a much larger circle of people. Mr. Davenport's friends in this city feel a pride in his success, for it was here that he first attracted attention. It was here that his genius first received recognition. And the Davenport of today, the high salaried artist who has thrilled people with his powerful and eloquent pictures,who has made them laugh, and who has stirred their souls with a touch of his pen, the man that made Mark Hanna wince and caused Admiral Dewey to shed tears of gratitude, is the same big, good-natured, modest ebullient chap that he was when he came to this city less than ten years ago, an unknown, raw recruit from an Oregon farm.

Artists Going into Trade

I should like every American boy to read the autobiography of Homer Davenport, for it exemplifies the value of patience and industry. Davenport started out as a boy to become a cartoonist because it was the wish of his mother, and he succeeded in overcoming overwhelming obstacles. It is rather interesting to learn from this chapter of autobiography that the first person Davenport ever saw at work in a newspaper art room was George Lyon, and that he was alarmed and disconcerted because he felt that he never could achieve the cleverness he saw exhibited. And Lyon has since abandoned art to open a florist's store in Kearny street. Lyon's forte was portrait work, and there is no longer demand for that in newspaper offices. The half-tone has supplanted the line-drawing and artists who are not cartoonists are gradually being crowded out of the business. I heard the other day that Methfessel of the *Call*, who is one of the cleverest artists in the newspaper business, was thinking of opening a cigar store.

The Artist and the Horse

From Davenport's autobiography I learn also that he might have been permitted to wander back to the Oregon farm had it not been for the circumstance of his having dashed off the picture of a horse's heard which met with the approval of the chief of the art department. To this day Davenport does nothing better or more striking than the picture of a horse. And that is probably due to his intense admiration for the horse. His fad is game chickens but he dotes on the horse. I recall that when he returned from the Chicago Fair some years ago he could tell of nothing he saw there except the Arabian horses. I rode with him in a train from the Oakland mole to Sacramento and he entertained me the entire trip with his descriptions and tales of the Arabian steeds. Last week I met him at the close of the performance at the Orpheum and he exclaimed with a face radiant with delight: "Say, wasn't that biograph picture of the Derby the greatest thing you ever saw ?"

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Eugene's Letter to Abe

The *cacoethes scribendi* of our Mayor-elect is something fierce. He appears to be as handy with the pen as with the baton. If he could write music with the same facility with which he writes letters, Eugene would soon become famous as a composer. Of all the letters that he turned out the one to Abe Ruef was the most interesting. It created a sensation. It started even the most callous grafters in the political purlieus. It was so raw that many people could not conceive of Schmitz being the author of it. Only the day before he had announced his policy, and it restored confidence. To follow up that announcement with that significant letter to Ruef was little short of amazing. Of course everybody had understood that Ruef was the leading manager of the Schmitz campaign, and that the political lawyer would be close to the throne, but they were not prepared to have notice served on the public that Mr. Ruef was IT. Somebody has suggested that the fine Italian hand of Mr. Ruef is visible in the letter.

Ruef's Opportunities

The letter was received with significant winks and nods all along the line. It excited the merriment of those who are expecting a wide open town under the administration of Mr. Schmitz. Some of the astute politicians who have had experience as manipulators began to estimate the probable income of Attorney Ruef during the next two years. It was estimated that his legal practice would increase to such an extent that he would pocket about ten thousand a month. This estimate was based, of course, on the supposition that Mr. Ruef is to have full swing. But even though there is to be no looting and Mr. Schmitz gives us the same honest administration that we have been having, Mr. Ruef will prosper. Everybody that wishes to enjoy a special privilege, everybody that wants the ear of Eugene for a few minutes, and everybody that wants a favor, will if he is wise in his generation employ Mr. Ruef as his attorney.

Some Choice Excerpts

It would be foolish not to do so in view of what Mr. Schmitz has said in his letter. Here are a few excerpts:

I have now for some fifteen years enjoyed your acquaintance and friendship and your services as my attorney in many capacities, and I say without hesitation or flattery, that I have yet to find a more honorable, a more loyal, a more able attorney or a truer friend. * * * I shall *with the utmost confidence and with a sentiment of absolute sincerity* feel myself privileged at all times to consider you as *my friendly* counsellor.

After that who would hesitate to employ Mr. Ruef in a matter connected with the municipal government? And is it not fair to surmise that the letter was written for a purpose? If it were not why was it given to the press for publication? Surely nobody cares whether Mr. Schmitz has confidence in Mr. Ruef. It is of interest only to those who are in need of a handy lawyer to do business for them at the City Hall.

Returned Unmarried

Mrs. Kate Cope has returned to Santa Cruz. And she still bears the name of the husband from whom she was divorced some months ago. Consequently the tabbies of Santa Cruz are pop-eyed with curiosity. It was only a few weeks ago that I announced the departure of Mrs. Kate Cope, daughter of millionaire F. A. Hihn, for Honolulu, equipped with a superb trousseau, the gift of her father. I stated that the purpose of her journey was to marry a young hotel clerk named Smith who was formerly connected with the St. George hotel in Santa Cruz. But the marriage did not take place, and the gossips are curious to know the reason why. Of course they are speculating as to why Mrs. Cope failed to pull off the wedding, and they have all sorts of explanations to offer. Perhaps it was fortunate that her journey did come to naught.

Southard Hoffman is giving his visiting brother Jack an exhilarating round of native entertainments in Hawaii. Recently he got up a gay party to spend a "week's end" at Waialua. Southard Hoffman has been cutting a distinct figure among the island smart set ever since he pluckily pulled a fagged young woman bather from the surf several fortnights ago.

"Uncle George" Reminiscent

Uncle George Bromley is well up to eighty-five. He carries his years as lightly as an Irishman the chip on his shoulder. The other night Uncle George went home late with an old friend. Passing a certain hotel, he paused, glanced up at a certain window and sighed.

"Reminds you—?" said the friend.

"Of happy days," said the old man. "There was a beautiful woman once and she lived up there. I used to visit her often. She had a most fascinating person and a gift of entertaining that drew me. Ah me!"

"You can look back sixty years, Uncle George," said his companion sympathetically.

"Her husband was in the Navy," continued the octogenarian. "He wasn't home often. Sometimes not once a year. She looked to me for comforting. I did my best. I don't think she loved her husband."

"How time passes!" said his friend for want of something better, "you were a young lothario then I presume?"

"Not so very young," said Uncle George. "It was all of two years ago."

When Uncle George First Met Li

Uncle George Bromley has very pleasant recollections of the late Li Hung Chang, with whom he became quite friendly during his three years stay in Tien-tsin as United States Consul. When Uncle George celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday one of the greetings that came to him was a Chinese one, from the Viceroy, an imposing document on red paper with huge black Chinese characters. During his term in

Engraved
Wedding Announcements
and Invitations
ROBERTSON, 126 Post Street San Francisco

Tien-tsin Uncle George kept a diary, from which I extract the following relating to his first meeting with Li:

October 25, 1884. I have seen the noted chieftain and he is a splendid looking man. He is over six feet high and unusually well proportioned; wears a moustache and has a very pleasant face. When I came down to my breakfast I saw a pony hitched to one of the trees in the yard, "all bridled and saddled," and asked my China boy whose it was. He said it was for him to ride to the Viceroy's. At half-past nine, Mr. Maclay, the interpreter, had the two sedan chairs at the gate with four men for each, and we entered. As I got in, the men looked at me and grunted slightly, thinking no doubt that they would earn their money in transporting such a load. When we started, the China boy with his round top hat and red tassel and his top boots and flowing green robe, and mounted on his pony, took the lead in order to clear the way for official rank. I followed and then came the interpreter, which constituted the imposing procession. It is about two miles from the Consulate to the Viceroy's residence. Our arrival was announced by a regular slam bang of all sorts of noises and at the entrance to the outer court we were received by two of the Viceroy's officials who escorted us through the two inner courts and files of Chinese soldiers to the grand reception room. This is about thirty feet wide and forty feet long. The only decoration is a portrait of the Viceroy somewhat larger than life; the frame about ten feet high and eight feet long. The portrait, an excellent one, was painted in Paris.

Li Asked Questions

The reception room is an audience chamber as well, and at one end is a raised seat where the Viceroy presides in council. The chairs are all stationary and ranged along on the two sides. All the furniture is exceedingly plain, being covered with a red material something like bombazine. On the floor was a Brussels carpet, but it lay all in ridges, as there had been no attempt to stretch it when put down. The two officials that met us could speak very good English so that we had quite a lively little chat while waiting for the Viceroy. But he only kept us waiting some seven or eight minutes, when he came in and I was introduced by Mr. Maclay. The Viceroy greeted me very cordially and seemed to be favorably impressed with my appearance. He asked how I liked Tien-tsin; if I had been in China before; what State I came from; how long I had been on the way and how old I was. When I told him I was sixty-seven he was quite elated, as I was one year older than himself. He wanted to know all about my family and what other offices I had held, and also if I were rich. I told him I was not rich, that if I had been I should never have come to Tien-tsin. The answer pleased him very much. After a pleasant talk of half an hour we were invited into an adjoining room to partake of refreshments, which consisted of Chinese sweetmeats, cake, nuts, tea and champagne, all of which were good. The Viceroy wished to know all about the resources of California, the harbor protection of San Francisco, the Navy and whether or not we were afraid of the French. All of his questions I answered to the best of my knowledge. The interview lasted about an hour and was pleasant as well as satisfactory. On our taking leave the Viceroy saw us to the outer gate and bade us a cordial good-bye.

A Great Chinese

It was only in the late years of his life that people of all nations began to realize that Earl Li Hung Chang was one of the great diplomatists of the age. In the game of diplomacy he was a match for any Oriental as well as any of the astute liars in the courts of Europe. It was the genius of Li Hung Chang that aroused the admiration of such great men as General Grant and Bismarck. The American soldier regarded him as a great and progressive statesman, and the German Chancellor admired him for his wit and his scholarship. When he visited this country we soon learned that he was a man of intellectual keenness as well as a wit, and it surprised us to find that he was not of the laundryman type of coolie. And he is no more of an accident than Minister Wu. His enemies accused him of being mercenary, but he certainly performed great services for his country. But with all his mental power, he was quite often in disgrace. He lost his peacock feather and his yellow jacket and came near losing his head.

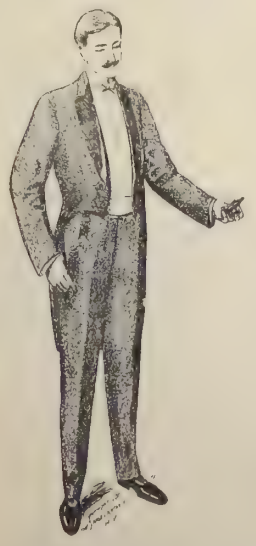
"Will you join me?" "Well, yes, in a drink of Chapin & Gore."

The Unique Lehr

The New York papers are again full of the doings of Harry Lehr, leader of germans and society favorite who recently married a prominent widow of Gotham's four hundred. His dog breakfasts, pyjama luncheons and peignoir suppers have afforded society much cause for gossip for a couple of years past. The wonder of it all has been that Lehr married, for his girlishness has long been a matter of comment. When it was announced recently that the stork appeared to be on the way to the Lehrs' home, a New York daily remarked that people wondered what Harry would do next.

He Was Known As "Piggy"

A newspaper man of San Francisco who was born in Baltimore, Maryland, and whose family has lived in the Southern city for generations, went to school with Lehr. Lehr's father was German consul to Baltimore for two decades and the family got its social standing through his official position. As a boy Lehr was insufferably effeminate and was the butt of the school. His fellows nicknamed him "Piggy" and made life a burden to him. Some years ago the reporter had occasion to interview Lehr and familiarly addressed him as "Piggy." The society leader almost had a fit. Lehr is rated a very handsome fellow by the married women of New York's degenerate smart set. His old schoolmate from Baltimore remembers that he made a great hit in a female role at a Kirmess celebration. He wore a decollete bodice and exposed a bosom that was the envy of many a fair debutante.



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Why the Doll Show Thrives

What the Doctor's Daughters' annual doll show would do without Tom Williams I don't know. Jennie Blair's executive ability and enthusiasm, and Tom Williams' generosity are the heart of the doll show. Every year Mr. Williams makes it a point to come over and visit the show, and buy dolls. This year he spent one hundred dollars in raffle tickets for the dolls' house, as well as buying a lot of dolls. Tom Williams' liberality was, on Saturday night in marked contrast to the apathy that seemed to fall upon the box-holders when the auction of dolls began. The eloquence and wit of Charlie Dickman—and I never knew him in a wittier mood—failed to arouse enthusiasm One after another, dolls were held up to be sold, without avail. Dr. Shiels assisted Mr. Dickman and together they managed a few sales, but if it had not been for the clever sale of an old print for twenty-six dollars and a half, I fear Mr. Dickman would have considered himself a rank failure as an auctioneer.

"Society" Vaudeville

As a whole, I cannot say that the entertainment was all that it might have been. It was not entirely "society" vaudeville, for one thing, for the numbers were not entirely by amateurs. The "Florodora" sextet was really very good, the men being especially clever and rather better than the real thing. I can fancy how well George De Long fitted into the New York sextet, after seeing the amateurs at the doll show. I am told that the reason why Frank Rodolph did so much better than the other men was that he simply would not agree to suppress his natural gift for acting. The men were told not to be "too much so," and the girls were admonished "not to make goo-goo eyes." But Frank Rodolph did very much as he pleased, and consequently made a hit. Lucia Ransome and Mr. Rudolph won particular applause by the daintiness of their dancing and the grace of their poses. Bessie Gowan made the finest appearance of the girls, but Bernice Landers managed her wink the best. Mary Payne had any amount of chic. But the girls' costumes were not so fetching as they might have been, and with all the amateur artists and modistes among the Doctor's Daughters, I think something more picturesque might have been designed.

They billed Peter Robertson as "Robinson" and some of the dailies let it go at that. "The Billionaire" is a clever playlet and the all-star cast let none of the author's brilliancies escape attention. But a society audience is not sufficiently intelligent to grasp all the fine points of a farce written for clubmen. The bits of horseplay seemed to please the best. On the second night Bothwell Browne's Carmen dance made a huge hit. The Bohemian club members who pride themselves on their proficiency in ballet steps stared aghast when they saw the willowy dancing-master bending his supple form until his head nearly touched his heels.

A Turn Not on the Bill

There was a number by a society amateur that was not mentioned on the bill, but which had an audience nevertheless. The champagne punch that was served to distend the Doctor's Daughters' exchequer was unstintedly patronized, and some of the Daughters were among the most unselfish partakers—in the interests of charity, of course. One of them was doing some graceful attitudinizing when she had a fall. It was a dainty drop, a poem in silk petticoats and chiffon flounces, but it was unexpected. And it was not a part of the program that was furnished at one dollar per head, unreserved.

Back to the Army

Gossip is resurrecting Baron Alex von Schroeder from the muck heap into which he was cast months ago by the disclosures in the libel suit brought by his brother against the *Call*. The younger Von Schroeder is in Germany and an officer in the army of the Kaiser. He had lots of trouble in getting back into the army from which he resigned service years ago when he and his pot-hunting brother came to California. It seems that he was operated on for appendicitis in America and that the absence of his vermiform appendix militated against his usefulness in the German army. Just what use the Kaiser has for the lost article is unknown but, if gossip be true, Von Schroeder had to assert a strong influence to regain the epaulets he once cast away. But this is the smallest morsel of chatter about the gay Von Schroeder. It is said that he is to marry Miss Cutter, the fair lady who was once very friendly with his elder brother and who was such a conspicuous guest at the Baron's ranch in the gallant days of old.

A Refined Comedienne

Lillian Burkhart is the only legitimate successor to the late Rosina Vokes. Of entirely different physique and lacking the wonderful vitality of the incomparable Rosina, Miss Burkhart yet has the indefinable something that we call natural intelligence for lack of a better term, and which caused Stuart Robson to say to her: "You can act." I should be sorry to see Miss Burkhart forsake the United States circuit, in whose theatres herself and her clever playlets give so much pleasure, but I understand she has received a flattering offer from a leading Australian manager for a year's engagement. Since Felix Morris' death, Miss Burkhart stands at the head of legitimate vaudeville. The refinement of her art is appreciated by the uncultured as well as the trained critic.

Daggett's Sideboard

Rollin M. Daggett, the journalist, who died in this city the other day, was a friend and companion of Mark Twain in Virginia City, Nevada, in the early

DEWAR'S
SCOTCH WHISKY
HIGH BALL

Small piece of ice in glass, pour whisky over ice and fill glass with syphon or plain water

A Cooling and Delightful Drink

sixties. He is one of the characters mentioned in Twain's sketches. Daggett was a unique character. When he was Minister to Hawaii he was very much disgusted with the quality of the whisky sold in the islands, so he imported good, old Bourbon from Kentucky, and kept it in a barrel in a large closet connected with his office. And it was his custom to refer to it as his sideboard whenever he wished to extend hospitality to a visitor. He would open the door, hand his visitor a glass, and point to the spigot, saying, "There's the sideboard; help yourself." The representatives of all nations were familiar with Minister Daggett's sideboard. He told them that fancy labels and pretty bottles never made good whisky.

A Judicial Squabble

The judges of the Superior Court are having a hard time trying to agree on the selection of a commissioner of insanity to succeed the late Dr. Windele. As the lunacy commission has always been a non-partisan board it was supposed that a Democrat would be appointed to succeed Windele. But the court is divided between McGettigan, a Democrat, and Regensburger, a Republican. Judge Coffey caused the split by voting for the Republican. The contest has developed into rather a warm controversy. Some of the judges think that Judge Hebbard should have the selection of the commissioner because he always attends to the lunacy cases, and Judge Hebbard, though a Republican, is for McGettigan. But Judge Hunt, who does not like Judge Hebbard, is the leader of the opposition, and with his very intimate friend, Judge Troutt, has put up a strong fight. To a man on the fence watching the scene in the judicial arena it is an amusing contest. I should think that the dignified men of the bench would not permit their tempers to be ruffled by a squabble over a small political plum, but here is the whole court of twelve judges in a deadlock. It would be enough to make the angels weep if the angels bothered themselves about such matters. The funniest part of it all is that Hunt is supposed to have espoused Regensburger's cause to get back at Hebbard because the latter got more votes than he when both ran for the job. And the surprising feature of it is the candidacy of Regensburger. As he is an old practitioner people thought that he had a large practice, and that he wouldn't bother himself about a two-dollar fee for examining a crazy person.

Good Riddance to Vining

I presume that when the Market street railroad system begins operations under the new management, Mr. E. P. Vining will lose his job. Ordinarily, I can not rejoice over the loss of a man's job, but when I receive news of the firing of General Manager Vining I shall invite a few friends to assist in the quickening of my jubilant spirits, by drinking a magnum in glee to his disperchment. Mr. Vining's railroad policy is the worst that has ever been inflicted on a great city. He has proceeded upon the fatuous theory that there is nothing so profitable as economy, and that while he could show the directors that expenses were down to the lowest notch, it was evident that he was earning his salary. That theory was exploded many years ago. Mr. Vining's economy promoted damage suits and encouraged people to walk and to ride bicycles. It promoted enemies who were eager to testify against the company when accidents occurred. He lost many thousands of dollars a year by failing to provide adequate transportation facilities at certain points and at certain hours, and he did many other things that demonstrated his incompetency. I have been told that, under the new system, we are to have an all-night service. That reminds me that some years ago an all-night service was proposed at a meeting of the directors of the Market street company, and that Mr. Vining urged as an objection that it would encourage men to stay out late and incur the displeasure of church people. Of course, it never occurred to him that many people work at legitimate business until after one o'clock in the morning. And that is the sort of a back-number, New England yahoo that we have had managing our big metropolitan street railroad system.

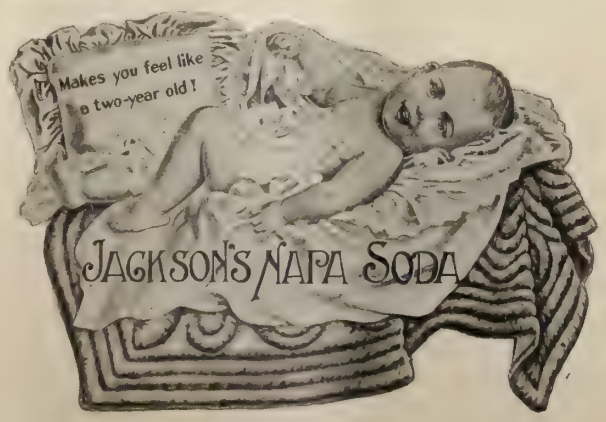
Have you visited Mrs. Cole, the leading Chiropodist and Manicure at her pretty little office in the Parrott Building? Room 460. Telephone Howard 2585.

The Lourdes Cure

The Frank Sullivans are home from Europe, where they have been for about two years. They wandered all over the continent but they had headquarters in Paris. One of their little girls broke her knee-cap just before she left and it was feared that she would be on crutches all her life. Such was the prediction of many eminent surgeons abroad, but the Sullivans decided to try the miraculous waters of Lourdes, and as soon as the injured limb was bathed in them the child threw away her crutches.

A Clerical Prize

In the opinion of church people Agnes Simpson has made one of the most brilliant matches of the season. They think it remarkable that such a young girl should secure a bishop for a husband, though he is about forty. To be sure he is only a missionary bishop, but he's a bishop for a' that, and a bishop is a bishop. And don't forget that in England a bishop has the rank of a viscount. Bishop Wilkinson was a guest of the Simpsons during the Episcopalian convention and he combined love-making with law-making. While looking after the interests of his soul he did not neglect his heart. And he has not been without experience, for he is a widower with a seventeen-year-old daughter.



That Old, Old Story

Once more the rumor is in circulation that the railroad is out of politics. So often has that rumor been afloat of late that people are inclined to regard it as a joke. The late C. P. Huntington was the first to announce the retirement of the railroad from politics. He declared that his predecessor, Senator Stanford, was the only politician connected with the corporation, and that Stanford had kept the company in politics to further his political aspirations. When Huntington became President of the company he promised to run the road in the interest of the stockholders exclusively, and to eschew politics. But he didn't. The road was as deeply immersed in the political pool during the presidency of the late Collis P. as it ever was before. Then came President Hays who promised a revolution in railroad affairs. And he was sincere. But he was too radical and he lost his job.

Why There Is Friction

The fact is that some of the high officials of the company have deemed it expedient to keep in touch with the politics of the State. They have felt that the railroad needed the politicians in its business, that without friends in public office the profits of the company would be greatly reduced through the machinations of the representatives of the dear people. Such have been the views principally of the officers of the law department, whose duties are of such a nature and whose relations with the government are so close that they can more readily appreciate than all others the benefits to be derived from friends in court. And according to their theory the railroad cannot have friends in court unless it takes a hand in the political game. But there is always more or less friction in a big railroad company. The passenger traffic manager and the freight traffic manager and the head of the construction department are interested only in the showing made in their respective departments. The failure of the law department to win a case or to secure a favorable bit of legislation does not interest them. They never bother themselves about politics.

The Prince Manipulates

But all this is by way of preface to my story. During the late municipal campaign, it was well understood that the law department of the Southern Pacific company, of which Mr. William M. Herrin is the chief, was anxious for the election of Asa R. Wells. Mr. Wells himself said enough during the campaign to remove all doubt on the subject. But at an unexpected juncture Mr. Kruttschnitt, who is an assistant to the President, took a hand in the fight. His activity in the matter is known to only a few. Prominent among those few is Prince Poniatowski, who is better than a raw hand at manipulating anything from a mining deal to a turn in politics. Prince Poniatowski is on terms of intimacy with some of the big financiers of the East through whom he has been pegging Mr. Kruttschnitt up in the good graces of President Harriman. The Prince was behind Joe Tobin in the Mayoralty fight, and therefore it was not surprising that his friend Mr. Kruttschnitt should have notified President Harriman that the railroad was up to its neck in the battle.

If you want a GOOD drink, call for GILT EDGE WHISKEY, for there is NONE better. WICHMAN, LUTGEN & Co., Sole Proprietors, S. F.

Harriman Alarmed

Among other things of which Mr. Harriman was informed was that the oil rate to Fresno had been cut in half by Railroad Commissioner Laumeister because he was sore over having been refused the nomination for Mayor. And it was suggested that such things might be expected while the railroad continued to take such an active interest in small politics. From a reliable source I learn that Mr. Harriman was dreadfully alarmed, and that he sent Kruttschnitt a despatch of three hundred words telling him to keep the railroad out of politics, and to permit no one to involve the corporation. According to the gossip in club circles that despatch was tantamount to asserting the supremacy of Kruttschnitt, and was responsible for the bottom dropping out of the Wells' bar'l on the eve of the election. And now Prince Poniatowski is looked upon as a great manipulator. Surely there have been "doings" in local railroad circles but William M. Herrin does not look as though he had suffered any serious reverses.

How it Concerns Gage

If it be true that Mr. Herrin has lost a peacock feather, and that it was plucked by Mr. Kruttschmitt, as the gossips in the clubs say, there should soon be evidence of uneasiness in Governor Gage's immediate circle. And by the way I should think that that astute politician would already be somewhat worried over recent happenings. For quite awhile there has been a determined effort on the part of his political guardians to strengthen the Republican organization throughout the State. Vacancies have been created on the water front and in the various State institutions for the purpose of providing jobs for handy men, but notwithstanding all that has been done, the showing made by the party in recent battles in the principal cities has been very discouraging. San Francisco and Sacramento elected Independents to the office of Mayor, and Los Angeles and Stockton elected Democrats. If Dan Burns doesn't go back to Mexico, Tom Flint will begin to look like a sure winner.

Harriman May Have a Second Thought

But I cannot understand how it could be to the interest of the railroad to retire from politics at this stage of the game. At the last session of the legislature a measure was passed providing for the submission to the people of a Constitutional amendment which is of considerable interest to the railroad as well as to the other quasi-public corporations. That amendment is to be submitted to the people at the next election. As it was presented by a Democrat to



JESSE MOORE

A A

WHISKEY

BEST ON EARTH

a Republican legislature it did not attract much attention. Even the dailies failed to appreciate the importance of it. It provides for the appointment by the Governor of a commission of ten men who shall have the power to regulate rates of all kinds, including water, gas and transportation. It is a peculiarly drawn amendment for while it empowers the commissioners to regulate it gives them no power to enforce. So a corporation need abide by only what pleases it. The commissioners are to go out of office one at a time yearly. With the adoption of that amendment the various corporations may retire gracefully from politics, and need not fear being sandbagged by legislators in the future. It will put Colonel Mazuma out of business. But if President Harriman withdraws railroad support from Governor Gage how can he expect that gentleman to appoint a friendly commission? Perhaps he will have a second thought in the interest of the stockholders.

Was She a Private Detective?

J. J. Moore, capitalist and clubman, is finding more than one surprising thorn in his endeavors to settle the differences between himself and his wife. The latest story of his troubles filtered through a happy house party that had been enjoying his delightful hospitality at Fair Oaks Everybody was having a capital time when suddenly, "from out the darksome air," as it were, the surprising information was buzzed about that one of the female servants was a private detective set by Mrs. Moore to keep tab on the doings that went on in and about the beautiful country home. Of course there was immediate consternation. Everyone present knew for a certainty that things were running their "properest," but no one, not even a very proper person, likes to feel that a suspected private detective has her eyes glued on his or her every action. It would throw uncanny creeps over a prayer meeting and much more over a gathering giving itself up to an enjoyable time. Besides, most people think that a detective will always find something to report "willy-nilly" if there's a salary or a reward hanging on his efforts. The guests were afraid the suspected maid might overwork her pretty brain trying to trump up stories, so as adroitly as possible they made their excuses and flitted back to town.

Can't Make a Bargain

It didn't take the whole-souled host long to find out the cause of the hegira. A sympathetic clubmate disclosed the cause and the suspected maid was promptly dismissed. She doesn't at this moment suspect the real cause. Some of the men present pooh-pooh the whole matter and declare there was no scare and positively no cause for a scare. Anyhow the theme has again drawn attention to the Moore household. The father has had charge of the boy ever since the separation. The hearts of both parents are wrapped up in the handsome, sturdy little chap, but the friends of both gave up hope long ago that he would ever be able to unite them. It is said that the husband is willing to place a very handsome sum at the disposal of the wife on the day that she will make no objection to a divorce. But she is adamant itself in her opposition to such a step and is constantly on the lookout to prevent it. Possibly it was in the minds of some of those who know her determination in this matter that the story of the maid suspected of being a private detective arose. Meanwhile the beautiful grass widow who is said to have charmed the heart of the husband is still in town, having postponed again for a time her trip to Europe; and uncertain Fate claps his hands over the heads of all, as in the children's game, and cries, "Heavy, heavy, what hangs over your head?"

She's a Horse Owner Now

Mrs. Walter Dinmore is still with us. Mrs. Dinmore is the eccentric Denver widow who was married to a local wine agent some months ago, and who after a swell wedding breakfast at the Palace hotel concluded that the groom was not just the sort of a husband she wanted. For a time she sought consolation in the society of one Joey Van Praag, but she left him somewhere in the wide and populous East, and returned to say "how d'ye" to her deserted spouse. He failed to return the salutation with cordialty but she didn't grieve. Some good kind friend induced her to buy a string of horses by way of diversion and she is having it. She is also providing diversion for the habitues of the track, and last Sunday she figured in the *Examiner* supplement as Mrs. Madeline Cone, "the only woman in America who manages her own racing horses." Her real name was not given.

Her Horse Came Second

She has taken to the horse business with a relish that bespeaks an ambition to become a queen of the turf. And she no doubt will if her money holds out. But a stable of seven horses is quite an expensive luxury. The horse-owners that go broke trying to get rich are more numerous than the nails in the grand stand. But Mrs. Dinmore is lucky. One of her horses that didn't have a ghost of a chance was tipped to win the other day, and ran second. It was Benny Benjamin that tipped the horse to win and his friends think that he did it for a joke, or because he thought that the owner was so charming that she couldn't lose. At any rate Benny's judgment which is second to none was better in that instance than anybody had supposed. If Mrs. Dinmore fails to break the books she at least has the pleasure of knowing that she commands the admiration of the bookies. When she arrives each day with her maid everybody feels that the races should start without further delay.

Go where you will, the best saloons sell Jesse Moore Whiskey.

ALWAYS THE BEST



CALIFORNIA MARKET SAN FRANCISCO

A Stanford Thespian

The friends of George H. Robinson are eagerly awaiting his appearance here with Willie Collier's company. Robinson is a Stanford man, and when he completed his sophomore year he went on the stage. He was in great demand in local amateur circles, but acting for fun did not pay. So he went East. For awhile he saw very few ghosts walk, but he had a knack for writing clever skits and sketches for vaudeville performers, and made a pretty penny in that way. Nat Goodwin took a liking to the handsome young Californian and gave him his histrionic schooling. Then Collier saw him and engaged him, and he now has a good part in "On the Quiet," the part of a newspaper man.

One of the Genuine Sort

He doesn't carry out the traditions of the stage and stalk in with a note book and a huge pencil. Nor does he dance around everybody in sight, and fire questions at them, as if he were a wild ass. Robinson knows that the modern reporter seldom uses a note book. He makes the reporter a gentleman with discretion and tact, which qualities, by the way, he must have in real life to succeed. The stage has known two kinds of newspaper men until recently. One was like the editor in "A Black Sheep," who had a trolley from his desk to the nearest saloon, and who punctuated his editorials with great goblets of Red Eye. The other newspaper man of the stage is the young and frivolous chap who flirts with the telegraph operator, chucks the coffee and pie girl under the chin, and dashes off three or four columns of brilliant copy, while he is smoking a cigarette and talking to several friends at the same time.

Refused "to Lie like a Gentleman"

For eight years Jacob R. Moore, who has just died in New York, suffered a unique distinction: though enjoying great wealth and having the entree to the most exclusive clubs of Manhattan and Philadelphia, he was rigidly frozen out of the Four Hundred and was forced to become a veritable "Society Wandering Jew," and all because at a famous divorce trial he refused "to lie like a gentleman." His excuse was that the woman herself had begged him to make a clean breast of everything because she wanted to be free of her husband. But the excuse couldn't save Moore. Society never forgot how he gave the details of her visit to his swell bachelor apartments and nothing that he or the wealthy Bloomfield Moores of Philadelphia could do after that episode salved in any degree the odium that was heaped upon him. He dropped into the Union, the Knickerbocker, the Tuxedo and other smart clubs as usual but at all of them he was steadfastly given the cold shoulder and made to understand that his presence acted like a block of ice on the temperature of the rooms. Intimate friends at last advised him he'd better "drop out of sight for a time."

The Pariah of Society

And so it was he began the travels that took him into nearly every city of consequence on the globe. I remember quite well when he was in San Francisco some six or seven years ago. He had letters to the McKennas, the Fairs and others. He was a big, handsome, distinguished looking man with a soldierly bearing. If I remember rightly he had served as a staff officer in the civil war. While here it was only on the most pressing invitations of those to whom he had letters that he appeared at any of the society functions, for he could not shake off the foreboding that his dread story had followed him and that action would be taken against him in consequence. His fate indeed followed him, for no sooner had he left here and gone to Japan than he encountered a party of New Yorkers who buzzed his story about the American colony. Though he was the close companion of Lord Beresford at the time nothing could save him, and the social atmosphere soon became so chill that he fled on a yachting cruise amid the fiords of Norway. It was a lonely trip for a man of his temperament and at the season's close he stole back to his handsome bachelor apartments in New York. But New York, Newport and Philadelphia continued to regard him as coldly as ever.

Repentance of No Avail

Then he sold out his business interests and at varying seasons his careworn face haunted the social worlds of London, Paris, Vienna, Berlin, Rome, St. Petersburg and the Riviera. But in all of them visiting Americans belonging to the smart set repeated his story and like a pariah he was obliged to flee. To escape the scorn of society he next took up his abode in the wilds of the Dakotahs, and threw himself into the strenuous life of a hunter and fisher. He wrote a number of sporting articles that attracted great attention. As another fad he took up photography and became one of the greatest amateur experts in the country. Some of his friends thought that after the Drayton incident something might be done to pave his re-admission to society, but society continued to regard him as relentlessly as ever, up to the very time of his death. To the very last he was tabu because he had declined to lie like a gentleman.

A Freak of the Dark Shadow

The sad death of Miss Marie Messer recalls an episode in her life. She made her debut with a number of happy buds who quickly won an enviable niche for themselves in the heart of society. Pretty,

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talented, and of a warm, sympathetic nature, she was greatly admired by young and old among her men acquaintances. There was always a dutiful band of them who counted it a privilege to be ranked among her constant attendants. In this group was a young lawyer of good social position and excellent fortune. He was devotion itself and very early in the affair he put his feelings into words. The young woman was deeply touched with the condition of his health, for he was an invalid and, at that time, was supposed to be in one of the early stages of consumption. She herself was the picture of health and all her friends united in hoping that the pleas of the lawyer would fail. But he was an assiduous wooer and never met her but what in some courteous way, he took occasion to further his suit. "While there's life, there's hope," was his motto. And now, presto! the mysterious Dark Shadow waves a phantom wand and happy, spirited Marie Messer is no more and the pale, invalid looking lawyer, whom everybody expected to pass away years and years before her, walks slowly from his residence to his office as of yore and, except for his now deeply saddened face, looks just the same as ever.

Mrs. Mills' Good Fortune

Mrs. Mills and Mills' College has each become richer to the extent of ten thousand dollars through the generosity and good fortune of H. O. Blankenship, the discoverer of Candle creek, the new mining camp of Northwestern Alaska. Blankenship is an ignorant and superstitious chap but he is grateful to Mrs. Mills. He declares that a medium he consulted in Nome directed him to Candle creek. As he was believed to be demented, nobody would accompany him on his hazardous journey which was made in a small boat. He rowed three hundred miles in a stormy sea and went direct to Keewalick river without a chart, and then rowed up stream twelve miles to Candle creek, where he was directed by the spirits to dig. Dig he did, and he staked out twenty-three claims. Of these twenty-one were for himself through powers of attorney he carried from friends, and one was for Mrs. Mills and one for the institution over which she presides. The news of the discovery was followed by a rush of prospectors and in three weeks seventy-five thousand dollars in gold was washed out Blankenship has sold sixteen of his claims for ten thousand dollars each. The two owned by Mrs. Mills and her college are no less valuable.

The Tenants Objected to Bohemia

Young Hunter and his chum, two art students with a desire to emulate Benny Benjamin's success as an entertainer, gave a reception last week in the old studio building in Clay street, number 611. It is a great bare barn of a place. All their friends went, and the cream of the artistic and newspaper push was there. There must have been about fifty in all and they had a rollicking time. The prettiest girl on the *Call* staff was crowned Queen of Bohemia and perched upon a ladder for a throne. But just as the gaiety was at its height, the janitor came in and in sepulchral tones announced that they must stop the fun. "Some of the tenants object," he said; "they say you ain't respectable." It was perhaps the first time that the hardworking artists and writers had been told that they weren't respectable. It hit them hard—but they went home.

The Considine Case

My Seattle correspondent writes me some interesting news of the Considine murder case, the trial of which was begun last week, and which owing to the wide circle of the defendant's acquaintanceship is being watched all over the country. He writes:

The murder of Chief of Police Meredith by John Considine was the culmination of a bitter and relentless warfare carried on by ex-United States Senator John L. Wilson who seeks to succeed George Turner, through his paper the *Post-Intelligencer*, against his leading opponent Mayor Thomas Humes. It is not generally known that the murder was the outcome of a controversy over the senatorial toga, but it was. Considine was an autocrat of the local gambling fraternity against which the Chief and the Mayor were making a fight. John Considine has been known as a law breaker for fifteen years. He became notorious in Chicago under the title of "Pool-room Johnnie". Later he was a political boss in Spokane where he conducted a disreputable variety theatre and gambling house. And by the way there is a suspiciously close personal relationship existing between the attorneys engaged in the trial of the murderer. And Judge Emory who is presiding over the trial was formerly the chief deputy of James McElroy, one of the attorneys for the defense when the latter was a prosecuting attorney. Attorney Fulton, who is prosecuting Considine was nominated for his position by McElroy, and Emory was appointed to the bench by Governor Rogers at the instigation of McElroy. * * * Ralph Ross, the embezzler of thirty-seven hundred dollars of the funds of the United States Revenue office was literally prayed out of jail. He was a member of Seattle's smart set but the gambling habit led to his disgrace. He was arrested in his home in the presence of his widowed mother, and both knelt down and prayed that hereafter he might lead a better life. Much was made of the incident in the public discussion of the case, and it was considered by the judge in passing sentence. Instead of a term in the penitentiary he gave Ross six months, and deducting the time already served pending the trial, reduced the term to only a few weeks. An interesting bit of testimony came out during the trial. It was to the effect that the proprietor of one gambling hell tried to dissuade Ross from playing. The young man refused, saying he wanted to win back four hundred dollars which he had lost. The proprietor offered to make up the loss but that proposition was also declined.

Cautious Abdul Hamid

The Sultan is a cautious chap. He is well aware of the danger of stimulating the imitative imagination. This is the report of President McKinley's death which appeared in the *Sabah*, Abdul Hamid's official organ:

Mr. McKinley, who has been suffering in health for some time past, has not recovered from his malady, and according to the telegrams which we print above, has just passed away.

Mrs. Alice Meynell will lecture next Monday afternoon in Century hall on the subject "Dickens as a Man of Letters." Mrs. Meynell's parents were intimate friends of Dickens. Her father acted with him in those famous private theatricals in Wilkie Collins' house of which one reads. Mrs. Meynell will read, during the lecture, some unpublished verses written to her mother by Dickens.

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A Fast Growing Necessity

We should have a leisure class. I am convinced of it, now that we are having a season of Grau grand opera. Our business men cannot keep it up for three steady weeks without a collapse. There is the rush home after office hours, a too hasty dinner to permit a leisurely donning of evening clothes; three and a half hours of tension inspired by the music and necessity for chatting between acts; the mad hurry after his women folks' wraps; the nervous anxiety about the cab that seems never to arrive in line; the hour or more of supper with chit-chat accompaniment, and then the long drive home. Up again at eight in the morning, with a day of stock transactions, commission figures, law problems or the like before him,—how can mortal man sustain the strain? Truly, we should have a leisure class.

The Pearl of Premiers

Emma Eames may carry with her hence the pleasing consciousness that her first night was the most successful in local grand opera annals. Always excepting Patti's, of course, but the little Adelina's last appearance here is now scarcely more than tradition—we have had so much opera since, heard so many prime donne. It was a beautiful sight—that immense, brilliantly attired audience. Last year some of the proscenium boxes were empty but this year each one had its party. The inevitable Mr. Twiggs was in the Flood box. I wonder if anybody cast a thought in the direction of poor Ed. Sheldon, who last season so frequently attended Miss Flood. Mrs. Jim Flood's diamonds are magnificent. She was in white, charmingly decollete and her hair was simply parted. I understand her husband prefers his Madonna-faced wife with her golden hair parted, so it is to please him that she wears it thus plainly, rather than from any dislike entertained by herself toward an elaborate coiffure.

Wearers of Pretty Frocks

The dailies described the gowns of the women present on the first night so minutely that there is little to add to their photographic details. Mrs. Hearst looked very handsome in her velvet gown; her skin is like satin, so smooth and fleckless. Mrs. Mary Kincaid was with Mrs. Hearst. Mrs Tom Williams set the fashion of wearing an Empire gown; I don't think any one else wore a costume of that cut. Mrs. Williams' gown was of black tulle with threads of silver and spangles and was worn off the shoulders. Miss Polly Dunn, in pink, was one of the prettiest girls present. Mrs. Louis Janes, Joe Howell's sister and a bride of a few months, was also a strikingly pretty picture in her cream white gown. Kate Dillon was radiant in white. But of all the beauties present I think no one looked lovelier than did Mrs. Hochstadter, Julia Newman that was. She has music in her face, the reflect of a musical soul. Her simple white frock was yet elegant in material and cut. Mrs. Hochstadter is one of the most enthusiastic amateurs in San Francisco and had some thoughts of becoming a professional before her marriage.

Still on the Tapis

I don't think there can be a word of truth in that story of General Young's engagement to a young girl in Washington, D. C. If so he is apparently well satisfied to remain miles and miles away from his betrothed, and sun himself in another's smiles. General Young has been devoted to Mrs. Eleanor Martin ever since his arrival here to take up permanent quarters. He was in her box at the Doll Show, and was also in her box at the opera more than once this week. His imposing figure distracted attention from the bride in the box—Mrs. Walter Martin—on the opening night, and General Shafter, who used to be the "cynosure," sat in a box near by and scarcely got a glance. I hear the General is banting. Mrs. McKittrick, by the way, in the Shafter box, wore a beautiful gown. It was of creamy white and very elaborate.

Short on Tenors

The Grau company is somewhat shy on tenors. Van Dyke is a has been. The critics praised his Lohengrin but he sang off the key from the outset. His notes were throaty, and he has a peculiar and disagreeable way of biting them. I have heard that his connection with the company is due to a social pull. Van Dyke was not the only unsatisfactory feature of the first night performance. There had been a ten, twenty and thirty show at the house the night before, and the place was not so clean as it should have been. As a consequence some elegant gowns were damaged.

Why They all Like Calve

The interest of the clubmen about town is centred in Calve. They have heard so much about the intensity of her passion, her love of good-fellowship, and her preference for the flesh-pots of Egypt that they feel they would rather look at her through the neck of a cold bot than hear any of the great singers warble. It was suggested to Colonel Kirkpatrick of the Palace the other day that he should hire Calve to do a tight rope stunt in the court-yard of his hotel during the late supper hour. It was also suggested that it would be a good idea to shift the grill to the court-yard, and have Sam Shortridge fill it with hot air so that the diners could enjoy Calve and their supper at the same time.

Society Supers

Saturday night one of San Francisco's most gallant youths danced and sang for society at the Doll Show. He was one of the most admired of the sextet.

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Monday night he "suped" in "Lohengrin" at the Grand Opera House and later he supped at the Palace with some of those who sat in the boxes when he bravely bore the spear before the footlights. Of course, he was only one of the many who paid seventy-five cents each for the privilege of playing a thinking part during the past week of grand opera. The wily Frenchman who bosses the mob is besieged with applications from all sorts of men who want a peep behind the scenes and to hear the singing at small cost. I suspect that he stands in with the management which thus provides choruses and mobs at high prices.

Behind the Scenes

The gallant youth was one of a half-dozen well known chaps who figure in cotillons and other society doings. Five of them donned the costumes handed them by the boss and were immediately made unrecognizable to their closest intimates by the disguise of wig, helmet and makeup. The sixth of the bunch lolled about the wings as if a member of the company off duty, or a part of the management of the opera house. He smiled at Madame Eames when she was on her way to her dressing room, chatted with the tenor for a moment, sat on a spare throne and tried on a few crowns, and guyed his friends in gay raiment unmercifully. But his fate overtook him at last. He was indulging in a cigarette behind a huge pasteboard god when the boss super captured him. He was promptly hustled from his seat near the deity and directed to put on the tinsel and tawdry assigned him. When he joined his fellows later he was deeply cast down and did not revive until the wine appeared at the merry supper at the Grill after the show.

She Received the Bachelors

Sybil Sanderson has come and conquered socially. From the day of her arrival she has been bored to death by people who like to point with pride to the fact that they "used to know the Sandersons so well, you know." But she has refused their invitations and so has Eames. Only a few bachelors have been allowed to meet Sybil Sanderson. Henry Redington and Truxton Beale were among the number. They found the charming diva the same as of yore, except that her hair is red. It is singular that so few people know how old Sybil Sanderson is. Sacramento people will tell you that she swung on their gates forty years ago, and others will say that they held her in their arms as a baby forty-four years ago. But Henry Redington will swear to you that she is only thirty-six.

Before She Went to Paris

Sybil Sanderson knows San Francisco society too well to bother herself much about it. Her family was in the holy of holies twenty years ago, but even then the fair and frisky Sybil wearied of it. She used to shock society occasionally for she was an unconventional girl and did things that make prudes elevate their brows. She was somewhat of a bohemienne as Frank McCoppin could testify were he alive, but she found San Francisco too slow, and was glad when the opportunity came to enjoy the more congenial atmosphere of Paris. A lady's age is a somewhat delicate subject but I should say, and I happen to know, that Mr. Redington's estimate is not more than one year off the mark.

A Less Expensive Chaperon

They were talking about Ned Greenway's dinner last year in honor of Fritzi Scheff, and a New Yorker who is out here on a visit said the presence of the nobleman in mufti reminded him of a somewhat similar incident in which Mademoiselle Polaire, the danseuse, figured. She came to New York to dance at Proctor's, and somebody asked her if she had come across the ocean alone. "Ah, non," replied the pretty Parisian with a shrug of her slim shoulders, "I brought my gentleman friend with me. 'Tis just as inexpensive," and she pointed the assertion with a glance from her dark eyes, "and of course I am still too young to travel alone. If I did not bring my friend, vous comprenez, I should have had to bring *maman*."

Miss McKenna at the White House

Miss Hildegarde McKenna, daughter of Justice McKenna, was one of the "chosen seven" young ladies selected by Miss Alice Roosevelt to join her at the luncheon she gave last week in the White House. This tells more definitely than anything else the enviable social position that Miss McKenna enjoys in Washington. Since her recent debut her path in the smart set has been strewn with successes. Now that Peter Martin is disposing of his houses, lands, polo ponies, wicked ways and hunting togs, her sister, Miss Isabel McKenna, is looking more reserved than ever and Washington is wondering if that engagement between the two that "dissolved into thin air" left no passing imprint except in the heart of Mamma Martin.

A Case of Mistaken Identity

Tom Williams of the California Jockey club is not troubled with a retentive memory. The other day he met a clergyman on the Oakland boat, and when the later addressed him the Turf Prince looked puzzled.

"I guess you don't remember me," said the clergyman.

"Yes, Father; I remember having met you, but all you Catholic priests look so much alike that it is hard to distinguish one from another," said Williams.

"Well, you ought to recollect me," said the clergyman, "for I married you."

The gentleman who looked like a priest was Rev. William Carson Shaw of the Church of the Advent, in East Oakland.



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A Chapter of Autobiography

BY HOMER DAVENPORT

My earliest recollection is of my life on the most beautiful farm in Oregon—one situated five miles south of Silverton. On this farm I was born on March eighth, 1867. My mother, whose wish before my birth was that I should some day be a cartoonist, died when I was three and a half years old from small-pox, and my only remembrance of her is of seeing her the night she died—after death. My father, T. W. Davenport, who now lives in Silverton, Oregon, was at that time a prosperous farmer and a leading politician of the State. He remained on the farm until I was twelve or fifteen years old. My father's mother lived with us and was my companion.

As I remember, all the members of the family worked in every way that might conduce to my happiness, and help me to learn to draw. My father, who had previously been the Indian agent at Pendleton, used to bring Indians from that place to live at our farm that I might draw their pictures. It was during a period of boyhood when Indians cut a great figure. My mother's name was Flora Geer and her father and mother lived less than a mile away and my uncles and aunts occupied the houses that stood on all the farms that joined ours.

So, surrounded by dear relatives and friends,I grew up to be a worthless boy with only one ambition, and that to draw pictures. And the pictures I drew were looked upon as cheap work for the son of a State Senator and the grandson of one of the State's most respected pioneers. My relatives were all kind, however, and when I visited them they made my stay pleasant by saving the white paper that I might amuse them and myself by drawing. Some years before we moved to Silverton my father married again, and my stepmother didn't understand me or I didn't understand her; at any rate at intervals we didn't agree. But I was to blame, for I hadn't much to do, and spent my time drawing pictures and playing practical jokes. And as I look back now I think she was a better mother to me than many other women would have been.

My time spent in Silverton was one long period of happiness. Still obeying my good father's wishes I drew many thousand pictures, but I frequently imposed on his good nature and kind disposition by lying idle a whole year upon the pretext that I was studying the character of a town of three or four hundred inhabitants. During my somewhat monotonous career my father was the only one who had full confidence in me, with the exception of my only brother, Clyde, who died just rounding into the upper teens.

On each occasion, just before I started away, my father would take me by the hand and extract a promise from me, rather easily, that I would never drink any liquor of any kind or use tobacco in any form, and I never did. He and I understand each other perfectly and have been the closest companions all through life. It worried him greatly, he being a man of the very highest education, that I should grow up without any, but to educate me he found was impossible, so he made the best of it. His one ambition in life was to see me, some day, a cartoonist of strength, like Th. Nast whom he greatly admired. But owing to the fact that from general appearance I was and always would be a farmer, it seemed as though his ambition was absurd.

In those days, nowhere in Oregon or on the Pacific coast did any newspapers illustrate, and there were few pictures for a farmer boy to see. Hence my schooling was conducted under the most disadvantageous circumstances,but with carpenter's pencils I drew a great deal. Occasionally when we got money enough for a round trip ticket to Portland, I went there with samples of my art work and notices of my talent clipped from the Silverton *Appeal*, but the critics were severe. Moreover my drawings were so bad that I frequently threw them into the Willamette river, and returned home disgusted with art, but each time my father would cheer me up, inspiring me with new hope, and again I would find myself drawing pictures with a pride that a stranger would think had never been broken.

This went on for years, interrupted at intervals by trials at other things—once as a jockey, once (briefly) as a clown, and for a while as a railroad man. I was sent to San Francisco by my father in 1890, but failed to get employment. Through the kindness of friends, however, I was enabled to live there for months without a dollar in my pocket. I returned to Oregon and came back again, and again failed and returned to Silverton where I gave up in despair. For awhile I did quite well as a fireman on a locomotive. In January, 1892, my father's cousin, Mr. C. W. Smith, now living in Pasadena, who was one of the greatest railroad men of his time, came to Silverton to visit us. He had not seen my father in twenty years. Thinking I might work on Mr. Smith's sympathies, and get promoted through his influence to some better road, I took a lay-off in Silverton. I drew Mr. Smith's picture, and when he saw it, he declared that I must prepare quickly to leave Oregon. I tried to discourage him, but couldn't and in two weeks, passes came for me to come to San Francisco. With the passes came a letter introducing me to C. M. Palmer, then business manager of the *Examiner*.

I came and Mr. Palmer took me to the art department of the paper where I saw, for the first time, a man drawing a picture with pen and ink. It was a large portrait, and the artist was George Lyon. Up to that time I thought all artists drew with a pencil. I never shall forget how that strong, beautiful portrait looked to me. It was the portrait of Mayor Pond. I had my coat pocket full of samples of my work but when the foreman of the art department asked me for some I told him I had none. And on the first opportunity I shoved my samples clear through my pockets into the linings of my coat.

I finally beckoned the art critic into another room, and told him that I never could draw the sort of pictures he required, and I implored him to write to my father and tell him that I was overrated, and that the place for me was on the farm. He agreed to do so and was writing the letter, when, for pastime, I drew a horse's head on a scrap of paper, and when he was sealing the letter to my father he happened to see what I had done.

"When did you do that?" he asked.

"Just now," I replied.

Then he asked me to draw another and still another, and presently I saw him tear up the letter. Then turning to me he said:

"Say, before I write to your father, you'd better stay around here a week or so."

I told him I had no money, but perhaps I could borrow some, which I did, and that evening he gave me three ponderous scrap books containing original drawings to look at. I think I began looking at the books about five in the evening, without having had anything to eat, and I was hungry. But my interest was so great, my happiness so complete, that time passed quickly. It seemed as though I had been looking at the books only a few moments when a janitor told me it was three in the morning. I staggered out into Montgomery street, and went to bed at the Russ House.

I became deathly sick in an hour and they had to call a doctor, and the next forenoon I came near dying with brain fever. Owing to the location of the room, and the amount of baggage I had, the doctor didn't think it worth while sending in a bill for his services. I got well in three or four days, and Mr. Palmer started me to work on the *Examiner*, on the second day of February 1892, at ten dollars per week, at which rate I worked for nearly a year.

I was then given a raise, but about that time I was discharged for incompetency. I went to the *Call* for a job and was refused. Then I went to the *Chronicle* and was given employment. But I left after a few months, and went to the Chicago *Herald* and remained from May until September '93. I again lost my position and was married to Miss Daisy Moors of this city. That was in September '93.

I came back to dear old 'Frisco and again went to the *Chronicle* but after some months, at the *Examiner's* request, went back to that paper where I remained until the fall of '95 when I joined the New York *Journal* staff. Ever since I have been with Mr. Hearst.

What success I have had as a cartoonist has been best judged by Mr. Hearst. I have no doubt made many mistakes, as all people do, but in everything I have tried to do what was just and honest and fair to Mr. Hearst, to the readers of his papers and to myself. I have never been asked by Mr. Hearst to do anything other than what my own conscience told me was right.

With me as with all cartoonists, I suppose, there is that feeling within the soul that there is a great cartoon of national

and international importance that will some day be drawn. I am striving to that end and I hope some day to achieve my ambition.

I love to draw strong cartoons, in the line of brute force but I prefer those of the pathetic order, and I am satisfied that between the two lies the real power of cartooning. Humorous cartoons are pleasing and restful, but they don't leave the lasting impression that should go with serious work. My work has been a great pleasure to me, and the greatest reward it ever brought me was when Admiral Dewey, sobbing like a child, told me that my cartoon, "Lest We Forget," drawn in his behalf when the people of the nation were abusing him, prompted him to content himself in America when he was seriously thinking of going abroad to make his home.

Divorce, Divorcez, Divorcons

THE GAY AND LIVELY FARCE THAT IS BEING ENACTED IN THE NEW YORK SMART SET

(SUGGESTED BY A RECENT PARAGRAPH IN "SAUNTERER")

Scene: Drawing room of Mrs. Tom Cod's mansion in Fifth avenue. Time, fifteen minutes before the service of dinner. Characters, Mrs. Cod, Mr. Cod, Major Domo and Guests.

Mrs. Cod (to Major Domo): Have you the cards properly arranged? It would be a dreadful thing were they to become mixed.

Major Domo: Yes, madame, let me run them over to you now so as to be sure they are right.

Mrs. Cod: Mr. Cod will take in Mrs. Leery Swellmont, that will keep her at the opposite end of the table from Mr. Gettin Gray, for whom she has such a distaste.

Mr. Cod: And rightly, too; he was her first husband.

Major Domo: Mrs. Laig will go in with Mr. Leery Swellmont.

Mrs. Cod: Where have you put Mr. Swollen Fayton?

Major Domo: On the other side of Mrs. Laig, with Mr. Squealus Swellmont.

Mrs. Cod: Remove him at once; don't you know that Mrs. Laig was once Mrs. Swollen Fayton?

Matters are satisfactorily arranged, the guests are paired off and seated at the table. Floral pieces are so set as to conceal those seated on one side of the table from those on the opposite side. The guests converse:

Miss Chirpsy Bud (to her right-hand neighbor): Have you ever been in South Dakota?

Her neighbor (with cold stare): In South Dakota?

Miss Bud: Oh, I hear so much about it, you know. Teddy Stephard is there now, and writes such jolly letters to my brother about the people he meets—quite a lot of our set, you know.

Lady on Miss Bud's neighbor's left: What's that you said about South Dakota?

The Neighbor: Oh, Miss Bud was saying Teddy Stephard is there now, and finds it very jolly.

The Lady: Jolly? Why I———

The Neighbor: Beg pardon?

The Lady: Oh, nothing; I was going to say a friend of mine found it quite the reverse.

Mrs. Stiff (to Mr. Fayton): Is that Mrs. Laig over there? I wonder how the Cods receive her—brazen thing!

Mr. Fayton: Madame, that lady was once my wife.

Mrs. Stiff: Really? I am sure I am sorry to have hurt your feelings. Look at that woman flirting so desperately with old Rake—see, she has that nasty Leery Swellmont at her right,

Mr. Fayton: That is Mrs. Laig's mother—my ex-mother-in-law.

Mrs. Stiff (subsiding into her entree): Oh, well, if it's a family party!

English Lord, at Mrs. Leery Swellmont's right hand: Our late Queen was very hard on divorced women—would never have one at Court.

Mrs. L. S. (giving him the angle of her white shoulder to gaze at): Indeed!

E. L. (dense, but persevering): Yes, and I find you have much easier social laws over here. For instance, there was a Mrs. Tone I met two or three years ago when I was going to the Black Hills for some shooting—by the way, you look enough like her to be a twin sister—

Mrs. L. S. I *was* Mrs. Tone; I *am* Mrs. Swellmont, and I don't remember ever to have met you before.

Conversation lapses and English Lord devotes himself to his dinner.

The Reverend Celibate Slush (just back from the Convention of Bishops in California) to Mrs. Cod: Yes, our Bishop was heart and hand for the passage of the divorce canon, and he said we *must* put an end to this—excuse plain language—increase of legalized adultery in the State of New York. He tried hard but———

Mrs. Cod (hastily): Beg pardon, we'll finish this later.

Gives signal for ladies to adjourn to drawing-room.

—*The Josher.*

The Healing Of The Night

I bow my head unto the darkness. The humid stars
Look gently down, unseeing, and the hot, aching scars
Of wounds that rent my spirit are touched with the night's gloom,
And are soothed to dullness. Oh night gloom, oh star bloom!
You wrap me round with arms of healing and I can lay
My heart against your cool dark bosom; my thoughts may stray
Out into the limitless spaces, and the hot blood
Of rebellion beat itself into a surging flood—
Still thou dost hold me gently, without one chiding word,
Until a semblance of thy calm within my spirits stirred.

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Dramatic World

Emma Eames a Flawless Singer

Rarely does a singer, a stranger, succeed in pleasing an entire audience as did Emma Eames on Monday night. Having heard Nordica and Gadski as Elsa, the partisans of each of these great singers were prepared to be extremely critical. But Madame Eames carried all before her. Her Elsa is a perfect interpretation. She sang the role as if instead of being a labor it was a delight. Her charm lies in the fact that with the facility and purity of tone that remind one of Melba she has the gift of feeling. And this gift is not ordinarily expected in what we term "a perfect voice." The trace of chill at first slightly apparent in her tones wore off almost before it was noticed, and after that Madame Eames succeeded in thrilling her auditors as never an Elsa had thrilled them before. She is a regally beautiful woman with a face alight with intelligence and soul. Her Elsa is something to dream of, and never to be forgotten by that Monday night audience. The rest of the cast was as we heard it last year, and was admirable from the greatest to the lowest. As usual with the Grau productions, it was sumptuously staged.

The Second Night

The capriciousness of our public may be due to the climate. They are both equally variable. When the Ellis company gave "Les Huguenots" three seasons ago, the opera-house was crowded and men and women stood ten deep in the aisles. Melba, Gadski and De Lussan were the starry trio that drew the mob, coupled with the fact that it was long since the Meyerbeer opera had been sung here. Last year the Grau company gave the opera with Nordica and Suzanne Adams as Valentine and Marguerite de Valois. The house wasn't jammed, but it was a large audience nevertheless. This year, with Gadski again the Valentine and a new tenor, De Marchi, as Raoul, the audience was but fair-sized and seemed even smaller in contrast with the huge crowd of the preceding night. Yet it was a remarkable rendering of "Les Huguenots" and Madame Gadski could find no fault with the warm welcome she received. She has lost none of her power to please.

A Great "Traviata"

Marcella Sembrich acted for us upon her last visit. We thought she sang, but were mistaken. She gave us a charming Rosina, but her indisposition rendered anything more impossible. On Wednesday night she sang, and not in twelve years has San Francisco heard such a Violetta as hers. Eames gave us the perfect Elsa, Sembrich the perfect Violetta. No one present could expect ever to hear a finer rendering of the role.

A Very Moral Play

From what my correspondents tell me, I should judge that Pinero's latest is not a play for grandmamma to listen to unveiled. "Iris" is the name, and the plot is a beauty. The title heroine is a widow with a big fortune who won't stand a second marriage. Iris has lovers galore, of course, and one is a rich Spanish Jew. He is perfectly willing to take the lady and let her dot go a-glimmering for, apres tout, her money is but a bagatelle compared with his own little Golconda. Iris rejects him and takes instead a poor youth whom she loves. This match is without benefit of clergy, so that Iris can have her lover and keep her fortune too. The two go off to Italy, and incidentally Iris' fortune goes up in smoke. Then her lover starts up like a man and with the intention of making a fortune to replace the lost one, and then marrying his dear Iris, he goes off to America. Alas, for poor Cupid's plan! Iris makes up her differences with the Spanish Jew, for she loves luxury and he can give her the wherewithal to sleep soft and feed epicureanly. Then the lover comes back and at Iris' bidding seeks her in the home of the Spaniard. She begs her hero to carry her off and asserts her love for him. But he doubts her sincerity, very naturally when he sees her in those surroundings. He will have none of her. The Spaniard then makes his appearance and noting the state of affairs very cruelly bids the false Iris begone from his protection forever. Which is Virtue Rewarded among this trio, I wonder?

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The Girl with the Auburn Hair Fred Niblo Fraser Troupe
Joseph Adelman Lillian Burkhart and Company in "A Deal on Change," and the Biograph

Reserved Seats, 25c; Balcony, 10c; Opera Chairs and Box Seats, 50c.
Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday

She Fulfilled Expectation

The auburn-haired choir singer at the Orpheum is all that fancy painted her, and more. She is one of the few advertised sensations of two continents who did not prove a disappointment upon arrival. Her act is thoroughly original and is very beautiful in setting and accomplishment. The Girl sings her sacred songs like a real choir-boy and with the perfectly managed lime lights and the general mise en scene I can remember nothing in the vaudeville programs of years to equal this.

The play that Miss Bertha Runkle and Laurence Marston have made out of "The Helmet of Navarre" has been in rehearsal for some time, and it is confidently expected to be as great a success as the novel. It is to be tried "on the dog" during the present month, and will be put on at the Garden theatre on December second.

Attractions Next Week

Willie Collier will open at the Columbia on Monday night in his new farce by Gus Thomas—"On the Quiet." Collier is one of the best farce comedians on the stage today and he is an immense favorite here. His new farce is said to be decidedly clever and a fitting vehicle for his talents. His company is the same that supported him in New York. "The Girl from Maxim's," and Mary Mannering in "Janice Meredith" are Columbia futures.

"Self and Lady," next week's bill at the Alcazar, has a very amusing plot and is one of the comedies coming to us with the mark of New York's approval. M. L. Aslop, who is a gallant officer in this week's play, will have a role in "Self and Lady" that calls for the doublet and tights of Faust. He is also obliged to sing a selection from the Gounod opera. "We-uns of Tennessee" will be revived for the Thanksgiving production.

The bright little Pollards are drawing packed houses every night at the Tivoli. Next week they will appear in "A Gaiety Girl" which was given at the Baldwin some years ago with the original London cast. The children will likely do full justice to the musical comedy. Willie, the miniature Ferris Hartman, will be the chaplain, and he has some good new songs. All the favorites of "The Belle of New York" will be in the cast with the addition of Connie Prebble, another tiny star. The Gaiety girls' dances and the Pierrot ballet will be striking features.

The Orpheum's novelties next week will include the Kaufmann family of bicyclists from the London Hippodrome, Ward and Curran, formerly of the famous Clipper quartet, in a new skit, and Bicknell, artistic clay modeler. Lillian Burkhart will present that pretty sketch, "A Deal on Change," the Girl with the Auburn Hair will sing her farewell, the Frasers will dance and Fred Niblo will talk.

When the opera season is over, Minnie Seligman will be the attraction at the Grand in "The Crust of Society."

"King of the Opium Ring" at the Central next week.

—*The Playgoer*

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No. 78,402

SUMMONS IN DIVORCE

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

Department No. 5

FLORENCE G. TILTON, Plaintiff
vs.
CHARLES O. TILTON, Defendant

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:
CHARLES O. TILTON, Defendant

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the grounds of defendant's wilful neglect and wilful desertion of plaintiff also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 30th day of October in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and one.

[SEAL.] WM. A. DEANE, Clerk.
By E. M. THOMPSON, Deputy Clerk.

A. W. THOMPSON, Plaintiff's Attorney,
Rooms 567-568 Parrott Bldg.,
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Postponed

Mrs. Fred Hanson's monologue recital, which was to have taken place on Thursday evening, has been postponed owing to a severe cold having been contracted by the dramatic reader. It will be given the first week in December and tickets bought for Thursday evening will be good for then. The program to be rendered will be the same as first announced.

The Races Today

There is a fine card for the races at the Oakland track today. The horses entered include all the favorites and some good races will be run. Interest in the sport continues with each meeting. Never has the track been in better condition and the weather thus far has been most propitious. There will be a large attendance this afternoon.

Holiday Gifts

The largest assortment of art goods for holiday gifts is to be seen at Gump's, 113-115 Geary street. Nothing makes a more acceptable gift than a fine painting or a rare engraving. Then there are beautiful porcelain coffee and tea sets, cut glass, exquisite lamps, bronzes and ornaments. It is not too early to choose one's holiday gifts, and Gump's display is the most attractive in the city.

The well known Fachutar Mandolin School and Orchestra has re-opened for the Fourth Season, 1901-1902. To guarantee promptness, all engagements must be made at the Studio, 718 Post street. Telephone Polk 1575. School hours 10 a. m. to 5 p. m.

Music World

High Mass will be celebrated tomorrow at eleven o'clock at the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, Steiner and Union streets. The Kyrie, Credo, Sanctus, Agnus Dei, and Gloria in Excelsis will be from Dumond's mass in G; the Benedictus by Mr. Pratt. The Offertory is an Ave Maria by Owen, a trio, sung by Mrs. Taaffe, Miss Birchler and Mr. Rosekrans. At Vespers, four P. M., "O Heavy Laden Come to Me," by Pease, will be sung by Miss Birchler.

String Quartets

We have been having an unusual treat this week with the Zech and Minetti string quartets coming so close together. That of the Zechs was given on Friday afternoon, and although it was their first concert of the season, there was an excellent house and an appreciative one. The first number was played here for the first time, and was a pleasant departure from the usual run of string work. It was the beautiful quintet of Brahms, for clarinet and strings, the clarinet being beautifully played by Mr. J. Wrba. The work is one of the loveliest things of its class I have ever heard. The second number was the ever delightful Grieg quartet in G minor; very sympathetic work was done in this as well in the Brahms number. The quartet plays with a finesse born of perfect training, but it was the phrasing and the expression which marked the artistic character of the work and which is seldom heard to such a degree in ensemble work of any magnitude whatever. The Zechs have started well and the next concert, at which Miss Belle Clair Chamberlain is to assist at the piano, will be anticipated with an unusual degree of pleasure by those who attended the first concert.

The Minetti quartet gave its second concert on Saturday afternoon at the Y. M. C. A. auditorium to a much smaller house than their superior work deserved. There were, however, two things that might easily account for that. Enid Brandt was giving her matinee concert at Sherman-Clay hall on the same afternoon, and I understand that no seats can be obtained to these concerts except by subscription; that is, anyone finding unexpectedly an afternoon on his hands that he had not expected to have, could not obtain a ticket at the door in the regulation fashion. I think this is a mistake as many would avail themselves of an opportunity in this way whose business engagements would preclude the possibility of subscribing. The concert was in every way up to the standard of excellence set by the Minetti quartet in previous work, and the players were assisted in the Brahms piano quintet, a splendid number, by Otto Bendix at the piano,





making a strong combination and a welcome one. As Mr. Bendix's artistic work is so seldom heard in public it makes it a rare treat to hear him in concert. The *scherzo* movement in the quintet was particularly pleasing and won much applause which was as much for the splendid piano work as for the strings. The next concert promises a Haydn, for strings, and a Tartini (1745) piano sonata, as well as the favorite Tschaikowski piano trio, in which Mr. Fleishmann will assist.

Enid Brandt is scoring a successes this year in her concerts. Those who heard her last year are filled with amazement at the marvelous improvement in, not only her technic, but in her phrasing which is far ahead of last year's work. She has simply grown, and to such an extent has the year past developed her, one wonders what she will become at the end of another year's intelligent study. It is not alone that she is wonderfully talented, but she is a student of exceptional intelligence, mature understanding and love for the art she professes. Too much credit cannot be given her for what she has accomplished by her own hard work and application. There are but three more recitals in her series.

The Wagner Recitals

The Damrosch lectures closed on Tuesday with "Tristan and Isolde," and with as large and as closely attentive an audience as those that attended the previous ones. Damrosch has lost none of his old time fascination of speech and manner in the year that has intervened since he was here last;his lectures hold one till he has said the last word and played the last note of a phrase. His interpretation of Wagner is something to carry away with one and ponder on long and earnestly. One feels after listening to his enthusiasm for an hour that he has acquired something undreamt of before. The first lecture, "Parsifal," made one feel as if treading on holy ground. The theme representative of the deep notes of the cathedral bells was sublime. "Die Meistersinger" was in direct contrast, and its strong, melodious qualities, its witticisms and comic situations, have won a popularity for this opera—the closest approach Wagner ever made to comic opera—not to be wondered at. "Tristan and Isolde" is sad enough to make one's heart ache and lost none of its pathos under Mr. Damrosch's treatment. He handles the themes so finely upon the piano, that in conjunction with his graphic description of his subject one could follow the opera very closely and almost feel afterward as if one had seen it presented. Mr. Damrosch has established himself firmly in the estimation of Wagnerites here and will meet with a warm welcome whenever he returns. One could have no better preparation for the intelligent enjoyment of the operas than these lectures have been.

The Pollard company of juveniles at the Tivoli is certainly doing clever work. I think I never saw a company of such tots where there was so universal merit, and adaptation to the characters. They are splendidly drilled and enter into the spirit of the work delightfully. The Pollard children themselves show a great deal of talent and among the members of the troupe there are many wonderfully sweet volces which one notes with delight are being trained properly and not strained. Daphne is such a very little mite one is taken by surprise with her ability; the "Candy Girl," also a mere babe, was a revelation wlth her delicious French accent. The Salvation Army lass has a wonderfully sweet voice and uses it well too. One could keep on specializing if there were space for it, but it must suffice that they are all exceedingly clever, especially the girls who did their parts so well that I thought they were boys till a glance at my program proved the contrary. It is a fine performance and well worth going to see.

The second of the concerts for the fall exhibition of water colors was given at Hopkins Art Institute on Thursday evening under the direction of Sir Henry Heyman with a fine program which was rendered by Miss Lillian Slinkey,soprano, Mr. Robert Bonner, baritone, Mr. George Goette, cornet, and Emil Cruells, organist and accompanist. The next concert will take place on Thursday evening, November twenty-first.

Jesse Moore Whiskies are famous the world over for purity and flavor as well as for all the other qualities that make good whiskey.

Gounod's "Faust" was given in San Jose last Friday with such unparalleled success that scores were turned away and there is such a universal desire for another performance that it will have to be repeated. It is a new idea here, the giving of "Faust" as an oratorio, but it had been done with Jules Jordan in Providence, Rhode Island, and Mr. Howe hearing of it wrote to him to know of its success there, with the result that he decided to try it here. Now the society is congratulating itself on the success of the venture. The following soloists took the leading parts in the opera, with fine success: Mr. Barnhart, whose success in his own own concert won for him instant recognition; Mr. Aspland the popular Oakland tenor; Mary Weaver McCauley, who won many encores as Marguerite; Mrs. McMillin as Siebel; Mrs. Cummings who was a surprise in the part of Martha, and who shows good material for a future soloist of merit. Mr. Stark took the part of Mephistopheles, and Mr. Aspland that of Faust. Mr. Howe was director and Mr. McColl the pianist. The society is preparing "The Messiah" to be given the first of the year.

Miss Jessie Foster, one time of San Francisco, now of Oakland, gave a song recital in Stockton on Friday of last week, assisted by two of her pupils, Miss Cora Turner, soprano, and Mr. Walter Kerrick, basso. A fine program was rendered and many encores testified to the appreciation of the audience.

The one hundred and fourteenth recital of the Sacramento Saturday club was held on Saturday, November ninth. The director of the day was Mrs. C. G. Stever and the participants were: Mrs. E. A. Gilbert, Mr. Charles Stickney, Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Stever, Mrs. L. C. Farrar, Misses Charlotte Shepstone, Florine Wenzel, Eda M. Quire, Lulu Yoerk, Helen Howe, Mrs, Emil Steinmann, Miss Maud Blue, Miss Rosina Rosin, Mrs. Albert Elkus in a Liszt Hungarian Fantasie with second piano accompaniment by Albert Elkus Jr. The program was from Haydn, Garcia, Chopin, Mendelssohn, Liszt, Volkmann, Moszkowski.

The Sandy Recital

The concert of Miss Nora Sandy on Thursday evening of last week, was well attended and the program was given as published. Miss Sandy is a pupil of Signor Martinez and on this occasion did credit to her training. Indeed, one could detect unmistakable evidence of Signor Martinez' training of the young girl, in the resemblance of her playing in many points to his own. He touch is very strong and she plays with a correctness of execution that bears testimony to careful and diligent practice. She is but fourteen years old and one may reasonably expect that in the course of time, if she continues to work as she has been doing, she will become a player of superior merit. Her Beethoven number was given with intelligence, and Lysberg's "Fontaine" was played with



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excellent handling of the runs that form the character of the composition. Miss Sandy was assisted on her program by her father, who sung in solo and also in duet with Mr. Manlloyd, who gave a solo in fine voice; Mr. Laraja the violinist who was a pleasant surprise in the trio with Louis von der Mehden Jr., and Signor Martinez. The debutante had a successful introduction to the public and bore herself well. She was the recipient of many handsome floral gifts.

—*The Music Critic*

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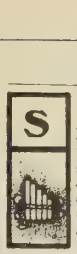
World of Letters

By a San Francisco Woman

A really good juvenile has become such a rarity in the book world that one of average merit and with no strikingly objectionable features is apt to be praised far beyond what it deserves, and to be rated according to its negative, rather than its positive virtues. Therefore there is the more reason for calling attention to "The Golden Chimney." It has been a weary long while since anything so good has made its appearance, and unless the author, Mrs. Elizabeth Gerberding, intends to turn her talents to account in this direction, it is apt to be as long again before there is brought out a worthy successor. It is a simple story, simply told, but the style is excellent. It develops itself in action and through conversation, without prosy descriptions and is entirely free from platitudinous moralizing and reflections, which make such excellent skipping. Ben Ralston, the hero of the tale, finds himself at seventeen, an orphan with no one upon whom he can depend for advice or counsel. His father, an unsuccessful mining speculator, has recently died leaving the boy but two hundred dollars and we are introduced to him and his cousin Beth, an orphan also, seated on the slope of Russian Hill and discussing their hard fortune. They look at life philosophically enough and are not repining at what cannot be helped. Ben has just decided not to accept a position as errand boy at three dollars a week, where he has no opportunity to learn trade or profession, and little hope of advancement even from the pecuniary standpoint. At the foot of the hill lie the old smelting works, and as Ben remarks that he was born forty years too late and that all the chances are gone, a hazard of the little girl that some of the gold once melted there may have stuck in the chimney, gives the lad an idea which he at once proceeds to carry out. He invests the whole of his small capital in the purchase of the right to try his hand at mining, and with the aid of a handy man who has some knowledge of the mining and assaying, who is willing to work on shares, he soon has his plan in working order. Ben has the rare quality of being able to keep his business to himself, a lesson which he has learned in the hard school of experience, for he has more than once seen his father defrauded of his interests by letting others into his confidence. With the aid of Mr. Mundon, who is worthy of his trust, and whose practical experience is invaluable, Ben's mine proves itself a bonanza, and he clears up several thousand dollars, part of which he wisely invests in a thorough education to fit himself to become a mining engineer. Of course he does not carry out his work without interference and opposition, and his adventures though never sensational are thrilling enough to satisfy the most exacting young lover of heroics. He is a real boy, fond of fun, but with experience enough to ballast

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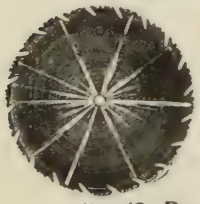
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him and a sense of responsibility in that he feels that he must not only look out for himself, but that he must have some care of his cousin Beth, whose life with her stepfather and his second wife and children who are neither relations nor strangers is not the happiest in the world. Ben's success comes to him not through luck or oversmartness, but through hard work, perseverance and keeping steadily at what he has in hand. There are no miracles performed for his benefit, and no childless millionaire in search of an heir or long-lost uncle from the other side of the earth comes to his rescue. He does only what it is possible to any boy in his place to do and he reaps the reward of his own exertions. One cannot say too much to emphasize the excellence of this book. It is absolutely free from the bad grammar, slang, vulgarity, cheap wit, rough jokes and "Smart Aleckism" which make the average book for boys such an abomination. There are some excellent bits of description of out of the way corners, and a glimpse of Chinatown. The operations of mining and assaying are gone into but without technicalities, so that they are not beyond the comprehension of young readers, and at the same time they are not so simplified as to be childish. The cover design of the golden chimney is by Whelan, and the illustrations, of which there are four, full page, are reproductions of photographs by Arnold Genthe. "The Golden Chimney" makes a timely appearance, since it is one of the few boys' books which it is safe to purchase without thoroughly investigating, and it should find its way to the Christmas stockings of an appreciable number. Since Mrs. Gerberding has made such a signal success of her first venture into the field of juvenile literature, it is to be hoped that she will give her attention to the very much neglected little girl, and become a worthy successor to Louise M. Alcott. A. M. Robertson of Post street, our best known local publisher, issues this volume.

———

Kipling's "Kim"

It would be late in the day to attempt any discussion of Kipling's place in literature, but the amount of wrangling and debating which have been carried on of late have made his latest book a matter of more than ordinary interest In it he has gone back to his first environment and the question whether he could again mount to the height on which he made his first appearance, is answered. It is again the old Kipling. Kim, otherwise Kimball O'Hara, is the orphan child of an Irish color sergeant, who in his later years had taken service with one of the railroad companies, and who has died "as poor whites die in India." The youngster falls to the neglect of a native woman, and wearing native dress and speaking the native language by preference, besides being burned black by exposure, it would be difficult to recognize in the little gamin and gutter-snipe anything of his white origin. His whole inheritance consists of three papers, which, from his father's babblings when under the influence of drink or drugs, are supposed to have some magical significance and are worn about his neck like an amulet. From the same source there is derived an impression, half prophesy, half tradition, that some day a miraculous red bull

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will come from a green field and perform wonderful things for Kim. Such is he when we are introduced to him at the age of thirteen, as "He sat, in defiance of municipal orders, astride the gun Zam-Zammeh, on her brick platform opposite the old Ajaibgher—the Wonder House, as the natives call the Lahore Museum." As he sits there at play with his companions, a young Mussulman and a Hindu lad, there shuffles round the corner a lama from Thibet, a new character to Kim, who is without fear, and always alert for novelty. It develops that the old man is in search of a river in which he expects to bathe and be purified from all sin, and Kim elects to to join his lot with the old mystic and set out on a search of his own for the magical bull which is to influence his future. All unsuspected by himself, the youngster has been tested in small ways by his great friend, Mahbub Ali, the Pathan horse dealer, and as he now sets forth on his travels as disciple to the lama, he is intrusted with an important message to the head of the Indian Secret Service, which he delivers safely, and stumbles on some important information which he uses discreetly, but in a way to enhance his own importance. He has the quick wit and love of intrigue and mystery which come from his Celtic parentage, and the subtlety which he has learned from his Oriental surroundings. He thinks like a man and acts more wisely than most men. He is "The little friend of all the world," and the world, to Kim, is a good place. With the old lama he wanders about the country and we have again the crowded bazaar, the railroad carriage, the Grand Trunk Road and the lonely by-way, Lahore, Benares, Simla and the hills, the splendor and the tawdriness, the dirt and the smells, the wonderful gems of description, the pithy native proverbs, and the picturesque revilements. Again we meet the pilgrim, the priest, the fakir, the trader, the Babu, with his pompous, school-taught English, the erstwhile "Ker-lis-ti-an," relapsed into worse barbarism than the original darkness, and again, Strickland and Creighton, those indefatigable heads of the Secret Service. And Kim, veritable little pagan that he is, knowing all gods and none, finds friends amongst them all. Though he has successfully evaded both teacher and preacher, so that he has small knowledge and much contempt for books, he has acquired other learning such as is not taught in schools. He meets his father's old regiment, the Mavericks, and so ends his quest for the magical bull, and there are few more amusing passages in modern literature than the contrast between the Episcopal clergyman and the Catholic priest, and the Thibetan Lama, each of whom de-

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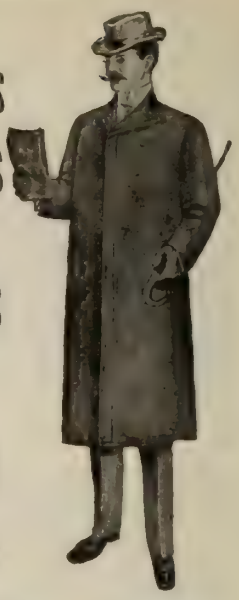
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sires to take possession of the boy, and the difference between their remarks and the language into which Kim translates them for the benefit of the lama. The result of the conference is that Kim is to be sent to school to become a Sahib, which course is decidedly against his views, but the lama persuades him to submit to the acquirement of "one expensive education," for which he furnishes the means, and having been given a hint that by acquitting himself well he may hope to be initiated into the workings of "the great game" for which he has shown an early aptitude, he applies himself vigorously for three years, at the end of which time he again takes the road with the lama, and executes his first commission, unofficial though it is so far as he is concerned, to the discomfiture of the arch enemy, Russia. Endurance, adventure and danger there is in plenty, and the reward is but the knowledge of work done. As we meet Kim, seated on the old gun, Zam-Zammeh, with the lama about to enter his life, we leave him, still but a boy, at the roadside with the old man. "He crossed his hands on his lap and smiled, as a man who has won Salvation for himself and his beloved." But we cannot feel that this is the last of Kim. This is but the beginning, the introduction. Critics may quarrel and question, but readers demand more, and yet more. The illustrations are from the fine bas-reliefs of John Lockwood Kipling, the author's father. [Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.] —*The Bookworm*

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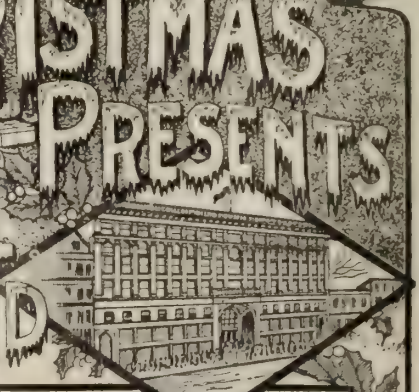
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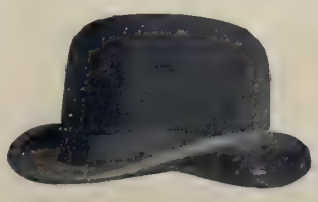


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Estate of Robert Rawson Grayson, sometimes known as Robert R. Grayson, also known as R. R. Grayson, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Eugene Lent, Executor of the last will and testament of said deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executor at the office of William F. Humphrey, Room 167 Crocker Building, San Francisco, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

EUGENE LENT

Executor of the last will and testament of Robert Rawson Grayson, sometimes known as Robert R. Grayson also known as R. R. Grayson, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, Oct. 18, 1901

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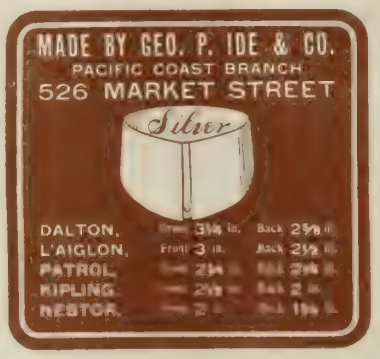
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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, November 23, 1901

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OUR OPINION

The Senate-Pauncefote Treaty

So we are to have an Isthmian canal, built, owned and controlled by the United States! From the text of the new treaty published by the dailies, the conditions under which the canal is to be constructed are not quite clear, but from the tone of the British press, it is safe to assume that the amendment adopted by the Senate last year, by which that body expressed its lack of confidence in Secretary Hay, was accepted by Great Britain. It is therefore incorrect to refer to the new convention as the Hay-Pauncefote treaty. In doing so the dailies pay a very high and undeserved compliment to Mr. Hay. That gentleman very generously agreed that we should construct a canal, which should be strictly neutral at all times, and that not even this country should be permitted to fortify it in time of war. The Senate's amendment provided that none of the conditions and stipulations of the treaty should apply to measures which the United States might find necessary to take for securing by its own forces the defense of the country and the maintenance of public order. In other words the Senate declined to ratify concessions made by our Secretary of State which would have seriously crippled this country in time of war. Hay contended that we could not have the canal unless we made those concessions, because Great Britain had certain rights under the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, which we were bound to respect. And the London *Times*, echoing the sentiments of Mr. Hay, remarked: "If the Hay-Pauncefote treaty is not adopted in a form acceptable to us we shall stand quietly upon our indubitable rights under the Clayton-Bulwer treaty." Thereupon *Town Talk* declared: "If the British Government objects to the Senate amendment with the expectation of having it withdrawn, it is surely destined to disappointment. No treaty can be successfully invoked to deprive the United States of the right to take measures for its own defense. We are doing too much worrying over what England thinks and what England may say." That savored of jingoism at the time of its publication, for there were many invertebrates of the Hay type who feared that if we asserted our rights we should provoke complications. But the treaty has been signed with the amendment, for the British statesmen well knew that the Clayton-Bulwer bogie was not worthy of serious consideration. And the tone of the British press has changed. The ferocious British editor now finds solace in the sentiment: "Hearty relations between mother and daughter are more to us than academic treaty rights."

Freak Sentiment in England

The British Cabinet held a meeting the other day. It was the first meeting held since last August, and yet important business was deferred because Lord Salisbury, the great Premier, didn't feel like cutting short his holiday in France. Affairs appear to be going from bad to worse in England. But the people are remarkably patient. If this country were engaged in a disastrous war that was draining the country of men and money, and the President and his Cabinet went away for several months on a hunting trip, the roar of popular indignation that their conduct would evoke would be heard from Maine to California. But the people of England are full of queer sentiments, and they are reluctant to find fault with their titled officials. They are very sore over the manner in which the war in South Africa has been conducted, and murmurings of discontent may be heard, but there is no ominous condemnation of the policy of the Government except from a few newspapers. It is true the people of Nottingham jeered Earl Roberts the other day, but that was because he had criticised General Buller's operations on the Tugela. And, perhaps, nowhere outside of England would the cause of such a man as Buller be so warmly espoused. The whole world was laughing over his failures not long ago. He has never done anything for British prestige in an emergency, but he has exhibited a lot of bull-dog courage and for that he has been exalted. Beyond bravery and persistence he has not another soldierly quality. It was quite natural for Earl Roberts to criticise him. The latter is a strategist of a high order, and the conduct of Buller on the Tugela must have disgusted him. Like Buller, he is a Victoria Cross man, having won the trophy by capturing a standard single-handed in the Sepoy mutiny when a mere lad. And he not only saved British prestige in South Africa, but won fame long before by his relief of Kandahar, when, after a forced march through a trackless wilderness without a base, he engaged the horde of Ayoob Khan before the gates of Kandahar and won a glorious victory. He would be entitled to the lasting gratitude of the British people if he had done nothing else than save them

from humiliation in his more recent undertaking. Instead of jeering such a man they should voice their disapproval of the men who have been responsible for grave errors in the field and blunders in statecraft.

About Churches

The Ritualists of England are sorely grieved over the conduct of their King. Edward has been playing to the gallery in Scotland by attending divine worship at a Presbyterian church. The High Anglicans regard such conduct as outrageous, and they have subjected the King to severe criticism. They charge him with the deadly sin of schism for permitting it to be inferred that he approves of the Presbyterian brand of Christianity. And it must be confessed that it is rather reckless for the head of one of the many jarring sects to thus give countenance to the hollow mockeries of another. Edward VII is entirely too tolerant to suit strict "Anglican-Catholic" ideas. But he has pointed out in his official organ that the Ritualists themselves who draw the line at Presbyerianism boast that they attend Catholic services abroad. They are asked why it is schism to do in Scotland what they believe to be proper in France. They consider it right to attend mass in the Church of St. Sulpice in Paris, but they object to the services in the Brompton Oratory in Scotland. And worse than that, they go to confession and communion in Catholic churches and the Bishop of London is reported to have advised a lady, who was going abroad, in the event of her feeling like going to confession, to "confess to a Roman priest." Now, that doesn't sound like good Anglican doctrine. But it contains a world of suggestion for the Anglican church people of this country who are talking about compromising with the Catholic church. They think that a compromise is possible, but that it must involve a repudiation of the Pope. But it appears that the ministers of the Catholic church who receive their authority from the Pope, are recognized as ministers of God by the High Anglicans of England. On the other hand, no Catholic would think of receiving the Sacrament from an Anglican clergyman. The subject of a compromise is never discussed in Catholic church circles for the reason that Catholics believe that to make a concession of any sort is to abandon their religion. The two churches can never become united except in the manner foreshadowed by the Bishop of London, who evidently doesn't shy at the Pope. But instead of those churches becoming united there is more likelihood of a split in the Episcopal church, one faction going over to the Roman Catholic church and the other drifting farther away. Only the other day at the Gloucester Diocesan Conference Bishop Ellicott, the senior prelate of the Episcopal Bench, declared that "the differences between the two main parties in the church were more and more tending to become irreconcilable." In other words there is a widening gulf between those who are adherents of what are known as "Romish tenets" and those who stick firmly to the "Prayer-book and the thirty-nine articles." There are two distinct parties in the Church of England, and it is generally acknowledged in England that a church crisis is impending.

If you want a GOOD drink, call for GILT EDGE WHISKEY, for there is NONE better. WICHMAN, LUTGEN & CO., Sole Proprietors, S. F.

The Rebuke Forcible

A professor in the Oakland High School slapped the face of a pupil the other day, thereby causing a profound sensation. The incident was deemed of such great importance that nearly a column of the *Examiner* was devoted to an account of it. Attention was drawn to it by a "scare head" of most serious aspect. Judging from the headlines, one might imagine that a horrible crime had been committed. But the facts as cited by the reporter were not sufficiently grave to justify great alarm. It appears that the assaulted youth had undertaken to poke fun at the professor, and that his conduct was ungentlemanly and merited the forcible rebuke. But even the professor was shocked at his own temerity in inflicting the chastisement upon an unruly student, and rushed off to the lad's home to offer apologetic explanations to the parents. The process of inculcating latter-day education is, indeed, quite different from what it was one or two decades ago. The twentieth-century pupil has what is idiomatically known as a soft snap. The potent and eloquent birch cuts no figure in the up-to-date system of education. It was formerly regarded as essential to a proper understanding and appreciation of the subject at hand, but now it is deemed not only unwise, but harsh, cruel, and inexpedient to wound the feelings of the youthful knowledge-seeker. The prevailing theory is that the modern pedagogue is a vicious animal who cannot be safely endowed with the power of exercising discretion in the matter of administering punishment, because he is inclined to lose his temper and make the penalty too severe. Moreover, it is thought to be wrong to suddenly check the high spirits of the young. Hence, it is not unusual for youths of the type of the Oakland High School student to grow into unmannerly boors. When they betray the first symptoms of ill breeding, instead of being rebuked in a manner calculated to impress them with the virtue of gentility, they are treated with marked deference, and, as a consequence, begin to take themselves seriously. And when the high-spirited, fresh youth begins to take himself seriously, his reclamation is no longer easy.

Bunker on Commerce

San Francisco's Chamber of Commerce has awakened from its lethargy. Its members have been aroused to the necessity of reaching out for trade, and exerting themselves in the interests of this port. They have

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decided to station a representative in Washington to keep an eye on measures and projects affecting this city, and to see that our interests are not neglected. William M. Bunker is the gentleman selected for this important post. Mr. Bunker is a man well qualified for the duties of the position. And in view of his selection his speech at the banquet of the Merchants' club Saturday night is of interest. Responding to a toast to the Chamber of Commerce he said:

Mr. President and Gentlemen: Permit me to place my spray of pine in your wreath of felicity. The best that has been said of you is below your deserts. You have thrived on merit. When I see your bright, happy, honest faces, I feel at home. You are all members of the Chamber of Commerce, or on the waiting list, and we therefore have a common bond.

The Chamber of Commerce of San Francisco! What a name to conjure with! Formed to promote the commerce of the Pacific Coast and foster the great interests of the State affecting the trade and commerce of San Francisco, its history is the history of the city since November, 1851. The eleven men who signed the Articles of Incorporation have passed away. The men who made the Chamber a power for good in less recent California have retired from business or crossed the river; but the Chamber, with an ever broadening scope and increasing influence, is fighting in the cause of commerce as never before.

In the last few months the Chamber has had tariffs modified in the interest of the State, and within two weeks has taken a potential initiative in commercial affairs. In a fierce fight of the Civil War an artillery regiment was very hard pressed, and finally the colonel lost heart and ordered a retreat. One battery ignored the order, remained at its post of duty and checked the nearly victorious enemy. The colonel rode back and angrily said to the battery commander: "Didn't you hear the retreat sounded? What are you doing here?" "Making history, by God, sir!" was the prompt reply.

The Chamber of Commerce is moved by the spirit of that artillery captain. It is making commercial history. And with your help, gentlemen, it will make the finest article of history known to the trade.

Of the products of the entire country last year California yielded: of wheat 9 per cent; barley 22 per cent; beans 24 per cent; hops 17 per cent; honey 7 per cent; gold 38 per cent; wine 60 per cent; beet sugar 70 per cent; and raisins 99 per cent.

These figures merely hint at some of the protective work cut out for the Chamber of Commerce. In addition there are maritime interests to be safeguarded, interests developed and in process of development, and the issues growing out of annexation and expansion.

There are few things greater, grander or more purposeful than modern commerce. In ancient and mediaeval times the warrior was paramount. Today the captain of commerce is the ruling power.

The fruits of commerce are the universities, museums, art galleries and scientific schools. Remove commercial aid and art, science and literature, in a popular sense, would speedily languish.

The American commercial man is the cynosure of the world. He has dashed ahead with the verve of charging cavalry. His progress has aroused envy and admiration. And why not? He has led forlorn hopes to brilliant victory. His industrial armies have cleared the field of foes. Hence, I say he who marshals columns of figures and directs commercial activities is as great a leader, often as great a hero, as he who leads soldiers in shining array.

The greatest of all commercial campaigns, because of many new opportunities and changing conditions, is beginning on the Pacific Coast.

San Francisco, our glorious San Francisco, is the focal point. Will she rise to the occasion? I say yes, a thousand times yes. She may be wayward, and at times a trifle spoiled, but her heart is in the right place. With all her faults we love her still. Rejoicing in her superb situation, stirred by her successes, and proud of her pre-eminence, inspired by endless affection and with confidence born of perfect knowledge, we give ourselves over to gladness, challenge sister cities to generous rivalry, and tonight defiantly cry—

"Look out upon the stars, my love,
And shame them with thine eyes."

The Saunterer

Silurianism in Stockton

In nearly every town in this State the idea prevails that if there were more funerals there would be greater progress. The old inhabitant is generally regarded as a promoter of dry-rot, and his departure hence is looked forward to as a consummation devoutly to be wished. From many towns complaints have come to me of the longevity of the leading citizens who refuse to shuffle off, and who are responsible for the retarding of development. From Stockton comes the latest plaint. A correspondent informs me that the banks of Stockton are controlled by a lot of old pawnbrokers who have no enterprise or business sagacity. They know good security when they see it, and they know how to charge a high rate of interest, but they are devoid of civic pride, and haven't sense enough to encourage the people to engage in enterprises conducive to general prosperity. "Just think," exclaims my correspondent, "there are five rich banks in this city, and there isn't one that owns its own bank building. There's Hewlett of the First National, and there's Rosenbaum and Claybourn, all rich men, and not one of them has the enterprise to put up a decent building, and demonstrate his confidence in the city's future. And as a matter of fact there is not a more prosperous city, or a city with better prospects, in the interior of California."

A Slow Metropolis

It is quite natural that Stockton and other interior towns should suffer from silurianism. The character of a State may be judged by the character of its metropolis. The bankers of San Francisco do a pawnbrokerage business on a large scale. The merchants of San Francisco are a lot of prosperous peddlers and commission agents. The city is growing and becoming more prosperous, not on account of their enterprise but in spite of their apathy and picayunishness. Funerals have helped it but more are needed. It is amusing to contrast the business methods in vogue here with those of any enterprising city. Take the beer industry, for instance. We have over a score of breweries in this city, and nearly all of them are owned by rich men. Business came to them when there was no competition and they couldn't avoid getting rich. A young man started a small brewery in Seattle and invaded this territory. Now the local breweries can't

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control the trade within a radius of fifty miles of San Francisco. Such has been the history of nearly all our industries.

Queer Business Methods

The people of Seattle spend more money in advertising in six months than is spent by the people of San Francisco in a year. The astute business men of San Francisco spend the most money in advertising when business is brisk. When it is dull they say they cannot afford to advertise. Did you ever hear of anything quite so absurd? The supposition is that people advertise for business, but the San Francisco merchant advertises most liberally when he has all the business he can attend to. And the San Francisco merchant is a coward. Though he sometimes thinks that a certain advertising medium might benefit him, he is afraid that if he avails himself of it he may incur the displeasure of its rivals. A weekly newspaper in this city with a circulation of five hundred may get as many advertisements and as high a rate for its space as one with twenty thousand readers.

"I'm a child of nature," she said, as she leaned forward to applaud the prima donna, "I never try to conceal my feelings."

"That would be impossible," he murmured, as her plentiful heart-throbs disclosed more than the modiste had intended.

Death Intervened

Only a few of Chief of Police Sullivan's intimate friends knew that he was offered the position of paymaster in the United States army by President McKinley. During Mr. McKinley's stay in this city Chief Sullivan was his constant companion, and the President became very fond of him. Sullivan agreed to accept the position, and the appointment was to have been made next January. That was less than six months ago, and now both men are dead.

A Disappointed Attorney

A good story is going the rounds about a prominent attorney, silvery-haired and married, who is always on the qui vive for a flirtation. To his ear the swish of a skirt is sweetest music, and the sight of a well-turned ankle plunges him into raptures of delight. Some weeks ago he secured for a client a handsome young married woman who wanted a divorce. Of course, he would be delighted to assist her in securing her liberty; so delighted that he wouldn't care for a fee. The sight of her charming figure was sufficient compensation for him. But while he was preparing the papers the lady went back to her husband, and concluded that she didn't want a divorce. The attorney was no doubt disappointed, but one day he summoned her to the 'phone at her residence in San Anselmo, and asked her to meet him at a restaurant that afternoon. Her husband happened to be in the room and pressing the receiver to his ear she asked the amorous attorney to repeat. He did so, and then in sepulchral tones the husband replied: "All right, Denson, I'll be there."

Where the Disappointment Lay

I was not disappointed in Sybil Sanderson's voice. Only those were disappointed in that who expected more than she had promised. Nobody ever claimed for Sybil Sanderson a great voice. It is true she is said to have cherished aspirations to stand beside Melba and Eames, but then Lillian Russell, also, entertained such hopes which, in spite of a pot of money having been spent upon her with view to making la divine Lillian a grand opera prima, were doomed to disappointment. Sybil Sanderson is very charming, very chic, a perfect actress with a sweet and well trained voice, but her talent is limited. She could have been a queen of comic opera had she wished. She preferred to create roles in Massenet's light operas and to follow after her betters in a few grand operas within her limit. What disappointed me last Saturday night was her reception. I thought her old friends would rise en masse, tear their gloves from their hands in applauding her to the proverbial echo, pull the flowers from their hair and corsages, and throw their bouquets upon the stage in their wild welcome. Instead, they gave her a pleasant little greeting after they recognized her, which was not at once, and after the first act there were a few curtain calls. Madame Eames and Mrs. Grau threw their bouquets upon the stage, and that was all. If she could have only summoned a few tears, even feigned a slight breaking down at being once more in her old home, singing for those who had known her in girlhood, Sybil Sanderson would have evoked an hysterical demonstration, but she didn't.

Sybil and "Manon"

I can easily understand why Sybil Sanderson is such a favorite in Paris. She is all that Parisians love—pretty, dainty, with a well-turned ankle and a brightness of manner that is irresistible. The Opera Comique, where she sings, is not the Grand Opera, where the greater stars are heard. Sanderson sings in the operas written for her by Massenet, all within the limits of her vocal compass. There is no heavy work, nothing calling for great flights of voice. New York would not have her "Manon," six years ago, and did not enthuse over the charming Californienne-Parisienne. But New York has strong prejudices. The wilful prima donna wished to sing in "Romeo et Juliette," but that was Melba's opera and Miss Sanderson's difficulty with Abbey and Grau is still remembered. By violating her contract and failing to appear in the operas for which she was billed she was liable to the forfeit of one hundred thousand francs.

THE STANDARD FOR CHAMPAGNE QUALITY IS

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THE WORLD OVER

Beauty Culture is General

The gowns worn on Saturday night were far handsomer than those of the opening night. I never saw such a crowd of beautifully dressed women in San Francisco before. Almost the entire house, with the exception of the gallery and the back rows of the family circle, were in regulation evening clothes. Some of the women wore high corsages; others, like Mrs. Gus Taylor and her sister Georgie, wore their usual covering of diaphanous material, but the majority were decollete. Mrs. de Young and Mrs. McKittrick, in the front rows of the loges, were in black, and Mrs. Sam Knight was in white net with black jet spangles. A number of black or black and white toilettes were worn. It is a becoming combination with an ivory white neck and shoulders. The beauty doctors and physical culture teachers have evidently been well patronized during the year that intervened since the last Grau season. Last year many bony and blotchy necks were in evidence; this year the arms and shoulders are, almost as one woman, superb. If occasionally slender throats are seen, they are not attenuated. We have to thank Mr. Grau for more than an extension of musical culture. He has proved an incentive to beauty culture as well.

Doing the Honors

Last season and the preceding year it was Walter Martin who did the honors to the operatic stars in a large way. The Jack Casserlys captured Damrosch and some of our rich German residents took Gadski. Nordica did not care to be entertained at all, but Melba was decidedly Walter Martin's social prize. But the young Colonel has been domesticated and besides, Melba isn't here. Dr. Harry Tevis and Harry Holbrook are recognized squires of Madame Eames. They are bubbling over with happiness at the honor of being permitted to take Eames through Chinatown, to show her the sights in general, and to be her hosts at an occasional luncheon and dinner. There are scores of club men who would like to entertain Calve, but Calve is indisposed. Ned Greenway, by the way, is still "close up" to the bewitching Fritzi Scheff. Not even a foreign nobleman could scare him off. After the "Carmen" performance Wednesday night, he entertained her at supper at the Palace.

How Bispham Broke the Cigarette Habit

To look at David Bispham one would never fancy him addicted to any vice. Yet Grau's most reliable baritone once had the cigarette habit. He was never without a cigarette either in his hand or mouth, except when he was singing. But Bispham is not the man to persist in a habit that he knows is injurious to the vocal chords. He decided he must give up cigarettes. But how? He thought it over and finally came to the conclusion that it was not the tobacco he cared for, but the sensation produced by the weed between his lips. He reasoned out a cure and decided to try a lead pencil. Every time he felt the desire to smoke a cigarette he put the lead pencil in his mouth. And he found that he had hit upon the solution of the problem. He scarcely noticed whether it was a lead-pencil he was holding and in time the entire desire left him. Bispham recommends this cure to the smoker wishing to break off the cigarette habit.

He Wants to Know

"Anxious Inquirer" writes to obtain enlightenment on the subject of the crush hat. "I have been told," he says, "that it is no longer *en regle;* that people who have time to keep pace with the fashions, go to the opera under a silk hat. But I have noticed that the men of Blingum and the youngsters of the University club are still partial to the trick hat. Is it because they like to play with it in the foyer? I also have noticed that the male artists of the opera company who appear in the foyer when they are not earning their salary wear the silk tile. Do you consider them reliable authority in matters sartorial? And by the way, I should like to know, too, whether a white vest goes with a tuxedo on ordinary occasions?"

An Arbitre Wanted

I should like to enlighten my correspondent, for perhaps he is an enthusiastic music lover and would suffer mental anguish at the opera were he to receive a hunch that his headgear was of last season's vintage. But I must confess that I do not know whether the crush hat has been abandoned by fashionable men in centres whence the very latest sartorial wrinkles come. Nor do I know whether the average high-salaried operatic star is to be relied upon as an oracle in such matters. I should think, however, that he was more reliable than one of our provincial gentlemen. As for the appropriateness of the white waistcoat in connection with the tuxedo, that is a question which has been debated at great length. Some fashionable men declare that the combination is abominable, because the tuxedo is a neglige garment and the white vest is distinctly a feature of "dress" attire. Others are as positive that they can be worn without betraying evidence

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of bad taste, and that there is nothing incongruous in the combination. Since Albert Edward became king nobody has assumed the right to settle those important questions, and I suppose men will continue to wear white vests and tuxedos, and even tan shoes with frock coats, and plug hats and sack coats until the end of time.

Cousin Ward wants a Job

The Pacific-Union club has a diplomat in training. Heretofore the club has confined its attentions to hardware, wholesale groceries, stocks, or any old thing that represented money, but recently the members have begun to take an interest in the diplomatic service and all because of the ambition of Judge Ward McAllister. Judge McAllister has designs on the secretaryship of the legation at Paris, and his friends of the Pacific-Union club have undertaken to land the job for him. The judge's principal qualification is his relationship to the President. He enjoys the distinction of being Roosevelt's cousin. But that is not his only claim to recognition. He is well versed in the conventions of society and incidentally knows how to converse in French. He has demonstrated his proficiency as a French scholar by ordering a dinner at the Poodle Dog, from olives to nuts, without one glance at the menu card, or the slightest assistance from the garcon.

Mrs. Mills no Richer

Last week I told the story of how Mrs. Mills and Mills' College each became richer by ten thousand dollars through the generosity of H. O. Blankenship of Nome. And once more Mrs. Mills has called my attention to an error. In her letter she says:

It is true that Mr. Blankenship in his kindness of heart and in appreciation of what had been done for his daughter at Mills College, did locate two claims—both for *Mills College*, but none for Mrs. Mills. Whatever is done for Mills College means more to me than anything done for myself. The article implies that we are really richer for this kindness. It remains to be seen whether this is true. The locating of a mine and the selling of it so that its value can be secured are two very different things, and you must know that Klondike has been to a great many very disappointing. Mr. Blankenship is a large-hearted, fine-spirited man. Like many others, he has not had opportunity for early education, nevertheless he is a gentleman in the highest sense of the word, appreciative and grateful for any kindness received.

Poor Manager Grau

Manager Grau is a refreshingly blunt and unpretentious impresario. He says that he never discovered a prima donna or any great singer, and that he never staged an opera for its first production. He claims no credit for the artistic success of his companies, and confesses that he is in the business for dollars and cents and for nothing else. How different from the average theatrical manager! Manager Frohman wants people to believe that he never produces a play without first having read it from start to finish and back again, and that he always suggested certain things that made great hits. And the other representatives of the theatrical trust are no less modest than Frohman. Yet they have no more to do with artistic success than Grau. Like him they are in the business for the dollars and cents, but they lack his candor.

A Loss of Twenty Thou.

Poor Grau! His sole ambition is to retire from business with sufficient money to save his friends the expense of burying him. And he believes that such an achievement would be a notable one. But Grau was in the dumps when he had that interview with Ashton Stevens. He was dour and disgruntled. And all because Calve—the beautiful capricious Calve—had upset his plans and depleted his box-office. He confided to a friend the other day that Calve had caused a loss of twenty thousand dollars by her failure to appear on schedule time. The management explained to the press that the divine Calve, the eccentric, luscious Calve, was "indisposed." What a multitude of caprices that word "indisposed" covers! I have heard it whispered that if Calve had been permitted to open the season here, she would have been in fine voice, and the management would have been happy and prosperous. It is the easiest thing in the world to pique a prima donna. And the more prime donne you have in a company the harder it is to manage it. Grau made the mistake of bunching them.

Calve on a Trunk

Calve is one of the most capricious of the high-salaried operatic stars. And in the last few years she has not been in very good humor. A little affair of the heart embittered her somewhat, and she has been rounding to quite slowly. She requires most delicate handling. Last year she was billed to sing in Albany, but on her arrival there nobody was on hand to receive her. She sat on her trunk at the station and waited. It was quite a while before Grau heard of his prima donna being perched on a trunk, but as soon as he did he sent a carriage for her. Then she sent word to him that she was "indisposed." He rushed to her apartments to ascertain the cause of the trouble, and in a hoarse whisper she told him that she had caught cold sitting on the trunk. But later on she heard that the house had been sold out, and that a substitute was to sing her role. Thereupon her voice came back.

Passing of a Great Impresario

While Impresario Grau was boasting that he would avoid the vital mistake of his predecessors and quit the grand opera business, the sands of life of his great predecessor, Col. Mapleson, were running out in London. In his day Mapleson was a bigger figure in grand opera than Grau is at present. It was his love: he knew music and risked all for it. Like the great

THE LOVE SONNETS OF A

HOODLUM

By WALLACE IRWIN — Deliciously Absurd

Introduction by GELETT BURGESS — Irresistibly Funny

"Showing how **Vanity** is still on **Deck** and humble **Virtue** gets it in the **Neck.**"

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Haverly, Mapleson was born to the business and like the great minstrel organizer his life was the exploitation of a series of great successes. He made fortunes only to have them swallowed up later on. For forty years he was the world's great impresario. In the early '80's I remember him in the height of his power. He introduced us to the musical masterpieces which have now become classics and brought us the chief singers of Europe.

His "Discovery" of Faust

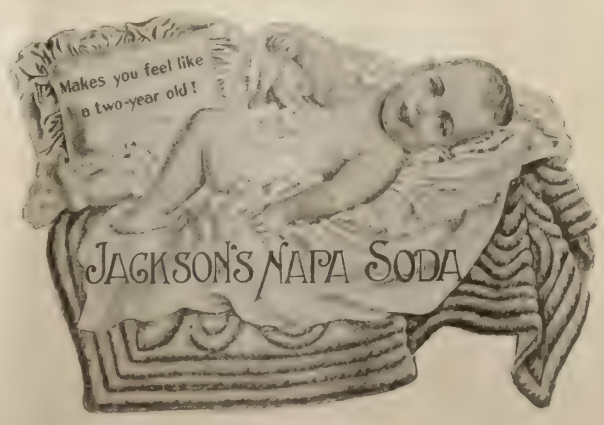
He picked up "Faust" in Paris in 1861 when the owners were vainly begging some one to produce it. He took the score to London, the delighted owners promising him a bonus for a certain number of performances. Mapleson got together a great cast, but, like Grau in the present day, he had to resort to ruses to make opera go. The first night he plentifully papered the house and then gave out that the new opera, despite its immense success, could positively be produced only four nights longer. By a skillful manipulation of the tickets the house was packed at all the subsequent performances. Among a lot of other popular favorites he gave us the first production of the "Bohemian Girl" and some twenty-two years ago introduced us to Carmen. His first list of artists included Mme. Gerster, Minnie Hauk, Mme. Lablanche, Signor Campanini, Del Puente and Galassi. Later on he brought over Mme. Valeria, Mlle. Belasco, Mme. Marie Roze, Mme. Kellogg, Mme. Carey, Emma Juch, Mme. Nordica, Zeliede Luzzan and Marie Van Zandt. For three seasons he had the perennial Patti. It was by a mere accident that Mapleson missed introducing her to the world. She herself urged Mapleson to manage her career and laughingly promised him that she would make him his fortune. He promised to take the matter up as soon as he returned from a business trip to Europe. He returned a day too late. Twenty-four hours before he landed Patti signed contract to appear under another manager.

Singers' Salaries Two Decades Ago

In view of the extraordinary salaries paid artists nowadays it is interesting to note what Mapleson gave some of the same people twenty years ago. He brought over Jean de Reszke from Europe at a salary of fifty dollars a week. It's the same de Reszke to whom John Mackay said some years later, "I'd never sing for less than $10,000 a performance if I had your voice." At that time the divine Patti was singing for two hundred dollars a week and very glad she was to get it, too. Years afterward they used to say of her that she wouldn't appear on the stage for less than two thousand dollars. In this country a first-class prima donna nowadays expects to clean up about sixty thousand dollars during the season. In Europe she'd be content to get one-quarter of that sum. No wonder that Impresario Grau now declares that if he were to continue in the business his first work would be to reorganize the salary roll of his imported artists. But to go back to Mapleson's salary roll in the old days: Gerster received six hundred dollars and Minnie Hauk two hundred dollars. Signor Campanini's heart was made glad with three thousand dollars. Signor Del Puente of the famous voice got one hundred and fifty dollars a week, but of course later on he got a great deal more. In those surprising days when Mapleson was trying to discover new voices and new masterpieces in opera, the average cost of raising a curtain was two thousand dollars and the average nightly receipts were estimated at four thousand five hundred dollars. Grau has bulged the receipts enormously since Mapleson's day by making opera a society event and running up the prices on reserved seats. But this increased charge has barely kept ahead of the increased salaries demanded by the artists.

Cupid at Questionable Tricks

Society is watching with curiosity the amour of a wealthy middle-aged widower and a well-known member of the smart set who is related by marriage to Sybil Sanderson. She is a very handsome woman and at times snaps her fingers gaily at the strict proprieties, though she is always careful to retain a safe grip on the life-saving line of reputation. The family of her husband stoutly opposed their marriage. Oddly enough they more vehemently opposed the recent divorce, presumably because they disliked raking over any domestic scandal. However there are several very influential members of the bar on both sides of the hearthstone, so the sensational details of the divorce were heard in chambers and only the most toothsome details ever reached indefatigable gossip on the outside. Since the divorce the handsome grass widow has quit her pilgrimage of the fashionable boarding houses and has settled down in sumptuous quarters. The man in the case is a prominent clubman and a member of one of the biggest down town wholesale firms. He is such an eligible catch that ambitious mammas have been angling for him for a long time past. Now that he appears to be so inextricably tangled in the net of the handsome divorcee they are lost between chagrin and envy and are inclining their ears to catch every detail of the risque anecdotes that Mother Gossip is retailing anent their common enemy. The wealthy widower is a Catholic. So deeply is he smitten with the charms of his flame, however, that I am told he is willing there shall be a wedding at the expiration of the year's divorce. Should a ceremony crown this love episode local society will have another match in its Blue Book to offset some of those red-letter re-marriages that are becoming so popular among the golden banner bearers of New York's plutocracy.



Water Colors at the Hopkins

The first water-color exhibition that has ever been held at the Hopkins closed on Thursday evening. It was an interesting showing and revealed how very much more interest is this branch of art is being taken by artists nowadays. When this exhibition was first proposed, there were doubters who asserted that there was not enough good material here to make a satisfactory showing, but these Thomases were silenced when the exhibition opened. They looked upon the works of Chapel Judson, Cadenasso, Latimer, J. R. Dickinson, Baumgartner and the others, and saw that they were good. The pastels and blacks and whites, while not of enthralling interest, were successful and served to give an idea of what is being locally done in this line. A feature of these Hopkins' exhibitions that is particularly enjoyable is the music on Thursday evenings, when Sir Henry Heyman wields the baton and some of our best singers and instrumentalists take part. Some interesting paintings from Guadalajara, Mexico, were through the courtesy of their owner, Senor Saucedo, shown this week. These paintings were brought from Spain by one of the early governors of Western Mexico in the seventeenth century, and are unsigned and undated.

A Mystery at Sea

Honolulu is agog over a romantic mystery which has for its heroine a passenger on the present trip of the steamship *Sonoma* from San Francisco to Australia. The *Sonoma* is now well on her way to Sydney. When the vessel left here, a tall, stately brunette of perhaps twenty-five years, and her companion, a man of a few more years and of distinguished bearing, attracted attention. The pair occupied stateroom forty-one on the *Sonoma*, and were registered with the purser as "Mr. and Miss Ross." They represented themselves to be brother and sister. On the way to Honolulu some comment was made upon them by their fellow-passengers on account of the deep melancholy in which the spirit of Miss Ross seemed plunged. Often she stood at night, after most of the passengers had retired, on the upper deck, watching the wake of the ship with a sad expression that made late watchers marvel at the cause of her grief. Always her brother was close by her. Once she was seen at midnight with arms raised to the skies, while near her sat her companion. She seemed rigid, as if in a trance.

Other Strange Scenes

When the *Sonoma* reached Honolulu little attention was paid to the queer passengers, but at eleven o'clock that night the pair were seen walking toward Waikiki. The man walked first, and ten yards behind came the woman. Those who saw them gaped in wonder. Miss Ross' body was held stiffly, and one arm was carried in a fixed position at an angle of thirty degrees. She walked straight into posts and other obstacles as though blind. Later she was seen at the edge of the quay. She drew a revolver from her bosom and deliberately pointed it at her forehead. Her frame seemed convulsed with agony. Suddenly she flung the weapon into the sea, and returned to the ship. She entered her stateroom and did not leave it again while the *Sonoma* was in port. My correspondent in Honolulu writes me that society there was deeply interested in the beautiful young woman, and that it was believed that her companion exercised a peculiar and unnatural influence over her. Doubtless, when the *Sonoma* returns there will be new touches to the mystery, unless the cable from Australia tells of a tragedy.

An Embarrassing Nightmare

There have been many funny episodes at sea of late. On a recent trip of one of the Australian steamers a well-known dashing matron of Honolulu, who is a sister-in-law of a prominent and wealthy native politician, was a passenger with her little boy. She carried on a flirtation with a young Englishman and before reaching this port it became evident to the other passengers that the man had made very satisfactory progress. One morning about four o'clock, the little son of the dashing matron created quite a commotion aboard the steamer. He went rushing around the deck crying for his mother. "Where's my mamma?" he eagerly asked. "She isn't in our room. I think she fell overboard. Oh, please find my mamma." A kind passenger, who knew of the matron's devotion to the Britisher, coaxed the lad into his stateroom and succeeded in quieting him. It was afterward explained by the lady, who was very much embarrassed by the incident, that she had never left her stateroom, and that the little boy had a nightmare. Whereupon somebody remarked, "Well, madam, it was a horse on you."

"I wanted to throw my bouquet at Sybil on Saturday night," said one of the season's fiancees.

"Well, why didn't you?"

"I remembered in time that *he* had paid a dollar apiece for the orchids, and if there is anything he abhors it is extravagance."

A Rumored Divorce

For some time there have been rumors abroad of a forthcoming divorce suit of unsensational details that will probably not surprise the young couple's intimate friends. The man is a commission and stock broker, and belongs to the Pacific-Union club. His marriage with a prominent society girl was an event of some years ago and their incompatibility of temperament has often been a matter of comment. The wife, it is said, has always cared more for her dogs than for her husband. They have gradually drifted apart and now I hear that they have come to the conclusion that it might be as well to legally dissolve the bond that only exists in name.

DEWAR'S
SCOTCH WHISKY
HIGH BALL

Small piece of ice in glass, pour whisky over ice and fill glass with syphon or plain water

A Cooling and Delightful Drink

Famous Names in California's History

George Allen Hancock, whose marriage with Miss Genevieve Mullen was a recent event in Los Angeles society is a grandson of the late Colonel Haraszthy, the millionaire vineyardist. And the marriage of young Hancock's mother to the late Major Hancock joined together two names that were very prominent in the early history of our State. Madame Hancock, as she is generally known, was the only daughter of Count—or as he preferred to be called, Colonel—Haraszthy. She was educated in Paris and upon her return home she married her father's friend. Their wedding is still remembered as a most elaborate affair, of almost royal magnificence. Hancock and Colonel Haraszthy both came to California in '49. Both fought in the Civil war, and Major Hancock also served in the Mexican war. They were fellow legislators in Sacramento. Both became rich through their own labor, Major Hancock as a lawyer and authority on Mexican land grants, Colonel Haraszthy as a horticulturist. The young man who has just married inherits with his wealth the best qualities of his maternal grandfather and his father.

Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum

Wallace Irwin, one of the readiest jingle-smiths of the local press, has hit upon the novel idea of publishing a volume of slang in verse. Ever since Billy Baxter's inimitable letters drew attention to the rhetorical value of slang, numerous imitators have given picturesque contributions to the literature of the day, but Mr. Irwin is the first to make slang attractive in rhyme. His book is being published by Elder and Shepard and will soon make its appearance. I have seen the advance sheets of "The Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum,"

"Showing how Vanity is still on deck,
And humble virtue gets it in the neck."

A Sample Sonnet

The sonnets are clever and amusing, but Mr. Irwin does not display much originality in the use of slang. He contents himself with weaving the slang of the day into his verse, but unlike Ade and the author of Billy Baxter's letters he creates very few new picturesque phrases. The charm of the Baxter letter is in the quaintness of the metaphor. When Billy Baxter said that a certain variety show had a grand opera performance "lashed to a mast," he was quaint, original, eloquent and forcible, and his letters abounded in expressions of that sort. He preferred to create rather than borrow slang. This is a sample Irwin sonnet and one of the best:

As one who with his landlord stands deuce high
And blocks his board bill off with I O U's,
Touching the barkeep lightly for his booze,
Sidestepping when a creditor goes by,
Soaking his mother's watch-chain on the sly,
Haply his ticker, too, haply his shoes,
Till Mr. Johnson comes to turn him loose,
And lift the mortgage from that poor cheap guy;

So am I now small change in Mamie's scorn,
A microbe's egg, or two-bits in a fog,
A first cornet that cannot toot a horn,
A Waterbury watch that's slipped a cog;
For when her make-up's twisted to a frown
What can I but go 'way back and sit down?

Burgesson Slang

A very timely dissertation on slang, by Gelett Burgess, prefaces the little volume. He writes:

The twentieth century breaks with a new promise of emancipation to English Literature, for a new influence has freshened the blood of conventional style that in the decadence of the End of the Century has grown dilute. This adjuvant strain is found in the enthusiasm of Slang. Slowly its rhetorical power has won foothold in the language. It has won many a verb and substantive, it has conquered idiom and diction, and now it is strong enough to assault the very syntax of our Anglo-Saxon tongue. Slang, the illegitimate sister of Poetry, makes with her a common cause against the utilitarian economy of Prose. They both stand for lavish luxuriance in trope and involution, for floriation and adornment of thought. It is their boast to make two words bloom where one grew before. Both garb themselves in Metaphor, and the only complaint of the captious can be that whereas Poetry follows the accepted style, Slang dresses her thought to suit herself in fantastic and bizarre caprices, that her whims are unstable and too often in bad taste.

The Office Boy

Nothing offers such opportunities for the display of wooden-headedness as the job of office-boy in a big daily newspaper office. Entrance to the editorial rooms is barred by the office boy to whom you must give a card bearing your name and a statement of the business you wish to transact. The *Chronicle's* editorial rooms are guarded at present by several alert and wise boys, but it was not always thus. Some time ago the *Chronicle* had a tall, lanky, goggley-eyed youth who was very fresh. One day a pretty, blushing girl called with a bundle of manuscript and asked if the editor was in.

"Which editor?" asked the unsalted stripling.

"The one that judges the worth of manuscript," replied the girl.

"That's me," said the boy. "Just leave your bundle with me and I'll look it over when I get a chance."

Months later it was learned that the goggley-eyed boy was in the habit of representing himself as any old editor.

"Shorty's" Curt Advice

There was another boy called "Shorty." He was freckle-faced and came from south of the slot. He received visitors and answered the phone. Among other instructions he had received was to send people with death notices to the business office. It is the

ALWAYS THE BEST



CALIFORNIA MARKET SAN FRANCISCO

custom of the Associated Press to notify all newspapers taking its service of any great event as early as possible, so that preparations may be made for handling the big piece of news and so that space may be allowed for it. One afternoon the Associated Press manager called up the office and asked for Mr. Fitch. "Shorty" answered the phone.

"Tell Mr. Fitch that Bismarck is dead," said the Associated Press man.

"Take your death notices to the business office," said "Shorty," and he hung up the receiver.

Sybil and Shafter

Sybil Sanderson occupied the Grau box Tuesday night and hurled bouquets at Emma Eames. She was one of the last persons to leave the opera house, and when she did she was under escort of Mr. Shafter Howard. As he is one of those that made mud-pies with the fair Sybil in the long ago, no one need worry about advising Mrs. Howard to hurry back from Newport to save Shafter from the enchantress. I met Sybil Tuesday night, and was surprised to note the wear and tear of make-up. What ravages are worked by the artificial treatment to which an actress subjects herself! Tuesday night's audience was a brilliant one. One debutante, Miss Herrin, entertained another, Miss Redington, in her box. Mrs. de Young wore a glorious dull pink gown and was one of the handsomest women in the house. Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, who was one of the many Mizners, convulsed the Walter Hobarts and Dr. Harry Tevis with her funny stories, as usual. Miss Katherine Dillon spent a good deal of time between acts in the lobby. She wore a gown that was a mass of pink spangles. A woman in front of me remarked, "If I had a frock like that I should go out to show it, too." It appears to be the crowning act of smartness to go out between acts. The Hopkins', Keyes', Salisburys, Walter Martins, Princess Poniatowski and Miss Dillon act as though the theatre were their private playground.

Why She's a Wonder

Schumann-Heinck became a mother within a year for something like the tenth time. Most women in her profession cannot spare the time for such luxuries but Schumann-Heinck is a wonderful woman. Her accouchements never interfere with her professional work for more than a few weeks. She goes right on singing as though nothing were going to happen.

Nothing so quickly cures a rejected suitor's broken heart as to note his late love's infatuation for one who is his inferior.

Kahn Goes Back Alone

Congressman Kahn started for the scene of his labors unaccompanied the other day. Mrs. Kahn expects the stork and therefore she cannot act as her husband's secretary this winter. Each Congressman is allowed one hundred dollars a month for clerical hire and Mr. Kahn has always kept the money in the family. A Congressman's job is a more lucrative one than most people imagine. In addition to the salary of five thousand a year, a Congressman is allowed one hundred dollars a month for a secretary and something like one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month for stationery. It's a pretty busy Congressman that cannot save money on his stationery account. The mileage allowed a Congressman enables him to add a little more to his income. The Californian Congressmen are each allowed twelve hundred a year. That rate was established in the long ago when people went to Washington via the Isthmus and New York. But no conscientious public servant has ever had the rate reduced. Conscientious scruples might prompt a man to return to the treasury all over the amount actually used, but the average Congressman isn't afflicted with scruples.

"Miss Million's diamonds are the best things about her."
"That is, perhaps, because they are real."

Some Rumors

It is reported that Mr. Kahn intends to select a Union Labor secretary this session and also to have the union label on all his stationery. I doubt, however, that there is any truth in the rumor. Of course, Mr. Kahn knows that he will probably have a representative union man as an opponent next year, but he expects to win the sympathy of the labor element by fighting for Chinese Exclusion. Unfortunately, he exercises very little influence in Congress. His voice has seldom been heard outside of a committee room. Yet he is an active and industrious official. But there are certain rather contemptible prejudices in Washington which are hard to overcome, and besides it is almost impossible to break into the political machine until a man has been there at least three terms. Mr. Kahn's efficiency is confined to the committee room, and considering his inexperience he has rendered valuable services to his friends.

Reductions in Ladies Made-to Order Garments

I desire to reduce my extensive stock of woolens and novelties for made-to-order costumes, and have greatly reduced my former prices from $15 to $20 on costumes. For instance, $75 gowns to order, reduced to $55.

Frances



Maker of Ladies Garments
796 Sutter Street

The Poet Waiter

In the *Argonaut's* publishers' supplement of a week or so ago I noticed a picture of Lorenzo Sosso, and a review of his volume, "In the Realms of Gold." The *Argonaut* enjoys the reputation among commercial men of being a high class literary journal, and therefore, perhaps, Mr. Sosso should feel proud over having it stated by that distinguished authority that there is "poetic thought and melody in his verse," and "much finished art" in his collection of poems. But what is most interesting, the *Argonaut* failed to divulge, and that is that Mr. Sosso is a waiter in a Market street restaurant. The *Argonaut* also failed to give its readers an opportunity to judge of the "finished art" of Mr. Sosso's songs, for it quoted not one line of his melodious work. The circumstance of Mr. Sosso's being a waiter should not militate against his standing as a poet. A man cannot diet on the poetic afflatus. He need not starve himself to write good poetry. A man may earn three square meals a day and an occasional tip transporting edibles, without crippling the poetic fancy. Pegasus doesn't shy at the true odesmith because he happens to be a waiter. But when in the course of human events a minstrel of the Sosso type is found, a poetic genius who combines hash-slinging for hire with sonnet-writing for fame, why deny him the glory which his versatility deserves?

The Result of Culture

I am surprised that Editor Hart, who is a self-cultured man himself, should betray such snobbish reticence. If Sosso's poetry is worth reviewing in the *Argonaut*, surely there should be no concealment of the fact that Sosso's inspirations are born under peculiar circumstances. As the editor of a literary journal Mr. Hart should be eager to give publicity to the astonishing intelligence, that here in San Francisco such has been the development of culture that even our restaurant waiters breathe an atmosphere which stimulates the poetic fancy and impels to song "of much finished art."

Confusion in a Doll's House

Society is just now smilingly discussing a peculiar mishap that is jarring the nerves and natures of a well-to-do couple in a Pacific Avenue household. On the last day of the Doll Show a professional man of high rank sauntered up to one of the gaily trimmed booths and selected the handsomest doll on display. He ordered it wrapped for delivery but just as he was about to give the address two lady acquaintances came up and he entered into lively conversation with them. Several minutes later they seized his elbows, all eagerness to guide him against some "delightful bargains" in another booth. He laughed and turned to ask the girl if he had given her the address for the doll. It so happened that she knew his home number and quite naturally had scratched it on the card attached to the bundle. She answered that she had the address all right. So, quite unconcerned, he walked off with his pretty brigands. When he reached home for dinner there was an explosion. His other doll show purchases had arrived meanwhile and had only added fuel to the already raging flames in the bosom of his suspicious wife. She is childless and it is notorious that he is passionately fond of children. So much so, in fact, that for a long time gossip has insisted that he maintains a separate menage for two golden-haired bairns, something after the manner of the late Adolph Sutro. That they call him "papa" and that their mother is a beautiful blonde are only incidental details lending a color of verisimilitude to what Dame Rumor alleges.

Valentines on the Way

The report is current that the stork promises to be very active in the month of February next. More than one family of the smart set will receive an animated valentine. The Sam Buckbees and Mr. and Mrs. Follis (Mary Bell Gwin) are among the number.

First Club Man (last Saturday night in the lobby): I am agreeably surprised. There is nothing shocking about this opera.

Second Club Man: I guess you were looking at the stage. You should have looked at Mrs. Decollete's frock in the front loge.

The Fiskes and Faulls

The death of Will Fiske started one of my readers a-reminiscencing in this manner:

What a great handsome fellow he was and so like his father, the beloved physician who was, many years ago, a most popular member of the school board. And how that family has scattered! Mrs. John A. Faull was the first to go. Her home in Sutter street, next to where the Century club now stands, was once the scene of many brilliant social functions. The Fiskes were friends of the Charles Crockers long before the big house on the hill was built. Miss Hattie Crocker, now Mrs. Alexander, was often a guest at the home of the Faulls. Mrs. Peart was another Fiske. She was the wife of Alvinza Hayward's confidential clerk, who then, as now, was an enthusiastic spiritualist. Haywards spent much of his time at the Peart home at the corner of Sutter and Leavenworth, and for a time it was the headquarters of distinguished spiritualists. It was afterwards the home of Mrs. Henry Schmiedell. Mrs. Peart has become prominent in educational circles in Woodland.

Thanksgiving at Blingum

The Burlingame Country club has arranged a fine program of sports for next Thursday. There will be tennis and golf tournaments and a meet of the Hunt club. There will also be a concert on the club porch during luncheon, and the privileges of the club will be extended to outsiders, members of tennis, golf and hunt clubs.

The marriage of Miss Agnes Laura Louisa Simpson, daughter of Consul and Mrs. John Simpson, and Rt. Rev. Sidney Catlin Partridge, D.D., Bishop of Kyoto, Japan, will be solemnized at St. Luke's next Thursday at high noon.

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The Spanker Again

"Jack the Spanker," is abroad once more and the police are looking for him. About a year ago I told of the exploits of this gay individual, and of his having caused a woman who was looking into a Kearny street show window to faint by too suddenly inflicting his attentions upon her. He lately reappeared in Market street, and there have been numerous complaints from women who have been startled and frightened by this eccentric individual. He always selects a pretty and stylish woman for a victim, and one young matron of the smart set complained of having been spanked twice in one day. She caught sight of the spanker just as he was losing himself in the crowd and she describes him as a tall, thin chap with side whiskers and the ensemble of a Sunday-school superintendent.

Barbour Lathrop, "the Man with the Iron Jaw," and Mr. Fairchild, the United States government botanist, left last Saturday for a trip around the world, to be gone four years.

On the French Plan

My Honolulu correspondent writes me that there is joy among the gilded youth of the Hawaiian capital, the reason thereof being that Honolulu is to have a French restaurant. It is to be a swell affair with an ex-Sherry chef in charge. A restaurant on the French plan has been a long-felt want in Honolulu, and there is no doubt that it will be a success.

"Look! that man has a field glass," she observed, as all eyes were turned upon Manon's entrance.

"Yes, he's looking for Sybil's little voice," was the reply.

The Noyes Case

A change appears to have come o'er the complexion of the Noyes contempt case within the past week or two. Up to a short time ago Judge Noyes of Nome was rated one of the worst villains that ever sat on the Bench. The casual reader of the dailies, which have given considerable space to the proceedings in the Federal court, couldn't quite make out what the protracted and complicated litigation involved. Beyond the fact that Mr. E. S. Pillsbury, the eminent and wealthy attorney, was acting as *amicus curiae* and showing up a dreadful state of affairs in Nome judicial circles, nothing was quite clear. Why Mr. Pillsbury should be devoting months of his valuable time to the task of vindicating the integrity of the judiciary, nobody seemed to know. Mr. Pillsbury is not noted for his unselfishness. He is not a philanthropist. He has never established a reputation as a public-spirited citizen. He has never been heard clamoring for an honest and pure judiciary. It is not generally believed that he would refuse to try a case before a crooked jury if he happened to be on the right side. Yet he has been posing as the great *amicus curiae*, the champion of his profession, and all without pay. And yet I should suppose that next to being the friend of the court there is nothing that this prosperous attorney would like better than to have the Court a friend of Pillsbury.

Leaders of the ton prefer Chapin & Gore's old Reserve Bourbon and Rye Whiskies to any other brands.

How it Started

But I started in to write something about the Noyes contempt case. Having had my curiosity aroused by the remarkable stunt of Mr. Pillsbury and suspecting him of being a poseur, I made a few inquiries. I had a sort of hazy idea that Noyes was an awful crook, for it had been made evident that he was the sponsor of Receiver McKenzie, who is unquestionably a smooth and by no means virtuous schemer. And even now I am not altogether satisfied that Judge Noyes has all the qualifications of an upright judge, but the history of the remarkable case of which he is the central figure, presents other people in a much worse light than it does the bespattered jurist. From that history it appears that the case originated in certain suits instituted by an attorney named Hubbard against the Pioneer and the Wild Goose mining companies which control the most valuable claims in Nome. Charles D. Lane controls the Wild Goose company and the other is controlled by a number of Swedes. As soon as the suits were started both sides tried to win the court. McKenzie was appointed Receiver and then the Lane-Swede crowd sought to have him removed. They failed, and then the court was offered a bribe of twenty thousand dollars to remove the Receiver in the case involving the Discovery mine, which is the most valuable of all and which is owned by Lane.

A Bribe Refused

The offer of that bribe was made by United States Marshal Yawter, and the proof of the offer has been pretty clearly established, together with the fact that Judge Noyes reported the matter at the time to the Special Examiner of the Department of Justice. Failing to bribe Noyes or to induce him to grant an appeal from the order denying the motion to remove the Receiver, the defendants came to this city and hired Pillsbury to secure an appeal in the Circuit court. Pillsbury obtained from Judge Morrow an order removing the Receiver and directing him to turn over all the property in his hands to the defendants. The property consisted of one hundred and forty thousand dollars in gold dust, and at that time they were taking out fifteen thousand dollars a day from the Discovery claim. Yet the defendants were required to put up a bond of only thirty-five thousand dollars. Owing to

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a misunderstanding as to the law McKenzie refused to obey the order and then followed the contempt proceedings which resulted in his conviction in this city. Now there is no doubt of McKenzie's crookedness. He had a contingent interest in the Hubbard claims, and therefore should never have been made Receiver. But it has never been shown that Judge Noyes knew of McKenzie's interest. It is not unreasonable to assume that Judge Noyes was hoodwinked by Mr. McKenzie, the arch-conspirator. And it was quite easy for the court to be hoodwinked, for prior to his advent to Nome McKenzie, who is a man of wealth, occupied many responsible positions of trust and of a fiduciary nature, and he was the intimate friend of many prominent statesmen in Washington.

An Expensive Bit of Perjury

After the conviction of McKenzie the litigation involving the mines of Lane and the Swedes was settled. The litigants compromised and the appeal was never brought to a head. Nevertheless the prosecution of Noyes by Pillsbury, the professional friend of the court, has gone merrily on. And with this phase of the complicated controversy Attorney Sam Knight of the firm of Page, McCutcheon & Knight, is intimately connected. Knight was one of the attorneys for the mine owners and he was in Nome in the thick of the fight, when both sides were employing private detectives and trying to blacken the character of one another. Knight ran across one of the riff-raff of the town, who is known as a professional witness, and who would sell his oath as easily as a merchant would a roll of butter. He made an affidavit for Knight charging Noyes with having sold his decision for three thousand dollars, and Knight paid this emergency witness seven hundred and fifty dollars, for perjury, like everything else, comes high in far-away Alaska. Of course Knight didn't know that the affiant was a crook. The wisest attorneys are sometimes as unsophisticated as the purchaser of a gold brick.

Knight in Woman's Garb

Mr. Knight is a distinguished and honorable member of the local bar, and of course he thought it was worth seven-fifty to impeach a corrupt judge. But when the purchase of that affidavit became known the District Attorney of Nome started proceedings against Mr. Knight and then the latter deemed it expedient to make a hurried exit from the gold fields. The story of that exit has never been published. It should amuse Mr. Knight's club friends, for be it known, he became a female impersonator to expedite and facilitate his surreptitious flight. But as Jeff Davis had to do the same thing once, the indignity of the thing should not weigh too heavily on the mind of the attorney. Beside, it should be remembered that things were getting very warm in Nome about the time that Knight levanted in female attire.

How Knight was Tricked

Some time after reaching the city Knight, who hoped that he would be able to return to Nome some day, wrote to a friend, an ex-judge named Johnson, requesting him to urge Noyes to dismiss the contempt case. He explained that he had since learned that the man who made the high-priced affidavit was a perjurer and a scoundrel. He expressed regret at being deceived and he also suggested that Noyes could be cited for contempt for his conduct in the mining litigation, and that if he were he would be brought to this city. Accompanying the letter was an affidavit setting forth the deception practiced by the hired perjurer. Knight expected Johnson to show the affidavit but not the letter to Noyes, but Johnson exhibited both. Noyes construed the letter to be a threat and declined to be scared. And now Johnson is suspected of duplicity. It is thought that as he had fallen heir to some of Knight's lucrative practice in Nome he was anxious to keep the contempt proceedings pending so that the San Francisco attorney would not dare return. What treacherous fellows those lawyers are! At any rate, Knight's case was not dismissed, and the case against Noyes was started, and has been prosecuted with relentless vigor ever since by *amicus curiae* Pillsbury. It is a pretty mess from beginning to end and shows to what extremes lawyers will go under certain conditions.

When Pillsbury Wilted

Now it is said that the prosecution of Noyes is being waged to get him out of the way of certain people in Nome. He has been most fearfully abused, and I must confess that I have regarded him as a most corrupt judge, on the strength of the revelations that were made some months ago. But after hearing both sides of the story I cannot concede that his guilt has been proved. That is a matter that the courts must decide. I have been told, however, that the attorneys who have said the most outrageous things about him on the witness stand have privately confessed that they did not believe he was corrupt, but that he had been "used" by McKenzie. Frank Heney, who was retained some weeks ago in the defense of Noyes, has commented on the conduct of the attorneys in very severe terms. And only the other day he made Mr. Pillsbury wilt when he threatened to have the latter cited by the Bar Association for unprofessional conduct, growing out of the examination of a witness. Pillsbury had been availing himself of the privilege of eliciting testimony before a commissioner who has no power to pass upon objections, and he tried to make a stenographer divulge the secrets of a law office. Heney's threat to have him haled before the Bar Association startled him and he quit. I have been told that Pillsbury is to get a fee of twenty-five thousand dollars.



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When you, my little girl, are near,
The love-sparks in my cold heart glow;
Why this is so, I do not know—
I only know I love you, dear.

I only know I love you, dear.
And I had thought my heart was dead;
The world and love alike were lead,
My life had grown so empty, drear.

My life had grown so empty, drear,
That often I wished I were dead—
But now, no loneliness I dread,
When you, my little girl, are here.

When you, my little girl, are here,
The flames of love within me glow,
You never, dear, from me must go
I love you, love you, love you, dear!

The Rejuvenated.

"The Star is Indisposed"

[LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF AN OPERATIC IMPRESARIO]

Monday: I had just got my bill nicely arranged when Carmen sends word that she will be unable to sing on Wednesday night. Reason, "Indisposed." I sent Alphonse over to see what was the matter. She is in an awful fever. Says she will not submit to singing in the same cast with Juan. Says last time they sang together he had been partaking of an Italian luncheon, and it simply sickened her for days after to think about it. She cannot forget the indignity. I sent Alphonse over with another message. I will substitute Edgardo for Juan. Answer, "Indisposed." Alphonse says she is going to visit some friends in the country for a few days, and if she is *better* on her return will sing once next week. Next week? And how am I to arrange my new bill? How satisfy these people that have paid thirty thousand dollars into the treasury to hear her sing on Wednesday night?

Tuesday: Opening bill was very successful. Season promises auspiciously. Tenor not exactly in best voice but as a whole the cast was excellent. House enthusiastic. Had a message from Elsa today. "Indisposed and cannot sing again this week." Reason, per Alphonse, "If Carmen has a holiday, there is no reason why she should not have one." Another change of bill necessitated.

Wednesday: Petition from three hundred citizens received, "Can you not reduce prices so that poor music lovers may be enabled to hear the greatest stars of two continents?" Great Jerusalem! Reduce prices, when I don't make a nickel over expenses now, what with whimsical stars, high railroad rates, doctors' bills and other little details the public doesn't count on. A note from Muzette today. Can't sing this week; reason, "Indisposed." Reason, by Alphonse: "One of the papers said I was not so handsome as Mimi and my voice is thin. I simply am ill from it, and can't sing till I'm recovered." Another change of program.

Thursday: Armand called today. Objects to singing with Camille because she laughed at his top note. He is going into retirement for a while, and begs I will say to the public that he is indisposed. I reasoned with him, but he refuses to sing unless Camille apologizes. I can't ask her to eat humble pie, so what am I to do? Oh, that I had remained a simple citizen, instead of trying to educate the public to appreciate the best in music!

Friday: A critic who has been in Bayreuth objects to my setting of "Tristam and Isolde" as betraying a few inaccuracies. This is the sort of thing that makes me tear my hair. Here, I risk my life and my fortune in bringing a magnificent constellation of artists across the continent, and a purist objects to the shape of a leaf on a tree! I am discouraged. Ortrud, my stand-by, sent word today that she fears she cannot sing on Thursday—reason, "Indisposed." Another change of cast.

Saturday: Message from Carmen—"Indisposed, can't sing next week." Message from Elsa, "Out of town for a few days. Indisposed." Telephone from Siegmund, "Awfully sorry. Can't sing. Indisposed." I am disheartened. Yet the public thinks my job a sinecure.

—The Secretary.

"Will you join me?" "Well, yes, in a drink of Chapin & Gore."

A Bunch of Western Nettles

[THE SECRET OF "MC TEAGUE."

The gods of literary bent
One day got into argument.
"I think," said one, "'twere best for Art
And man, that men write with the heart."
"Not so," another said, "'tis plain
'Twere best that man write with his brain."
Another said: "In my poor light
'Twere best man with his soul should write."
The fourth—for there were four—said naught
But soon his secret work-shop sought
And made a writer to his mind
And sent him down 'mong human kind.
And so it happ'd that soon there came
From earth, a heaven-seeking flame.
The three gods, still in argument,
Beheld, surprised, the flame's ascent.
And on each other turned and asked,
"Who made him?" but each god, thus tasked,
Denied the charge until up came
The fourth god, ready for the blame.
The fourth god spoke with twinkling eyes
And said: "*I'll* father this surprise!
You see, my friends, you argued which
Were best for men with writings' itch.
You said the heart, *you* said the brain,
And you, the soul. Now it seemed plain
To *me*, that none of you were right
In judging what would give most might
To book-creation. So I sought
My secret work-shop and there wrought
This wond'rous genius, this great man,
And bade him work on my own plan.
He's most successful, as you see;
The critics praise him mightily!"
"The gist of what you've told I've got,"
The first god said; "but tell us what
This writer writes with, if not brain,
Or heart, or soul? Please make it plain."
Then laughed the fourth god long and loud
And said, when he could speak: "I'm proud
In answering that, since 'twas my plan
He followed. Friends, this wondrous man
Writes, as his work, smell-laden, shows,
With simply this: a chronic nose!"

November, 1901 *—Elwyn Hoffman.*



Dramatic World

Apropos of Madame Sembrich

"Martha" is no longer included in grand opera bills, though Patti and Gerster did not disdain to appear in Flotow's light opera. I should immensely like to see Sembrich's "Martha." She has the personality that would win favor in the lightest of roles, though she is equally able to cope with the greater parts. Her Marguerite last Saturday —though I like her better in her own dark hair than in the blonde wig—was fully as fine a conception as her Violetta of the week before. On Tuesday evening she was the gay and lively foil to Madame Eames' sweet dignity in "Le Nozze de Figaro," the old classic opera. When the duet of the two soprani was sung in the third act, old opera-goers, clapping



Lillian Burkhart, the Chanteuse Comedienne at the Orpheum

their hands and nodding their heads in delight, began to reminiscence about Patti and Scalchi, Patti and Gerster. And that was what made me think of "Martha."

Partisans of Stars

I remember what strong partisanship was aroused when Patti was here with Gerster. The music-mad divided themselves into two parties, one crying "Patti! Patti!" and the others "Gerster forever!" Yet Gerster is now but a memory to the few while Patti's shrine is still covered with evergreens. Last year little partisan feeling was aroused, for Nordica, Melba and Gadski appealed alike to the real music lovers, each standing alone in her own class. And this season one cannot point to any particular favorite. Eames was liked at once. Sembrich succeeded in magnetizing those who rather doubted her after that one night opera. Gadski's welcome was a real one. Calve awoke fervid admiration and delight. But it cannot be claimed that any one of these made a greater hit than the other. Sybil Sanderson should have come alone and then she would have found a welcome that would have warmed her heart for years to come. But with all the great ones to divide honors with, what single star could hope to carry off all the honors and regard?

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At the Columbia

Ever since Willie Collier appeared here with Charlie Reed and May Irwin he has been a favorite. Last time he came he had an unbecoming setting to his talents—"Mr. Smooth"—but this year he is well framed again. "On the Quiet" is a nice little farce, and its star part fits the man for whom it was written like the axiomatic glove. Willie Collier is funny without trying, something that few farce comedians are. His fun is never forced, and the easy way in which he makes his tricks, bringing the ready laughter from the audience, is where lies the secret of his success.

Some Successful Californians

A correspondent writes me that Nevada Hefron, a San Francisco girl who is with one of the Frohman companies, is rapidly coming to the front as a character actress and that she is now regarded as a rival of May Robson. And by the way she is the successor in the Frohman company to Blanche Kelleher, another San Francisco girl, daughter of Alfred Kelleher, the singing teacher. Miss Kelleher married the son of a lumber millionaire and retired from the stage. Still another Californian girl, Miss Burroughs, a sister of Marie, is reported to have made a lot of money in the East recently. She has been playing her sister's successes on a one-night stand circuit. Another bit of news from the East is to the effect that Max Hirschfeld, formerly of the Tivoli, has been engaged as musical director for Frank Perley's new piece, "The Chaperones." Max has made quite a name for himself in Eastern musical circles.

Farce at the Alcazar

Juliet Crosby had a welcome at the Alcazar on Monday night that must have given her strong assurance of the popularity in which she is held. She has the part of the Spanish dancer in "Self and Lady," and as usual dresses the part to perfection. Miss Crosby always does good work. As a whole the little Frenchy farce, while not nearly so clever as "Never Again," which is remembered as an Alcazar red-letter farce, is not unamusing, and it is cleverly acted throughout.

There will be special matinees at all the theatres on Thanksgiving day.

Attractions Next Week

William Collier has added another success to his many achieved in this city, and in "On the Quiet" is drawing large houses. He will appear in this amusing comedy all next week. Following Collier will come "The Girl from Maxim's," a French farce.

The Thanksgiving week attraction at the Alcazar will be "We 'Uns of Tennessee," which drew such enthusiastic audiences last season. All the favorites in the company will be in the cast, which is a large one.

"La Belle Tortajada," a famous beauty, a native of Grenada, will appear in songs and dances at the Orpheum next week. It is asserted that she has been the cause of more duels than any other woman in Spain. Madamoiselle Taglione, premiere ballet dancer, will appear in three unique dances—"The Fly," "House of Colors," and "The Garlands." Coleman's trained dogs and cats will make their first appearance in this city. "The Cocaine Fiend" will introduce Andy Lewis and his company. Lewis prefaces his stories with a stretch and yawn, and it will be amusing to see how infectious that yawn is. Lillian Burkhart will appear for her fifth and last week. Miss Burkhart has saved for her farewell a little play originally produced at the Royalty, London, entitled "Kitty Clive, Actress." The six Kaufmanns will continue their startling exhibitions and Ward and Curran will make their last appearances.

We all remember what a hit "The Geisha" made when presented by the Tivoli stock company. Its presentation by the Pollard company of juveniles promises to be equally as interesting as when the roles were in adult hands. Little Willie Pollard will have Tommy Leary's part of the Chinaman and Harold Hill will be the Marquis Imari, the role Edwin Stevens created here. Little Madge and Alice Pollard will be O Mimosa San. Connie Pollard will be Georgie Cooper's successor as the French maid. The Pollards are the sensation of the season and there is not a night but what the house is packed.

"Siberia" will be the Central's strong attraction for next week.

An Upstairs Drug Store

Something decidedly new here, the latest in up-to-date mercantile circles, is the upstairs drug store such as has been established by H. R. Laist in Room 467, Parrott building. No patent medicines are carried by the establishment but prescriptions are made a specialty. The Parrott Building Pharmacy calls for prescriptions and delivers them to any part of the city, promptly and without extra charge. Such a pharmacy is a necessary and very welcome convenience.





Music World

The trio, by Owen, that found so much favor last Sunday morning at St. Mary the Virgin, Steiner and Union, will be repeated tomorrow morning. Miss Adeline Bircher's singing of Pease's "O Heavy Laden, Come to Me," at vespers, quite wrapt the listeners in a holy quiet, it was so powerfully given. Vespers tomorrow will include Mozart's "Ave Verum" and Mr. Pratt's "Ave Maria in C."

The Grand Opera

A splendid production of "Tannhauser" was given on Thursday of last week, with Eames as Elizabeth, Reuss-Belce as Venus, Van Dyck in the title role, Blass, Bars, Reiss, Muhlmann and Viviani in the minor roles, Fritzi Scheff as Ein Hirt and Bispham as Wolfram. In the last character a better interpretation could scarcely be conceived. It was not alone the ideal Wolfram that Mr. Bispham gave, but I never have heard his voice sound so melodious, full and resonant as in this role. It was a production to remember with enthusiasm, and one that aroused the keenest appreciation in the audience. Fritzi Scheff was delightful in her small part, and her piping as well as her tuneful warbling won the applause they deserved. It is a rarely sweet voice and one that one always wishes to hear more of. Madame Eames was a picture good to look upon as she made her first entrance and was greeted with a round of applause that was little short of an ovation. She is a beautiful woman as she appears on the stage and one heard that sentiment echoed on every side. Her singing bears out this impression and had a note of tenderness in it in perfect accord with one's conception of the purity and womanliness of Elizabeth. The choruses were well done and the singing duel particularly was a very effective feature of the performance. Apropos of this, the Von Meyerinck pupils, who had been engaged to sing in the chorus of "Die Meistersinger," were asked to assist in the chorus of "Tannhauser," and did so, being highly complimented afterward on the action they displayed in their work. Maude Fay was to have been one of the Valkyries, but it was put on sooner than was first planned and there was not time for the proper rehearsal. It is no slight honor to be thus chosen to sing among these world-famed singers and these young vocalists will profit by an experience not often afforded to gain an insight into operatic work not to be acquired outside actual experience. It is also encouraging to the school that has striven to prepare them for this very opportunity and so well succeeded.

"Die Walkure" was not so effective as last year for the reason that Nordica made the part of Brunhilde so lofty, godlike and heroic, one could not endure anything that fell short of that standard. Her powerful ringing notes were needed to give that immortally thrilling effect in the inspired cry of the Valkyries. Reuss-Belce was an acceptable Brunhilde taken by herself without comparison with Nordica, but hers is more the human, erring and disobedient child, dominated by the fear of Wotan's displeasure, than the wilfully sympathetic and royally tender Brunhilde of Nordica, who, feeling that divine pity for the unfortunate fugitives, succors them, knowing full well that the punishment is inevitable, but when it comes, meeting it in the same heroic spirit that seems consistent with the character of a "daughter of the gods." That unyielding spirit in Nordica's Brunhilde appeals to one far more than the more human display of emotion at her father's displeasure that is given by Reuss-Belce. She has, notwithstanding all criticism to the contrary, a voice of much warmth and richness of quality, and she uses it with good effect. Taken by itself it would be called a fine voice. It is only by force of contrast that it has been judged otherwise and it seems that our public is becoming insatiable in its demands for the best the world has to offer to the exclusion of all else. All may not shine in the musical firmament as planets of the first magnitude, but if all were planets there would be a revulsion of feeling in favor of the more gentle but none the less welcome light of the lesser luminaries. Dippel has decidedly improved since last year. His voice has gained in power and it is sweet enough without considering any other quality, to give one the greatest pleasure in his work. I liked Mr. Bispham much better as Wotan than I did De Reszke in the same character. But Mr. Bispham is the artist in all he undertakes and is never disappointing in the least degree.

Sybil Sanderson has not reached the pinnacle of success that we, who have been looking forward for years to this opportunity to hear her, expected her to reach. She is the perfect actress, a lovely picture on the stage, her costuming is elegant, but—she has not great capabilities as a vocalist. Her Juliette was a dream so far as the mere picture was concerned, though one could imagine Juliette more passionate and emotional, but in no instance did her vocalism reach great heights. Her voice was, in some of the work, very good, but did not harmonize agreeably with that of Salignac in any instance, though the latter's Romeo had a distinct success and filled the part most agreeably. Miss Sanderson's pianissimo was her most successful work, but in numbers requiring any amount of force the voice seemed to lose in quality what it gained in quantity. Aside from her vocal ability Miss Sanderson is a dramatic success, but as a singer of artistic merit, to me she is a disappointment.

It was a rare treat given us in "The Marriage of Figaro" on Tuesday night, and the date is one that will be indelibly inscribed on the memory of every one of that vast audience crowding its way in to hear the opera presented by a memorable cast. The opera was a dream of fair women and daintiest melodies. It is tuneful in every line and phrase, abounds with clever bits of comedy, is sparkling with those quaintly lovely harmonies that Mozart knew so well how to write, and provided an abundance in material and situation to display the versatility of Sembrich, the silver-throated songstress, who has us all ready to do her homage, and to show Eames in an entirely different light than we had yet imagined her in. Two such women in one cast are something long to remember, and in the zephyr duet the effect was so deliciously beautiful the audience could hardly have enough of it. It would have been a trying situation for two less perfect voices and one listened with interest for the shade of difference that did not come. It was a perfect blending of two lovely instruments whose difference lay in the quality of their tone alone. It was the difference between the violin and flute, one as flawless as the other and a combination that was perfectly delightful in its results. Fritzi Scheff acquitted herself in the character of the mischievous Cherubino in a manner that won her the audience from the start. She is a delightful little actress and in her first solo, "Voi Che Sapete," she sang in a voice of such sweetness and delicacy of phrasing that the audience clamored for its repetition. Sembrich is the ideal Suzanna. It is a part not unlike the Rosina of "The Barber of Seville" that she does so delightfully. There seems to be no end to her resources and she is the embodiment of graceful activity. De Reszke showed in a new light as the Count, but one that he filled to the letter of its requirements and his melodious basso was a splendid balance for the other voices. Campanari's Figaro was a good interpretation, as was Bauermeister's Marcellina. In-

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deed the character as she gave it made a decided hit with the audience. The Bartolo of Taveccia, Antonio of Dufriche, Basilio of Reiss and Don Curzio of Maestri were all acceptably given.

On Thursday of last week in a concert given at Y. M. C. A. auditorium Miss Elena Roeckel contributed a number of solos to the program and was much appreciated. The concert was under the direction of F. Loui King, who was introducing some of his pupils to the public in a first appearance.

Little Enid Brandt gave her last concert of the series on Saturday afternoon of last week and the enthusiasm over her performance was as great as at first. Her rendering of the "Harmonious Blacksmith" was a perfectly artistic performance and her execution was perfect. The two Chaminade numbers, the Scarf Dance and the Flatterer, were given with finish and exquisite phrasing and the Chopin Impromptu, which calls for so much warmth of expression, left nothing lacking in her interpretation of it. She will probably give another series of recitals about the first of January.

On Friday afternoon, at the home of Mrs. von Meyerinck, an informal reception was given in honor of Madame Gadski, and a very large number of invited guests availed themselves of the opportunity of meeting the famous Seiglinde of Wagner's immortal "Walkure." Madame Gadski is more charming in the drawing room even than on the stage and makes lasting friends among those who are fortunate enough to meet her in private life.

Another pupil of Sir Henry Heyman has been winning laurels across the sea. Word comes from Paris that little Jeanne Neuburger, aged but thirteen years, has been admitted to the Conservatoire de Paris, and as among one hundred and fifty-six competitors only twenty-two were admitted—of which the young violinist was one—it may be esteemed no small honor for the little musician and her teacher. Miss Jeanne is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Neuburger, formerly of San Francisco, and was a pupil of Sir Henry Heyman while here. She is a remarkably talented little girl, and once played with fine success, at the Christmas festival of the Children's hospital, a violin solo for which she was highly complimented. —*The Music Critic*

There will be a most interesting musical service at Trinity church tomorrow evening, beginning at eight o'clock. The program, under the direction of the organist, Louis H. Eaton, will be: Hymn of Praise, Mendelssohn, recitative and aria, Mr. Aspland—Sing ye praise, all ye redeemed of the Lord, He counteth all your sorrows; chorus, All ye that cried unto the Lord; soprano duet and chorus, Miss Flynn, Miss Rother and choir—I waited for the Lord; Lead, Kindly Light, Shepherd, Mrs. Birmingham; Psalm XLII, Mendelssohn, chorus—"Why my soul art thou so vexed; soprano solo, Mrs. Tenney—"My God within me is my soul cast down"; quintet, Mrs. Tenney, Mr. Aspland, Mr. Kneiss, Mr. Elliot, Mr. Mills—"The Lord hath commanded"; offertory,

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Strong and Swift Autos

The report and awards of the committee in the endurance contest held by the Automobile Club of America has been issued, and is very interesting to all automobilists. The contest was held from September ninth to thirteenth, inclusive, New York to Rochester. Among the machines entered were a number of the White Sewing Machine company's manufacture, and these all made splendid records. In Class B, three stanhopes of White manufacture made the distance of 390.8 miles in 13.55, 13.48 and 13.68, receiving first class certificates. In Class A, another White automobile, a runabout, weight 995 pounds, averaged the distance in 13.07, also carrying off a first class certificate. Of the twenty first class certificates awarded four were given to the White Sewing Machine company's vehicles, no other single company being thus distinguished.

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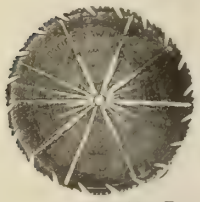
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many are the entries in the "Kynge's Boke of Payments" of sums "To Mr. Cornishe, for playing affore the King upon New Yere's day at nyght with the children of the King's chapell, 6£ 13s. 4d." Perhaps the children did not get all this salary. Possibly Master Cornishe kept a commission for himself, as all the wages were paid through him.

Mrs. Hoyt a Juvenile Star

I remember a juvenile performance of "Pinafore" at the Bush street theatre. It must have been all of twenty years ago. Every child in town was taken to see it. Flora Walsh was the Josephine of the cast and sang the interpolated ditty, "Pretty as a Picture." Little Flora afterwards became Mrs. Charles H. Hoyt and created several roles in her husband's plays, notably that of Bossy in "A Texas Steer." Contemporary with this juvenile performance a rival company of amateurs, connected with Dr. Kalloch's Sunday-school, produced "Pinafore" at a local hall.

The Pretty Pollards

These reminiscences are apropos of the Pollard troupe of juveniles at the Tivoli. They are certainly the cleverest troupe of juveniles that ever appeared here, not even excepting our own Brownies. I consider Master Willard Pollard the star of the organization. He has the gift of comedy that should grow into something worth while as the boy himself attains inches. He hasn't any singing voice, a lack he shares in common with Ferris Hartman whom he resembles, but he manages his topicals very neatly. He is as nimble as a trained acrobat. Alice Pollard, the company's prima donna, has a sweet voice but she is too large to be in harmony with the others. Little Madge Woodson shows remarkable cleverness, as does tiny Daphne. "The Belle of New York" was not just the right vehicle for children. There are too much slang and too many risque situations, in "The Belle" to make it wholly pleasing when rendered by children. The best of it was the flag song, rendered with splendid expression by the little soloist. "A Gaiety Girl" is a better class of musical comedy, bright without being common. The ballets are all beautiful and danced with a vim that the tired adult coryphee can never emulate. I should prefer these pretty children, however, in a different kind of piece altogether—the Gilbert and Sullivan operas for instance.

—*The Playgoer.*

World of Letters

Some New Love Sonnets

Wallace Irwin, whose clever verses in the *Examiner* and other local journals have interested many, has compiled a little volume which has been published by Elder & Shepard and is entitled "The Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum." Gelett Burgess prefaces the little volume with a defense of slang and its uses. The verses purport to be written by a love-lorn butcher's apprentice and are picturesquely slangy. It is most

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artistically done, and Mr. Irwin may be congratulated upon the originality of his conception and the admirable manner of carrying out his humorous idea. "The Love Sonnets" are priced at twenty-five cents.

A Unique Californian Production

"Jingles of Japan" is the quaintest of quaint books both in matter and manner. Miss Mabel Hyde contributes the matter in the form of the jingles, and Miss Helen Hyde the manner in the shape of the most oddly conceived illustrations. The book is composed entirely of thin browny-yellowy Japanese paper and the pictures are brush-work in bold scarlet and black. Miss Hyde, without being a mere imitator, has caught the Japanese spirit, and her work is marked by that boldness of design combined with suggestiveness and illusiveness in treatment which characterizes the art of that nation. The spirit of the jingles is whimsical and that of the illustrations charmingly grotesque yet always graceful. The rhymes themselves are concocted in that vein of quaintness and conceit already made familiar to us by Robert Louis Stevenson and his numerous imitators both at home and abroad, yet the nature of their subject matter invests them with a certain originality. They relate exclusively to things Japanese, and might be termed impressionist views in rhyme. Withal they have a swing and lilt of their own, and their rhythm dances to no uncertain tune. Here are some stanzas from "The Land of Approximate Time"

Where it's very ill-bred to go straight to the point
Where one bargains at leisure all day,
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Where every clock runs as it happens to please,
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I can paint great umbrellas and thatches and moats,
And barefooted coolies in yellow rain-coats,
Or wee toddling tots in gay gowns if you please
But the things that distress me are Japanese trees.

The Song of the Doguya explains the way of the wily Jap.

Rub down the glaze on the grindstone - -
Smear the brownage—it's no sin
For the foreigner bold is rolling in gold
Let's take the foreigner in.

Bring to me quickly my gum pot,
Glue on a handle or two
Mark a few cracks with gold lacquer,
Any old junk will do.

But all the jingles are not in the comic vein. "Tokyo" is a neat bit of description with two drawings to match, and

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"The Coquette" is a pretty impression of Fuji. The Jingles would make an ideal holiday book for any one who loves a quaint original trifle. The delicate mockery of its verses and the studied simplicity of its drawings need the worldly wisdom of grown-ups for their true appreciation, so it cannot fairly be considered a child's book. It is well gotten up by A. M. Robertson.

—*The Bookworm*

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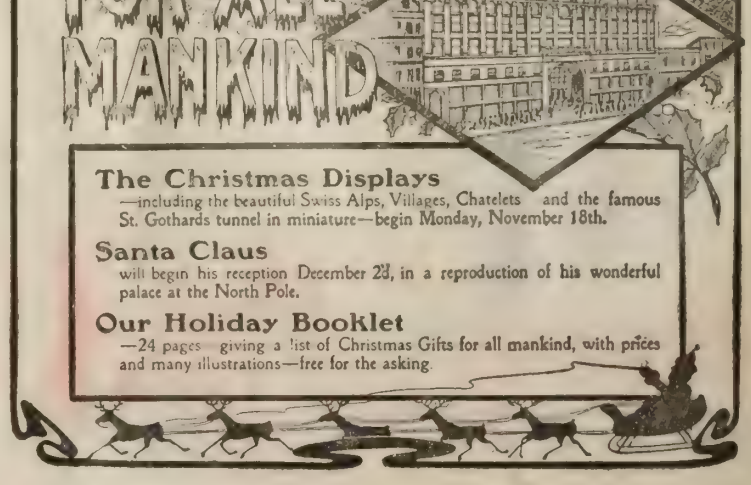
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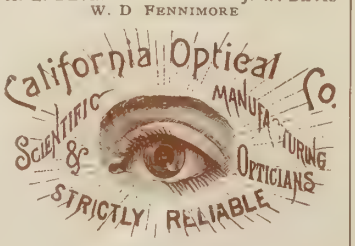
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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

Department No. 5

FLORENCE G. TILTON, Plaintiff
vs.
CHARLES O. TILTON, Defendant

Action brought in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:
CHARLES O. TILTON, Defendant

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the grounds of defendant's wilful neglect and wilful desertion of plaintiff also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 30th day of October in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and one.

[SEAL.] WM. A. DEANE, Clerk.
By E. M. THOMPSON, Deputy Clerk.

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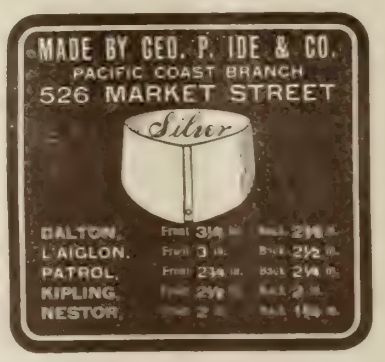
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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, November 30, 1901

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OUR OPINION

Anglican-Catholic Ideas

Last week, in calling attention to the soreness of the Ritualists of England over the conduct of King Edward in attending divine worship at a Presbyterian church we commented on the tendency of one faction of the English church to drift toward the Roman church. To the assertions made in that article the Reverend Stephen Innes of the church of St. Mary the Virgin takes exception:

NOVEMBER 23, 1901.

TO THE EDITOR OF TOWN TALK:

SAN FRANCISCO:

DEAR SIR: As a subscriber to your bright paper, I desire to correct some little fallacies which were included in one of your last week's editorials. I am in a position to know whereof I speak and I am also confident that you will in your own inimitable way emphasize the facts which I shall now state. It is in no sense true that the Catholics in England or America—the Ritualists as you foolishly call them—are drifting toward the Roman Church. When an English Catholic goes to Spain or France where the Roman Church has an acknowledged jurisdiction it is his duty to attend the Roman Mass. Such action, however, is not inconsistent with his honest conviction that this same Roman Church on English soil, where it has *no* jurisdiction, is to be repudiated as a schismatical sect. *No Catholics in this country are talking of any compromise with the Roman Church.* Our priests do not believe that the Roman ministers have any jurisdiction whatsoever in this country. Their claims are simply absurd, and the only possible interest that we feel in connection with them is to smile at their self-importance. Please do not allow your readers to believe that we have any desire to drift (!) toward the Roman Schism. Thanking you in advance for your kindness, I am

Very faithfully yours,

STEPHEN INNES,
Rector.

The Reverend Innes is no doubt in a position to know whereof he speaks, but we doubt whether he is in a better position than the clergymen of his church in England, and they are constantly complaining of the tendency to which we referred last week. *Town Talk* has no desire to involve itself in a religious controversy, but we cannot acquiesce in the statement that it was foolish to refer to certain representatives of the Episcopal church as Ritualists. They are so denominated in their own church to distinguish them from the Evangelicals and the Broad-churchmen, and the word is a good one because it expresses the distinction. From what the Reverend Innes says it is evident that Anglicans determine the legitimacy of a church, not so much by its orthodoxy, as by its geographical position. And there is no doubt that his contention is upheld by all the clergymen of his particular faction. The Roman Catholic church, according to their ideas, is venerable in France, and a presumptuous intruder in England. They concede that the Pope has jurisdiction in Italy but not in England because that distinguished churchman Henry VIII declared him to be a usurper of state authority. They argue that it is a grievous sin to attend Roman Catholic services in London or San Francisco, but that it is praiseworthy to do so in Paris or Madrid. They contend that the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, which is a very small denomination, has the right to be called the Catholic Church of America because of its descent from the pre-Revolutionary Church of England in the Colonies. They profess horror of any intrusion into territory occupied by another hierarchical church, yet they have established dioceses in Canada just as though the Roman Church had not been there from French colonial times and now they are preparing to invade the Philippines, but of course they believe that the Church follows the flag. Yet they call Archbishop Vaughan an impudent Italian emissary in England. It is a sin to attend the Roman Church there, because there cannot be two hierarchies in one and the same territory. The same rule, however, does not apply in the Philippines. As a matter of fact there is considerable discussion in the Anglican Catholic Church over the prospect of a compromise with Rome. There is what is called a Catholic reaction in the Anglican Church as there has been heretofore, and it is stronger now than it has ever been. Within recent years the Anglicans have approached very close to the rites and customs of the Roman Catholic Church.

Chinese Exclusion

The fight for the re-enactment of the Chinese Exclusion Bill affords great opportunities once more for the politicians of the State. The enthusiasm of the anti-Chinese crusaders is less spontaneous than it was years ago, when the first bill was drafted, but the newspapers are whooping it up in splendid style, and every politician who expects to be chasing a job in the next few years is as active and prominent as possible. It will be hard to make the Chinese question the burning issue that it was some twenty years ago when there was less bitterness existing between capital and labor, and when there was a stronger bond of sympathy between the workingman of the city and the farmer of

the interior, but there is still a powerful sentiment in California against permitting unrestricted Chinese immigration, and the professional politicians are going to make the most of it. The prejudice against the Chinese is not so strong on this coast as it was in former years, when the Celestial was detested on account of his personality as much as he was dreaded as a factor in the labor market. We are less intolerant of the race now than we were then, and there are many people in California who believe that the Chinese are desirable because if there were more of them our servants would be less haughty and more industrious. But the sentiment of the bulk of the people is against them. It is doubtful, however, whether that sentiment is sufficiently strong in the East to enable us to secure a re-enactment of the Exclusion Bill. If the people of California have grown more tolerant, how much more so should the people of the East have become. Within the last few years our trade relations with the Orient have become quite extensive, and many influential men, who are anxious to strengthen those relations, believe it would be unwise to call attention once more to our prejudices against the Chinese. The members of the Californian delegation in Washington may therefore find that they are up against a very hard job. And if they fail the effect upon their political fortunes will be quite disastrous. The refusal of a Republican Congress to stand with the proponents of Chinese Exclusion would play havoc with Republican majorities in Californian districts.

Literature and Journalism

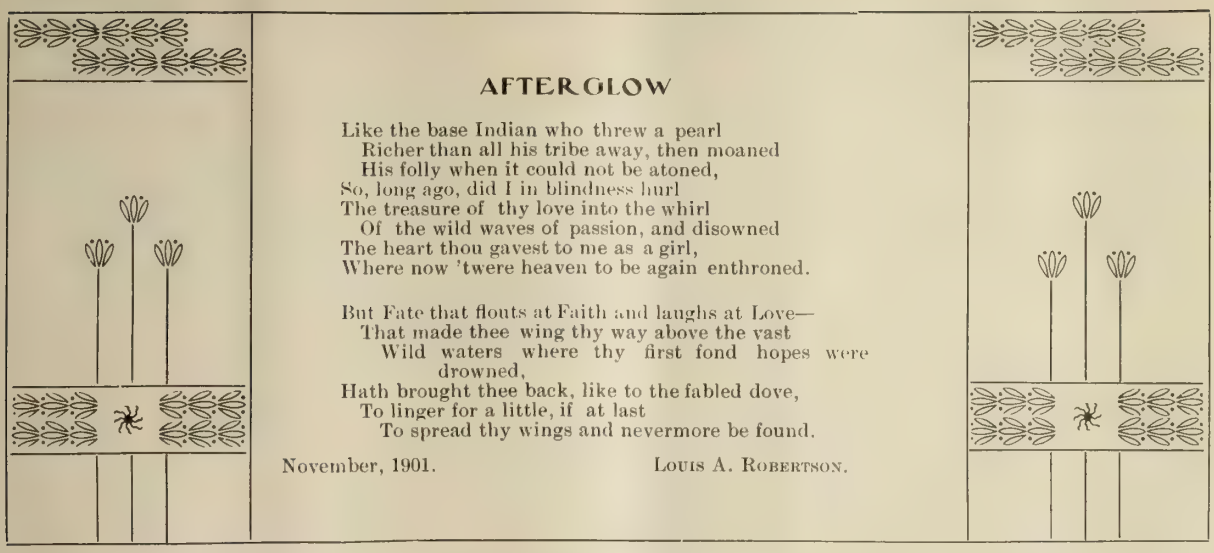
Jack London has evoked the indignation of his contemporaries among the literati by trying to earn an honest penny in the newspaper business. This issue of *Town Talk* contains a sample roast on the young author written by one of his admirers, a poet, who honestly believes that Jack London has been prostituting his talents and genius for filthy lucre by descending to the level of an ordinary reporter. Those literary chaps that devote themselves to the booksmiths' trade have queer notions. They believe that it is honorable to goldbrick the public through the medium of a publishing house, but degrading to attempt to interest people through the columns of a newspaper. It is the conceit of the booksmith, the writer of fiction, the spring poet and other poseurs of the literary cult, that there is no such thing as literary talent in journalism. Yet the most successful authors of the day are newspaper men. And most of them are more proud of their success in journalism than of their ability to write a book which is eagerly devoured by the uncultured herd. And it is a notable fact that those representatives of the literati who have attempted journalism have failed. They can turn out a pretty fair and readable book after a few months' work, but when called upon to dash off a few columns descriptive of a ship-launching or a big disaster, they proceed to grind out a lot of inane drivel such as that which Jack London wrote for the *Examiner*, and which Richard Harding Davis has had printed in the *Journal*. It were better for literature if most of those authors who are responsible for the ephemeral trash of the day were engaged in honest pursuits instead of vitiating public taste by catering to a morbid appetite.

The Inappropriate Gown

A slight hitch occurred at a wedding in one of the Catholic churches in Milwaukee recently. The procession was halted while one of the bridesmaids left the sanctuary, to which she returned shortly with a light shawl, which was donned by the bride, after which the marriage ceremony was performed. The lady in the case had the indiscretion and poor taste to have had her gown cut decollete, and the officiating priest refused to proceed with the rite until she was properly attired. This is probably the first time that a bride has presented herself in costume which called for clerical criticism, but the bishops of the Episcopal church used to complain bitterly of being expected to lay their hands in confirmation on piles of false hair, and they not infrequently refused the sacrament to those who were thus adorned. One may object to decollete gowns under certain circumstances without being prudish or finicky. Common sense dictates that they should not be worn on the street, in church, or at daylight entertainments, and the same common sense will, in time, condemn the freak of darkening the house and lighting the rooms artificially in order to give pretext for an anachronism in dress. People used to the conventions of society could never originate such an absurdity, but to those new at the business of formal entertainment, and probably accustomed to nothing above the monthly church social, where the "best dress" is regarded as the most appropriate for any function, would quite naturally fall into this mistake. Some years ago one of the Cabinet ladies of the national capital, who was fond of inviting young girls to assist her at her receptions, purchased a number of light Japanese crepe scarfs. They were pretty trifles, and when any of her assistants made the mistake of appearing in the afternoon with bare shoulders, she was provided with a covering under pretence of shielding her from draughts, and at the hour of departure was permitted to keep it as a souvenir of the occasion. At first it passed as a gracious attention, but very soon the young ladies had reason to notice that no second invitation was extended to those who had received the gift. It was an effectual sermon, and did more to discourage the fashion than columns of newspaper rant or volumes of pulpit thunder.

The half-tone on TOWN TALK's cover last week was made from a photograph of Schreiber's exquisite painting, "A Clerical Trio," the original of which is to be seen in the art gallery at Gump's, 113-115 Geary street.

Season 1901-02
Fall & Winter Models
now ready
Chas Reilus & Co.
exclusive high grade clothiers.
132 Kearny Street,
Thurlow Block.
Day And Evening Suits
Overcoats For All Occasions



AFTERGLOW

Like the base Indian who threw a pearl
Richer than all his tribe away, then moaned
His folly when it could not be atoned,
So, long ago, did I in blindness hurl
The treasure of thy love into the whirl
Of the wild waves of passion, and disowned
The heart thou gavest to me as a girl,
Where now 'twere heaven to be again enthroned.

But Fate that flouts at Faith and laughs at Love—
That made thee wing thy way above the vast
Wild waters where thy first fond hopes were drowned,
Hath brought thee back, like to the fabled dove,
To linger for a little, if at last
To spread thy wings and nevermore be found.

November, 1901. LOUIS A. ROBERTSON.

The Saunterer

In the Wings

It is as interesting to get behind the scenes in politics as in the drama. To watch the sly manoeuvres of the cunning politicians is as exhilarating as to be in touch with the chorus girls in the wings. A big convention was held in this city the other day to memorialize Congress on the subject of the Yellow Peril. The movement was inaugurated by the local authorities, and for awhile it appeared as though Mayor Phelan and his friends were destined to dominate the convention, and to monopolize all the glory. It was understood that he would be selected temporary chairman, that Mayor Snyder of Los Angeles, who is hot after the gubernatorial job, would be made permanent chairman, and see that Mayor Phelan was selected to go on to Washington and be in the forefront of the battle.

The Opposition Program

Such was the program. But it didn't go through. Some old-time political war-horses got together and determined to give Mayor Phelan and Mayor Snyder an object lesson in the art of capturing a convention. And they did it. And I doubt whether Messrs. Phelan and Snyder have yet discovered how it was done. Suffice it that an opposition program was secretly arranged, and that the convention snatchers agreed to make ex-Congressman Tom Geary the big chief of the pow-wow. Tom Geary wants to return to Congress, and his friends thought that the recrudescence of anti-Chinese agitation should be utilized for booming purposes. So, with the assistance of Governor Budd, Charles Wesley Reed, and James H. O'Brien, strategists of the old school, Geary was made chairman, and to him fell the task of appointing committees.

Geary's Narrow Escape

It was one of the cleverest bits of political strategy that has been witnessed in this town in many a day. And I expect to see it followed by a little more of the same kind before the next Democratic State ticket is nominated. Mayor Phelan was made a member of the committee delegated to go to Washington, but that was because he is Mayor of San Francisco. It was thought that it would look too raw to leave him off. Truxton Beale was put on to give the Republican party respectable representation, and Furuseth was selected to represent the laboring element. Then Mr. Geary went into executive session. It was feared that if another man as friendly as Beale is to Phelan was appointed to the committee, the Mayor would capture the chairmanship. As such, of course, he would become the spokesman of the committee in Washington, and that was a contingency to be guarded against. So Mr. Geary had to do a lot of thinking. Jim Maguire, the ex-Congressman, wanted to go on, and it was thought he would be a good man, but somebody happened to remember that he was foolish enough to get tangled up in a controversy with Father Yorke once upon a time in the remote past, whereupon he was promptly side-tracked. It was a narrow escape for Geary, and he went home to Santa Rosa to recover from the shock.

How Budd Saved the Bill

When Geary returned from his home the committee was complete. The two last names added were those of ex-Governor Budd and Mr. Livernash, one of the editors of the *Examiner*. With such a committee there is no likelihood of Mr. Phelan's getting undue

Engraved Wedding Announcements and Invitations

ROBERTSON, 126 Post Street San Francisco

RING UP HOWARD 2066
And we will call for your PRESCRIPTIONS and deliver them to ...any part of the city...
THE PARROTT BUILDING PHARMACY
ROOM 467 PARROTT BUILDING, 4TH FLOOR

prominence. As an ex-member of Congress Mr. Budd will have the privilege of the floor in the lower House, and will no doubt do the talking for the committee. And by the way it was Budd who saved the original Chinese Exclusion Act from being shelved by Congress sixteen years ago. That was when Barclay Henley and Sumner were in Congress. They had allowed the time in which the bill should have been taken up to go by and the people of this State were red hot with indignation. Then it was that Budd arranged with Speaker Carlisle to be given recognition on the floor so that he could present a resolution setting a day for the consideration of the bill. He stole a march on Chairman Hitt of the Committee on Foreign Relations, who was opposed to the measure, and who by the bye is still at the head of that committee. One dissenting voice could have killed the resolution, but Budd reached the House promptly at eleven o'clock on the first morning at which Congress convened at that hour during the session. There were not more than a dozen men present, and the resolution went through fixing the third of May, 1884, as the time for considering the bill. Hitt came in just as the Speaker was calling for the ayes and nayes and objected, but the point of order was raised that he was too late and the point was sustained.

Wittman's Past

The Police Commissioners have appointed to the position of Chief of Police a man who has been under more clouds than any individual ever connected with the department. He has been accused of various offenses and he has been tried and found not guilty. The evidence against him at times was pretty strong, but he was never convicted. He does not enjoy the confidence of all the people, but that is not remarkable. Police officials are always more or less under suspicion. They are frequently accused wrongfully. Wittman has been under suspicion for years. He was sponsored by Mose Gunst, and he owes his promotion step by step to that well-known ex-representative of the sporting fraternity. When Wittman was a patrolman on Kearny street many years ago, it was generally understood that Gunst looked after his interests, and Mose was then interested in a gambling game. And even now it is believed that, next to being Police Commissioner himself, there is nothing Mose would like more than to see his friend Wittman Chief of Police.

After the Gamblers

But Mr. Gunst, the sporting man of years ago, is now a prosperous merchant. He is interested in nothing of a nefarious nature unless it be considered wrong to induce people to smoke the General Arthur cigar. Immediately after his appointment Chief Wittman closed up all the gambling houses in town, so it is evident thus far that he is not standing in with the gambling fraternity. True, the gambling houses were wide open when he was acting Chief, and, moreover, it was pretty generally known that the gamblers were buying immunity from police interference, but Chief Wittman feels the weight of his responsibility, and perhaps he is intent upon demonstrating that he is an honest and has been a very much abused man. He has a glorious opportunity to shame those that have cast suspicion upon him. But what will Schmitz do?

Fair has a Fast One

Charles L. Fair has imported one of those French racing machines that are so popular at Newport. It is a Panhard-Lavaneur auto and has a record of fifty-two miles an hour. Those racing machines are not likely to become very common in this city. Mr. Fair paid sixty-five hundred dollars for his, in Paris. And even at that price the demand for racing autos is so great in France that the manufacturers cannot turn them out fast enough to supply the trade. After awhile when the opulent are all supplied with these expensive toys the ordinary capitalist will be able to get one direct from the factory for about one thousand dollars.

A Pinkerton Story

There never was a more interesting raconteur than Billy Pinkerton, the detective, who is now on one of his periodical visits to this city. Pinkerton has, I believe, a wider circle of acquaintances than any man in the world. He not only enjoys an intimate acquainanceship with crooks of every variety, but wherever he goes—and he is nearly always traveling—he hobnobs with club men, politicians and men in every profession. And whenever he takes a seat he soon becomes the centre of a group because of his reputation as a raconteur. Most of his stories deal with his experiences with noted crooks, but he has others. I heard him tell an amusing story the other night about a celebrated London detective who has a fad for collecting curios. His office is full of them. He expressed a desire to Pinkerton to have a bowie knife, and the latter promised to send him one when he returned to America. One day he saw one in the window of a pawnshop in New Orleans, and he bought it and sent it to his friend in London, with a letter reciting an imaginary history of the weapon. He stated that it was made out of a file by Colonel Bowie in Harrisburg, Kentucky, and by him presented to Davy Crockett. The latter carried it to the war for the independence of Texas, and when found dead on a battlefield the bowie was clutched in his hand, and he was surrounded by twenty-seven dead Mexicans. "Don't lose it," were the words with which he closed the letter. "I thought he would take it as a josh," said Pinkerton, "but the next time I visited him I saw that he had framed both the letter and the knife, and I have never dared to tell him the truth."

THE STANDARD FOR CHAMPAGNE QUALITY IS
POMMERY & GRENO
THE WORLD OVER

Gunter's Anecdote

Another entertaining raconteur is Archie Gunter, the novelist, who is sojourning in this city and spending most of his time at the Bohemian club. He was reminiscencing at the club the other night, and told a good story about his old friend, John T. Raymond, the comedian, who, many years ago, identified himself with the character of Colonel Sellers. Raymond was a great practical joker, and he was always on the qui vive for an opportunity to amuse himself at somebody's expense. One day he was passing a hardware store on the outskirts of Chicago, and his attention was attracted by an innocent-looking chap standing in the doorway. The actor approached him and said, after looking at the sign bearing the number of the street and the name of the firm, "This is the store of So & So, isn't it?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Well," said the actor, "I want to buy Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress,' edition of 1798, original plates by Hogarth, and I don't want you to confound it with the edition of 1803. I'm told that this is the only place in town where I can get it."

The Sale

The man in the doorway looked nonplussed. Presently he asked Raymond to repeat, and the actor did so, and manifested great impatience as he added, "I know this is the only place to get it, and I wish you'd hurry up." The man became very nervous. "Well, I'm a new man here," he explained, apologetically, "but I'll ask the proprietor," and he started for the rear of the store, followed by Raymond. The proprietor was in his private office, but came out to meet them. Raymond reached him first, and said, sotto voce, "I'm looking for two-inch gimlets; don't you keep them?"

"Certainly," replied the proprietor, and, turning to his salesman, said, "Fill the gentleman's order; we have loads of them in stock." He returned to the office, leaving the salesman with the actor.

"What is it you want?" asked the salesman.

"Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress,' edition of 1798, original plates by Hogarth, and don't confound it with the edition of 1803," said Raymond.

"Well," said the unfortunate salesman, in a tone of great distress, "if he says we've got 'em I suppose they're here. Just look around and see if you can find one. Does it look anything like a keg of nails?"

"No," said Raymond, "it doesn't. I want Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress,' edition of 1798, original plates by Hogarth, and I don't want you to confound it with the edition of 1803."

Again the man stalked back to the proprietor, with puzzled countenance, followed by Raymond. The proprietor came out. "Haven't you sold that gentleman those gimlets yet?" he asked.

"Gimlets?" ejaculated the poor fellow. "Is that what he wanted?" His face was wreathed in smiles. And he sold Raymond a gimlet.

Colonel Northam's Catch

The millionaire colonel of Los Angeles, Robert J. Northam, is to escape paying a round sum for having won the affections of a woman who was claimed by another as his affianced. Northam is one of the gayest of the men about town in the city of angels, and about two months ago silently departed with Miss Leotia Keyll Stoney, leaving a vacant typewriter's desk in the Los Angeles *Herald's* office, and an aching heart in the bosom of Stanley D. Gilkey, who sells hand-me-down clothing in the same town. Colonel Northam wedded the handsome blonde, who forsook the alphabetical keys for his sake, and Gilkey grew very sore. He went to court with his troubles, and asked Mrs. Northam to pay him fifty thousand dollars to assuage his grief. Now he refuses to press his suit, but of course he will handle coats, pants and vests at the same old stand.

She Switches Her Affections

Miss Leotia was twenty when she and Gilkey fell in love, and Gilkey says that on April Fool's day she promised to be his, and that August fifteenth was set as the date of their wedding. In June, the fair typist met Colonel Northam. She dressed well, was pretty, and had a wealth of golden hair. The Colonel matched her locks with golden coin, and they were married July twenty-third, in a sensational manner. Gilkey nearly fainted when he heard of Miss Stoney's taking Northam's name, and hied him to a lawyer, who persuaded him that fifty thousand dollars would be the proper sum to poultice his wounded breast with. Mrs. Northam said that she had never in her life loved any one but Colonel Northam. She said that she might have imagined herself in love with Gilkey, but that it must have been entirely imagination, for when the Colonel came along she had no trouble at all in giving him her whole heart. It is whispered that Gilkey's palm was crossed with money in order to make him see the foolishness of pressing his suit, but Colonel Northam says that Gilkey dropped the matter of his own volition. Colonel Northam is well known here, but has settled down quite solidly since he became a benedict.

OUR READY-TO-WEAR CLOTHING is NOT Ordinary Ready made Clothing. It shows the Custom Tailor's touch, but not his prices. . . . Suits and Overcoats $10.00 to $30.00.

Evening Dress Clothes
A SPECIALTY

J. J. GILDEA
Dispensers of good clothes

756-758 MARKET ST.,
COR. GRANT AVE.

Now for a Horse Show

The next thing we should have is a horse show. Our men have become so used to donning their evening clothes, and our women have cultivated such a liking for appearing decollete every night that they should be encouraged to keep it up. The real swells are getting used to sitting up and being stared at, and as "staring at the swells" is the principal number on the New York horse show program, I think we ought to have a horse show, too. The opera season would not have been what it has been without the constant presence of the Hopkins four. Other people have attracted notice, but not that bestowed upon the Mesdames Taylor, Miss Georgie and Miss Frances. I should like to see the handsome quartet sitting in boxes at a horse show, preserving their composure as they are eyed by the multitude. Those horse shows that San Francisco did enjoy were not great society events such as the New York horse show. They were nice comfortable little affairs, but the horses made more stir than the swells did. And that was all wrong, of course, as everybody knows who has attended a well-regulated horse show. I hear, by the way, that a local horse show is being considered and its accomplishment is not an improbability.

A Love Scene in the Lobby

Georgina Hopkins and her fiance Fred McNear appear to be the most devoted of lovers. During the opera season they have given very charming exhibitions of love-making. As soon as the curtain goes down between acts people rush to witness the love scene in the foyer. Miss Hopkins and her future husband are always out in time to secure their favorite corner. There they sit and look soulfully into each others' eyes with heads so close together that on one occasion a spectator shouted, "Lights out." Their friends were afraid that they might forget they were at the opera. And how the unplucked birds have envied Georgina!

Troutt's Kind Offer

Judge Troutt intends to retire from the bench at the end of his term and the end comes next year. It is also reported that Judge Hunt is thinking of engaging in the practice of the law, and that Troutt and Hunt may form a copartnership. Since deciding to retire Judge Troutt has kindly consented to relieve his confreres of embarrassment. He has volunteered to try any case that may in any way involve a judge's chances for re-election. No judge cares to try a case which involves a question of great public interest, particularly if each side represents some powerful element in the community. Whichever way such a case is decided the judge makes enemies for himself. And no judge likes to imperil his political prospects. So the whole Bench is glad that Troutt is prepared to meet all comers.

Greenway in His Old Role

Ned Greenway is once more arranging cotillions for the smart set. He feels like Napoleon on his return from Elba. The old guard—that is, the 400—has rallied about him and Ned is in his element once more. Colonel Josiah Howell has succeeded him in the capacity of escort to Fritzi Scheff so he has plenty of time now to devote to the affairs of the smart set. He had heard long tales of complaints about La Jeunesse cotillions as well as the more exclusive Fortnightlies generaled by Mrs. Salisbury. The trouble with the Jeunesse affairs is that almost anybody can go to them. Mrs. Salisbury's dances are better but she does not feed society well enough. Her caterer isn't up to the mark. He doesn't know how to make a sandwich. So there has been great demand for Greenway.

"What were you thankful for last Thursday?"
"That I had no trouble in assimilating the turkey, cranberry sauce, et cetera."

Gossip Anent the Martins

The tabbies are wondering why the Walter Martins are not more in evidence these days. When two young people get married with such a flourish and flare as did Walter and the daughter of Mrs. Henry T., it is natural to expect them to keep things moving socially. But they have settled down to a very prosaic existence in a big hotel, and have caused people to wonder. One smart matron remarked the other day that if Walter wasn't able to splurge in this small town, she couldn't understand how Peter could hope to keep up the regulation gait in the New York swim as the husband of a girl who was accustomed to social gaiety. But Peter is single yet. When that big mortgage was raised some weeks ago it was whispered that Peter was getting ready for the plunge, but he appears to be in no hurry.

She is Kate Dollar Now

The linotype which sets "Madame La Bavarde's" chat changed Miss Dillon into "Miss Dollar" the other day, and now the popular heiress' friends are saying they will call her "Kate Dollar" henceforth. 'Twas not a bad slip, as Miss Dillon's dollars are very much in evidence and as the heiress is a splendid business woman her bank account is continually increasing. So is her avoirdupois, by the way. She has gained several pounds since she made her debut in San Francisco society. The Maurice Caseys and Miss Dillon have not yet set a definite date for their European tour. About all that is decided is that they are going and that Miss Cosgrave will accompany them. In the meantime while the Beavers are in Japan the Caseys are occupying the former's Taylor street home, and are entertaining in a quiet way.

THE LOVE SONNETS of a

HOODLUM

By WALLACE IRWIN
Introduction by
GELETT BURGESS

Irresistibly Funny
Deliciously Absurd

"Showing how Vanity is still on Deck and humble Virtue gets it in the Neck."

25c

ELDER and SHEPARD . . . 238 Post Street

Famous Surgeon to Wed

Dr. Robert McLean is to be married before spring. After his wife died a few years ago, from childbirth, it was thought the great surgeon would not survive her long. Her death was an exceptionally sad one. She died under the influence of an anaesthetic, and the shock to her husband was a great one. He has been a victim of locomotor ataxia ever since, a circumstance that, it was thought, would doom him to widowerhood forever. He gave up his beautiful home in Pacific avenue and went abroad for nearly a year. A short time ago he seemed to improve, and, notwithstanding his paralysis, his skill as a surgeon has not been impaired. He has performed some wonderful operations when he seemed to be on the the verge of mental collapse. His prospective bride is a widow, handsome and young, and came from the Southern part of the State. Their engagement has been kept a strict secret. Dr. McLean was a protege of the famous Dr. Toland, and when the latter died McLean succeeded to his practice. He has about a million dollars' worth of real estate, and has a practice from which he derives an income of fifty thousand dollars a year.

Searching for Ancestors

The heraldry craze has been given new impetus in the country of late. The other day I learned that a few of our snobs recently had their curiosity aroused by an English expert who declared that he was on the trail of their European ancestors. There is no question of his ability to prove to their satisfaction that they have a right to use a coat-of-arms. There are several heraldic institutions in England that stand ready to give assurance that nearly every family in this country has the right to a coat-of-arms. They are not prepared, however, to guarantee to the Americans interested in discovering their relationship to English families that their new relatives will be just as glad to hear of it as they are. It is a significant fact that no colleges of heraldry have yet been established that make a specialty of discovering American relatives on behalf of continental families.

The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch

It was reported in the despatches some days ago that David Belasco had sued for an injunction to restrain Mrs. Fiske from producing a play entitled "The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch," purporting to have been written by Mrs. Burton-Harrison, mother-in-law of Mary Crocker. In view of the fact that Mrs. Harrison was in this city not long ago, and that she then declared that she hoped to find material for a story, it may interest some of my readers to know that the unwelcome Mrs. Hatch is a San Francisco woman. The story from which the plot of the play is taken was written for a magazine by Mrs. Harrison, and was published not long ago. The Belasco suit, which, by the way, was denied by the court, has served to arouse great interest in the play, which was produced last Monday at the Manhattan theatre.

The Plot

The principal character in the play, Mrs. Hatch, is a woman whom misfortune cannot feaze. In early life she was driven by an unworthy husband to an imprudence, the penalty of which was the forfeiting of her home and infant daughter. Her husband then marries an evil woman, who was involved in the domestic breach. Mrs. Hatch bravely takes up life alone in this city, and makes her way independently. Meanwhile her daughter grows to womanhood in New York, and the mother, learning of her impending marriage, crosses the continent determined to see the girl. She meets her husband, and consent is given that she shall see the girl if she will keep her identity hidden, it being feared that she might spoil certain financial plans in which the father of the young man who is to marry the girl is involved. It is arranged that she shall look on the daughter from a distance in Central Park, where the girl is superintending a May party of poor children. The sight of the daughter excites the mother, who determines to see her again, and by bribery she manages to get into the house on the eve of the marriage, disguised as a dressmaker, with the wedding gown. A moving scene follows, and ends in the discovery of the mother by her former husband. The play has a strong and pathetic ending. Can you recall a parallel case?

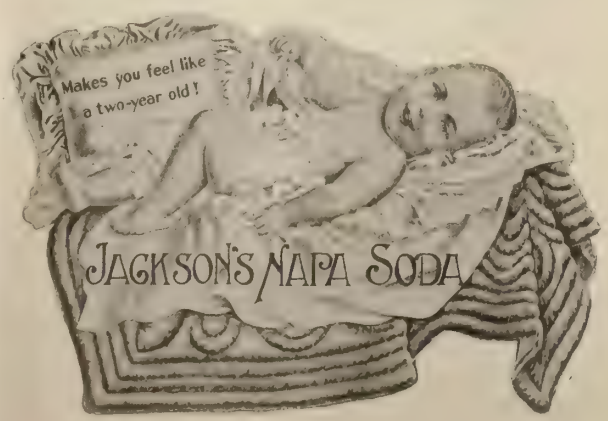
English as She is Written

Academic chaps and wise men in their infinite variety love to sneer at "Reporter's English," but one seldom hears them criticise the English written by some of the authors of the day. Here is a choice example from a scientific work published in London the other day:

> Let us now glance at the radical errors of the French school, the chief of whom was Berthollet, the man who was first to make practical application of Scheele's discovery, and, as is usually the case with such men, they propouud a theory of their own, so that some at least of the merit, if not all of the original discovery, may descend upon their own mantle.

Even a newspaper linotype would have a hard job trying to involve a sentence more hopelessly than this.

A social event of importance in Alameda last week was the large reception given by Mrs. Robert A. Friedrich of Buena Vista avenue. The affair was in honor of Mrs. Alice Kingsbury-Cooley the well known writer and the guests included many of the prominent literary people of the west.



Don't Raise Your Skirts, Ladies

I contend that the [illegible] men who have made a practice of promenading [illegible] is the hallmark that designates [illegible] bourgeoisie. The ladies [illegible] no doubt argue that if [illegible] did not hold up their dress skirts those skirts would be fit to wear a second time. But my dear ladies, if you are really swell you should not be thrifty. If you are financially able to pay Grau prices to hear grand opera and incidentally to exhibit yourselves in your prettiest and most expensive frocks, the supposition is that you are financially able to replenish your expensive wardrobes. It isn't swell to be economical.

The French Way

Moreover, it isn't smart to bunch your expensive and graceful and picturesque skirt up at the side as though you were wading through a pool of water. The stylish French woman never resorts to such a common, cheap trick. The French are very solicitous about what they call the "silhouette." They consider it the most important element in the art of dress, and it is lost when a woman fails to walk with frock a-trail on occasions when she is in evening dress. The effect of clutching at the skirt is disastrous to the carriage and figure. Ladies should not exhibit signs of thriftiness at the opera. Somebody has said that the man who is impelled to lift his dress-coat tails every time he sits down has no right to wear a dress-coat. The same principle applies to the woman who raises her dress skirt.

Royal Hosts of Hawaii

Those happy visitors to Honolulu, who enjoy the hospitality of Princes David and Cupid Kawananakoa, will not soon forget one feature of the entertainment provided by their liberal hosts. David and Cupid are princes of the blood—the same dusky fluid which flowed in the veins of the late Queen Kapiolani, the widow of King Kalakaua. When Kapiolani died she left a large fortune to her nephews, besides a magnificent estate at Waikiki. Cupid wedded a Hawaiian, but David—harder to please, and a more liberal lover of the whole sex—has stayed single, and despite a score of rumors bids fair to remain a bachelor. At the Waikiki home of the Princes is a marble bathing pool situated off the great veranda and enclosed in stained glass windows. The entrance to the pool is a counterpart of a famous bath in ancient Greece, and is [illegible] with many [illegible] at home. The pool itself is very deep and the sides are constructed of the purest of marble, the bottom being laid with pink and blue tiles of exquisite hues. Every day the pool is emptied and polished.

Sumptuous Hospitality

Here the Princes and their guests disport themselves. Prince David is a generous host. The rarest of champagne [illegible] to the mind of Hawaiian gallant and [illegible] stopped at a mere trifle. Two years ago David invited some San Francisco [illegible] from Honolulu to Waikiki to a luau or native feast. They [illegible] be had every day. When they arrived at David's [illegible] were met by David who welcomed them ardently. The party consisted of a chaperon and three girls of marriageable age. David had three friends at home with him.

A Feast and a Bath

They began with vermouth cocktails: one in the open under the spreading palms; one in the lanai upon entering the mansion, and a third at the table. A delicate but insidious sauterne with the fish, some claret with the entree and a heavy Burgundy with the roast, led up to champagne which accompanied the desert. Kona coffee of Herculean strength added to the exhilaration. Wine and delicacies went down with the sweetest music from a native quintet, ensconced in a bower, and when cigarettes were passed, the chaperon groaned audibly. She begged to be excused for a minute and adjourned to let out a few inches of lacing. When all were comfortable in hammocks under a large banyan tree, more champagne went round, and then the chaperon went to sleep. The marble pool had been filled with cool water from the sea, and an hour later it was first dedicated to the goddess Pele, who rules over Hawaii. It served its purpose well. It cooled the cheeks of the fair San Franciscans.

May's Obi

A correspondent writes, in reference to my recent paragraph anent May Yohe and her beautiful obis: "I wonder if they make her tie hers in front? You know that is the legal requirement for Japanese professionals." Well, I don't know how May Yohe wears her obi, but I judge she would choose any old way that is most becoming to her. Lady Hope is nothing if not independent of public opinion, and if she would defy the English and American law I presume the Japanese courts could hold no terrors for her.

Mrs. Edward Winsor Robinson.

This is the latest size and style in Visiting Cards—A suggestion for a Holiday gift. A. B. Pierson, 318 Post Street.

Kowalsky on Forged Wills

Henry I. Kowalsky, the Champion of the Illegitimate and the Great Propronent of disputed wills, is once more engaged in trying to establish the authenticity of an alleged forged document. This time he represents a queen of the tenderloin, a woman who was the companion of the late "Maxey" Kerschow, the scion of wealthy parents who paced the primrose in somewhat better than record time. After Kerschow's death Kowalsky was employed to probate a will by which he left the bulk of his estate to the woman. The other day a member of the bar dropped into Judge Coffey's court where the case is on trial and seeing Kowalsky engaged in his favorite pastime remarked,

"Say, Colonel, it seems that every time you have a will to probate the people concerned declare it to be a forgery."

"Well," replied Kowalsky in his usual nonchalant manner, "any dub can probate a genuine will; it requires a man of talent to probate a forged one."

That Overcoat Story

But Kowalsky has not probated many disputed wills. One of the biggest will cases he was ever in was one involving the estate of Luigi Dama, an old Italian vocal teacher. In that case Kowalsky was against the will and charged that it was a forgery. Reuben Lloyd was on the other side and succeeded in probating it. The most important cases out of which he obtained fat fees were the Jessup and McDonald cases. In each he was the attorney for an illegitimate son. It is a tradition of the bar that although young Jessup got over one hundred thousand dollars out of his father's estate, he was around trying to persuade Kowalsky to buy him an overcoat about a week after the decision was rendered. But Kowalsky characterizes that story as a slander. "There are other attorneys," he said the other day, "that can give me pointers in gobbling up the property of their clients. If Jessup got an overcoat out of his father's estate that's more than the Luigi Dama heirs were given. They gave up the estate and a whole lot more."

Miss Levy's Deed

Some very sensational litigation is brewing at present. It is to involve the estate of the Miss Levy who deeded a quarter of a million to Reuben Lloyd not long ago. Certain relatives of Miss Levy are very much dissatisfied with the transaction by which they were deprived of a large inheritance for the benefit of an already extremely rich lawyer. And they intend to make a fight to set aside that deed on the ground that Miss Levy was not of sound mind at the time of the execution of the document. Either Abe Ruef or D. M. Delmas will appear for the plaintiffs. If the latter is engaged I shall expect to witness a very hot battle in court. He would like nothing better than a chance at Mr. Lloyd, especially if Mr. Lloyd were to engage his friend Charley Wheeler to defend the deed.

The well known Fachutar Mandolin School and Orchestra has re-opened for the Fourth Season, 1901-1902. To guarantee promptness, all engagements must be made at the Studio, 718 Post street. Telephone Polk 1575. School hours 10 a. m. to 5 p. m.

Some Calve Canards

Betting was never brisker over a yacht race or a prize fight than it has been this week over Calve. Fifty to one seem to be about the odds on the question; Will she or won't she return? And no one could bet with less certainty on the result than Impresario Grau and First Lieutenant Hirsch. All sorts of rumors have been in the air regarding the erratic Carmen. The *Chronicle* printed one tale, that was denied, about a cancer in the cantatrice's throat. Another story that gained credence was to the effect that Calve was enjoying herself too much to think of singing—but I am inclined to disbelieve that. Still another story, purporting to come from an inside source, asserts that Madame Calve has arrived at that age when eccentricity becomes pardonable because unavoidable. Her one performance was just enough to pique curiosity. It disappointed because it failed to thrill, but the audience being persuaded that the prima donna was out of condition naturally desired to hear her a second time before judging. And the question on the tapis ever since Calve flitted to Pasadena has been: Will she return?

Grau Missed a Trick

I believe that if Grau had billed Collamarini for Carmen on Friday night, instead of letting Calve's understudy sing the role, he would have had a packed house. To be sure, as one of our daily critics said to me, the minor singers in Grau's aggregation are superior to the major artists that sang during the late Tivoli grand opera season. But there are many people here who, though they are willing to grant that she is not a great artist, yet stand by their assertion that they like Collamarini's Carmen better than Calve's. And when a man asserts a personal preference that is an unanswerable argument. Like a woman's reason, it admits of no debate. Therefore, whether Collamarini would have made a success in "Carmen" with the Grau company, or the reverse, I am positive she would have drawn a packed house. Curiosity is a strong motive and a trifle more powerful than the love of music.

Some of the Others

Eames' defection on Saturday afternoon was partially compensated for by the fact Van Dyck sang Lohengrin very much better than he did on the first

ALWAYS THE BEST



CALIFORNIA MARKET SAN FRANCISCO

night of the season. Except for a few flat instances he sang divinely. Professor Greven, who heard Van Dyck fourteen years ago in Europe, says that he was then the greatest Wagnerian tenor in the world. His voice was perfect. But fourteen years of singing such heavy roles as the Wagnerian operas call for are enough to impair any vocal organ.

Gadski and Sembrich have come to be regarded by the management and the public as the two most reliable soprani of the company. They have not yet disappointed. The former, by the way, occupies a much more exalted position than she did a few years ago when she was known as "Little" Gadski, and her principal role was Elsa in "Lohengrin." When Walter Damrosch brought a German opera company to this country, about the time he first began to shine as a prophet of Wagner, he had Gadski in his forces. She is now regarded as one of the great prime donne of two continents.

Soprani Sick, but Grau Gets the Money

Grau has good reason to consider this a good opera city. He never encountered such complacent patrons as he has had here. His prime donne fall down on him right along but there is scarcely any perceptible diminution in the size of the houses. And as Grau is in the business only for the dollars and cents that he rakes in he isn't bothered much over the necessity of substituting a second-rate artist for a star. Last week I pointed out the difference between Grau and the late Colonel Mapleson, but I failed to state that the difference was due to the fact that Mapleson was a cultured man and a thorough musician while Grau is merely a man of commerce. I am indebted to a reader of the paper for the information that when Mapleson was quite young he went to Italy to cultivate his voice for the stage. He appeared in opera at Lodi and after various engagements returned to London. His career as a singer was cut short by a throat trouble that rendered an operation necessary. He had been a student of the violin at the Royal Academy and after his voice failed him he obtained employment in the orchestra of Her Majesty's theatre where he had a place among the violas. He traveled with Jenny Lind and played in other concert companies. He produced for the first time in London Verdi's "Un Ballo in Maschera."

Those Handsome Wraps

There was never such a lot of ermine worn as during his season—not short ermine capes, either, but long circulars covered with the priceless tails. I saw one elegant sable cape, but as a rule the fur wraps are of ermine. Mrs. Will Taylor's pink velvet wrap has been commented on. Mrs. Jim Flood has worn different opera wraps but her favorite is a black silk automobile trimmed with fur. Miss Craft's cardinal red wrap is even handsomer than the cream brocade with pink chiffon that she wore last year. A pretty Jewish belle wore a beautiful wrap on Monday night, blue brocade trimmed with chiffon ruffles of the same shade.

"Will you join me?" "Well, yes, in a drink of Chapin & Gore."

The Row in Chicago

From the despatches of late it appears that Andy Lawrence is just as much in evidence in Chicago after a short residence as he was in San Francisco not long ago. Lawrence has the faculty of keeping himself and his paper before the public wherever he is and that is why he is a success as an exponent of yellow journalism. The Yellow Journal is always doing things. It is not content to wait for the news and write it up. It makes news. And it usually makes very good news. If it isn't carrying fire engines on a special train to save some burning village, it's rescuing a drowning fisherman or exposing a fraud or instituting a reform. The only disagreeable feature of its achievements is the loud yawping of self-congratulation which usually accompanies them. But Andy Lawrence hasn't been doing anything dreadful in Chicago. Of course Hearst's rivals are advertising his papers again with the usual roasts, but as a matter of fact the *American* has really been doing good work in Chicago.

He Changed His Name

Judge Hanecy of the Circuit court who has been trying to make it disagreeable for Lawrence has been sore on the *American* for having discovered the fact that he changed his name from Paddy Hennessy to Elbridge Hanecy and that he comes from a family of Hennessys with a very bad record. That discovery was made before Hanecy became a judge. A short time ago the *American* had to go before Hanecy in a mandamus suit against the gas trust to prevent the octopus from gouging its customers. The decision went against the paper whereupon the *American* commented on it in somewhat severe terms. Hanecy retaliated by summoning Lawrence and several mem-

Reductions in Ladies Made-to Order Garments

I desire to reduce my extensive stock of woolens and novelties for made-to-order costumes, and have greatly reduced my former prices from $15 to $20 on costumes. For instance, $75 gowns to order, reduced to $55.

Frances



Maker of Ladies Garments
796 Sutter Street

bers of the staff before him for contempt of court. And of course he found them guilty. But he hasn't yet landed them in jail. If he should succeed in doing so he will have established a precedent which newspaper editors should not care to welcome.

A Suggestion

It has been suggested to me that perhaps not so many of Grau's stars would become "indisposed" if Flon were not selected to lead so many operas. Flon has not the faculty for inspiring his men and the choruses after the manner of Mancinelli, for instance, who was with the combination last year. Sepilli is the favorite of all the prime donne this year, and he has led all the furore nights. He conducted in "Traviata" when Sembrich raised the roof, and he conducted that memorable Sunday night performance of" La Boheme." Damrosch, who is the most spectacular of all the conductors, and who likes to keep in the public eye, was, I am told, anxious to conduct for "Nozze di Figaro," but failed to get assigned for that opera. But he went down and handled the drums in great glee. Flon conducted the Sanderson frost, and also for Calve when she failed to come up to expectations.

"I'm the mother of an angel," said the hen.
"How do you make that out?" asked the rooster.
"Why, my offspring's plumes are being worn on madame's hat. They call it a bird of paradise."

Society Gives Sybil a Reception

Mrs. Boardman's reception to Sybil Sanderson has been the subject of much gossip in society. Several young girls declined to receive, pleading as an excuse a prior engagement at the home of Mrs. Martinez, and others didn't attend because their mammas didn't think it just the proper thing for maidens to do. But the tea was a success, timid maidens notwithstanding. And Madame Terry, the wealthy widow, received the sanction of society at home, just as though she had never been a gay soprano in the gayest of all capitals. But though she was well pleased, she did not care to be bored again, and at the eleventh hour last Thursday she sent "regrets" to Mrs. Easton, the grandmother of the Crocker millionaires. The fair Sybil has been away from home so many years that she doesn't know what a terrible thing it is to plead indisposition as a pretext for staying away from a Crocker entertainment. In spite of the illness that kept her away from the Easton tea she went to the minstrels that evening and had the time of her life. I hope she will forgive me for acquainting Mrs. Easton with her speedy recovery.

The Nuttall Engagement is Renewed

It will be a delightful surprise to the many friends of the Nuttalls to learn that the broken engagement of Miss Roberta Nuttall and a distinguished German nobleman has been happily renewed, and that the wedding will take place shortly. About a year ago society was enthusiastically discussing the brilliant match that Miss Roberta was making. Mr. Robert Nuttall and Mrs. Nuttall went on to Berlin to be present at the elaborate wedding. Beautiful presents and mail-bags of congratulations were sent on from well-wishing friends here. Some months later the Robert Nuttalls returned, with the explanation that no wedding had taken place, and that the engagement had been broken off. The very sudden and extreme illness of the young nobleman was given as the cause. Not long ago intimate friends of the family heard that he had passed the critical stage in his malady and was on the road to recovered health. Now comes the tidings of the renewal of the engagement between himself and Miss Roberta. Society numbers the Nuttalls among its best representatives. They have wealth, culture, and an unquestioned position. Mrs. Abbie Parrott was their step-grandmother.

Family History

The father of the present generation was a well-known local physician. Before his death the children traveled a great deal, and one wing of it, a brother and sister, fell captive to the attractions of European life and determined to take up their abode there. George Nuttall now ranks very high there in the medical world. His sister, and her daughter Roberta, dwelt in Berlin for a long time, and it was there the present brilliant match developed. The local end of the family is now represented by another brother and sister. Robert Nuttall is a capitalist. He married a daughter of Mrs. Rosenstock. Mrs. Nuttall, his sister, was divorced from her husband, and has resumed the family name. Her daughter, Nadine, is one of this year's debutantes.

George Hall's Latest Fad

I was told the other day that George Hall, the Turkish consul, was one of the latest converts to Christian Science and that he was recommending it to his friends. What it has accomplished for Consul Hall I do not know but it has evidently made a great hit with him. One of the most cultured matrons of the smart set is said to have resorted to it on Hall's recommendation. I believe she hopes to reduce a case of inflammation of the temper.



Men of Worth

"Richard C. Stevens, the General Western Passenger Agent of the Great Northern railroad, who died some days ago," writes my Seattle correspondent, "was noted for his sterling integrity. It was this trait that brought him to the attention of President James J. Hill. Some years ago he was General Western Passenger Agent of the Northwestern Co., with headquarters in Kansas City. It was at a time when rate wars were frequent. One day he was advised by an officer of the company of a scheme by which an agreement with the other trunk lines could be violated without detection. He was instructed to engage in the scheme, but declared that he would rather resign his position than resort to such trickery. The scheme was called off, and when James J. Hill heard the story he offered Stevens the position with the Great Northern which he held at the time of his death. * * *Samuel Hill, son-in-law of James J. Hill, has come to Seattle to reside. He is a millionaire, and is President of the Seattle Gas and Electric company. He is said to be the most industrious millionaire in the country. He is up every morning at five o'clock, and gets to his office before his clerks. He works harder than any of his employes, and has demonstrated that he knows more about the general principles of gas-making than anybody connected with the establishment. There is no kind of manual labor that he would hesitate to undertake in connection with his business."

A Chance for Some Girl

When Norma Preston marries Worthy Ames one heart will be sad and lone, until some other pretty girl catches the organ in the rebound. The tabbies talk it over as they sip their tea. Young Smith was in love with Norma ages ago, and some thought his affection was reciprocated. But they erred—as has often been the case when the tabbies figure on this and that engagement.

Latimer's Pupils

The annual exhibition of the work of L. B. Latimer's pupils has grown to be a society event as well as an artistic one. It was given this year in the same place as last, the maple hall of the Palace, on Friday and Saturday of last week. In the evening, programs of music and readings by talented amateurs were a feature. Mrs. Wilbur Zeigler gave some charming recitations and Miss Elena Roeckel sang some equally charming songs. Between numbers the visitors looked at the pictures, which were really excellent, and in some instances showed striking originality of treatment. Latimer had seven of his own works on view. Mrs. Sayle Courvoisier's "When the Day is Done" was an especially fine conception. Miss Whitefield's studies of Alameda marsh land were among her best showings, a "Berkeley Hillside" being another admirable work.

A Model Wedding Tour

Apropos of one of Mr. Latimer's pupils, when Miss Sayle married Mr. Courvoisier a few weeks ago the two planned a honeymoon that would be sure to appeal to two kindred artistic minds. They took a little chalet in the Santa Cruz mountains, which they stocked with the kind of provisions that require little cooking to render palatable. They took sketching materials with them. As there were no servants to require meals being served on schedule time, Mr. and Mrs. Courvoisier would take their tools and go off on sketching trips that often kept them away from the chalet over night, in the mountains. But the independent life suited them both and when they returned to town they made their fellow-artists envious by the description of their ideal honeymoon.

Theodore Wores' paintings exhibited in the fall exhibition of the Kilohana Art League in Honolulu were received with much favor. Wores is certainly one of our best artists. His Japanese studies are very popular.

The Pope Dying Again

Once more it is insisted by the newspaper correspondents that Pope Leo is dying. When that report was sent over the wires some months ago Leo remarked that news must be dull as the newspapers had fallen back on him. His reign has been marked by a steady succession of rumors about his approaching end. Scarcely had he been selected to wear the triple crown when it was predicted that he would not enjoy the honor for long, but he has been dieting on goat's milk with considerable relish ever since, and apparently he is in no worse health than he was twenty years ago. Since the publication of the first report of his approaching end he has made many cardinals and witnessed the passing away of many that were expected to succeed him. The Pope is a little man physically, and there isn't much to him below the chin, but he has a pair of eyes that made Kaiser Wilhelm wilt, and he is the possessor of brain vitality that astonishes the great men of Europe. Discussing him the other day the New York *Sun* said: "The sternest Protestant would not find it in his heart to deny that if this age has produced any saints he is one of them. Leo thinks that he will come to a hundred years. It would be a good thing for the world if he did. We have few great wise men left."

Dr. Jos. W. Henry, Resident Physician & Surgeon at St. Mary's Hospital, will open offices at 500 Sutter St. corner Powell on January 1st.



Most ladies hold the reins well. Perhaps it is not bad that they do.

For the Holidays we show new things in WHIPS AND ROBES—many of them imported. . . . . New carriages coming in.

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STUDEBAKER BROS. COMPANY

Alice Nielsen's Ambition

Alice Nielsen, formerly song and dance artist of the old and defunct Wigwam, and later minor artist of the Tivoli company is positively going to become a grand opera prima. Some weeks ago I told of a rumor to that effect but now I have positive information on the subject. The news comes from a friend in London who states that she will make her first appearance at Covent Garden next spring as Juliette in Gounod's opera. She will also sing Marguerite, Mignon and some of the other light roles. It was fortunate for Miss Nielsen that she attracted the attention of Lady de Gray shortly after her advent in London. They became warm friends. Lady de Gray is an influential power at Covent Garden, and when the singer confided to her the facts of her operatic ambition she was told that it would be easy to realize them. Lady de Gray sent for Luigi Mancinelli who heard Miss Nielsen sing and told her that he saw no reason why she should not essay grand opera roles. She told him that she was not without experience because she had sung Lucia at the Tivoli. He recommended a teacher with whom she is now completing her study of the roles which she intends to sing.

Mrs. Decollete, at the opera: It requires a great deal to dress smartly nowadays.

Blase Rotund, admiringly: One would hardly think it, judging from the amount of material used.

Bien Wins a Chicago Maiden

Reports from Chicago credit Robert Bien with cutting a wide swath there. He is said to have won the heart of Miss Arline Peck, daughter of the Ferdinand Pecks, and the announcement of their engagement is expected by the young woman's friends. Bien left here about a year ago to take a trip to Paris for vocal culture and has lately returned home. He met Miss Peck at the conservatory in Paris. He was staying at the Hotel Metropole in Chicago and spent a good deal of time with the members of the Calumet club who told him fanciful stories as to the great wealth of the Pecks.

Gossip from Stockton

My Stockton correspondent writes:

There is a terrible fear growing among the Stockton mammas of expanding buds who will one day suddenly blossom into debutantes. They say, do those mammas who have undoubtedly canvassed the field, that there's a pitiful, woeful, awful dearth of eligible material in Stockton from which to select good husbands—and "good" refers to a lot of things besides morals. From the mammas' standpoint in the order of importance it means good money, ditto family, ditto position or business and of course irreproachable habits. "Who is there?" query the mammas holding up their hands to check off. "There's Ed Thompson, good-looking, good family, a lawyer and apparently successful, but he has been a bachelor a long time. He seems invulnerable. I wonder if he was ever seriously in love. Anyway, he must be nearly forty and that's too old for the girls who are growing up. There's Colonel Gus Grant, our Byronic-browed city attorney, but his attentions are bestowed on the full-blown roses. No use counting him. Harry Hewlett has only his good looks and his uncle. An uncle with half a million is good, but will Harry ever get any of the stuff? There are the Earles who have been gallantry personified lo! these many years past, but no one has been able to win them from the comforts of bachelordom. Charley Jackson seems also a confirmed bachelor. Many of the young men who are counted in the swell set are only clerks and though nice enough to dance the cotillon with they are not eligible as husbands, for nobody knows what their future will be." Of course there's a lot of promising material among the boys who grew up with the buds to be, but college and a career are still ahead of many of them and anyway they are too young, say the mammas. That's the deplorable condition in Stockton. I heard the other day that a certain swell aspirant for a fair lady's hand was told by her father that he could have the girl if he could keep sober a whole year. * * * The Charity Masquerade Ball for the benefit of the orphans is now looked upon as a regular feature of the winter's social life. The second one given recently was a greater success in every way than the one of a year ago upon which Mrs. Gillis so emphatically set the seal of her disapproval. Last year society went in street clothes to look on, for this charity ball is one to which any reputable person who has the price of a ticket may go, and society was curious as to what it would be like. This year the buds wore pretty evening frocks, but they promenaded only—they didn't dance. This marked them from hoi polloi. Next year perhaps they'll dance. * * * Miss Genevieve Peters, Miss Jean Read, Miss Clary, Miss Nettie Campbell, Miss Wilhoit, Miss Harris and the Misses Musto are among the Stocktonians who enjoyed the grand opera season. * * * The first of the season's cotillons will be danced on the fifth proximo with Miss Peters and Herbert Belding, Miss Thompson and Ralph Phelps leading the figures.

If you want a GOOD drink, call for GILT EDGE WHISKEY, for there is NONE better. WICHMAN, LUTGEN & CO., Sole Proprietors, S. F.

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SAN FRANCISCO

Preparing for the Big Show

An occasional correspondent writes me from London that though the Coronation ceremonies are still afar off, preparations for the big show are being rushed as though it was to be pulled off in a few weeks. My correspondent writes:

Royalty is in a state of high expectancy over the coming ceremonies. The king will have a big lot of guests to look after, but it has been decided that all but the actual relations of the Royal Family will have to find accommodations either at Marlborough House or at the Buckingham Palace Hotel, which will be exclusively reserved, and will be governed for the time being as a royal palace. Certain American millionaires have made overtures with a view of crowding into the royal push, but they have been politely informed that wealth will have no pull on that occasion. Visiting journalists, however, are to be well taken care of. It is interesting to note that royalty never affects disapproval of the presence of press representatives as do the rich snobs of America. Newspapermen are to be admitted to the sacred precincts of the Abbey so that the main incidents of the Coronation may be preserved for posterity. I was told the other day by a Cabinet officer that it has been estimated that the personal expenditure of the King as a result of the Coronation will not be less than half a million dollars. And yet everything that can possibly be brought in under the head of State expenditure will be put into the bill that is to be presented to Parliament. The King however, must pay for all the costly gifts which will be made by their Majesties to their guests.

The Decadent Protests

I stand ready to declare
That Dame Nature isn't fair,
(The praise she's always getting hits me hard),
For from Turner and from *me*
She has swiped the tints you see
Hung out, so often, in her Western yard.

LEAVENWORTH MCNAB

The Wretched Society Devotee and the Wink a Wunk

A Society Devotee, attired in a Swell Dressing Gown, lay rolled in eider down cushions before a Louis Quatorze Mirror. She was beautiful, svelte, had a lovely complexion, glorious hair, charming manners, a lively wit, was athletic to a degree when it wasn't fashionable to be languishing, had Loads of Ton, chic, verve, naivete, hauteur, noblesse oblige, de rigeur and that tired feeling, lived in a Menage, had her own Private Manicure, a voluminous Bank Account, and everything imaginable that a conscientious Society Reporter could devise to adorn a representative of the Creamiest de la Creme. Yet She wasn't Happy.

A Society Rival had said the week before that when she played "off" even the caddies had to Scoff. Newport remarked that she hadn't any Ancestry and Boston cruelly averred that she hadn't any Intellect. Mrs. Blue Specks said she hadn't any Charity Sense and Mrs. Anti-Rum-League said she demeaned herself near a Champagne Punch Bowl much after the manner of the Soulless Daughters of Belial. And last, most spiteful blow of all, a Prominent Impresario had just come out with a Ringing Annunciamento to the effect that she didn't attend the Grand Opera for the Music and Singing but to make it a Fashionable Event.

So the Society Devotee sat wretchedly before her Louis Quatorze Mirror and wept Scalding Tears and lamented fulsomely till she made the Boudoir ring with her Great Grief. At last her Pea Green Parrot grew wearied with the Noise and being anxious to enjoy his Afternoon Nap he advised her to go and consult Wink a Wunk, the Wise Man, for a way out of her Trouble.

Wink a Wunk was a man with a Bulging Brow and an inordinate thirst for Russian Tea. After he had taken her Fee and listened to Her Tale of Woe, he tapped his Bulging Brow with a long lean forefinger and began:

"Oh, Enviable One, why should You worry over the Catterwauls of the Hoi Polloi? You, who control the Scads, command the Scats! Stick to your Exclusiveness and the Rabble will make Goo Goo Eyes at the fine life they dream you are enjoying and Wot nothing of your Charity Sense and how you demean yourself when hypnotized by a Punch Bowl. What need have You of Ancestry and Intellect for the Society Reporter shall clothe you in Gems far more resplendent than these? That Impresario who announces that you transform the Opera into a Society Event pays but Proper Tribute to your August Powers. Without You 'Twere useless for him to try and produce the Opera. In fact you are the Main Show at his Midway. Pray, remark how while the Artists on the Stage are struggling to Attract Attention the Audience is restless, or agape or perchance it drowses. But presto! let fall the curtain in the entr'acte, and all the Lorgnettes are directed toward You: all is transformed into sparkle, smiles, interest, animation and zestful spirits. Note well, and you will find the same Transformation on the Golf Links, the Promenade, the Lyceum and Around the Punch Bowl. You are IT. Weep no more, Lady, dry those eyes, go Your Way and Thank the Society Gods that you can Kindle Rancour in the Hearts of the Envious for that is all that Keeps You Alive."

MORAL: When you're the prize Peacock in the Tree of Life don't get ruffled over the Groundlings who pass by and shout "dodo."

THE FABLER

Scarcity of Experts

A REPORTER'S KNOTTY PROBLEM

Excerpt from Evening Bulletin of November twenty-third

A "Bulletin" reporter started out yesterday to ascertain who is the best authority on diamonds on the Pacific Coast, and, as is his custom, decided to start at the very fountain head for the information.

Learning that five representatives of the leading diamond merchants of the United States, and perhaps the heaviest handlers of diamonds in the world, were stopping at the Palace Hotel, he turned his steps in that direction.

As the best of good feeling prevails among these gentlemen, it was an easy task to bring them together, and after discussing the opera and the different operatic favorites (and incidentally some of the finest brands of champagne and cigars) to turn the conversation to diamonds and diamond experts. "You can count the real diamond experts in the United States on your fingers," remarked one; "and your own Colonel Andrews of the Diamond Palace hasn't a peer among them. Personally, I would take his opinion on a diamond sooner than that of any other man in the business." The other four were unanimous in favor of the Colonel, whose beautiful store on Montgomery street, between Bush and Pine, was recently awarded the first prize in the store beauty contest held in New York for the most beautiful store in the world.



Keep "Mumm"

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J. CALVET & Co., Bordeaux. Clarets and Burgundies.
FRED'K DE BARY & CO., New York
Sole Agents in United States and Canada
E. M. GREENWAY, Pacific Coast Representative

From Dick to Dolly

ON TRAIN.

NOVEMBER 6.

Dear little Dolly:

I'll be in town tonight on the 8:05 train. Will see you little one at your aunty's.

DICK.

MIDNIGHT,

RED CROSS INN

NOVEMBER 6.

Dolly Dear:

I do so hate to leave you. Wasn't it romantic, too, the way we met? Beats fiction. And Dolly dear I feel just as you do, indeed I do. I didn't sleep an hour last night, was thinking of those great brown eyes. But you musn't grieve, oh, no. It was dimples you know, not tears that caught this chap and you've got me for good, you little pet.

Aff.,

DICK.

"THE ROAD"

DECEMBER 8.

Dear little Doll:

A whole long month and you haven't seen me? Seems more like a year to me. Never mind darling, six months from now—and you'll be living in New York with me. I tell you Dolly, in all my travels, there isn't a girl that can compare with you. You've the face of a Madonna and the figure of a queen, that's what you have. You've just got me crazy, you little witch. I'm actually falling off in my sales. So don't be too attractive when we meet again, it's so distracting. See you Sunday.

Yours as ever,

DICK.

P. S. By the way Dolly, I think I worry the old folks and your uncle will talk about crops, suppose you meet me at the parlor of the hotel? No harm. Come now that's a dear.

HOFFMAN HOUSE

NEW YORK, APRIL 8.

Dolly Dear:

I'm going to get vexed with you. Don't write such foolish letters any more. Of course, there's nothing wrong. Don't pay any attention to what people say. I don't. Besides I don't think I'm to blame. Your own fault. You were over sixteen, two long years over. Be a woman, dear. Not a miserable sniveling child! No, I can't promise you anything more definite. I just can't. Fact is, Dolly, I never should have thought of marriage. I'm in no position to marry. A drummer has other irons in the fire. As for your uncle and what you say he says of me, he always was a chump! You'll excuse my bluntness, won't you Dolly and be brave. That's a dear.

Always affectionately,

RICHARD.

NEW YORK, June 3.

Dear Dolly:

You have annoyed me beyond measure. Please don't add to my already overburdened shoulders your pitiful tale of woe, and I'm to blame, am I? Well what of that? If it hadn't been I, it would have been somebody else, so there you are. You were, you know, awfully pitifully weak. Yes Rugby was right. I am going to marry Miss Miles. It's a business affair purely. She's an heiress to millions. Oh, I'm sure she won't be half so dear and sweet and loving as my Dolly and I'll never love her one sixteenth as much, but it has to be, Doll. All's arranged and the day's set. Try to forget me. You say that you never can, but that's what they all say. I am sure you can—and—you will. With best wishes for a happy future, believe me

Your friend,

RICHARD RODNEY LAMB.

Leaders of the ton prefer Chapin & Gore's old Reserve Bourbon and Rye Whiskies to any other brands.

A Letter to Jack London

On the Occasion of his First Article for the "Examiner"

Dear London: Do I hear aright,
Or has some gray witch of the night
Her evil spell upon me cast
And to a nightmare chained me fast?
You writing stuff for Willie Hearst?
Methinks I dream, and am accursed
With yellow imps, and prodded hard
By smirking smiles from Freak Millard!

Alas, for this degen'rate day
When Genius grovels to its pay!
When such a mind of sterling worth
As gave "An Odyssey of the North"
Shall stultify its brilliant thought
Just that the nimble pence be caught.

Were such as I to do the deed—
So small my worth, so great my need—
'Twere less meet degradations' name;
But *you*—the gods upon you, shame!
The pow'r that's yours were better used,
The gift of genius less abused,
Than in such gush and yellow trash,
Such degradating balderdash!

God shield the world from men of thought
If they can thus be basely bought;
If men of genius and of brains
Can shameless clank their golden chains;
If Heaven's light and Heaven's pow'r
Delivered as a priceless dow'r,
Shall thus be bartered, as of old
Frail Esau's heritage was sold!

ELWYN HOFFMAN.

Vicarious

Never had I known her so fascinating. Her kisses burned my lips.

She was gay and pensive by turns.

Always before she had been cold to me but tonight she made up for weeks of chill by the fervor of her caresses.

As she abandoned herself to my arms and lay limp upon my breast, I saw a chain dependent from her neck, ending in her bosom. Ah! I thought, 'tis there she wears the image of him she loves.

My passion increased. I pressed her to my heart in mad adoration.

"Ah Dieu!" she murmured and clutched at the pendant that lay beneath the lace of her corsage. She tore it from its filmy curtain and kissed it rapturously.

"Forgive me," she cried, to the miniature, and turned its face toward me.

My blood, then at the boiling point, turned to ice in my veins. I thrust her from me as the pangs of jealousy consumed me.

It was the face of my rival.

The Substitute.



JESSE MOORE
A A
WHISKEY

BEST ON EARTH

Dramatic World

Burkhart's Farewell

Lillian Burkhart, in her long engagement that closes with tomorrow night's performance, ends her present season at the Orpheum. Miss Burkhart has beat the record in vaudeville, for I can point to no other star on the circuit who can boast of a continuous five weeks' engagement in San Francisco. She has presented some charming little comedies, rendered more delightful by the fact that Miss Burkhart is the star. Her repertory is a large one and includes Captain Suzanne, A Deal on 'Change, A Passing Fancy, The Lady of the Rowan-Tree, Tomorrow at Twelve, Dropping a Hint, Her Soldier-Boy, Fifty Years Ago, A Garret-Salvation, Kitty Clive, Extravagance and A Dish of Dainties. Personally, Miss Burkhart is a most fascinating woman. Adachi Kinnosuke, the Japanese writer, wrote a little sketch about the comedienne; he called it "The Night I Saw Her." When she was in Los Angeles Arthur MacDonald Dole wrote a poem "To Dorothy in 'Fifty Years Ago.'" That was Miss Burkhart's Dorothy in her pretty sketch. The slender ethereal Lillian wins hearts everywhere.

Jack Armstrong Is In It

Local interest in "The Girl from Maxims," next week's bill at the Columbia, centres in the appearance of Mr. John H. Armstrong, who has the role of Le Duc. The popular comedian is best known here as "Jack" Armstrong, and he



JACK ARMSTRONG

is well remembered for his many clever impersonations, notably that of the Chinese street vender in "The First Born." He has been five years absent from San Francisco, appearing in various successes in the East and London, with Charles Frohman's companies. He will receive a hearty welcome at the Columbia next week. Le Duc is a society clown and Mr. Armstrong's interpretation of the part has received the highest praise from the critics wherever "The Girl from Maxims" has been presented.

Attractions Next Week

No farce ever presented in New York called forth more newspaper discussion than did "The Girl from Maxims." Neither "The Turtle" nor "Papa's Wife" was more widely talked about. And of course everybody went to see "The Girl," as they will when she comes to the Columbia next week. People never stay away from Frenchy farces nowadays. They all go, and sometimes they go again if the naughtiness is not too pronounced. This farce has a complicated plot which is not in itself improper, but the situations leading from it are decidedly risque. Jack Armstrong, who is very popular in San Francisco, is in the cast. Jeff de Angelis in "A Royal Rogue" will come next.

AMUSEMENTS

GRAND OPERA HOUSE

SPECIAL!

Friday Afternoons, December 13, and January 10 and 17, at 3:15 sharp
Three Symphony Concerts, Under the Auspices of the

SAN FRANCISCO SYMPHONY SOCIETY

PAUL STEINDORFF, Director Giulio Minetti, Concert-meister
Orchestra of Fifty-five Musicians

Subscription Price for Series—$3.50, $2.25, $1.75 and $1.25. Sale opens at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Monday, Dec. 2, at 9 a. m., and closes Saturday, Dec. 8 at 5 P. M. Seats for Single Concerts, $1.50, $1.00, 75c and 50c.

COLUMBIA THE LEADING THEATER

Beginning NEXT MONDAY
Every night, including Sunday Matinee Saturday
The Famous Funny Farce

"THE GIRL FROM MAXIM'S"

Wittiest and Cleverest Farce Paris ever sent us
The sauciest girl that ever Winked across the footlights
Next—Jefferson De Angelis in "A Royal Rogue"

Orpheum

O'Farrell between Stockton and Powell Streets.

Week Commencing Sunday Matinee Dec. 1st

The Dumond Parisian Minstrels Warden and Shepherd
La Belle Tortajada The Onllaw Trio Andy Lewis and Company
Coleman's Trained Dogs and Cats Mlle. Taglione, and
The Biograph. Last Week of The Kaufmann Troupe

Reserved Seats, 25c; Balcony, 10c; Opera Chairs and Box Seats, 50c.
Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday

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Commencing Monday, Dec. 2nd
Robert N. Stephens' romantic drama in four acts

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Regular Matinees Saturday and Sunday
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OPEN ALL NIGHT

The Alcazar is drawing packed houses this week with "We-uns of Tennessee," and next week will be given up to "An Enemy to the King," remembered as having received its presentation here at one of the high-priced theatres. It is a swash-buckling drama, with many strong situations, and it calls for picturesque scenery and handsome costumes Marion Convere will assume the role of Julie de Varion and M. L. Alsop that of the dashing Tournoire. Jeff de Angelis in "A Royal Rogue" will come next.

The Orpheum's bills continue to sparkle with brilliancies. La belle Tortajada, the Spanish dancer who made her initial appearance here this week has scored a success and will appear again next week in a new turn. Taglione, the pretty danseuse, has also made a hit. Next week she will change her act. The Dumond Parisian minstrels will reappear. A "chanson fin de siecle," as given by these musical wonders is an amusing example of the extravagant clownishness that is the birthright of the French comedian and the despair of his American imitators. Werden and Shepherd, illustrated song singers, whose act is the reigning Eastern sensation, will make their first appearance on the Pacific coast. The Onllaw trio will return for one week only. Andy Lewis will continue in "The Cocaine Fiend," Coleman's trained dogs and cats will show some new tricks and the Kaufmanns will appear for their last week. The biograph will offer a complete change.

The Pollard juveniles at the Tivoli have done so well with "The Geisha" that it will be continued during next week. In the pretty Japanese opera all the parts are played in a thoroughly intelligent manner, and all the points are brought out in a way to provoke hearty commendation. The Sunday matinees are growing in favor, and of course on Saturday afternoon the house is crowded.

The boy of thirty years ago, a father today, still remembers Frank Mayo in "The Streets of New York." This old melodrama, still full of interest to playgoers, will be the Central's attraction next week. A feature of the presentation is to be a realistic fire scene. Fire engines, hook and ladder brigade and the rest of the wonderful fighting apparatus in the days of 1857 will be seen in full operation on the stage.

Minnie Seligman comes to the Grand following the opera season. —*The Playgoer.*

Music World

An addition to our musical circles is Carlos N. Keller, the tenor who came here on a visit some little time ago and took part in several programs of prominence, notably that of the concert given for the benefit of the Young Women's Co-operative Homes, which took place in September and when Mr. Keller sang several solos, receiving many compliments for his work. Mr. Keller has decided to cast his lines among us and to that end has opened a music studio at 318 Taylor street where he will in future practice his profession. Real talent is always welcome to the profession and Mr. Keller will no doubt find many friends among the musicians of San Francisco who will wish him success.

The reception given in honor of Madame Gadski at the home of Madame von Meyerinck on Friday of last week was a very enjoyable affair. It was perfectly informal and the decorations while very tasteful were simple, but a large number of guests availed themselves of the opportunity thus afforded to meet the lovely singer and a most enjoyable time was had by all present. Little Enid Brandt was among those who assisted on the impromptu program also Miss Helen Heath who gave a vocal solo in charming style. Madame Gadski looked lovely in a becoming creation of delicate gray with Persian trimmings and a hat of the same shade trimmed in soft white plumes and was very gracious to all who were presented, making some kind remark to everyone in her pretty broken English that only rendered her the more charming. She is a woman who in the drawing room looks more lovely if anything than on the stage.

Madame Carrington, whose fame as an opera singer is well known and who has recently opened a studio here, sang

Techau Tavern...

The most artistic, best lighted and ventilated place of its kind in San Francisco. . . . . For luncheon, dinner or after theatre parties one may be sure of getting excellent service, choicest of oysters and all sort of refreshments. And while enjoying comfort and the artistic surroundings one is entertained by the strains of sweetest music, where Techau, the proprietor, is constantly in attendance to assure patrons satisfactory and prompt service as he always has done in former establishments conducted by him. . . . .





before the Women's Press Association last Monday. A further notice will be given next week.

The choir of St. Mary the Virgin, Steiner and Union, are rehearsing for Christmas a Mass in E, composed by the organist and director, Mr. John Haraden Pratt, F. C. M. It was originally sung in St. Mary's by a double quartet of male voices, and has been rearranged by Mr. Pratt for a mixed choir with correct accompaniment.

A song service was given at the Park Congregational church last Sunday evening under the direction of Mrs. Jessie Dean Moore, with music that had been carefully prepared for the occasion, by a choir consisting of Mrs. Moore, Miss Virginia Frery, the Misses Moore, Mr. Earl Adams, Mr. Lloyd Adams and Mr. Delevin Bowley.

The Grand Opera

The opera season this year is nothing if not an artistic success and a big one at that. There have been many disappointments, but the attendance at this stage of the season, when one might reasonably expect pocket-books to begin to flatten out a bit, seems to be at the height of enthusiasm, and music lovers have stood in the rain, waiting for their turns to come to purchase the right to stand through the performance. Truly, it has been a great time, and the end is not yet either of the musical feast we are having or it would seem of the funds wherewith to obtain it. I was told, however, that many of our people, who could not otherwise stand the pressure of expense, saved religiously during the entire year for the season of grand opera, in order that they might be able to enjoy to the full. This is the right sort of spirit and it is this self-denying element in our musical population that is the backbone of success in all fresh enterprises. The house was packed for "Carmen" on Wednesday night of last week. It was a house sufficiently warm to have pleased the most capricious and exacting, too, but—and there you are; it was a big BUT, too. When Calve appeared there was a ripple of excited interest all through the house, for who was there in all that vast audience who had not lived for years in anticipation of this very moment? She came, she sang, and, though acknowledgement of the fact was very reluctantly given, a distinct chill of disappointment fell like a pall on the house. Recognition of this fact was slow in coming to the surface, every one waiting to see what his neighbor would have to say about it. But it was there in full force nevertheless and would not be downed. As the familiar music of the opera went on one realized more and more that this woman, though undoubtedly clever and possessing every vocal requisite to make perfection, was the Frenchwoman to her finger-tips, and not the real Carmen. It was a repulsive Carmen that Calve gave us and one with whom one could not sympathize nor feel that she received other than her just deserts in her tragic end. Calve is all froth. She plays entirely to the audience, a thing that I never saw a great artist do before, and which I have often heard high-class professionals declare unprofessional and inexcusable. It is Calve every minute who is before one, not Carmen, and the effect is unpleasant. One likes to lose one's self a little in the character, and it is the height of artistic success to be able to create this illusion, but it was entirely lacking in Calve's conception of the character. It was not the high-strung emotional Carmen we have grown to know so well and feel a measure of pity for under the fire of our own Collamarini's wonderfully realistic acting. Collamarini is not a great artist. What she would be with the same degree of education musically that Calve has had is quite another matter. Collamarini's is the true conception of Carmen, to my idea; the vain, tempestuous, careless and unthinking creature who, out of vanity—and being utterly spoiled by the associates who adored her and were ready to shield her with their very lives—came to a tragic and untimely end. It is the abhorrent selfishness of Carmen as Calve sees her that repulsed me. It is full of snaky suggestion and sinuous posing. The hot blood of the Spanish Carmen does not once show itself, but it is the cold calculation of her chances of success one would expect to find in a woman utterly case-hardened and blase with years of worldly experience. In the second act Collamarini gives the castanet dance, playing the castanets delightfully herself and giving the cachuca. Not so with Calve, who appeared in the public room of the inn attired in a white petticoat with a prodigious trail to it, and while the orchestra played the castanets Carmen undulated through a series of hula-hula poses. Aside from this, Calve showed her great ability as an actress, particularly in the last act, where she comes to die in sight of all the festivity she has so loved, and at the hands of the man she so cruelly wronged. Here she displayed a depth of terror in face and action that were positively thrilling. She died well, if one may be permitted to say so and more truly consistent with her Spanish surroundings than she had lived. But for the character in the main, to my thinking, it was decidedy a French and not a Spanish Carmen and therefore inconsistent and unpleasing. Salignac's Don Jose was one of intelligent interpretation and sung as well as acted, with pleasing consistency. Suzanne Adams gave us a Michaela that was far and away above anything she has done, and won a well-earned recall in her solo. Bauermeister and Van Cauteren, as the friends of Carmen, did good work vocally and otherwise. The piece was well cast, and the histriônic details looked to in a manner that was very gratifying, both to one's sense of what was due the play and to the eye as well. In the procession to the bull fight there was a brave showing of picadors, matadors and all the necessary gorgeous paraphernalia of Spanish custom. It may be as Calve said of herself that she was not in form to do her best work; be that as it may, she was not lacking in vocal ability and showed the cultured songstress in every phrase. Her voice is big, of beautiful texture, warm in tone and of exceptional range. Added to this she knows just how to use it with most telling effect. But I do not like her Carmen.

Delightful and soul-satisfying Sembrich appeared on Saturday night in "The Barber of Seville," the opera in which we first heard her, and although she did charming work in "The Marriage of Figaro," on Saturday night she surpassed herself even in that, as there was an opportunity in the music lesson to display the full measure of her powers. She sang in a manner that has not been heard here since

Minnie Seligman at the Grand

Owing to the continuance of the season of the grand opera at the Grand Opera House, the re-openfng of the stock star season has been postponed to Friday evening, December sixth, when Miss Minnie Seligman will begin a short starring engagement. Somebody once wrote that in Minnie Seligman an American Bernhardt had been found. The original version of the famous play "The Crust of Society" has been selected for Miss Seligman's opening and a company of unusual strength will support this popular star.

Mr. O'Brien, late of Denver, is now manager for the Mobile Company of America, succeeding Mr. Anderson, who goes to Chicago.

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Matinees Saturday and Sunday
MISS MINNIE SELIGMAN
America's Greatest Emotional Actress
In the original version of the famous play
"THE CRUST OF SOCIETY"
Popular Prices: 10, 15c, 25, 50, 75c. Good Orchestra Seat all Matinees 25c
Seats on Sale Monday, December 2nd

Patti charmed the hearts out of men with the witchery of her song. It is no wonder that Sembrich has been declared Patti's worthy successor. Her notes came as free as those of a bird and clear as crystal. It is a voice of uncommon quality and of a timbre not usually found in voices of her register. Her topmost note was as sweet and true as those in the middle register and did not lose anything in quality from the high musical altitude as is often the case, but had just as much tone as those struck an octave lower in the scale. She gave us the same songs she did in her former presentation of "The Barber"—the Strauss waltz, composed for her, and that she trills and trips through like a bird; then the aria from "La Somnambula," the Chopin that she loves and sings so charmingly in her native Polish, and last of all the dear little Slumber Song in German and so tender, so softly and heart-reachingly sympathetic, it made the tears start.

Wagner's Comedy Opera

At last we have heard "Die Meistersinger," the one comedy of Wagner, the opera which of all his works has excited more universal interest than any of the other works, and to which we have been looking forward for so long a time. More often than not realization, after so intense anticipation, is disappointing. But in this case the production was far in excess of what we had anticipated and not one who had heard it on last Thursday night but could see it all over again and enjoy it the more in welcoming each familiar feature of the story. Damrosch's lectures went a long way in preparing us for the enjoyment of the work itself, and with a cast of exceptional strength the whole play moved along like reality itself, and one was most pleasantly lost in the quaint picture of old German life and its pretty customs. De Reszke easily became the central figure of interest, and in the character of Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet, portrayed a dignity and wholesome sweetness that was in perfect keeping with the man as we have studied him. Dippel's Walter was as good as anything he has done, and his Prize song won a hearty round of applause that was richly deserved. Schumann-Heinck's Magdalene was like all her other work, the acme of artistic perfection. She seems to be able to fill any part with equal facility, and in all she does one takes the greatest amount of enjoyment possible. Gadski's Eva did not give her a great deal of opportunity, but in the quintet she did an exceedingly artistic bit of work and her voice arose to a note so high and so pure and sweet it aroused the greatest enthusiasm, and the number was repeated, to the great delight of the audience. It was a red-letter night for Wagnerites and the event of the opera season. David Bispham portrayed a Beckmesser that was side-splitting. His versatility is wonderful. His voice, always so tuneful and deeply melodious, takes on a whine that, together with his dramatic action, is a complete disguise to his own personality. Mr. Reiss' "David" was also the best part he has given us, and the ingenuity and youthfulness of the apprentice boy were perfectly represented. The music of "The Meistersinger" contains much more of a modern tone than any of the other operas, and for that reason it is more pleasing to many who do not go in for the heavy dramatic. The stage pictures are beautiful, and the whole thing moved forward in the most gratifyingly smooth and perfectly harmonious manner. One could not imagine a prettier picture of German life, with its primitive customs, and the Watchman alone was a bit of quaintness that was not the least of the accessories to the general effect. His assurance that the town was well guarded, and none had cause for fear, followed by his bit of trembling and terror of lurking shadows, was a neat bit of comedy by itself. The character was taken by Mr. Dufriche, and received its due meed of applause. In the chorus of apprentices were some of our own girls, pupils of the Von Meyerinck School of Music, who played their parts with the ease of veterans, making their pretty fresh young faces a most welcome addition to the general ensemble.

"Faust" was somewhat of a frost in spite of the fact that De Reszke was one of the most devilish and splendidly realistic Mephistos we have ever seen, and Salignac did a good part as Faust. Bauermeister's Marta also left nothing lacking, but Seygard fell far short of the ideal Marguerite. One's first impression was of a voice much worn by hard usage, but this was somewhat dispelled by the work that followed in the course of the first act, and in the aria she won deserved applause for the really fine manner of its rendition. In her top notes she created a pleasant impression, as the tone was clear and the attack good. But in the middle register something was wrong; there was no sweetness, no resonance, no life to give it color. It was a dead voice, and not pleasant to listen to.

"Die Walkeure" on Tuesday night only accentuated the work of the week before with perhaps better work on the part of Reuss-Belce whose voice grows on one, and who sings with a degree of artistic interpretation that was very gratifying.

Mrs. Ernest Lachmund, a new-comer in our midst, is to give a piano and vocal recital at the Sherman-Clay hall on Monday, her vocal numbers being accompanied by Roscoe Warren Lucy. Mrs. Lachmund is both a singer and a pianist, and comes from recent study in Berlin with Fraulein Emma Koch. *The Music Critic.*

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wishes a limited number of pupils for piano lessons. Stuttgart Method, approved and endorsed by Liszt, Stephen Heller and others. At home, from 2 to 4 p. m., 618 Golden Gate avenue.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of Ellen Thomas, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Ilene Thomas, Executrix of the last will and testament of Ellen Thomas, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executrix at the office of John J. Barrett, Room 411, Parrott Building, No. 855 Market Street, San Francisco, California, the same being her place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Ilene Thomas, Executrix of the last Will and Testament of Ellen Thomas, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, November 30, 1901.

JOHN J. BARRETT,
Attorney for Executrix, Parrott Building.



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The Symphony Concerts

Three symphony concerts under the auspices of the San Francisco Symphony Society will be given at the Grand Opera House on the Friday afternoons of December thirteenth, and January tenth and seventeenth at quarter after three o'clock. As was announced last week, the orchestra will consist of fifty-five musicians under the direction of Paul Steindorff, with Giulio Minetti as concertmaster, and rehearsals are being pushed with the utmost vigor. The price for reserved seats for the series of three will be $3.50, $2.25, $1.75 and $1.25, according to location, and the subscription list will be opened at Sherman, Clay and Co's next Monday morning at nine o'clock, continuing until Saturday evening, December eighth, at five o'clock. Reserved seats for single concerts will be $1.50, $1.00, 75c and 50c, and will be placed on sale Tuesday morning, December tenth. The first program will include the Academic overture of J. Brahms; Joachim Raff's Symphony No. 3 in F major, "Im Walde;" the German and Spanish pertions of Moszkowsky's suite, "Aus aller Herren Laender;" R. Volkmann's serenade for strings, No. 3, F major, and Liszt's "Rakoczy" march.

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WORLD OF LETTERS

An Only Book

The same sort of pathetic interest attaches to "The Road to Ridgeby's" as to that other great popular success, "David Harum." It is the only book which its young author, Frank Burlingame Harris, gave to us. He died at the early age of twenty-four without having seen even the proofs of his book. The road to Ridgeby's passes the little red store at the cross roads, and all the characters in the book pass in review before the man who has thrown himself down in the shade of the smithy on a hot afternoon in the late summer. It is in the farming region of Iowa, and we are introduced to the rural types in their variety. There is Ridgeby, the kindly old farmer, with his "way o' stoppin' now an' then when things aint pushin' too much and lookin' round to see if he can't find somepin purty handy. Why, the ole man'll stop his plow in a furrow t'watch a woodpecker, an' I've seen him set on th' handles half an hour lookin' at a flight of blackbirds kitin' about overhead." Hi Simms is the direct opposite. His one aim and object is to make money and drive work out of everyone and every thing connected with him. He is cruel to his horses and still more cruel to his family. His children go unclad and untaught, while he accumulates, until at last his wife, driven to desperation, prefers the hospitality of the open roadside to the shelter of his roof. The Hawkins',father and worthy son, with a mortgage on every farm about the district, hard creditors and sharp dealers, are another type, and we are given a specimen of their mettle in the eviction of the Simmons'. The Ridgebys, who are the central figures of the story, have a curiously constituted family. Having sent one of his sons from home for some misconduct, the farmer has taken it into his head that the subsequent deaths of the other children are a direct judgment upon him, and in order to make amends, he gives harbor to all who ask it of him, while around the table are always set places for the absent members of the family. At the time of the story there is amongst them an adopted daughter, left a foundling on their doorstep,whom they have cared for and educated to the extent of sending her to Vassar, but, who, unlike the majority of girls educated above their surroundings, had returned to lighten the burdens of her parents, instead of establishing herself in some Eastern city and living to please herself. It is her love story, and the unraveling of the mystery of her origin, that form the chief interest of the novel. Incidentally we have the perennial hired man with his jokes and his wrestling, the dance at Thompson's, the minister's visit, and the rest of the rural happenings. It is an interesting chronicle, not above the average in point of interest, but well told. One has to doubt whether Newton Mills, wealthy and college bred, out to see the world afoot for lack of better occupation, could compete with the farm hands in such work as milking cows and mowing hay. It is only a matter of course that he should best them in athletics and the game of love. The book should please many readers who find their greatest delight in reading tales from life, and character sketches. [Small, Maynard & Co.]

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Mr. Bacheller's Second Book

"D'ri and I" is a lively narrative of life on the Canadian border during the war of 1812. D'ri, otherwise Darius Olin, is a hired man in the employment of a Vermont farmer, and he makes the journey with the family who move further west in the hope of bettering their fortunes. "I," Ramon Bell, is the ten-year-old son, and the friendship between him and the hired man is somewhat the same as that between Eben Holden and his young charge. The country through which they journey and in which they eventually settle is the same as that made familiar to us in Mr. Bacheller's earlier novel, but the time is nearly half a century before. It is nearly an unbroken wilderness, and the family of seven make what progress they can by day, driving a flock of sheep, the first to be taken into the wilderness, and at night they make their camp surrounded by howling wolves. The opening chapters give an idea of the hardships encountered by these pioneers, and the patience and perseverance of the early settlers who not only turned their backs on luxuries and comforts, but resolutely did without even such necessaries as they could not manufacture. Long before we reach the period of the war, we have some of the finest bits of description in the book. The death and burial of grandma, while the family is still en route will appeal to many who have helped to settle new lands. The "raising bee," and the homely country amusements are well done, and though of late we have had a superfluity of bucolic romances, we could better spare some of the others, than have these cut out. Another notable bit is the description of the great storm in the St. Lawrence valley, and with the threatened Indian raid and the preparations made to meet the savages, we are fairly launched upon the tide of war. D'ri is a mighty hunter, and a Yankee to the back bone. Finding that the Indian raid is a false alarm, and falling in with a company of volunteers raised to repel the British, both D'ri and his young friend enlist in the force, and soon prove their mettle, so that they are selected to execute an important mission in which they find work for both brains and weapons. There are surprises, captures, duels, ambuscades and escapes, and quick wit, sharp sword-play and a knowledge of woodcraft, each in turn, and sometimes all together, have their share in extricating the pair of heroes from their tight places. Perhaps no better description of Perry's victory and the battle of Lake Erie has ever been written. D'ri differs from all his predecessors in American historical fiction in that he is so thoroughly American. In manners, appearance, dress and speech, he is the American farmer of his day and generation, and though not refined, he is never coarse. And as no novel is complete without a love interest, it goes without saying that Captain Bell has his share in this game also. There are two young French ladies sent to America by their father, who desires them to complete their education in quiet before being introduced to Parisian society, and the chateau in which they were meant to be secluded becomes the centre of action. Instead of peace they

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are in the midst of war, and instead of being reserved for the gayeties of the French courts, they find their fates nearer home. Captain Bell is kept in as much suspense as the reader, for it is not until the very end that he discovers which of the two sisters is to be his. Of all the novels dealing with the making of the country, "D'ri and I" is the most thoroughly American. There is no wavering of interest and no uncertainty and weighing of chances. One is grateful to be spared the over-trampled fields of the Revolutionary battles and the hackneyed heroes, who, however great, have been done to death many times over, since the craze for fictional history set in. Mr. Bacheller's second novel proves successfully that he is not a man with only one story to tell. [D. Lothrop Company, publishers.]

—*The Bookworm*

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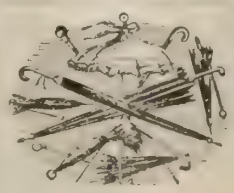
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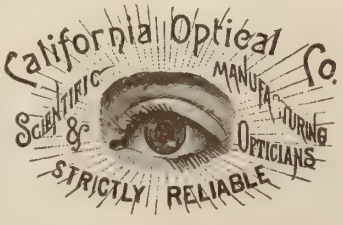
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No. 78,402

SUMMONS IN DIVORCE

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

Department No. 5

FLORENCE G. TILTON, Plaintiff
vs.
CHARLES O. TILTON, Defendant

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of sa d Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:
CHARLES O. TILTON, Defendant

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the grounds of defendant's wilful neglect and wilful desertion of plaintiff also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 30th day of October in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and one.

[SEAL.] WM. A. DEANE, Clerk.
By E M. THOMPSON, Deputy Clerk.

A. W. THOMPSON, Plaintiff's Attorney,
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THE LEADING WEEKLY.

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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, December 7, 1901

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THEO. F. BONNET - - - Editor
CHARLES S. SMITH - Business Manager

1019 Market Street, Third Floor Telephone South 735

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OUR OPINION

Los Angeles Bigotry

The A. P. A.'s are once more rampant in Los Angeles and they have scored another victory, much to the disgust of the intelligent people of the community. The people of Los Angeles boast of their intelligence and culture almost as much as they do of their oranges and climate, but they have recently given evidence of the fact that ignorance and bigotry are influential factors in the community. With the germs of consumption transplanted from Eastern soil have also come the seeds of New England bigotry, and these have taken root and flourished in the glorious climate of Southern California. There are more A. P. A.'s to the acre in Los Angeles than in any other county in the State. The latest manifestation of the sentiment which dominates them and which is responsible for the hatred that is nursed in their small minds, was given immediately after it was announced that the Steve White Memorial Committee had decided to erect a statue of that beloved statesman in the grounds surrounding the courthouse. Mr. White was a Catholic. The A. P. A.'s thought it an outrage to perpetuate the memory of a Catholic in such a manner and they sent in a protest to the supervisors urging that nobody had the right to erect statues on public grounds. The protest was signed by about one hundred people. These protestants were not representative citizens. Less than half a dozen of them were taxpayers. The protest was offset by a petition signed by over thirty-five hundred people, but it was sustained by the supervisors. Chairman Field and Messrs. Alexander and Wilson, constituting a majority of the Los Angeles legislative body, voted to sustain the protest, thereby proclaiming the city of angels a city of bigots. The Memorial Committee has decided to defer the erection of the statue until after the election of a new Board of Supervisors. The incident has given rise to a most acrimonious controversy and the issue will be carried through the next municipal campaign. The A. P. A.'s have never given a more indecent exhibition of their ugly nature. By dragging the White memorial into politics they have shown that there is nothing too sacred to escape the blight of their pestiferous prejudices. So fierce is their bigotry that even the prospect of contemplating the bronze statue of a dead Catholic plunges them into a paroxysm of indignant fury. The people of this whole State contributed to the fund for the erection of the White statue in the home of the dead Statesman. The memory of Steve White is revered by the people of California because of his noble heart, great mind and fine achievements. They favored Los Angeles as the site for the monument to his memory because that city was his home; but Stephen M. White was California's son, and the State was his pride. The greatest battle of his life was fought at Sacramento, the capital of the State, and it was in that city that the laurel was placed upon his brow. Why not erect his statue in the capitol grounds? Let us settle the matter by taking a vote of the subscribers to the memorial fund.

Juvenile Criminals

Whenever no other subject happens to present itself, a certain class of newspapers is sure to fall back on the "appalling prevalence of juvenile crime," and to suggest remedies, one of which is invariably compulsory education. It is evidently taken for granted that a knowledge of the multiplication table restrains the boys from throwing stones and that the "rule of three" will enforce a respect for the property rights of others. The prevalence of misbehavior amongst small boys and girls is evident enough, and it is just as evident that some means of restraining lawless tendencies must be provided, but it is not yet demonstrated that mere schooling will accomplish the desired result. Indeed, mere book schooling often helps to elevate the criminally disposed, not out of the ranks of lawbreakers, but to the higher rank of criminals. The majority of criminals, especially those native born, are not illiterate. Josiah Flynt, who has lived with tramps and studied criminals in their own environment, says they are quite shrewd enough to hoodwink the authorities, and when placed under arrest they frequently feign absolute ignorance of even the alphabet, and tell pitiful tales of neglected childhood, but all the time they have their tongues in their cheeks, and know just what they are working for. They are put into prison schools and by keeping up the illusion that they know nothing, and making pretence of interest in their studies, they gain the good will of the prison authorities. A court for the trial of juvenile offenders, such as is established in Chicago and several other Eastern cities, is a step in the right direction; and as a concomitant to that there is needed some new system of nomenclature for juvenile offenses, so that children

whose heads hardly reach above the table shall not be charged with such crimes as assault to commit murder, train-wrecking, highway robbery, etc. What the juvenile needs is occupation out of school hours and some sense of the necessity of obedience to orders. In modern city life the business of keeping house has been so simplified that there is nothing on which the child may expend his superfluous energies. There is no woodpile, no garden to weed or water, no cow to pasture, and not even a back yard in which to play. There are a good many hours between school time and bed time which must be filled somehow. Children cannot read all the time, and even if they were willing they usually have enough intellectual application during school hours. There is nowhere left but the street, and street raising makes the juvenile offender. The forgers, the embezzlers, the counterfeiters, and the whole aristocracy of crime cannot lay claim to any negligence in the matter of schooling, but rather to lack of home training in morals and too much time to be killed. Backyards and a compulsion to keep children off the street is what is needed, together with a decent respect for work that cannot be done with clean hands and in a Sunday coat. The sentimental regard which has been lavished on criminals in the last quarter of a century has exalted them to the position of a privileged class, and instead of considering them as evil-doers to be punished, they are looked upon as unfortunates to be pampered. Make prison life hard, instead of attractive, and let the juveniles understand that are not heroes and victims. A sound spanking, administered by an officer, woud do more to deter the little scamps than detention in a cell, with a half-column of biography embellished with pictures, to be read and admired by their mates. Fines collected from the parents or made a lien on earnings would be a step in the right direction. Incorrigible parents should not be relieved of their charges by the State, but made to fulfill their obligations. When the State provides schools there is no excuse for illiteracy, and it should not be accepted as an extenuation. Interference with family discipline should be tolerated only in extreme cases, and officers anxious to make records for themselves should be discouraged from swelling the number of arrests they make by taking babies to the station-house. One child arrested for nothing, taken to the station or court and returned to his home without punishment, will relate his adventures in a manner to disorganize the discipline of a whole district and make arrests necessary in order to re-establish authority.

Are They Sincere?

From the press despatches it appears that some of the most influential men in Congress are in favor of excluding the Chinese. We imagined a short time ago that a hard fight would be made against the re-enactment of the Exclusion bill. There has always been more or less sentiment in the East in favor of the Chinese, especially among church people. The good Methodists of Oakland, who declined the other night to adopt resolutions favoring the exclusion of Chinese because they feared that if they did so they might handicap their missionaries in the Orient, are not half so strong in their convictons as the representatives of some of the zealous Christians of New England. The effect of Chinese immigration on the labor market is something that is never considered by the New Englander, whose sympathies for the heathen have been aroused by the industrious missionary in the Mongolian field. What care they for the demoralization of the Christian at home if there are heathens abroad who can be induced to feign an interest in Christianity? But if we are to believe the press despatches the representatives in Congress of those New England Christians wot not the wishes of their constituents. They are in favor of the exclusion of the Chinese, not for a limited period, but for all time. They are going to be more radical in their demands than even the representatives from California. If they are sincere then, perhaps it was unnecessary for us to have got excited and to have held a big convention for the purpose of sending a committee on to Washington. It is a trick of parliamentarians, however, to defeat legislation by urging extreme measures. Such may be the purpose of the men who are talking about excluding the Chinese forever.

Patriotism in Our Possessions

Reports are coming in from Cuba and Porto Rico, praising the American school system and its workings, and giving glowing accounts of the enthusiastic patriotism of the little natives, but it would be well to treat the statements with a liberal allowance of salt before swallowing the choice morsels. Patriotism is a plant of slow growth, and doing monkey tricks before a flag to order of one in authority proves nothing at all. We are bound to believe that all things American are better than all things else. It is a part of our natural jingoism, but we ought to be able to see that others may hold precisely similar opinions concerning their own lands. Novelty is a great charm, and children are easily captivated by it, but blood is thicker than water, and in the event of hostilities breaking out in any of our newly acquired possessions there is every probability that the Americans would find their lot in no wise softened by the fact that the little Cubans and Porto Ricans dutifully salute the flag every morning. Right here, in California, we have a considerable population of Mexican blood and descent who do not, at the end of half a century, take kindly to American rule. The spirit of the Senora Moreno, who rejoiced that the new road passed the

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rear of her premises so that she could in effect turn her back to the foreigners is by no means dead. No doubt the children are tractable in school, and eager enough to learn. They naturally acquire a speaking knowledge of a foreign language with facility, and probably would if it were not taught in school, just as the favored juveniles of our own land pick up slang in spite of all the efforts of their elders to curtail their opportunities for acquiring the accomplishment. It is a little premature to do much bragging about the success of the American school system, for it has been on trial for a good many years at home, and on more suitable material, but the results are anything but satisfactory. Teachers, many of them entirely without experience in the school-room, but selected for their reputation for scholarship, have been sent abroad at the expense of the government and provided with positions at good salaries. The majority of them, had they remained in the United States, where there are somewhat more than two teachers to every class, would have had to experience more or less delay in securing employment, and to have taken it at a salary little better than that of a street laborer without political pull. It is quite proper that they should show themselves duly grateful to a paternal government that has provided for them in this way, but if the ex-Spanish subjects become really patriotic Americans two generations from now they will have made greater progress than history encourages us to expect.

A Perfect Train

Sunset Limited will take its first trip for New Orleans and New York, December sixth, leaving San Francisco triweekly thereafter, via the Picturesque Coast Division thro' San Jose and Santa Barbara. Service and equipment will be of highest standard and calculated to merit the best patronage.

The Saunterer

The Spectacular Damrosch

Being a musical genius Walter Damrosch should perhaps, enjoy the privilege of having his eccentricities tolerated. That is one of the concessions to genius. To be a genius without attracting attention is scarcely worth while and to be eccentric is to attract attention. Walter Damrosch couldn't attract attention at the grand opera one night because he wasn't on duty. He was an auditor in a box, and he grew boisterous in his approval but everybody couldn't see him. So he went down and played the drums, and then everybody said: "What an enthusiastic musician Damrosch is." The other night he attended a dinner at the Bohemian club and got himself talked about by objecting to the music supplied by the host for the entertainment of his guests. The average bounder wouldn't have the effrontery to do that, but the boorishness of the bounder never attains the dignity of genius.

A Sembrich Repartee

When genius meets genius it is quite natural to expect the epigram. Mr. Damrosch sauntered into the dressing room of Madame Sembrich the other night. There was nothing wrong about that for the conventions are not observed behind the scenes where genius is rampant. Sembrich was dressing for her part and she was in a rush.

"I should like to assist you," said Damrosch. "I am very handy with hooks and eyes."

"But principally in unhooking, I suppose," said Sembrich.

Absentees from La Jeunesse

Now that the opera season is over, society will take up the broken threads of the giddy whirl again, and with renewed zest. Last Saturday's teas were a pleasant break in the opera routine. La Jeunesse's dance, that was pulled off the night before, did not take many from the "Aida" performance. Of course, the buds chose the dance rather than the opera, but most of the young matrons preferred the latter. I noticed, also, some young bachelors listening to Eames as if there were no such duty left undone as a bud ball. On Saturday night hoi polloi and the bourgeoisie held possession and a row of empty loges marked the absence of the elite. The subscription ended with the matinee, else Calve would have sung again to a society audience. There were some smart people present, but they were scattered throughout the parquet and made a small showing. Calve's entrance was spoiled for those in the back rows by the over-zealousness of the captain of police, who rudely jostled the "standing rooms" and hoarsely cried, "Keep back," and "Don't crowd the aisles," during the diva's opening number.

Aftermathic Criticisms

According to advices from New York, the just-ended opera season proved San Francisco society to be absurdly provincial. The New York papers consider the importance given to the opera here to be nothing short of ridiculous. *They* have the opera, too, but it is only one of many chances for social distinction, and not worth the services of several special writers and columns of valuable newspaper space. However, New Yorkers cannot realize that the opera *is* an event to us, out here in the far west. We haven't enough society people to fill the boxes at the Grand, and to spread themselves over several social functions

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as well. Therefore, the opera becomes the one function of importance, and as such is worth space to record not only its musical but its social features. Another criticism from an Eastern visitor is that our people don't carry their clothes off with the I-am-used-to-it air of the New Yorker. Well, how can they? Evening clothes for every day wear have only lately become a general occurrence. Possibly, in a year or so, we may be up to London in this respect, and every ten-dollar-a-week clerk will posses evening clothes, and every candy or glove saleswoman will wear a decollete gown to the theatre.

A Plucky Prima Donna

Madame Eames blew a kiss to the Holbrook box at the close of the "Aida" performance, and Harry Holbrook was the happiest man in town for days afterward. He had been previously privileged to visit the diva behind the scenes, and congratulate her on the courage that enabled her to continue the aria after the awful break that gave the audience such a shock. Eames is certainly a plucky woman. She is a good American, as she proved by her manner of rising to the emergency. And I have never seen a more beautiful picture than Eames' Aida. In bronze she lost none of the delicacy of feature that is hers in ordinary flesh tints.

Disappearance of Sir Sidney Stuart

Quite a mystery surrounds the sudden disappearance in New York of Sydney Hetherington Stuart, who cut such a figure out here last September with a big party of visiting railroad men. Very recently, through the death of his father, he came into the family title, which lends additional interest to the mystery. When he left this city two months ago he went direct to New York. There he disappeared. One day last week his New York friends were astounded to see a notice of his death in the morning papers. Californian and Australian papers were asked to please copy the notice. Investigation disclosed that it had been handed in by a man who gave his name as Henry H. Hartley, residence 36 West Thirty-seventh street. There was no man by that name living at the address given; there was no such name in the city directory. Strangely, too, there was no record of the death of Stuart entered during that fortnight with the Health Department. Stuart's New York friends, who are investigating the case, are not only mystified but deeply alarmed over the matter. They cannot conceive of any reason why, if Stuart is actually dead, there should be any effort to conceal the facts connected with the case. The only guess they have is that Stuart's favorite body-servant, an old servitor of the family, has smuggled the body on board one of the Atlantic liners and is taking it home to the ancestral estates for burial. Close inquiry at the shipping offices has failed to disclose the slightest clew of any such body having been shipped.

Is He Alive or Dead?

Stuart had no relatives in this country and his acquaintances were few and carefully selected from among the very best ranks of those he met. With a fortune ample to supply his most extravagant whims he delighted to spend nearly all of his time in traveling. His last trip brought him to New York to see the big international yacht race. After that event he joined a congenial party of wealthy gentlemen who came on a private train to visit California. His urbane, faultless ways won him numbers of admirers among the prominent clubmen here and some of our most exclusive houses were glad to entertain him. Though still comparatively young—he was but thirty-three—and of excellent lineage, being the only son of the late Sir Ronald Stuart of the Manor, Dorchester, England, he succeeded in escaping the fascinations of the local belles it was his good fortune to meet. He remained here about ten days and then left very suddenly for the East, where he was quickly swallowed up in the present mystery surrounding his whereabouts. Several telegrams have been sent to his friends in this city in hopes that they would be able to furnish some clew in the case. At present, after the most rigid investigation, the whereabouts of Sir Sydney Stuart, alive or dead, is an enigma. His American friends are now awaiting news from England to learn if the body has arrived there on one of the late Atlantic liners.

The Passing of a Pioneer

One of Sacramento's prominent families has been plunged into mourning by the death of Findlay R. Dray. Mr. Dray was a pioneer banker of Sacramento, and was at one time a State Senator. His family has always been active in affairs of the swim and will be much missed from social life this winter. Mrs. Dray is one of the Saturday club's officers, and Birdie, the youngest daughter, was a bud of last season. Bruce Dray is in the bank of which his father was president. He married Mabel Johnson, Hon. Grove L.'s daughter. Dr. Frank Dray lives in San Francisco and has been devoted to his profession ever since he left Harvard. He is one of La Jeunesse's bachelors. Laura, the eldest daughter, is Mrs. George Perry of Alameda. Mrs. Charles Culver, another daughter, is out here from New York on a visit.

When the Piper Piped

A Scotch piper caused an awful disturbance at an Entre Nous dance the other night. The St. Andrew society held its annual banquet at the Palace hotel on the night of an Entre Nous dance last week, and the sons of St. Andrew marched into the banquet hall to the music of the pipes. The exeruciating strains of the barbarous instrument floated into the dance hall and got tangled up with the rhythmical cadence of a Strauss waltz. The dancers found it impossible to keep time with the orchestra while the Campbells were coming in double quick, and they went out and expostulated with the piper. They begged him to go way back, but he wouldn't and for awhile it looked as though the police would be called.

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ROBERTSON, 126 Post Street San Francisco

The Passing of Pardee

So Starr C. Pardee, whilom manager of the Fidelity and Casualty company, Duke in Oakland and Prince in Bohemia, golfist, bon vivant, poker expert, member of a half-dozen clubs, the petted darling of society of both worlds—the whole and the half—has run his course, and such a course! A national bank might have been able to foot his bills; a mere insurance company, never. He confided once to an admiring circle that his expenditures made his five thousand dollar a year salary look like fifty cents. The crash had to come. It came and young Pardee's ox-eyes of baby-blue peer wistfully through the bars, while a flinty-hearted constable—a plain every-day, big-handed, slouch-hatted constable wearing the cheapest kind of an electro-plated star—stands guard over him. O, the pity of it! Arrested in San Jose charged with passing a bad check for a trivial fifty dollars on the keeper of an Italian restaurant—a commonplace purveyor of loaves and fishes, of the mysterious bouillabaisse, the toothsome spagetti and the piquant chianti. Society cries "Shocking!" and shrugs its shoulders.

"The Demnition Bow Wows"

For this well-groomed, slender, cherub-faced youth—Pardee is now probably not more than seven and twenty—cut no inconsiderable figure in the Social World in his day. Habitues of the Bohemian club still talk of the dinner which he gave there in honor of his step-mother-in-law, or perhaps I should say, his wife's step-mother. There were twenty in the party and it cost this young Napoleon of Insurance twenty-five dollars a plate. The members are also talking just now of unpaid tags amounting to three hundred and eighty-seven dollars and of sundry "touches" for sums ranging from twenty-five dollars to three hundred dollars. The "estuary push" of Alameda and Oakland—it was they who dubbed him "Duke"—who after golf or boating partook of Pardee's sumptuous hospitality at the mansion which he occupied but forgot to pay for, are bemoaning sundry small loans. So too are his fellow-members of the Athenian, where an unpaid, over-due club bill still keeps his memory green. Ditto, the Cosmos crowd. Then too, there are those sensitive souls who bear their sorrows in silence—the solid men who don't squeal. One of these is said to be out about sixteen hundred dollars, money loaned to liquidate certain pressing claims; still unliquidated. Lastly, looming up in the offing, cruise the small fry of creditors each freighted with one of Pardee's checks and each check stamped in purple or red or blue across its face, "No Funds"—the bank clerk's unanswerable "tu quoque"!

In Naughty San Rafael

But it is in San Rafael that the memory of Pardee is greenest, for San Rafael knew him in the heydey of his glory. It was in the good old days—when the barons were full of champagne and the champaign full of barons—those jocund days, before a jury of the elder Von Schroeder's peers, mostly Italian-Swiss dairymen—had placed the black stamp of their disapproval upon moonlight drives and all-night poker parties, that Pardee flourished there. Circumspection and Col. Halton walked not then hand in hand through the hotel corridors, as now they are wont to walk. Nay, nay! There were "cates and ale" a plenty and if one did not like ale or was surfeited with cates, there was "bread and cheese and kisses," or just kisses, with wine well iced, gin fizzes ad lib., and an ever-blooming game of draw poker in the little room behind the club house. There might be found upon occasion the Baron Alex. and his elder brother, Pardee, Jack Crooks and Dr. George Franklin Shiels who trails after his name a vermiform appendix in the shape of half the alphabet. This was before the Doctor became inspired with martial ardor and sought fields of carnage in the Philippines. The carnage was then local and entirely of his own making. He did not charge bolomen; but charged his patients. Incidentally he could play poker at a pinch and towards the fag end of the evening when the game got its second wind, it was not an uncommon thing for one or more of the players to drop out a couple of hundred to the bad. Pardee was proverbially unfortunate; but his credit was good in those days and he always paid. After an all-night session, he was at his office bright and early and a check covering the evening's loss reached his creditor before noon.

"I didn't think you could afford to marry."
"You forget that her father is rich and that she can."

A Cincinnati Club Man

James Henry, one of the most popular clubmen of Cincinnati, has decided to transfer his residence to this city. He is the brother-in-law of E. O. McCormick, passenger traffic manager of the Southern Pacific company, who though but a comparatively new resident of this city has established himself as a favorite in club and business circles. Mr. Henry is a man of wealth and he intends to invest his capital in this city.

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She Wont Wear a Tiara

And now Mrs. Clarence Mackay's name is being blazoned by the extravagant Sunday supplements as being among those plutocratic American women who are having crowns, tiaras and diadems adorned with jewels of fabulous price, manufactured for the forthcoming coronation of Edward and his Queen. It is safe to say that Mrs. Clarence Mackey won't be in this much advertised tiara show, and if she is John Mackay may not O. K. the bill. Some months ago he set his foot down very firmly against her extravagance. Since Katherine Duer's marriage to Clarence Mackay, some three years ago, she has outclassed the greatest prestidigitateur that ever lived in making money disappear. She set a pace in extravagance that made even the eyes pop of the nouveau riche at Newport. She was given free rein for a time, but paterfamilias quickly discerned that she seemed to think there was no limit to the income accruing on the family holdings of cable lines, mines, stocks and bonds. A gentle hint was given her, and now the two are on an allowance. It is a royal one of course, else they could not be spending what they are on their new fad—their new country home near Roslyn, New York. The place covers about one thousand acres, richly adorned by nature, but the young folks have simply poured riches over every foot of it to increase the beauties and wonders.

Rising of Her Star

What a change has come into Mrs. Clarence Mackay's life since, with her sister, she used to try and write poems for publication. Though she was of an excellent New York family she attracted no great attention till she acted as bridesmaid at a Vanderbilt wedding. Her pretty face stood out so conspicuously among a lot of ordinary bridesmaids that all the dailies noted it in their elaborate descriptions of the wedding; from that day her star of fortune was in the ascendant. After her marriage with young Mackay she became the most extravagant young matron in the New York smart set. She had the most elaborate gowns for any and every particular minute of the day and frequently had all her "war paint" on as early as ten o'clock in the morning. But her friends, whom she treats royally, take kindly to her vagaries and call her the "Bowery Duchess." She doesn't mind for she is buxom and good-natured, and loves the splendid world that treats her so well. Some day she will inherit such a rich store of Mackay jewels that she won't find it necessary to have a special tiara manufactured for any ordinary king's coronation. The Mackay jewels are among the finest collections in the world. One sapphire alone, measuring four-tenths of an inch, cost one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The only one approaching this flawless gem in beauty is owned by the Queen of Portugal. A companion jewel is an emerald, one of the most superb in the world and at one time the pride of Catherine of Russia. But just now Mrs. Clarence Mackay is not thinking of tiaras and coronations, but of her baby and beautifying her last extravagant fancy—her country home at Roslyn.

Sack Coat vs. Spiked Tail

Tom Flint's boom is not being well managed. He was the guest of some of his political backers at the opera one night, and he wore his evening clothes. Governor Gage went to the opera one night and wore his sack coat. The Governor isn't taking any chances with the labor vote. Though the Flint men have been making a lot of noise the boom of the Native Son has been making slow progress.

"Why so blue?"
"I'm getting into debt."
"You'll be bluer when you try to get out."

His Bad Break

A witty bachelor who has been rather a favorite with the younger society set made a break at La Jeunesse cotillion the effects of which will take some time to overcome. He was standing in a group that numbered four of the season's buds. Somebody made a remark to the effect that the scene looked like fairy land, and then a bud said she wished she had a fairy godmother. Each of the group then explained what gift she would ask from her godmother if that pleasing personage existed.

"I'd like a spangled frock like Helen's white one," said the first bud.

"And I'd ask for for diamonds like those of Mrs. Flood," said another.

"Well, I'd want to be as popular as Laura," observed the third, and the fourth said she wanted to become engaged during her first season. Then the witty youth had his turn:

"Why, wouldn't one of you ask for beauty?"

And he wondered afterward why they became so frigid all at once.

Ho Yow's View

Ho Yow, the cultured Chinese Consul, is very much amused at some of the arguments being made by the advocates of Chinese Exclusion. At a dinner the other night he referred to the fact that one of the stock arguments of the proponents of exclusion was that the Chinese never made good citizens because they could not assimilate with white people and that therefore they should not be admitted to the country. "Well," said Consul Yow, with a twinkle in his eye, "if we are as bad as they say we are I should think they would not want us to assimilate with them."

She will Study Wagnerian Parts

We have had all sorts of songbirds in California. Some of them are singing in concert, some on the vaudeville stage, some in comic opera companies, and a select few in grand opera. Marie Barna was the only

THE LOVE SONNETS of a
HOODLUM
By WALLACE IRWIN
Introduction by
GELETT BURGESS
Irresistibly Funny
Deliciously Absurd
"Showing how Vanity is still on Deck and humble Virtue gets it in the Neck."
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one, as far as I know, who sang Wagnerian roles, and her second marriage put an end to her stage career. But we are to have another Wagnerian singer, native born and San Francisco bred. This is Maude Fay, a pupil of Madame von Meyerinck. Miss Fay was always a diligent student, but her ambition never looked for such a reward as has come to her. During the previous visits of Walter Damrosch to San Francisco he heard Miss Fay sing, and remarked that she would make an ideal Elsa and Elizabeth. This naturally pleased and inspired to renewed interest the young singer and her teacher, for those were both roles for which the former had expressed a preference. Where other vocal students begged that they might be permitted to practice florid Italian or French arias, Miss Fay pleaded for Wagner. And now she is to pursue her studies under directions from Damrosch with view to a career as a Wagnerian prima donna. Maude Fay has the fine physique and splendid poise that one looks for in Wagner's heroines. She has the gift of application, and with her voice and the opportunity thus afforded her I have no doubt that Walter Damrosch will not be disappointed in his expectations.

Maude Berri's Marriage

"Though Maude Berri Fisher," writes a Chicago correspondent, "has at last married Frank Moulan, she will remain on the stage and not desert to domestic life, as so many have done. Moulan is an operatic tenor and sings charmingly en duo with his wife's soprano. The wedding was quietly celebrated at the Hotel Victoria. I never saw a happier looking couple. Mrs. Moulan will not send for her little girl, as she prefers to leave her in Oakland with her paternal grandparents of whom she is very fond. Little Berrita has lived with the Fishers nearly all her life, and it is a much more wholesome atmosphere for a child to be in than that of a traveling opera company."

Budd was Reminiscent

Ex-Governor Jim Budd was in a retrospective mood in the Cabinet, the other day, and he was telling of his experiences with job-chasers and others during his term in the gubernatorial chair. He related that it was not uncommon for men of prominence in politics to come to him to recommend the appointment of some man to office, and to explain that the recommendation was merely perfunctory, that it was made in pursuance of a promise, but that they had no interest in the matter and did not care whether the appointment was made. He told of one case in which a prominent attorney, who prides himself on his honor, recommended an appointment, and then produced a record against the man he had recommended to show that the appointment should not be made. "I promptly made the appointment," said Budd.

O'Brien's Narrow Escape

The ex-Governor also told of two men who applied for a job one day, and who were refused. Shortly afterwards each rang the other up and proceeded to denounce the Governor over the 'phone. A friend of his happened to get on the line, and when the job-chasers finished their roast, he called up Budd and told him all about it.

"Do you remember the job you offered me?" asked Jim O'Brien, the Chief of the Cabinet.

"Yes," said Budd, "I wanted to appoint you to the position of Superintendent of Weights and Measures."

"Yes," said O'Brien. "I never heard of it before, but on the advice of a friend I declined it, and the next day I picked up a paper and I read about a Superintendent of Weights and Measures in Los Angeles. He had gone into a butcher's shop to examine the scales, and the butcher hit him with a meat ax and nearly killed him. I was glad I didn't take the job."

Bierce hateth dogs and poetasters
And roundly damns their gods and masters;
And both, in grim retaliation,
Pursue him with their visitation:
Where'er he goes the snap-dogs bite him
And doggerel the poets write him!

The Editors were Fooled

President Roosevelt was expected to write a short message to Congress. Somebody started the report in Washington a few weeks ago that the message was to be remarkable for its brevity. Thereupon the editors of the country proceeded to pat Teddy on the back, to tell him what a good fellow he was, and to disparage the voluminous messages of his predecessors. Then came the message of thirty thousand words. It is one of the longest messages ever written by a President of the United States. But it is a manly, comprehensive document, and one that every good citizen should read. It is in Mr. Roosevelt's forceful, dignified style, and contains many wise suggestions to laboring men as well as to the plutocrats and big corporations. The rights and duties of both are clearly defined. It also contains some good recommendatons calculated to improve the character of our immigrants. It is to be hoped Congress will heed them.

Dr. Jos. W. Henry, Resident Physician & Surgeon at St. Mary's Hospital, will open offices at 500 Sutter St. corner Powell on January 1st.



Van Bergen-Stevens

The hymeneal epidemic has raged very fiercely in the newspaper fraternity during the past year, and very few seem to have escaped it. Elmore Leffingwell and the Irwin brothers all caught the fever, and then Ashton Stevens decided to become a benedict. His marriage was a quiet event, celebrated on Wednesday of this week. The bride, Mrs. Aleece Van Bergen, is a San Franciscan and, like her husband, was educated in our public schools. Her old schoolmates best remember her as Birdie Uhlhorn. She is a blonde of striking beauty and resembles her sisters in feature. One of her sisters is Gertrude Atherton, who is, in my opinion, the greatest novelist California has ever produced. Birdie was always Gertrude's favorite sister. Another sister is Mrs. Eugene Deuprey. The Uhlhorns belong to the "old families" of San Francisco. The grandfather of Mrs. Stevens was Stephen Franklin of the Bank of California. The Stevens family, by the way, is also of the Southern aristocracy.

He is a True Critic

But it is not as a society man that Ashton Stevens has won his laurels, but in the hard field of journalism, which he entered a few years ago. He enjoys a national reputation as a writer on dramatic topics. As a Press club man said in discussing Stevens' criticisms in the *Examiner*: "He doesn't always write English according to Richard Grant White, but he is always d—— interesting." His style is distinctly original, abounding in epigrams and coined words. And his criticisms are fair and impartial.

Picked the Smartest of the Smart Set

Some days before blithesome Harry Holbrook gave that famous dinner to Madame Eames, he quietly tipped it off to two of his most intimate frinds that he was going to arrange his invited list so that the great diva should meet only the very smartest of the smart set. "In other words, the creamiest of the cream," remarked one of them, in an effort to jolly him. But young Holbrook was too serious to even notice the banter. "And how many guests do you figure out you'll require at the table to represent the smartest of our smart set?" "Forty," was the prompt reply, "I've got the list," and he showed the names of those, who like the fortunate ones discovered by Abou Ben Adhem of blessed memory, were worthy of being inscribed on the Book of Records. His friend intently scanned the list and then began to ejaculate aha's, oho's, and whew's and "wuss" things. Then he asked questions, made suggestions and at the end of ten minutes the list was so scratched up that it looked like a football score defaced by a tipsy picture puzzle genius. But young Holbrook didn't deem his days and nights all wasted in the labor he had given to weighing names. He tackled the ticklish work again and this time he came out of it with a list of sixty names—representing his idea of the smartest of our smart set. Four of these were unavoidably absent from the dinner. Whether these sixty elect will ever rank locally as New York's famous *150* do in Manhattan is a safe question not to leave to the vote of the other members in the Blue Book. If you look over the list carefully, as published in the dailies, you will notice that the host endeavored to exercise a very nice judgment in restricting the circle about the board by inviting only a single member or a married couple from each representative family. One or two exceptions were made for obvious reasons. So if any aggrieved Blue Book devotee had a distant relative at the tables, he or she may hug the comforting thought that the great lustreless Sun of Society, as pranked through the Blingum-Pacific Heights heavens by Harry Holbrook somehow tickles and warms their aspiring vanity.

Why Mrs. Taylor Abjures Decollete

Mrs. Walter Dean and Mrs. Gus Taylor were easily the two handsomest gowned women at the dinner. What Mrs. Dean has lost in girlish slenderness since she was Miss Hayes she has been more than compensated with in exquisite lines about the neck and shoulders. Her gown of shell pink Japanese brocade, trimmed with rare llama lace, charmingly enhanced her peculiar style of beauty. Mrs. Gus Taylor struck an individual keynote in her gown as she always does. This time it was a white spangled net with hand-painted pink and yellow tulips and their long leaves scattered daintily over the shimmering breadths. As usual, instead of being decollete, the gown had a transparent covering over the shoulders. Those in the outer circle seem to think that the wearer never goes decollete because of extreme slenderness; they never ascribe it to extreme distaste for such mode, because, as they argue, her sisters go decollete at the Del Monte dinners—and the sticklers draw the line at public dining rooms. The truth of the matter is she has a tiny strawberry mark on her shoulder over which, from early childhood, she has betrayed extreme sensitiveness. Her most intimate friends have declared time and again that even the most learned and critical can not regard it in any other light than a beauty spot, but she refuses to consider it in that light. And so it is that, unlike her sisters when in full dress, she invariably wears "something filmy and transparent" hovering about her shoulders.

Concerning Fritzi

Up at the Bohemian club they refer to Ned Greenway and Joe Howell as the "Scheff Brothers," so devot-

Mrs. Edward Winsor Robinson.

This is the latest size and style in Visiting Cards—A suggestion for a Holiday gift. A. B. Pierson, 318 Post Street.

ed have they been to bewitching Fritzi of that name. Greenway's supper in honor of the singer this year was more of a success than the one last year, for though meanwhile society heard about the German baron, Greenway invited only his personal friends and took no chances on having any refused, as they were a year ago. Society does not object to a German baron so long as he is content to adore in Europe. It was rather startled to learn that he had been traveling in cog with the Grau company.

Fritzi's Nose

There is a good story going the rounds, by the way, which is told for the purpose of exposing Ned Greenway's limited knowledge of the diplomatic tongue. Some days ago, in talking of Miss Scheff, he remarked that she was very pretty, and that she had the most beautiful hands in the world.

"She is all right, except for her face," said a friend.

"What's the matter with that?" asked Ned.

"She has a retrousse nose," was the reply.

Greenway looked puzzled for a moment, and then said, "Oh, yes, of course, but she has a cold in her head just now. She'll get over that."

The Innocent Diva

Sybil Sanderson is winning the hearts of all the dear old ladies in town by opening wide her big blue eyes and asking:

"Really, Mrs. Blank, do you think people will criticise me if I go to the theatre quite alone with Shafter Howard, who is a married man?"

Mrs. John F. Swift, her godmother, was one of those who were greatly touched by the appeal. Could this be the gay Parisienne, or was it merely that Sybil had not forgotten San Francisco? Mrs. Swift answered:

"Why Sybil, you are an artiste, and they do things I suppose that other young ladies would not approve of. What did you do in Paris?"

"Oh, there," answered the singer, "I never went anywhere without mamma—not even to the theatre. The only exception I ever made was with Mr. Terry, and I loved him and he became my husband."

So all the dear old ladies think Sybil is a mere child after all.

Why He Drummed

I have just learned the real reason why Damrosch wielded the drumsticks at the first performance of "The Marriage of Figaro." It was from love of a joke, as well as a desire for spectacular display. Unexpectedly the drummer of the orchestra fell ill and Seppilli asked Damrosch if he knew where another player could be found.

"Oh, yes, I know a good one," said Damrosch.

"Will he be sure to show up?"

"Yes, never fear," replied Damrosch, "I guarantee he will be there on time."

And the orchestral leader was surprised into a smile when at the begininng of the third act he looked at the drummer's seat and saw it was filled by Damrosch himself. He did not fear for his drums after that, for he knew that his brother leader is an expert at the drum.

Was it Only a Fad?

Where, oh where were the Wagner cultists?
Where, oh where were the Wagner cultists?
Where, oh where were the Wagner cultists?
On last Tuesday night?

Some of them were at Harry Holbrook's dinner in Madame Eames' honor, at the Bohemian club, but I have a shrewd suspicion that a good many more were at the Orpheum. Colonel Howell, who was devoutly Wagnerian last season, came into the Grau box just as the last act opened, attending little Fritzi Scheff. Harry Stetson was in a front seat. Mrs. Winthrop Lester was sitting in an adjacent row. But I did not see Jack Casserly, who is considered the most pronounced Wagnerite in Blingum. If he were there, he did not occupy a prominent seat. As a whole it was a meagre audience and demonstrated that the gush of the Wagnerites, that extended over the twelve months intervening since the last Grau season, was only hot air. Damrosch has said again and again that the Wagner operas do not depend upon the singers, who serve but to illustrate; that it is the orchestral score that tells the story. But our Wagnerites evidently want their illustrations to be the best, or else they won't take their music at all. That's the way it looked on Tuesday night. If it had been advertised that the most passionate love scene in operatic records was to be enacted, with a faithless wife and her husband's friend as the actors, there would doubtless have been a crowd.

Was Gadski Ignored?

I wonder if there would have been a better attendance if Gadski had been the Isolde? Gadski has been kept in the background this season, and nobody is able to fathom the reason. First it was said that Eames and Gadski had agreed not to sing each other's roles, but this theory exploded when Gadski appeared in "Lohengrin" and "Tannhauser." Gadski was cast for two Sunday night performances, and for Thanksgiving night, three occasions when the smart people could not attend. Therefore except for "Die Meistersinger's" first production, she had no opportunity to please her friends here and win renown.

"Ain't Tim lookin' rich, though," remarked the first newsboy, "what's he been doin' to get that bloated aristerkrat air?"

Second Newsboy: "He was a extra usher durin' the gran' opera season."

ALWAYS THE BEST



CALIFORNIA MARKET SAN FRANCISCO

Why a Marriage has been Delayed

Though it is no longer rare to close a financial bargain preparatory to a wedding, it is somewhat unusual for a bride to postpone her marriage pending the settlement of the question involving the size of her husband's dot. But that is why the marriage of Lily Oelrichs and Peter Martin has been postponed so long. There has been much speculation in the swim of both New York and San Francisco as to why Cupid was so dilatory in climaxing this little love affair. There have been vague rumors, but none of an authoritative nature. It has been suggested that the Oelrichs family objected to Peter Martin on account of his bibulous habits, and there have been reports of a lovers' quarrel, but those guesses were wide of the mark.

A Dot Wanted

The fact is—and this statement is more substantial than conjecture—that the parents of Mrs. Oelrichs have demanded that Peter Martin be equipped with a good round dot before he be permitted to become their son-in-law. They are not satisfied with the size of his bank roll. They think that he should have a big slice off that of his mother, Mrs. Eleanor Martin. And there's the rub. Mrs. Martin is an affectionate and devoted mother, but she has old-fashioned ideas about some things. She is strictly up to date in the manners and customs of modern polite society, and she is a woman of generous impulses, but this twentieth century wrinkle of setting a price on feminine blue blood strikes her as being little short of preposterous. The world is advancing at too fast a pace for her.

Only a Question of Money

There is no doubt that Lily Oelrichs and Peter Martin are very much in love with each other. And in justice to Miss Oelrichs, it should be stated that the size of Peter's income cuts no figure with her. But she is a dutiful daughter and defers to the wishes of her parents, who have ideas of their own regarding the size of the fortune that should be possessed by the man that weds their daughter. So it is solely a question of money that stands between Peter Martin and his fiancee. The size of the amount required to bring things to a head I do not know, but I am quite sure that Mrs. Eleanor Martin has no intention of sacrificing any of her securities for the purpose of hastening the wedding. Peter is quite confident that in time she will defer to his wishes as she has always done where his happiness is concerned. So he is waiting patiently.

A Big Deal On

Mrs Martin had a chance the other day to dispose of her interests in the Eastern Oregon Land company, but she thought they were worth more than was offered, and she refused to close the deal. She owns nearly three-quarters of the stock in that corporation, and the amount offered for all the property of the company was one million dollars. Since that deal fell through other negotiations have been opened by people who want the property. If they succeed in getting it there will probably be a swell wedding in New York. That Mrs. Martin will finally be persuaded to stand for the "hold-up" I have no doubt. As soon as she learned that her sons had raised a mortgage some weeks ago on property she had given them, she went to the bank and lifted it. She was indignant, but the mortgage was too much for her.

Now for the Pullman Millions

The legal firm of Knight & Heggerty which played such a prominent part in the litigation over the Fair estate is soon to engage in a battle over the Pullman millions. The estate of the famous car builder will soon be the subject of a hot contest. Knight & Heggerty have been engaged to represent the widow of young George Pullman, and they will no doubt demand for her a good slice of the property now in the hands of her mother-in-law. The elder Mrs. Pullman is now a very sick woman, being a nervous wreck, and the contest may be deferred until after her death. It is pretty certain that after her death there will be a lively contest, and some very sensational revelations unless her daughters decide to compromise with their brother and sister-in-law.

Brother-in-Law Lowden

For several years the business affairs of Mrs. Pullman have been largely under the control of her son-in-law, Frank O. Lowden, a shrewd Chicago lawyer, and the supposition is that he has tied things up in a way to prevent the Pullman twins or their relicts from getting a large share of their father's millions.

Have you visited Mrs. Cole, the leading Chiropodist and Manicure at her pretty little office in the Parrott Building? Room 460. Telephone Howard 2585.

Reductions in Ladies Made-to Order Garments

I desire to reduce my extensive stock of woolens and novelties for made-to-order costumes, and have greatly reduced my former prices from $15 to $20 on costumes. For instance, $75 gowns to order, reduced to $55.

Frances



Maker of Ladies Garments
796 Sutter Street

He was never friendly with the twins, and after their marriage the breach was wider than ever. Mrs. Carolan has always been friendly with her brothers, but the young men were somewhat piqued because Frank Carolan would not put up their names in the Burlingame club. He said he was afraid that it would cause a big scandal if he attempted to get them in, whereupon George Pullman said, "Well, you can't have my polo pony any longer."

Californians in the Islands

My Honolulu correspondent writes: "The Joe Tobins have arrived and are visiting the Dimonds. Mrs. Tobin's style is already being commented on and copied, a long way after, by the local modistes. Miss Polly Dunn arrived on the *Ventura*, and was met by her fiance's parents. During the absence of the Macfarlanes in Honolulu, a gay party of young people is occupying their Waikiki home. The wedding will occur on December fourth, and Miss Dunn's sister is expected to arrive on the next steamer, in time for the event. Miss McNear left for San Francisco on the *Sierra*. Barbour Lathrop, the Bohemian club man, stayed here for a few days before taking ship for Yokohama. He met many of his old friends here and was much entertained. The winter promises to be a merry one, as many visitors are here and more are expected. The Neills are still playing to packed houses."

Roberts-Humphrey

Captain Humphrey, whose marriage with Miss Ida Roberts was an occurrence of last week, was the Knight Templar deputed by the local commanderies to carry to Washington, D. C., the gold plate on which was engraved the invitation to President McKinley to attend the reception given by the Knights at the Pavilion during the late President's visit to San Francisco. He is very popular, and his companion Knights' gifts to the bride were in consequence many and valuable. Miss Roberts, who was a teacher in the School Department, is a sister of Mrs. Jacob Leibold and it was at the latter's home that the marriage was celebrated. It was a pink and white wedding. Captain Humphrey gave his bride some beautiful jewels, rubies and diamonds.

Visiting from the East

The Flint sisters, Mrs. Edward Landis and Mrs. Charles Sharrocks, will give a euchre party this afternoon at their parents' residence in Hyde street, as a compliment to Mrs. Weir—Mattie Whittier that was. Mrs. Weir came out some time ago from the East on a visit to her relatives here, and she has been lavishly entertained during her stay. She has not changed at all since her marriage, being just as youthful, petite and sweet-mannered. Mrs. Weir reminds one of her brother Will in many ways.

Art in Bohemia

Last year there was so much wrangling about the hanging of their works by the artists contributing to the annual Bohemian club exhibit that this year the committee of arrangements decided to have three artists engineer the hanging, so as to give satisfaction to all concerned. The committee of arrangements, by the way, included one artist, one musician and one cotillion leader—Charlie Dickman, Wallace Sabin and Ned Greenway. Dickman allowed himself to go on the hanging committee with Arthur Matthews and A. H. Bloomer. The exhibition opened yesterday and will last until December nineteenth. Last night a ladies' reception was held and this afternoon, next Thursday and the following Thursday evening, and next Saturday afternoon the public will be admitted on presentation of cards to be obtained from the secretary.

Mrs. Hanson's Recital

Though it rained Tuesday evening, and there was the counter attraction of "Tristan and Isolde," still there was a good audience in attendance at Mrs. Fred Hanson's dramatic recital. Mrs. Hanson has a most pleasing presence and her program was well chosen to display the versatility of her talent. One of the numbers that excited the most applause was the concluding one, "Little Brown Baby," one of Paul Lawrence Dunbar's charming coon poems. One of Dunbar's monologues was given earlier in the program. The selection from "Macbeth" was a fine bit of dramatic work, and her rendition of the scene between David Copperfield and Dora was charming. Homer Henley assisted Mrs. Hanson in her program, rendering several songs in fine voice.

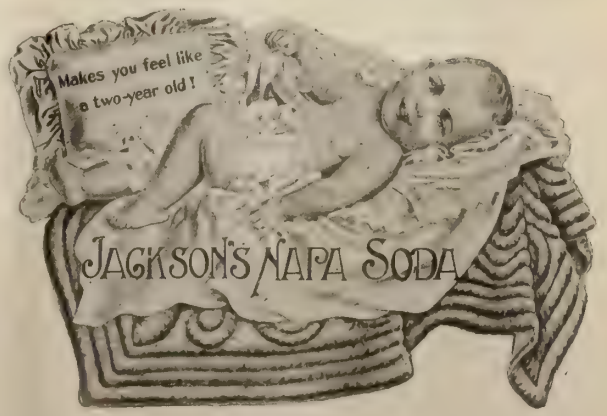


Most ladies hold the reins well. Perhaps it is not bad that they do.

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A Little Church History

The departure of Dr. Mackenzie from the Pacific coast has made quite a commotion in Presbyterian circles where the reverend gentleman has reigned supreme, in his own estimation at least, for many a year. It is now more than two decades since the Rev. Robert Mackenzie loomed upon the San Francisco horizon in the once exclusive, fashionable Presbyterian church. When Dr. Mackenzie came to San Francisco there followed him rumors of criticism from his former pastorate of Stockton, that were not exactly satisfactory. They regarded him as a selfish man, who had his own interests rather than those of his church at heart. But Dr. Mackenzie built up the Howard Street church. His charm of pulpit oratory brought a constantly increasing throng from all parts of the city. Even the saloons south of the slot poured their denizens into the gallery of the church on Sunday nights. If any man ever had the opportunity of preaching to the highways and hedges without leaving his pulpit Mackenzie was the man.

Doing Church Politics

But Mackenzie was clever at manipulation and he had a staunch supporter in Elder Roberts, the man who became famous as a self-constituted defender of the faith during the Sarah B. Cooper trial for heresy in Calvary church. To use a scriptural phrase, Roberts was a thorn in the flesh of the church. The south of Market street parish was not sufficient for the growing ambition of Robert Mackenzie and his wife. Suggestions to move the church to the neighborhood of Van Ness avenue, "somewhere in the western addition," not meeting with any success, it was then tried to combine congregations, and overtures were made to the Golden Gate Tabernacle to join with the Howard. But neither church was willing to sink its identity in that of the other, and for other reasons the scheme fell through. To make short a long story—and one not particularly creditable to the prime movers in the affair—the pastor of the First Presbyterian church in Van Ness avenue was shunted off the track and the Rev. Robert became its pastor, taking with him a large and influential, because wealthy, portion of the Howard church. This was the time for the Stockton people to say, "Didn't we tell you so?"

How He Worked Them

As pastor of the First Presbyterian church Mackenzie now held a coveted position in the Presbyterian denomination. And how his people idolized him! They upheld him in every way. They raised his salary, they gave him vacations, from which he always returned with rumors of a "call" to some Eastern city, and as promptly his adoring congregation offered him some extra inducement to remain. His salary grew, his duties were lightened by the employment of an assistant, he was permitted to hold a professorship in the Presbyterian College, he was absolved from all pastoral duty. Once he had a call from Pittsburg, accepted, reconsidered and recalled his acceptance. Then he was going to New York, but it was stated that at the last moment he was not deemed quite up to the mark for the exclusive congregation of Gotham.

Trusts and combinations do not affect Jesse Moore Whiskey. Its fame is established, its quality is the finest and it is always the best.

The Acceptance

And now the time has come when the Rev. Dr. Robert Mackenzie has reached the parting of the ways. Possibly he himself is quite as surprised as any one could be at the actual state of affairs. For when he presented his resignation to the officers of the church, one of the oldest in term of service, Frank Marvin, arose and moved that the resignation be accepted, which it was without discussion. It is said that the Rev. Doctor was immensely surprised, and not a little chagrined, but if it was another case of "Wolf, wolf," it failed at last, just as it did in the fable. And so Dr. Mackenzie is going, and another change will take place in the pastorate of the old First Presbyterian church—the church that was one of the first established in San Francisco.

Echoes of the Past

Lacking as I do the true missionary spirit I could not help but sighing the other day when passing the old church in Stockton street. The church that was once the head and front of Presbyterianism on this coast is now but a mission for the Chinese in the heart of Chinatown. What a far cry, I thought, from the palmy days of the old church, with its devoted, self-sacrificing ministers to the present—the close of the reign of the man who so often punctuated his ministry with scare calls to other churches. Around that old brick building cluster memories that stretch far back into the vale of years. In the early days the congregation of that church numbered many of the leaders of San Francisco's most exclusive social set. Walk down the centre aisle in retrospect on a Sunday morning and see the old-timers in the well-filled pews. Who of us, as Californians, are not proud of our Charles Warren Stoddard? He was a little boy in the old First Presbyterian church, where his father was afterwards superintendent of the Sunday-school, a circumstance that makes his conversion to the church of Rome somewhat remarkable. Presbyterians "dyed in the wool" are seldom apt to lose their particular shade of blue.



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Other Recollections

Perhaps the marriage of Sarah Stoddard was one of the first ultra-fashionable weddings in San Francisco. It was a brilliant affair. The church was thronged with the elite and the bride was attended by no less than six bridesmaids. The happy couple went to live in the Sandwich Islands, whither Charles went to visit his sister, and his delightful volume, "South Sea Wanderings," was the result. Henry Haight, uncle of Governor Haight, was another regular attendant at the worship of the First Presbyterian church. Indeed, the Governor himself went from membership in old Calvary church to the gubernatorial chair and shocked his fellow-Presbyterians by signing the bill permitting the opening of theatres on Sundays. Thus did a "true blue Presbyterian" contribute his little mite to making San Francisco a wide-open town.

Prominent Old Time Presbyterians

How the names crowd upon memory! Who among the old Presbyterians will forget Frederick Billings, the millionaire philanthropist, whose whole life here, and in the East where his latter years were spent, was one long public career of benefaction? There, too, were "Bennie" De Voe of the old Clay Street bank, and Henry King, the contractor who built the Palace hotel. And what a list of pastors, prominent among them Dr. William Anderson, who was the war-time pastor, still lingers in the memory of all old Presbyterians, as does the name of the Rev. Albert Williams, the first pastor of the First Presbyterian church in California. Dr. Eels was a popular preacher, afterwards of Oakland. One of his sons married Miss Shepherd of Oakland, and his daughter is Mrs. Livermore. The Rev. Dr. Patterson will long be remembered as a loyal worker and a stalwart among Presbyterian divines. He left two daughters in San Francisco—Miss Bella Patterson, a teacher in the San Francisco School Department, and Miss Martha, an artist of note. Calvary Presbyterian church was not always the bailiwick of the Rev. John Hemphill. "Old Calvary" was the church of Rev. Dr. William Anderson Scott, who was forced to leave it in the troublous times of the Civil war, because his gentle soul saw no harm in praying for guidance for the Presidents of the States of America! Fatal plural in his prayer. The indignant Unionists mobbed the church, and Dr. Scott, accepting the arm of Mrs. Selby, walked through the jeering mob to her carriage and so escaped. That night he left town, and the mob burned him in effigy.

News from the North

My Seattle correspondent writes:

How far the president of a university is justified in going in the administration of discipline is a question which is being subject to widespread and fierce discussion in Seattle and throughout the State of Washington. It all came about through a tour of inspection made by President Graves of the State University, in the young ladies' dormitory. The dormitory is in charge of a matron, but recently there came to the president through one of the regents a report that the young ladies' rooms were in a very untidy condition. The president visited the dormitory unexpectedly one morning of last week and asked the matron for her keys to the rooms occupied by the young ladies. The matron refused at first but upon the urgent insistence of the president went with him through the building. The rooms were found to be in all conditions of disorder. Many of the students were absent attending early morning classes but a few were in their rooms and some of them were in lounging costumes not strictly suitable to wear while receiving gentlemen, and a few were in partial deshabile. The young ladies held an indignation meeting that evening and severely scored the president, singing original verses of an uncomplimentary nature to the tune of "We Keep the Pig in the Parlor." Then the male students held a meeting and passed resolutions expressing confidence in President Graves and his administration. And now the girls have resolved to maintain a strict boycott against the young men that participated in the meeting. Social functions at the university have been suspended indefinitely.

The well known Fachutar Mandolin School and Orchestra has re-opened for the Fourth Season, 1901-1902. To guarantee promptness, all engagements must be made at the Studio, 718 Post street. Telephone Polk 1575. School hours 10 a. m. to 5 p. m.

Holiday Gifts

The largest assortment of art goods for holiday gifts is to be seen at Gump's, 113-115 Geary street. Nothing makes a more acceptable gift than a fine painting or a rare engraving. Then there are beautiful porcelain coffee and tea sets, cut glass, exquisite lamps, bronzes and ornaments. It is not too early to choose one's holiday gifts, and Gump's display is the most attractive in the city.

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THE INGENUE

It was only a small unpretentious shoe-store on the rue Maubeuge and the sign above the door read: "The Blue Turkish Slipper"; indeed, it had absolutely nothing to distinguish it from other stores of its kind, except the charmingly pretty girl who dusted the boxes and sold shoes to customers and is best described in the one expressive word—adorable.

The fame of this angelic ingenue had passed beyond the quarter, so Adrien Fabrec, a gay boulevardier, on the eve of his departure for Brighton, led partly by curiosity and partly by that innate desire in every young man to make the acquaintance of a pretty girl, walked towards the rue Maubeuge with the intention of purchasing his tennis shoes at the "Blue Turkish Slipper."

Before entering the store, however, he stopped at the shop window to get a peep of the ingenue within, who apparently unconscious of her admirer, was busy dusting the shoe-boxes. "A pretty, a very pretty girl, indeed!" said Fabrec, half aloud, as he watched the graceful little figure in brown, and laughing to himself he added: "And with the regulation golden hair and eyes of heavenly blue!"

Before he had time, however, to make further comment, the slender figure in brown stood in the doorway. "Does monsieur admire our stock of slippers?" she asked, half-coquettishly, and with the professional air of an ingenue which would have made her fortune on any stage.

"To be sure, Mademoiselle," responded Fabrec with gallantry, lifting his hat, and with boulevardier hardiesse, he added, "but I admire Mademoiselle still more."

The ingenue dropped her eyes at the compliment and turned from the door, while Fabrec, who had left the window and was standing beside her, followed her into the store. "Monsieur wishes to buy something of course?" she asked, with a touch of coquetry. "Yes," said Fabrec, "a pair of tennis-shoes, as I leave tomorrow for Brighton."

"Then monsieur is going away from Paris and I shall not see him any more?" she said promptly, and raising her two heavenly blue forget-me-nots, she looked into Fabrec's face and sighed. "A conquest!" thought the boulevardier to himself, extremely flattered, "and such a charmingly pretty one, too pretty indeed to be dropped at once," and instantly Fabrec decided to abandon the trip to Brighton—though through gallantry he purchased the tennis-shoes and tipping his hat with all the grace of the beau-monde, he walked down the rue Maubeuge to the nearest telegraph office, where he sent the following despatch to his friends at Brighton: "Detained by an important affair. Impossible to leave Paris. A thousand regrets. Fabrec."

The ingenue had triumphed—and from this memorable evening—memorable at least to Fabrec, the boulevardier haunted the rue Maubeuge and observing that the little ingenue was entirely alone during the morning hours, he selected this particular time to pay his addresses—and for an excuse to enter the shop, he ordered all sorts of shoes—morocco boots with red tops and hunting shoes of moose skin, and a variety of impossible slippers with such intricate details that the little ingenue was obliged to note them down. Then Fabrec would call the following day to give supplementary instructions, and thus every morning found him at the "Blue Trukish Slipper."

But one day, just as Fabrec was about to enter the shop, he saw seated in the store an impossible looking man with a bright blue cravat and a heavy overcoat of chestnut brown. His hair was curly and a trifle long, while the end of his nose bore a striking resemblance to a ripe tomato; on looking more closely Fabrec saw that one shoeless foot, encased in a flaming red sock, blossomed conspicuously on the small piece of green carpet reserved for customers. "He is not an Adonis," thought Fabrec, as he looked him over, "and he is evidently merely a customer," and contenting himself with this pleasing supposition, he lit a cigar and turned down the rue Maubeuge. At the end of an hour Fabrec came back, but the impossible man was still there with his shoeless foot resting on the small piece of green carpet. "Diable!" said the boulevardier, becoming as suspicious as Othello, and in the twinkling of an eye Fabrec had woven quite a little romance about the red sock and the golden-haired ingenue. Yes, the man with the long hair, he was convinced, was an artist, and the ingenue had been his model and he had come to coax her back, and in a jealous rage Fabrec broke his slender cane into fragments and walked away, determined never to return.

But the two blue forget-me-nots followed him into the silence of his den and that evening as he watched his cigar wreaths melt into air, he could think of nothing but the little brown figure with its aureola of golden hair. "Perhaps he had rashly judged her," he thought to himself, and to quiet his jealous fears, he determined to go early the following day and watch the happenings at the "Blue Turkish Slipper."

By eight o'clock the next morning he had stationed himself in the wine shop opposite the small store, and like a sentry on a watch-tower was awaiting the approach of the enemy; at precisely a quarter past eight, the impossible individual with the light chestnut overcoat and gay cravat entered the "Blue Turkish Slipper." Fabrec craned his neck to watch him, and to his dismay saw him imprint a kiss on the lips of the little ingenue, who raised her adorable blue forget-me-nots towards him in the same affectionate way in which she had always raised them towards Fabrec; then the blue cravat seated himself, removed his shoe and planted his foot on the small piece of green carpet. "The rascally blinder!" thought Fabrec, as he watched the performance.

But the boulevardier had seen enough for that day and fortified by a glass of rare old port, he lit his cigar and sauntered home.

For nearly a week he watched this performance of Romeo and Juliet from his sequestered corner in the wine shop; when one evening he happened to meet the little ingenue Blanche on the rue Montmartre. "Bon soir, monsieur," she said coyly, "you never come to see me any more."

At the sound of her voice Fabrec's anger passed away, and he did not even dare to ask her about the impossible individual in the light chestnut overcoat, and to her query as to why he had not called, he told her a lot of fairy tales.

The ingenue had again triumphed and Fabrec was once more her devoted slave. "Will Mademoiselle Blanche dine with me?" he asked anxiously and Mademoiselle, whose recollections of these superb little dinners were extremely pleasant at once accepted.

Unfortunately, just as they came out from the restaurant the impossible man with the blue cravat crossed them. "Ah, there is my employer," said the little ingenue, pointing towards the man, "and also my fiance; we are to be married on Sunday." "And my presents, Mademoiselle?" said Fabrec. "Ah, they shall adorn our little parlor," promptly responded the ingenue, with an indifferent little air. "Mamma always taught me to take every good thing that came my way—and so I accepted yours; but I must go, dear monsieur, adieu, adieu," and kissing her hand to Fabrec, she rushed down the street into the arms of the chestnut overcoat, while the boulevardier stood and watched her.

"A professional!" said he, as he struck a match to light his cigar and then he muttered to himself: "Why in the devil didn't I go to Brighton?"

[Adapted from the French by Beatrice Hastings.]

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This Clay is nothing more nor less than mud and water, which comes from a mine in Colorado. The Clay is perfectly harmless, will not stain the most delicate skin. Applied to the hair it changes it to beautiful shades, such as no hair dye has ever succeeded in producing. The color is regulated by the number of hours in the Clay bath—light shades from one-half hour to two hours—medium shades from two to six hours—dark from six to twelve hours. Gray hair can be changed to original color without changing the natural color, or the following tints with darker or lighter shades as desired: Black, brown, auburn and Titian red. Peroxide hair will take a rich golden or chestnut. Unlike dyes, the Clay stain is permanent, never wears off; can only be bleached off. The luxury of the shampoo can be indulged in at will as it does not effect the stain in any particular. The Clay never fails to leave the hair soft and glossy, and the one great point we claim for the Clay stain is its perfectly natural appearance. It defies detection. FRANCES C. SHERMAN

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Dramatic World

At the Show this Week

COLUMBIA—"The Girl from Maxim's"—vulgar, and rightly placed by New York on the index expurgatorius.

ALCAZAR.—"An Enemy to the King"—the company gives a fine presentation of the swashbuckling drama.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—End of the opera season and opening of the new stock, with Minnie Seligman.

TIVOLI—"The Geisha"—by the clever little Pollards, whose hit is immense.

ORPHEUM—"La Belle Tortajada" the bright, passionate star.

Francis Whitney's Career

From Chicago comes the story that Frank Butler is lying in a prison cell in that city—a self-confessed thief. Butler is best remembered as Francis Whitney and in his prime he was a member of Alice Oates, Emily Soldene and Emma Abbott's companies. He was in San Francisco when the Baldwin burned down and lost all his possessions in the fire. He then sang for nearly a year at the Tivoli, later going to Butte, Montana, and then to Chicago. He played the races, lost everything and then went from bad to worse financially, finally landing in jail. He is regarded, however, as a star prisoner, and gives plenty of pleasure to the other prisoners, as he is constantly singing. He is a handsome old man, six feet tall and well built. He seems like a caged canary.

They have in Greece an actress named Evangelina Paraskevopoulou, who is popularly called the Athenian Bernhardt. With such a name as that to pronounce, little wonder that the populace has invented something less mouth-filling. Life is not long enough to waste any of it in pronouncing ten-syllabled names, even if they are those of popular actresses.

John Luther Long's "Madame Butterfly" made something of a success as a magazine story. It made more in dramatic form and now it is to be turned into an opera with music by an Italian master. Mr. Long is reported to be collaborating with Belasco on a long play which deals with the Roman Empire, and will probably be as historic as most such dramas are.

Apropos of Ellen Terry's Retirement

From a correspondent who evidently writes with knowledge I learn that the real reason of Ellen Terry's retirement from the stage is that Irving is going to produce "Faust" next season. Ellen Terry feels that she would make a very inartistic picture as Marguerite, therefore she is willing to resign and let Cissy Loftus become her successor. Ellen Terry's retirement means an immense loss to the stage. Ada Rehan is the only living actress who is her equal in legitimate comedy. Terry's Portia is a character that stands by itself as an inimitable creation. The theatrical Terrys are a large family. Ellen's father was the famous comedian. Her sister Kate was as famed as Ellen, but she married over a score of years ago so the present generation scarcely remembers her triumphs. Marion Terry is another well known name in the theatrical world. Florence Terry acted awhile and then left the stage. Fred Terry married the great stage beauty, Julia Neilson, and both Charles Terry and his son became actors. Gordon and Ailsa Craig are Ellen's children and another of the Terry grandchildren is Mabel Terry Lewis. The London stage will probably never be without its Terry. Ellen made her American debut eighteen years ago. Her last visit to San Francisco was about ten years ago.

Tivoli Weddings

Marriages are not infrequent among the members of the Tivoli stock company, and Cupid seems to find easy targets among the singers of love ditties. The latest to succumb to the blind god were Miss Raymond, a pretty chorus girl, and Arthur Cunningham. Their marriage was a quiet one, and they were not anxious to have the fact get about, but it did, and now they are receiving congratulations. Probably the

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CONTINUATION OF EXTRAORDINARY AUCTION SALE

OF REAL ESTATE

The following choice and select list of improved and unimproved properties will be sold for the heirs of the late William A. Piper, at our salesroom, Monday, December 16, 1901, at 12 o'clock noon, by order of Gustave H. Umbsen, sole referee, subject to confirmation by the Superior Court.

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This choice corner would pay handsomely if properly improved. Lot 70x120, three frontages.

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Southeast corner Bush St. This choice investment consists of two corners, with five elegant 2-story and basement houses of 14 rooms and bath each. Rents $315 per month. Lot 120x114.6.

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Two desirable building lots 25x120 each, fronting on Bush St. and Fern Ave. Will be sold separately.

1212 to 1226 POLK ST.

Southeast corner Bush St. This choice business property consists of two corners, and is close to the transfer point of Sutter and Polk Sts. Improvements consists of eight stores and three flats, with frame buildings, Nos. 1325-1329 Bush St. Rents $390 per month. Lot 120x150, three frontages.

McALLISTER ST.

Near junction of Market and Jones Sts. This choice business property could be made to yield handsomely if properly improved. Lot 123x87.6 irregular.

CITY HALL AVENUE.

Between Leavenworth and City Hall Square. Two choice building lots, 25x100 each.

212 WASHINGTON ST.

Between Front and Davis Sts. Improvements consist of frame building. Rents $60 per month. Lot 22x120 to Oregon St.

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Portion of Block 441, lot 100x400, three frontages.
" " " 466, " 100x400, three frontages.
" " " 492, " 100x300, two frontages.
" " " 513, " 100x400, three frontages.
" " " 512, " 100x200, two frontages.
" " " 475, " 100x300, two frontages.
" " " 514, " 100x400, three frontages.
" " " 520, " 200x200, three frontages.
" " " 518, " 100x150, two frontages.

GIFT MAP. NO. 3.

Elsie St., west line, between Esmeralda and Cose Sts. Lots 364, 366, 367 and 368, 25x70 each.

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Friday Afternoon, December 13, at 3:15 sharp

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Orchestra of Fifty-five Musicians

Reserved Seats $1.50, $1.00, 75c and 50c., on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, next Tuesday morning at nine o'clock. Subscription Sale closes this afternoon at five o'clock. Price for three concerts, $3.50, $2.25, $1.75, $1.25.

"Will you join me?" "Well, yes, in a drink of Chapin & Gore."

most talked of Tivoli marriage was that of Tillie Salinger and Phil Branson. Everybody knew of their engagement for weeks beforehand, also that a difference in religion barred their union. However, they leaped over the obstruction and had a Unitarian clergyman perform the ceremony at a local hall, before a crush of invited guests.

Attractions Next Week

A notable engagement begins at the Columbia on Monday when Jeff d' Angelis opens in "A Royal Rogue." The comedy opera is by Charles Klein and W. T. Francis and is said to be an excellent vehicle for the comedian's talent. Henry Norman and Charles Dungan, both San Francisco favorites, are with the company. "Janice Meredith" and Mary Mannering will follow.

The little Pollards will remain only one more week at the Tivoli, much to the regret of everybody, for they have constantly gained in favor. "In Town," one of the London Gaiety's great hits, will be their offering next week. One of the acts shows the green room of a theatre. All the parts are well distributed. Matinees on Saturday only; on the sixteenth the Tivoli stock company returns in "Red Riding Hood," the holiday attraction.

One of last season's Alcazar successes, "Christopher Jr.," will be given next week, but as the characters will be in new hands it will have the odor of novelty. "The Gay Mr. Lightfoot" will follow and then will come "Charley's Aunt."

The fire scene in "The Streets of New York" is remarkably realistic but it will be matched by some of the stage effects in "The Electrician," the Central's next bill. "Under the Gaslight" next.

Norma Whalley will be at the Orpheum next week in a sketch in which will appear the popular J. Sherrie Mathews, Sam Marion and W. H. McCart. A burlesque of the cross examination scene in "Mrs. Dane's Defense" is one of the sketch's features. Flo Irwin, May Irwin's sister but who stands on her own merits, will appear with Walter Hawley in a sketch written by the latter. Fred Niblo will be back with some new stories and the Fraser dancers will be on the bill. All the stars of this week's admirable program are among the holdovers.

Minnie Seligman opened last night at the Grand, and her engagement promises well. "The Crust of Society" is a story drama and appeals to an audience, owing to its strong situations and clever dialogue. Next week's attraction will be Sardou's great play "A Wife's Peril."

— *The Playgoer.*

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Christmas in Mexico, the City of Delights - J. Torrey Connor
Legend of the Mission Dolores (Poem) - Ella M. Sexton
Luther Burbank, Man, Methods and Achievements
Prof. Edward J. Wickson
Garden of the Willow-Pattern Plate - - Irene Connell
The North Wind (Poem) - - - - Clarence Urmy
Winter at El Montecito (Poem) - Harriet Winthrop Waring
Carnations by the Sea - - - - - Edna Robinson
In the Drifts of the Demshar (Story) - Warren Cheney
The Triennial Convention—A Retrospect - H. Robt. Braden
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AMUSEMENTS

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Second Concert Tuesday Evening, December 10th at 8:15

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Music World

Samuel Adelstein has of late played many times in musical functions, both public and private, with the success that always marks his work. His appearances are greeted with pleasure on both sides of the bay, where he is equally well known.

The Colonial quartet, composed of Mrs. Marriner-Campbell's pupils—Mrs. Mead and the Misses Kerr, Roberts and Arden—sang at the Century club's reception to Madame Gadski and David Bispham on Wednesday afternoon of last week, and won many compliments from the great singers, Mr. Bispham desiring one number repeated for his especial benefit.

Hugo Mansfeldt has returned, and if he is to believed there is nothing on the other side of the water that can be worthily compared to our own beloved California—even to the privilege of hanging on to a strap in a crowded street-car, a thing utterly unknown in either Germany or France, where no more are admitted to a conveyance than can very comfortably be accommodated. He is looking well, and is quite ready to take up his musical duties with a zest born of exile in foreign lands.

The concert given at the Presidio last Wednesday night for the entertainment of the convalescent soldiers was a very enjoyable affair and a great success. Numbers were given by Miss Helen Darling, E. V. Maginty, Miss Elsa V. Koch, Herbert Williams, Miss Ella V. McCloskey, Miss Lily Roeder, Edward and Queen Montgomery. A particularly appropriate feature of the program was the singing by Miss McCloskey of two songs, the first for the soldier boys, "When I'm Big I'll Be a Soldier for the Army Men," and for the Jackies, "The Jolly Sailors." Miss McCloskey has a voice of such sympathetic quality it is a delight to hear her sing and this occasion her number was greatly enjoyed. The program was under the direction of Mrs. Buckingham of the California club, and Mrs. Girard, wife of Colonel Girard.

The California Conservatory of Music gave an enjoyable evening on Friday of last week with a program of unusual interest, inasmuch as Mr. Bendix and Nathan Landsberger rendered some numbers for violin and piano, among others the Beethoven sonata No. 8. Mr. Landsberger is again the head of the violin department, and he and Mr. Bendix have played together so often it is a delight to listen to so happy a combination. The conservatory will give the first invitation pupils' recital on the tenth, opening the public work of the new term. It is interesting to note that during the last fortnight there have been applications for admittance to the conservatory from Minnesota, Kentucky, Oregon and Washington, as well as from many places in California. This is in the minds of many only one of the various signs of growth musically, in San Francisco, which seems to have taken a big jump toward progression and at last shows unmistakable evidence of being one of the foremost cities from a musical standpoint in the United States.

Farewell Week of the Opera

Never in any of Sembrich's roles here has her voice displayed the power and sweetness that it did on Wednesday night of last week. Her part was well fitted to her capabilities dramatically and gave her the opportunity to show how she can juggle with her voice and still retain perfect sweetness of tone even on the topmost notes. There seems to be no limit to Sembrich's vocal acquirements; her runs, trills and arpeggi are crystal purity, with a quality so like a violin string, the difference is difficult of detection where the violins and voice come together. She is one of the truly great, and her genius is of an order that places her on the topmost pinnacle, with no rival, or even an equal, in her class of work. As an exponent of the old Italian operas her style is perfect, and she is without a peer. I have been told that in Europe Sembrich is not alone considered the equal of

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SUMMONS IN DIVORCE

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

Department No. 5

FLORENCE G. TILTON, Plaintiff
vs.
CHARLES O. TILTON, Defendant

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of sa'd Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:
CHARLES O. TILTON, Defendant

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the grounds of defendant's wilful neglect and wilful desertion of plaintiff also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 30th day of October in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and one.

[SEAL.] WM. A. DEANE, Clerk.
By E M. THOMPSON, Deputy Clerk.

A. W. THOMPSON, Plaintiff's Attorney,
Rooms 567-568 Parrott Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of Ellen Thomas, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Ilene Thomas, Executrix of the last will and testament of Ellen Thomas, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executrix at the office of John J. Barrett, Room 411, Parrott Building, No. 855 Market Street, San Francisco, California, the same being her place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Ilene Thomas, Executrix of the last Will and Testament of Ellen Thomas, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, November 30, 1901.

JOHN J. BARRETT,
Attorney for Executrix, Parrott Building.

THE

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SEASON 1901-1902

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Patti, but in many places her superior. Certain it is that she has completely won the hearts of San Franciscans, and her reception on each succeeding appearance was one that a queen would not scorn to acknowledge. In "Don Pasquale" the cast was one of unusual merit, even for the Grau combination. The second production of "The Meistersinger" was even better than the first, and was attended by a thoroughly appreciative audience, though I did hear one woman say she could not understand what it was all about and that it seemed all a muddle of noise to her, at which the young man with her assured her that Wagner was a fad that would die in time like other fads, and that people who said they liked Wagner said so because they were afraid to say anything else for fear of being out of the fashion. For his part, he did not believe a single person existed who really liked Wagner's music if he were to be honest about it—this in these enlightened times when Wagner is conceded by the least musical ones to be a great and wonderful master of his art. It would appear that the music is in itself beautiful enough to appeal to the appreciation at least of the most ignorant. "The Meistersinger" is so tuneful and so nearly akin to the more modern type of music one cannot understand how it is possible for any one to fail of enjoyment in it, particularly as the stage pictures alone are of a character that a child might understand and appreciate. Sembrich sat through two acts of "The Meistersinger" in the Grau box on Thursday night, and was not the last by any means to applaud the singers.

It was nothing less than heroic for Eames to attempt "Aida" in the face of her recent illness, and those who were close to the stage on Friday night could see that she often repressed a fit of coughing by a great effort. Nevertheless, she sang so well and her work was done with such a degree of womanly tenderness and feeling that it made of "Aida" a new creation. Once only did Eames' voice fail to respond to the demands that were being made upon it, and that was when she reached for a high note that did not come. The house held its breath, and every heart in the big audience went out instantly to the great singer in her momentary distress. In a trice it was forgotten, for the opportunity came again, and the note was taken clear and sweet as a bell. A more lovely "Aida" can scarcely be conceived, and the ovation that she received, the bravas, shouts and excitement that swayed the house after the close of the Nile scene, and the calls and recalls, are something to be remembered in years to come. Louise Homer, in the character of "Amneris," had a little triumph all her own for the dramatic force she displayed in the interpretation of the jealous and vengeful princess. She was a splendid "Amneris" last year, and has improved if anything since then. She made a striking figure, and was a splendid foil to the captive and heartsick "Aida," as Eames painted her.

Gadski was a charming "Elsa" in the Sunday night performance of "Lohengrin," and sang the part with a depth of feeling she does not often surpass. Bispham's Talramund and Homer's Ortrud were equal to other work they have both done along the same lines. Blass and Muhlmann were excellent, and Dippel seemed born for the title part. I have never seen him in anything that displayed to such an extent the depth of emotion which he is capable of portraying in his singing, and never has his voice sounded better. It is a particularly sweet voice and singularly pure in tone, well fitted for so lofty a character. Sembrich repeated former successes in "The Barber of Seville" on Saturday afternoon, and Calve in the evening gave her "Carmen" somewhat apathetically. * * * "La Boheme" was given on Monday night, and was happily cast. Suzanne Adams is a Mimi that could not well be improved upon. Her singing all through had just the right ring in it and in the last act in the sad ending of Mimi brought tears to the eyes of all who heard her. Her voice has a touchingly sweet quality. Fritzi Scheff's Musetta was given with dash. De Marchi's Rodolfo was as fine a piece of work as we have seen him in. Scotti as the artist friend was the perfect picture of the French Bohemian and the other parts were also finely portrayed. One of the prettiest touches of nature comes in the second act where an old woman sits on the corner of the square watching the antics of the young people, mending rents in their ruffles and laces, when called on, and in the meantime busily sewing carpet rags. It is just such little things that make up the important points in a stage picture.

Leaders of the ton prefer Chapin & Gore's old Reserve Bourbon and Rye Whiskies to any other brands.

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Among the Music Studios

R. W. Lucy, the well known pianist, has made a pleasant change in his domestic arrangements, and one that will no doubt be welcomed by his friends as well, since he is known to be of a most hospitable disposition. Mr. Lucy has removed from the Hotel Beresford to a flat in Ellis street, No. 1122, where he has also his studio. Later on, when he has become well settled in his new home, we may expect to hear of occasional musicales and what not in the way of musical entertainment.

Miss Eleanor Connell will give tomorrow afternoon the second of the monthly "At Homes" that she will give regularly on the first Saturday of each month from four until six, at her pretty studio in the Blythe block, 14 Grant avenue. Although Miss Connell is in the midst of a busy season notwithstanding the fact that she returned only four months ago from New York, she finds time to see friends and many delicious luncheons and suppers have been enjoyed in the company of the congenial.

An enjoyable affair was an informal musicale given by Arthur Fickenscher and his charming bride to a few friends, at their rooms, 855 Bush street, a fortnight since. There was an impromptu program performed by the following well known musicians: Mrs. Carrie Brown-Dexter, Mrs. Sedgeley-Beynolds, Mr. van Linghem, Samuel Savannah and Mr. Fickenscher himself, who played at the urgent request of his guests a number of Wagnerian selections of his own arrangement, as well as some from Schumann, Liszt and others, showing his versatility and splendid command of the instrument. A Petite Suite for piano and violin, by Cesar Cui, a Russian composer, was played for the first time here, by Mr. Fickenscher and Mr. Savannah.

Second Pasmore Concert

The second of the Pasmore concerts will take place in Maple hall of the Palace hotel next Tuesday evening with a finer program even than that of the first which proved so popular. The soloists on this occasion will be Miss Adelaide Birchler, a pupil of Mr. Pasmore, whose rich contralto has attracted not a little attention in former appearances, Dorothy Pasmore, the youngest of the Pasmore trio, who will give a cello solo, and Mary Pasmore the violinist of the trio whose finished work at the last concert won for her many golden opinions. Beside the solos there will be Liza Lehman's Persian Garden setting, which was first introduced to San Francisco by Mr. Pasmore, and many other fine numbers which would take too much space to enumerate. Mr. Pasmore is an enthusiast and anything that he undertakes is bound to be a success. The third concert, to be given on January fifteenth, 1902, has also many attractions to offer. The accompanists will be Arthur Fickenscher and Fred Maurer.

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The Symphony Season

The subscription for the season of three symphony concerts has been large and next Friday afternoon the Grand Opera House is sure to be crowded on the occasion of the initial concert. Paul Steindorff is the leader of the new symphony orchestra. Friday's program will be: Academic Overture, J. Brahms; Im Walde (In the Forest) Symphony No. 3, F major, Joachim Raff; German and Spanish from "Aus aller Herren Laender," suite, M. Moszkowsky; Serenade for Strings, No. 2, F major, R. Volkmann; Rakoczy March, Fr. Liszt. The sale of seats will begin at Sherman, Clay and Co.'s next Tuesday morning, the prices being $1.50, $1.00, 75 cents and 50 cents, according to location. The concert will begin at 3:15 sharp, the doors will open at 2:30, and no one will be seated during the performance of a number.

—*The Music Critic.*



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NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT

Tabasco Agricultural Company

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Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 4th day of December, 1901, an assessment (No. 1) of Five dollars per share was levied upon the capital stock of the Corporation payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary at the office of the Company, Room 308 Parrott Building, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on **Monday** the sixth (6th) day of January, 1902, will be delinquent and advertized for sale at public auction and unless payment is made before will be sold on **Wednesday**, the twenty-second (22nd) day of January 1902, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

J. F. BURGIN, Secretary.

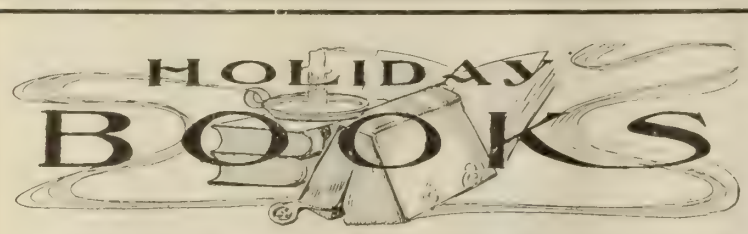
Office—Room 308 Parrott Building, on Market street, San Francisco, California.

Mr. John Haraden Pratt, F. C. M., organist and director of the choir of St. Mary the Virgin, Steiner and Union streets, was recently called upon to furnish his translation of Concone's Mass in F., including an independent part for the cornet, to Trinity church, of Peru, Indiana. It was performed there on Thanksgiving day. The use of the cornet is one of the special features of St. Mary's music.

"It seems just like home, don't you know," said the English lord at the Palace last Saturday.

"What! Do you consider San Francisco resembles London?" questioned the interviewer, with a pleased smile.

"Not exactly the city, you know—it's the fog."



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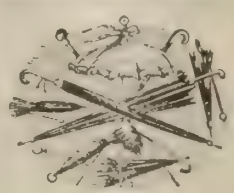
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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, December 14, 1901

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OUR OPINION

Too Much Schooling

The topic of child labor is just now up for its periodic discussion and the usual amount of hysterical shrieking is to be heard. It is an undeniable truth that the working of children in factories and fields is an evil, and that lazy and incompetent parents should be deterred from seeking their own ease at the expense of the welfare of their children. It is an economical fact that where women are wage-earners they displace men at lower rates of compensation, and where children can be utilized they in turn take the place of their mothers and grown sisters. There are many parents willing to add to their incomes by putting their children of tender years into stores and factories where they acquire little information or experience which will be of assistance to them in their riper years. But the shriekers against the employment of children, one and all, base their objections on the contention that the children "ought to be in school," and the cry is that they should be at their desks until they are at least sixteen. Now, schooling is the fetich of the age—schooling, not education. One result of so much school-going is to prolong the period of adolescence and irresponsibility. We have pupils in the grammar schools who are infants so far as their mental capacity is concerned when they are within a year or two of their legal majority, and the colleges and universities are filled with men of twenty-five or more, still intent on football scores and track records, when at the same age their grandfathers had established themselves in business or cleared pioneer farms. Boys and girls are kept in school long after they should be apprenticed to handicrafts, in the dim hope that something genteel will turn up for them and that they need not soil their hands. Seldom is the American boy apprenticed to trade. The ranks of the carpenters, painters, bricklayers and other handicrafts are recruited from foreign workmen most of whom learned their trade abroad. The over-schooled American youth tries to be a lawyer, dentist, or agent. He is not going to don overalls when he sees a chance to wear his Sunday suit every day. Schooling, misnamed education, is regarded as a patent medicine, capable of curing all failings, from a stone bruise on a bare toe to lack of hair on a bald head. A few years ago the *Examiner* was clamoring for such a change in the school sessions of the interior as would permit of the children engaging in the fruit orchards, hop fields and canneries, and earning the money which otherwise would go to Chinese and Japanese. The change was made, and now, when country boys and girls have settled comfortably down to a month or two of work, by which they earn enough to purchase books and clothing which enable them to continue longer at school, the same paper sets up a howl over their employment in such places. Schooling in these days is made entirely too common. Up to a certain point all children should be educated. They should be taught to read intelligently, to write legibly, spell with some approximation of correctness, express their ideas both in writing and orally, and to understand the simple operations of mathematics. The child who, at fourteen, after six or eight years of instruction, has not learned this much is entitled to no more. There are hundreds of boys and girls in the upper grades of our public schools who would be as well off at work as they are at school, and there are as many hundred little children crammed into unsuitable rooms for lack of better accommodation. It is one thing for little children of from five to seven years to be employed all day long, and often half the night, as they are in the cotton factories of Georgia, for barely enough to pay for their meagre food. It is quite another thing for big, lusty California farm lads to sit comfortably in the shade, out doors, and pick clean hops from the vines, or gather grapes and prunes; nor is there anything especially provocative of tears when their sisters, full grown women in size and strength, devote a few weeks of their summer play-time to paring fruit in a cannery. Two generations ago girls of sixteen married, reared large families, spun and wove the cloth and made the clothing for their households, and carried on all the work of a farmhouse with little if any help, and without the aid of modern conveniences. They had precious little schooling, but they seem to have managed without it. They could make good, palatable bread, if they knew nothing of chemistry, and they knew how to do the things that were necessary. Too much theorizing and too much idle time are the curse of the present age. More work is the very thing that is needed. Great boys and girls who merely "go to school," with no definite object in view but to kill time, would be much better off in a work-shop after their twelfth year instead of being permitted to dawdle over books.

Justice for Poor Lo

President Roosevelt evidently intends to give his personal attention to every subject which comes up, and the members of the Cabinet are apt to find themselves chief deputies. For considerably more than a quarter of a century the condition of the remnant of the Mission Indians of California has attracted more or less desultory attention, and always there has been a vague "something" about to be done, but always the result has been the same—a mere flurry, and the subject dropped for one of greater interest. President Roosevelt has summoned Charles F. Lummis, editor of the *Land of Sunshine*, to confer with him, and as Mr. Lummis is well primed with facts and knows by observation as much as any one can know, there is every probability that these outcasts, once a civilized and self-supporting people, will have something done towards the amelioration of their condition. When the Missions of California were at their best, these aborigines were gathered in and taught such rudiments of religion and book lore as they were capable of assimilating, and they were given better and more useful learning in handicrafts, agriculture and cattle raising. There was no attempt made to convert the savages into gentlemen and scholars, but only to reclaim them from their wild life and make them useful and self-supporting. The Missions had large holdings, and the padres taught their neophytes to till the soil and care for the sheep and cattle, to make and to mend the tools they needed, and in short, to fit themselves to be useful members of society. The Mission period, as it is commonly called, extended in round numbers over seventy years, and during that time, unaided from government or outside sources, with no Board of Missions at their backs to wheedle reluctant pennies from confiding innocents, the Franciscans accomplished more than the government and the missionary societies together have ever attempted. The Indians of the Pacific Coast, too, were about as poor a quality of raw material as the planet afforded. But when, for one reason or another, the Mission lands were confiscated and a great hue and cry raised over the enslavement of the aborigines, what did the interested philanthropists do by way of provision for them? When the padres no longer had fields and vineyards, or herds of cattle or workshops in which to employ their wards, and being without means to support them, the Indians soon showed signs of deterioration and relapsed very nearly to their original condition. They had not yet been long enough under discipline for the majority of them to be able to do without guidance, and they had no land of their own on which to continue to practice the homely arts of husbandry which they had learned. They lived on sufferance, here and there, establishing villages and communities, but as soon as their toil had cleared the land and put it in shape to remunerate them, they were either forcibly driven off by new settlers, or removed by order of the government. Reservations were set apart for them in places where the land was unproductive, or the water scarce, or the site for other reasons unattractive to the white man. The result is that the Indian of today is, in the main, a shiftless idler, hanging about the outskirts of the towns, content to beg or to steal, sullen, indifferent and a cumberer of the ground. Some few there are who cherish the tradition of the days of the Missions, but the majority have added to the Indian characteristics the vices of the white race. At the close of the Mission period, such of the Indians as had been connected with the Missions were probably as nearly civilized as it is possible for them to become, that they should have been allotted land on which to have supported themselves. It will be but tardy justice if some provision is now made for the remnant which is still reclaimable. The result of the secularization of the Mission land on the Pacific Coast was not so beneficial to the natives that the government should be in any great haste to carry out the same policy in the territory lately acquired from Spain.

Respectability in the Legal Profession

The litigation involving Nome mining properties and the contempt cases that grew out of it afforded a fine insight of the ways of the legal profession. The litigation was so complicated and involved and developed so many side issues, that the average layman found it difficult to follow intelligently the history of the cases. The dailies published the story of the proceedings in disconnected chapters and failed to present a recapitulation or a review that would serve to enlighten the public as to the origin of the controversy, or the motives and methods of the lawyers. Yet there has never been a case which more strikingly illustrated the elasticity of the methods of the legal profession. Lawyers love to boast of their professional ethics and they like to prate about the dignity of the law and the sanctity of the bench, but their ethics are never permitted to stand in the way of a fee and the sanctity of the bench is a mere fiction invented to awe laymen. The only lawyers that regard with reverence and respect the judicial ermine are the fledglings that labor under the delusion that cases are decided on the law and the evidence. It is experience only that teaches them that there are other things that sway judges. And with experience they become skilled in the practice of their profession, and become recognized as successful and brilliant as well as respectable attorneys. For the respectability of an attorney is gauged by the number and wealth of his clients. In the Nome cases some of the most respectable attorneys at the San Francisco bar were arrayed against one another. And the history of this case shows that at the beginning the first undertaking of both sides was

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to capture the court. The side against which the first order of the court was made sought succor in charges of corruption, and thereafter the litigation began to reek with crimination and recrimination. The practices of the attorneys were of a most scandalous character, and their conduct has been little short of infamous. They have given testimony for the purpose of blackening character, which they knew to be contrary to rules of evidence. They have sought to elicit testimony which they knew the witnesses had no right to divulge, and nothing short of a threat of disbarment proceedings could effect a halt. Yet, these attorneys are counted respectable as respectable attorneys go. They are no worse than other eminent attorneys who belong to swell clubs, and who help to support churches, and who occasionally criticise newspapers, and who pretend to be shocked at the yellow journals. The fact is that the morality of the legal profession is lower than that of any other. The honest, upright attorney who prefers to try a case before an honest jury and an incorruptible judge, who resorts to neither political pull nor fraternal influence to win, is a rara avis. But the ethics of the profession are popularly supposed to be very strict.

The Saunterer

A Handsome Coat

When the women were not looking at the pictures last Friday night, at the opening reception of the Bohemian club art exhibition, they were gazing at Mrs. Isaac Trumbo's wrap. Some handsome frocks and some handsome coats were worn by other feminine guests, but Mrs. Trumbo's coat was particularly stunning. It was of brown velvet, appliqued in a lighter shade, and was heavily bordered with sable tails. Mrs. Trumbo is a tall and very pretty woman and would attract notice anywhere, but on this occasion her wrap distracted admiration from the wearer. The reception was very pleasant and was attended by most of the members and their womenkind. A light supper was served, and there was punch betweenwhiles, while a stringed orchestra—possibly the one Walter Damrosch objected to—was stationed beneath the great owl on the second stairway, and discoursed sweet music.

The Pictures

Though the showing is not so large as it was last year, in quality it is far superior. There are not so many of what the artists themselves call "Christmas cards" and which remind one of the decorations on superior candy-box covers. It is a sedate exhibition of very earnest work. The hanging was so well managed that not a painting fails to show to its best advantage. Quite a few sport the "sold" label, which means a merry Christmas to the fortunate artist on whose work it appears. Breuer, whom many consider the truly great one of the Bohemian painters, shows some robust works. "Sand-dunes" and "Evening Afterglow" strike me as being excellent exemplars of Breuer's style, so noteworthy for qualities of atmosphere and sentiment. Breuer catches Nature in her choicest moods. Cadenasso's works enthuse everybody. There is rare beauty of color and tone in "At Spring Time," and "A Gray Day" and "Storm" are striking studies. Gamble has nine pictures in the exhibition, among others a new treatment of "Poppies," showing the golden flowers in patches, a small canvas but effective. Judson's "Wind Swept Pines" is a remarkable treatment of wind and trees, a field that formerly Cadenasso had practically to himself. Latimer shows some vivid and vigorous works, among which "Bursting Through the Fog" holds the attention. McComas and Peters both have treatments of the "House of the Four Winds—Monterey" and the difference in their styles renders the comparison interesting.

In the limits of a paragraph or two it is impossible to touch upon all of the works and artists. Welch, invading Hill's field, shows three Yosemite views, while the latter has but two. Stanton's fisher studies, Robinson's "Land's End," Peters' moon- and sun-lights, Mathew's "Passing of Luna," Martinez' "Offering to Hitzilopochtlic," Davis' "After the Shower," Bloomer's "Trees on a Stormy Coast," and Seawell's "Berkeley Hills" are only a few of the many fine canvases on view. Strauss shows three works; one large one "Founding the Mission." Harry Fonda does not do himself credit with his large canvas, "Eventide," a shepherd girl resting on a hill with a background of trees. The face of the woman is thoughtful and in harmony with the subject, but the muddy shadows give an unpleasing impression.

The Portraits

Interest in the portraits is always greater than that shown in the landscapes and marines, no doubt because to appreciate a portrait, art culture is not always necessary. Orrin Peck's study of Mrs. Wheeler shows its subject in the best light. She is in sporting costume and the pose is easy and natural. Peck's portrait of Miss Apperson is also a tenuous treatment. Clawson's portrait of Alice Tevis must have pleased the little girl's grandmother, who is, I believe, the one for whom it was painted. It is a most charming pose of the pretty child. The same artist's portrait of Ruth Kirkpatrick is dashingly free and broad. The subject is gowned in red with a tawny fur boa carelessly cast about her shoulders; the hands are invisible. Dickman has a portrait of Raphael Weill, remarkable for its simplicity and truthfulness, in quite a different vein from his fisher canvas, "After the Storm," but not less admirable. Carlson has four por-

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traits—all good—Mrs. Charles Lux, Worthy Ames, Philip Code and Dr. Harkness. Martinez' portraits of Consul A. K. Coney and his three boys are interesting.

To Enter the Swim

Another Californian girl is about to be ushered into the New York swim. I refer to Miss Emily Taylor, daughter of the late Stuart Taylor, who was at one time Naval Officer in this city. She has the good fortune to be the niece of Mrs. Pierre Lorillard, whose husband died less than six months ago. Mrs. Lorillard is arranging for a big ball, to be given in honor of her niece on the eighteen instant. Some of the smart set pretend to be shocked at the thought of a ball so soon after the death of Pierre Lorillard, and it has been suggested that funeral baked meats may be on the menu at Sherry's, where the ball is to be given. But there were differences in the Lorillard family, and the millionaire had a mistress. And it is said to be the custom in New York socety when there has been a difference in a family to celebrate the death of a party to the feud with feasting and merriment.

"Virtue is a disease," said Percy Epigram, preparing for a burst of applause from his fellow clubmen.

"Well, it's lucky you can't catch it," returned Percy's vis-a-vis.

"And it isn't likely to become contagious here," added another.

Tried to Direct the Joliffe Girls

The rumor that Blanche Bates is to marry Frank Worthing at an early date is likely to make several hearts go pit-a-pat in this burg. When they two were playing here with the Frawley company there were whisperings that their affections were entangled and that Dan Cupid was playing high pranks. During that engagement Worthing was the idol of the goo-goo matinee girl and a frequent caller at certain homes in one wing of the smart set. Perhaps the Joliffe domicile made him most welcome. The family has not been so coldly averse to welcoming actors since one of the stage-struck daughters cast her lot with the Thespian throng. In this instance, however, Actor Worthing's visits became so frequent that the Joliffe set began to whisper "have you noticed" things to each other, and even Brother-in-law Rudolph Spreckels began "to sit up and take notice." He watched matters for a time and then he deemed it prudent to summon a family council. He opened up the discussion with a bold pronunciamento that Mr. Worthing was visiting the house very much too often; that it could only occasion remarks like, etc., etc.—and for the reasons that, etc., etc.—it had better stop. The jolly Joliffe girls met him squarely, boldly and defiantly, and pooh-poohed his premises and conclusions. Warmed up by the discussion with his lively tormentors, he hastily delivered his ultimatum: "Choose between your actor friend and me." "Worthing! Worthing!" they shouted, "we choose Worthing every time." And they shrieked with laughter when Brother Rudolph, muttering something not about sugar, hastily left the room. By the end of the week he was over his tiff with his wife's sisters and let them have their own way in handling the matter, as they did in a very sensible way. But Brother Rudolph will no doubt now give a shrug of satisfaction on hearing the rumor that Frank Worthing is likely soon to be snared in the matrimonial meshes where he can't even threaten any harm.

Leaders of the ton prefer Chapin & Gore's old Reserve Bourbon and Rye Whiskies to any other brands.

The Beauty Spot Revived

A Pacific avenue belle who returned from Paris a short time ago affects the black patch or beauty spot which was in vogue some years ago, and she declares that it has come into fashion again on the continent. As there is a decided leaning toward eighteenth century fashions, despite their absurdities, I suppose we are destined to see the funny black patch enhancing seductive dimples again and accentuating rose-leaf complexions. If the black patch could be used to some more effective purpose, as it was in the old days in Paris, when every woman carried a little gold or silver box in her pocket containing a mirror, some rouge and *des mouches*, as the plasters were called, I should be willing to welcome them once more. In those days each patch had its proper name according to its location. Below the eye it was "passionate"; on the forehead, "majestic"; near the lips, "coquette"; at the corner of the mouth, "kiss"; etc.

Scott's Washington Experience

Washington society has vindicated my judgment in the matter of Scott hospitality. According to the despatches Mr. Henry T. Scott has been given the frapped shoulder at the Nation's capital, because society there feels that as he entertained the President of the United States at his private residence and then collected compensation from the citizens of San Francisco he placed himself below the level of an ordinary tavern-keeper. Of course, the matter is susceptible of no other view, but the local press dealt very leniently with Mr. Scott. And Mr. Scott showed his contempt for the press later on by his treatment of its representatives on the occasion of his daughter's marriage. In Washington they have a finer sense of the proprieties and of the decencies of social intercourse than have the pretenders of San Francisco's mushroom aristocracy, and therefore I am not surprised at the snubbing of Mr. Scott. He may solace himself, however, in the reflection that he stands all right at Blingum.

She May See Edward Crowned

I hear it rumored that Mrs. Henry T. Scott is thinking of going over to the Coronation of Edward VII. I can hardly give credence to the rumor, however, for I understood that Mrs. Scott forswore allegiance to the British throne after a certain Queen's

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Drawing Room, at which a Miss Scott was to have been received as the daughter of an Englishwoman of pedigree. Still, it is not improbable that she may go over to the Coronation as the wife of one of the men that built the *Oregon*. They have great admiration for big guns of the Navy in England. But of course it would be embarrassing if some one were to ask if she was the wife of the one that entertained McKinley.

Preston-Ames

There will be a great crush at Norma Preston's wedding next Monday, as both the Preston and Ames families have remembered all their numerous acquaintances in sending out the invitations. The ceremony will be performed in Grace church at three o'clock in the afternoon.

What a Pair of Earrings Built

Christmas tide always brings a great deal of work for the kindergarten visitors, among whom are numbered many of our smartest society girls. One of these was telling the other day how it was that the Union street kindergartens got their start. It was shortly after the great Thanksgiving carnival ball, twenty-one years ago. The first prize for the best dressed woman present was a pair of valuable diamond earrings, donated by Colonel Andrews. The prize was won by a professional but according to the rules of the affair it could not be awarded outside the amateur ranks. It was therefore retained by the committee. Colonel Andrews said he had given the prize and he did not want his earrings back. Therefore by general vote the diamond ornaments were given to the kindergarten association to be raffled off. This was done at a big entertainment, at which swelldom assisted and which netted eight hundred dollars. This sum laid the foundation of the Union street kindergartens.

The Noyes Contempt Case

The fate of Judge Noyes is to be determined by the Circuit Court of Appeals next Monday, and there is considerable speculation in legal circles as to what is in store for the jurist from Nome. The case was one that promoted more mud slinging than was ever witnessed in a Federal court and large quantities of the slush is still sticking to many of the distinguished attorneys who were engaged in the exceptionally bitter controversy. It is the impression of lawyers about town that Judge Noyes has been treated in a manner which reflected great discredit on the profession. And some of them are of the opinion that the real *amicus curiae* in the case was the attorney for the accused judge, and not the one who represented the mine owners. In discussing the case the other day, a prominent lawyer remarked that the trouble with Judge Noyes was that he was too frank. He told of some things that he had done for friends which were not inconsistent with honesty, but as San Francisco attorneys have always had to pay for such things they naturally suspected Judge Noyes of being crooked.

Too Much Dignity

Apropos of the Noyes' case I am reminded that in every case in which a pardon has been issued by the President of the United States to a person jailed for contempt of the Federal court, the alleged offense was against the dignity of the Circuit court of this district. I believe there are nine such cases. From this record one might judge that the Circuit court of this district has an exaggerated notion of the deference due. Some judges are prone to lose sight of the fact that the liberty of the citizen is more sacred than the dignity of the court. The Chicago judge who sought to jail Editor Lawrence of the *American* had his vision obscured by the towering shadow of his self-importance, but the old reliable writ of habeas corpus was successfully invoked by the journalist. We all owe respect to our courts but the best way for a judge to command respect is to deserve it.

Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt has lately returned from a year's travel in Europe. Mrs. Hugo Mansfeldt is at present in Paris and will remain there until after the holidays.

Senator Perkins Behind a Real Estate Deal

From the press despatches I learn that Senator Perkins has fathered a bill which provides for the appropriation of over three million dollars for the purchase of a site for a new custom house in this city, and for the erection of the building. Some time ago Congress appropriated over one million dollars for the erection of a building for a custom house in this city, but now it appears that somebody objects to the present site. Probably no better site could be found, but Senator Perkins is, I suppose, acquainted with somebody who has an available site to sell. His bill provides for the appointment of a committee to select the site. I shouldn't be surprised to learn that some shrewd real estate speculators have been quietly engineering a very cunning deal, and that they are all prepared to unload.

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Disappointment at Both Ends

There will be bitter disappointment among the Honolulu belles when the steamship *Alameda*, which sails from here today, reaches the Paradise of the Pacific. For weeks the fair maidens of Honolulu have been expectant of the heroes of the Olympic Football Team. The newspapers of the Islands have published columns about the glowing records of the gridiron fighters, and their pictures in the same journals have added to the desire of the Honolulu girls to see them in the flesh. Many were the preparations to entertain the Olympic men outside of the battle royal to have been played on Christmas day on the grounds at Punahoe. The first information of the Olympics not going to Hawaii will arrive there on the very vessel which was supposed to bring them to that city. There will be a great crowd of football enthusiasts and society followers at the wharf in Honolulu when the *Alameda* arrives. However, the disappointment of the Hawaiians will not be equal to the bitter burning feelings of the Olympic men. "Babe" Cadwalader, Paul Ford, Plunkett, and the other lights of the Olympic eleven have been planning for many days the pleasures they would enjoy in the land of the hula and the gin fizz. They had declined many invitations for Christmas dinners and holiday joys, and now to have the trip to Hawaii cut out hurts them deeply. Honolulu failed to remit the necessary guarantee to bring the San Franciscans.

May and Her Matutinal Cocktails

A returned traveler from Japan, who saw a great deal of May Yohe there, tells me that the golden pheasant of the stage and bejeweled peacock of England's aristocracy is looking very much bedraggled at present, not that she lacks for the wherewithal to refurbish her plumage and doctor her looks, but May is getting common looking and slovenly. It may be the carelessness that comes of living in an Oriental climate, or it may be the product of an inordinate number of "mixed drinks and more of 'em." May was met one forenoon swinging around the circle on her way home. She had been out for a matutinal airing, just to get a breath of fresh air and to clear the overnight taste from her mouth. She complained of not feeling over brisk. "Better try a cocktail before breakfast; it'll do you good," she was advised. "Um," she said, "I guess maybe that's what's the matter. I've only had fourteen."

Wailing for Her English Home

Just then Captain Bradlee Strong came along looking somewhat worn about the eyes but full of determination, as he beckoned up a jinriksha man, who trotted at his heels. "Come along, May," he said, cheerily. "Breakfast's ready." "Oh, gawd," she exclaimed, "can't you let me alone? Don't you see I'm busy?" "But it's time to come home, May," he insisted, laying a coaxing hand on her arm. "Home," she retorted, "that's right; but my home's in England." The captain didn't waste any more superfluous words on the case. He signaled to the stout jinriksha man. The latter coolly picked up Mistress May and bundled her, kicking vehemently, into the vehicle. A moment more and she was being trotted homeward, despite her lively efforts to escape.

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Newcastle to End the Disgrace

The Duke of Newcastle, head of the house of Hope and brother of her husband, has just arrived in this country, and is now on his way out to this Coast. He denies that his mission has anything to do with the divorce that his brother is trying to get from May Yohe, but it is pretty well understood that he is going to make his headquarters in Vancouver for a season. The divorce complaint and certain propositions have been sent on to the Lady May. An answer is expected on an early steamer, and at Vancouver the Duke can get the earliest result and return a quick and authoritative answer for the family. Newcastle, who has strong convictions on marriage and divorce, and also an extremely high regard for the family honor, is determined that the present disgrace, which is being made international by Lady Hope's flagrant actions, shall be wiped out as soon as possible.

Latest Hustler in Newspaper World

A newspaper man just back from the East tells me that the latest "shake up" in journalism there is Frank Munsey's effort to organize a newspaper magazine combination that will outshine and outpay anything done by Hearst, Pulitzer, or the Scripps-McRae League. Munsey's idea is a "community of interest" organization, something after the manner of Morgan's Steel Trust. He has just acquired the Washington *Times* and the New York *Daily News* by purchase. These, with his magazines, the *Argosy*, *Puritan*, *Munsey's* and *Munsey Jr.*, will form the nucleus of the new property. With the money received for the stock in this concern it is proposed to acquire morning papers in New York, Boston and Philadelphia. Of course, other territory will be covered as the business expands and it is found that economy and efficiency warrant the investment. The plan of operation of this big concern is to direct the policies and the routine of the various holdings through a central directorate, each property, however, to have a separate and distinct management. On both the *News* and the *Times* big "shake-ups" are hourly expected in contemplation of some such move as this. Park Row is on tip-toe to see what Munsey will do.

THE LOVE SONNETS of a

HOODLUM

By WALLACE IRWIN
Introduction by
GELETT BURGESS

Irresistibly Funny
Deliciously Absurd

"Showing how Vanity is still on Deck and humble Virtue gets it in the Neck."

25c

ELDER and SHEPARD . . . 238 Post Street

His Phenomenal Success

Munsey has been phenomenally successful ever since, gripsack in hand, he slipped into New York from the Maine woods, some ten years ago, and worked himself into the publication business. He found it hard, grinding, starvation work for several years; but persistency, industry, and pluck won out in the end, and he got the *Argosy* on a paying basis. In 1891 came his next success, when he converted his weekly into *Munsey's Magazine*. It was the pioneer ten-cent magazine. The indomitable publisher was almost annihilated in a business way, because the powerful news companies refused to handle such a cheap periodical; but he fought them all and won a victory that brought him a big fortune in a few years. His *Argosy* and *Magazine* have simply barreled money for him. He spends it manfully in new ventures, though, as was evidenced a month ago, when he paid several hundred thousand dollars for the Washington *Times*, and later when he purchased the New York *News* for three hundred thousand dollars cash. He is about forty-eight years old, unmarried, and dines at "Del's" or the Waldorf-Astoria.

The Fleishman Defalcation

Mr. Henry J. Fleishman of Los Angeles is the latest recruit in the ranks of absconding cashiers. Fleishman's case is somewhat different from that of the average cashier who robs his employers. Usually, after a cashier gets away with the funds in his charge, it is explained that the officers of the institution had implicit confidence in him, and that he had "doctored" the books to conceal his defalcations. But according to President Hellman's story he examined the affairs of the Farmers' and Merchants' bank less than three weeks ago and found them straight. Mr. Hellman is a shrewd business man and a clever financier. From his statement it appears that Fleishman stole over one hundred thousand dollars on the spur of the moment, after sinking a pile in the stock market. The story is a remarkable one, but bank officials are usually reluctant to take the public into their confidence. The success of a bank depends on its reputation for stability and honest and able management.

They Hate Publicity

During a discussion of the Fleishman case with a local banker I was informed that the bank clerks that go wrong without publicity being given to their crimes are much more numerous than those whose cases are called to the attention of the police. It is estimated that over half a million dollars has been stolen from local banks in the last fifteen years by employes who were never prosecuted. Bank officials are extremely reluctant to let the public know that the institutions under their management have been robbed. Defalcations cause the impression that the management is very loose, and that the bank that has suffered a loss is not a safe one in which to deposit money.

The Melville Case

The Fleishman case has revived recollections of the sensation caused at the time of the disappearance of Bill Melville, the collection clerk of the Bank of California. His stealings aggregated forty-two thousand dollars. He began his career of crime by paying a personal bill for eighteen dollars, one day, out the bank's funds. He happened to be without any money in his pocket, and he expected to return it the next day. He discovered how easy it was to conceal a shortage, and then he proceeded to add to it until he had got away with the forty-two thousand. He was one of the most expert bank clerks in the city, and it is now said that the bank didn't really lose much, for he did the work of three men. The bank has employed three men ever since to do his work.

Why Melville Worried

If Melville had confessed his shortage to the President of the bank, he would have been dismissed but not prosecuted. The bank would rather have lost the money than to let the public know of the robbery. But Melville ran away and then the story came out. He was sent to San Quentin and after a few years was pardoned. During his imprisonment he acquired a knowledge of telegraphy and he is now an operator in this city. When he was the operator at the penitentiary he was paid fifty cents one day for sending a despatch on private business for one of the directors. The amount handed him was one dollar and when he started to make change he looked into his money box, which contained about two dollars, in blank amazement.

"Haven't you the change?" was asked.

"Yes," he replied, "but I find that I am fifty cents short."

"Well, that's all right," said the director, "keep the change and that will straighten it out."

"Oh, I have fifty cents," said Melville, "but I wouldn't want anybody here to suspect me of taking fifty cents out of that box."

The man that had stolen forty-two thousand dollars was worrying over a fifty-cent shortage.

Home Again

Miss Mary B. West is at home again after several months of travel in Europe, her first long holiday in many years. While in the East Miss West visited many of the prominent private schools in Boston and vicinity, gleaning thereby new ideas for her own institution.

Dr. Jos. W. Henry, Resident Physician & Surgeon at St. Mary's Hospital, will open offices at 500 Sutter St. corner Powell on January 1st.

Mrs. Edward B. Malthall.

First and third Saturdays

This is the latest size and style in Visiting Cards—A suggestion for a Holiday gift. A. B. Pierson, 318 Post Street.

An Heir to the House of Williams

The family of Thomas H. Williams, Jr., is soon to be increased and the Napoleon of local racetracks is more than delighted with the prospect. His marriage nearly a year ago with an Oakland lady occasioned a great deal of surprise among his large circle of acquaintances, for all of them considered him an ironclad bachelor. Very few men in his set so successfully withstood all the machinations and arts of that Prince of Tempters, Dan Cupid. Williams' first venture on the matrimonial sea years ago with one of the McMullin girls proved anything but a happy experience. It confirmed most of his friends in their belief that he would never leave an heir to his fortune. I am told that that is the very point that has been haunting Williams for several years past. He inherited a snug fortune of several hundred thousand dollars from his father, General Williams. The bulk of it hung precariously in the air during the stubborn contest to control the local race tracks. After Williams won out he seemed to think the future was safe, and his marriage followed right on the heels of his victory. The next of kin is the family of Dr. Thorne and the birth of an heir would end any expectations that branch of the family may entertain. The young Dr. Thorne, it may be remembered, recently married Mrs. "Jack" Wilson.

Charley Quinn's Reported Engagement

I hear that Charley Quinn, the racing man, has succeeded in ensnaring a society girl and that if all goes well the marriage bells will call them to the starting post before spring. Quinn is very well known in turf circles East and West, and has managed, through all the ups and downs of racing life, to keep a satisfying little roll all safe and sound in his inside pocket. He is considered a handsome chap, dresses stylishly, and is supposed to be as good a judge of women as he is of horses. The two met at the big caravansary where Quinn stays when out here for the racing season. Her father has a big place in the upper Sacramento valley, and the family stay at the same hotel whenever they visit this city. She has wealth and beauty, but not the enviable local position of the family to whom she is related. She might easily attain it though did she not prefer the quiet pleasures of country life after several seasons in Europe to the social gayeties of this city. The recent marriages of her cousins caused a deluge of ink in the columns of the daily papers. I wonder how much space the same papers will devote to her marriage with Charley Quinn?

A German Duel

An occasional correspondent now in Berlin has sent me an interesting story which explains in a measure the renewed efforts of Emperor William to discourage dueling in his army, as reported the other day in the despatches. The story is that German court circles were thrilled with horror a few weeks ago by a fatal duel in East Prussia. A young officer named Blaskowitz was to be married, and gave the customary farewell supper to his bachelor comrades. He imbibed too freely, and some time after the supper he was found by two of his brother officers who had been with him, leaning against a wall and half-asleep. On being aroused, not recognizing his friends, he hit out and each of the men received a blow. The next morning Blaskowitz, with little remembrance of what had happened, started for a neighboring town, where the wedding was to take place. He had scarcely arrived when a telegram reached him informing him that he had been challenged. The wedding was postponed, he obeyed the summons, fought the duel and received a bullet wound that caused his death in a few hours. The Kaiser has prohibited dueling among his officers except for the gravest causes, but little heed is paid to his orders. There is surely need of harsh measures when such an affair as the Blaskowitz tragedy is possible among presumably intelligent people.

A Charitable Woman

When a rich woman dies the newspapers seek to please the surviving relatives by recounting her many virtues, and invariably they lay stress on her charitable nature. In nine cases out of ten the charitable dead woman was as close as the bark on a tree, but having figured occasionally in some spectacular social event, which enabled her to pose ostentatiously as a giver of alms, she gets a flattering obituary notice in the dailies. Mrs. Margaret E. Crocker, who died last week in New York, was not one of that class of charitable women. She was a woman of generous impulses, and it was a great pleasure for her to succor people in distress. The people of Sacramento, where she lived for many years, were aware of her charities, and they honored her for them. It was in that city that she dedicated her magnificent residence to charitable purposes.

Porter Ashe's Daughter an Heiress

Mrs. Crocker was the widow of Edward Bryant Crocker, who was the brother of Charles Crocker. Her husband left her an estate valued at several millions, and was included among the great fortunes made by the men who were members of the little coterie which centred around the founders of the first transcontinental railroad. By her death a large fortune will come to her little granddaughter, Gladys Ashe, daughter of R. Porter Ashe, who was adopted by her some



years ago, and who is now known as Gladys Crocker. She is now a charming belle in New York. The surviving daughters of Mrs. Crocker are Mrs. J. Sloat Fassett and Mrs. Jackson Gouraud, who was formerly Mrs. Ashe, and later Mrs. Harry Gillig.

Gossip from Vienna

Emil Steinegger has written me from Vienna about the suicide of Gaston Lherie, the favorite pupil of Leschetitzky. Steinegger is a pupil of the renowned pianist, and he was a friend of Lherie. He was, says Steinegger, madly infatuated with a beautiful American girl from Texas. He killed himself at a hotel in Ischl because he found that the girl was not so deeply in love with him as he had imagined. Lherie was a brilliant and talented young artist. Steinegger also writes that the appointment of Emil Sauer to the directorship of the Vienna conservatory caused a great rumpus among the musicians in that institution. There were resignations right and left and it looked as though Sauer would have to go but he still holds the position. In view of the fact that Paderewski is such a favorite here it may interest my readers to know what they think of him in Vienna, where, many years ago, he was the pupil of the same Leschetitzky who is now handling young Steinegger. One paper declared that he played a concerto of Beethoven poorly and that the Nachtstuck of Schumann was "so cut up and deformed that it was unbearable." Another critic referred to him as "strumpel-headed Peter" and declared that he had always fought shy of Vienna and would not have returned were it not for the fact that he had the manuscript of an opera in his pocket.

An Historical Jewel

Only a few months ago the lost Gainsborough painting was recovered in this country, and now it is said that the famous historical jewel, the blue diamond which belonged to the Duke of Brunswick, has turned up in the East. It was stolen many years ago and all traces of its whereabouts lost. It was at one time among the crown jewels of France and was valued at three thousand francs. It was sold to Louis XIV and formed part of the French regalia until 1792 when it was seized in the general plunder of the Revolution and deposited in the Garde Meuble. A few weeks afterwards it was stolen. Some forty years later it reappeared cut into two brilliants but recognizable by its peculiar color. One of the brilliants was bought by Lord Hope for eighteen thousand pounds, and it is the same one which has been the subject of so much gossip since the escapade of May Yohe with Captain Strong. The other one is the brilliant that is reported to have recently turned up in this country.

The Pinkertons

The supposition is that it was located by the Pinkertons, for they were instrumental in recovering the Gainsborough painting. The Pinkertons have been getting a deal of free advertising of late, and people are beginning to marvel once more at the success of that wonderful firm of hawkshaws. From reading of the achievements of the two brothers—Bill and Bob—sons of the founder of the Pinkerton agency, one is inclined to the conclusion that they are a brace of Sherlock Holmes' who spend all their time unraveling mysteries, trailing thieves and cornering crooks. But the Pinkertons are not of the sleuth-hound variety of hawkshaw. They are plain matter-of-fact business men who have shown remarkable executive ability in organizing a detective agency with branches in all the large cities. They have trained men in the business, and have greatly simplified the science of thief-catching.

He is a Millionaire

Bill Pinkerton visits this city at least twice a year, partly on business connected with his agency and partly for the purpose of enjoying himself at the races. He is a millionaire and presents the appearance of the affable man of leisure. His success as a detective is largely due to the fact that he commands the admiration, respect and confidence of crooks all over the country. Safe-crackers, foot-pads, sure-thing men and forgers are proud of their acquaintanceship with Bill Pinkerton. None of them who knows him ever hesitated to borrow money from him when broke, and Bill Pinkerton never refused to lend money to a thief.

To What Success is Due

I have heard it said that many a crook just out of the penitentiary borrowed money from Bill or Bob Pinkerton to buy tools for the purpose of engaging in business. That may be a joke, but there are many people who declare that it is true, and that tools purchased with Pinkerton money are never used to blow a safe that is under the protection of the Pinkerton agency. It is solemnly asserted that the most expert thieves in the country respect the Pinkerton trademark, and I have been told of thieves who reported to one of the Pinkerton brothers that they overlooked "a good thing," and then borrowed money on the strength of the forbearance. So, today, Sherlock Holmes is somewhat of a back number detective. The twentieth century hawkshaw is a success because he enjoys a confidential relationship with the criminal element, and that is why the recovery of stolen property is a less difficult task than formerly. The thief does not fear to trust the detectives as a "go-between."

Have you visited Mrs. Cole, the leading Chiropodist and Manicure at her pretty little office in the Parrott Building? Room 460. Telephone Howard 2585.

ALWAYS THE BEST



CALIFORNIA MARKET SAN FRANCISCO

Inadequate Police Protection

One of the most absurd provisions of the Charter is the one which requires citizens to pay for police protection. It is one which the Police Commissioners, in the interest of the public, should ignore. Last Sunday ten thousand people visited the ball grounds in this city and the only police on hand were the five regular police officers and four specials hired by the management at two dollars and fifty cents each to prevent the people from crowding upon the ball field. As the crush was unprecedented the management was unprepared, but when the situation at the gates became threatening more police were telephoned for and the officer in authority refused to detail the men. Fortunately nobody was seriously hurt, a circumstance due entirely to the good nature of the patrons of the game, but for a time the situation was extremely grave. It may be proper to charge the management of a place of amusement for extra police assistance, but surely the people who patronize a public resort are entitled to police protection. Whenever several thousands of residents of this city elect to congregate in a hall or enclosure for amusement, it should be the duty of the police department to safeguard them from harm.

In Washington, D. C.

A correspondent writes that at a tea given at the White House the other day by Mrs. Roosevelt, Miss Anita Stephens, youngest daughter of Mrs. Anna Cox Stephens, was one of the guests. Among those present were General and Mrs. Miles, their daughter Celia, now the wife of Captain Reber of General Miles' staff, Admiral Dewey, Chief Justice and Mrs. Fuller, General Corbin and his bride. Mrs. Roosevelt, sweet, simple and unaffected, to the manner born, is very charming as hostess.

Two Young Heiresses

The late J. W. Allyne was probably much richer than any one fancied. I hear that his estate is valued at fully a million. He was one of the old-time merchants, and he made his fortune through legitimate channels. His two daughters will have large-sized dots. Both Edith and Lucy Allyne are beautiful girls, high-bred and cultured. They are fond of society, but they care more for art and music. They were very devoted to their father, and Edith was his frequent companion at art exhibitions, concerts, and the few social functions they attended. The Allyne home, at the corner of Gough and Green streets, is not pretentious as to exterior, but is most artistic and luxurious within. The family is related to the Drowns, Burrs, and Stanfords.

She is Married

Miss Roberta Nuttall was married on Thursday to the Baron von Rigal, of Godesberg, Rhenish Prussia. The news came by cable to the relatives in this city. I referred two weeks ago to the fact of the renewal of the engagement between Miss Nuttall and her former fiance, the German gentleman who is now her husband. Roberta is not the only one of the Nuttalls to wed into the nobility. Her uncle George, "young" Dr. Nuttall, married the Baroness Paula von Oertzen of Berlin, daughter of a high official at the court of the Duke of Mechlinberg-Schwerin.

Friction in a Stockton Church

The rector of St. Paul's church in this city is not the only clergyman who has been having trouble with his flock. A correspondent writes me from Stockton that there has been friction in the Central M. E. church of that city, and all because of the efforts of a minority to oust the Rev. Doctor Evans. He returned recently to the church after being away a short time, and some of his flock have tried to make it unpleasant for him. The officers of the church decided some time ago to do away with the surpliced choir which had been one of Dr. Evans' pet hobbies. But at a recent session new trustees were elected and it was thought that the pastor's enemies had been routed. The other night, however, a proposition to cut the pastor's salary was submitted.

A Six by Eight Preacher

Dr. Evans was present and the proposition threw him into a conniption fit. He protested vigorously, saying that if the cut were made he would have to give up his handsome residence and seek more modest quarters. Dr. Long, a venerable deacon of the church, argued in favor of the salary slashing proposition, saying that the other ministers of Stockton were satisfied with much less than the Rev. Evans was getting.

"Do you compare me with the two by four ministers of Stockton?" demanded Dr. Evans in wild-eyed indignation. "I would have you know that I am six by eight."

Reductions in Ladies Made-to Order Garments

I desire to reduce my extensiv stock of woolens and noveltie for made-to-order costumes, an have greatly reduced my forme prices from $15 to $20 o costumes. For instance, $7 gowns to order, reduced to $55

Frances

Maker of Ladies Garments
796 Sutter Street

The trustees didn't quite understand that sort of rating, but they decided to let him continue to draw a six by eight salary. Thereupon Deacon Long severed his connection with the church.

The De Angelis Family

There are not many theatre-goers left who remember Johnnie De Angelis, the father of Jefferson De Angelis, the star of the comic opera company now at the Columbia. Johnnie De Angelis was a minstrel end-man in this city in the early fifties. He was afterwards associated with that famous coterie of burnt-cork artists—Backus, Birch, Cotton, Wambold and Coes—who organized the famous San Francisco Minstrel company which was for many years the leading minstrel organization of New York. Jeff De Angelis had a sister who went on the stage and achieved success in the drama. She became the leading lady of a company that made a tour of Australia and South Africa, and she gave promise of becoming a great actress. Her career was cut short in Johannesburg, where she was assassinated just as she was about to board a train. The murderer escaped, and the mystery of the tragedy has never been solved. Jeff De Angelis was born in this city at the corner of Bush and Kearny streets. Shortly after entering the profession he went East, and he has been away seventeen years. He is now rich, and he has a handsome residence on the Hudson.

A Fortunate Debutante

There is not a debutante of the year who is more to be envied than Florence Hellman, who made her first formal bow to society on last Saturday night, at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Hellman. It was not a conventional debutantes' ball, but a dinner, followed by a vaudeville entertainment and a dance. Miss Hellman made a charming hostess, her mother and sister-in-law aiding her in receiving the guests. I predict for this pretty bud a very pleasant season. She has youth, a happy temperament and wealth galore.

A Californian Honored

Judge William P. Lawlor has returned from a visit to his old home in Paterson, New Jersey. He was given an ovation in Paterson for his old friends there who knew him when he left home to carve out a career in the far West are proud of his achievements. Though his experience on the bench is comparatively brief his reputation as a judge of the criminal court preceded him to the East, and he was the recipient of many courtesies in judicial circles in New York and Chicago.

The Pillsburys in Society

Mrs. Horace Pillsbury Jr. presented to society, last week, her husband's cousin, Miss Hilda Van Sicklen, of Alameda, and she had so many of the very smartest of the Burlingame set receiving with her that not many were left to appear as guests. The Pillsburys were never of the very elect until Horace married Miss Taylor of Boston, but the tact, beauty, intelligence and energy of young Mrs. Pillsbury have enabled them to become the real thing. Indeed, their social standing here is even better than that of the Taylors in Boston, where people who have made their own money are not ranked with the blue-blooded aristocracy. The Taylors have a beautiful home at Buzzard's Bay, and it contains sixteen bath-rooms and forty sleeping apartments. Mrs. Taylor and Miss Grace Taylor came out here a year or two ago and spent the winter. They found the young Pillsburys without a home of their own. Mrs. Taylor shuddered at the thought of spending the winter in a rented house, and so she purchased a handsome residence for the young folks.

Cousin Hilda

Miss Hilda Van Sicklen, the motif of the tea, will inherit a fortune some day. Her mother was a Miss Davis, daughter of a very wealthy lumber merchant. One of the Davis girls married Mr. Pillsbury, another became the wife of Hans Kohler and separated from him and the third became the wife of Mr. Van Sicklen, who is a wealthy wholesale grocer. A few years ago Miss Hilda went abroad with Miss Boynton who is a charming and cultured woman with great skill as a polisher. Miss Hilda acquired many accomplishments, speaks French with a perfect accent, and

Physicians would not recommend Jesse Moore Whiskey if they did not know it to be the best in the market.

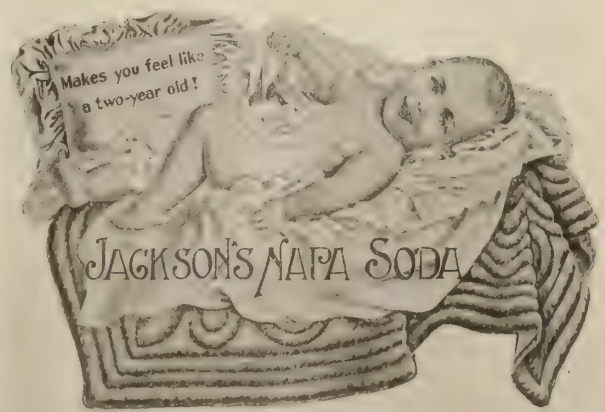


Most ladies hold the reins well. Perhaps it is not bad that they do.

For the Holidays we show new things in WHIPS AND ROBES—many of them imported. . . . New carriages coming in

Market and Tenth Sts.

STUDEBAKER BROS. COMPANY



brought back with her, a few months ago, several trunks full of handsome gowns. I have heard that she scorns Alameda society, but is charming to the poor of the town. She is not a beauty but rather nice-looking, and wears her clothes extremely well. She has been auspiciously launched.

They Like Bohemia

San Francisco society is becoming very fond of the Bohemian atmosphere. The young matrons are begining to emulate the example of those of New York, and are receiving and entertaining theatrical people and artists regardless of their amourettes. Mrs. Walter Martin did considerable hobnobbing with the singers of the Grau company, including Sybil Sanderson and Fritzi Scheff. The Walter Martins contemplate a trip abroad in January and they expect to be accompanied by Mayor Phelan who, after his term of office expires, will wander indefinitely.

An Auburn Wig

Sybil Sanderson's hair was picked to pieces during her brief sojourn here. She was accused of all sorts of sins in connection with her wonderful locks. Most people thought she had dyed her hair. She did not hesitate to tell the truth to one of her cavaliers who asked for the privilege of calling on her some morning:

"Yes," she said, "but come late for I am not beautiful without my wig."

The fact is that Sybil Sanderson's hair became gray immediately after Mr. Terry's death, and that in time it turned white. She did not bother herself with dyes but purchased the finest auburn wig she could find in Paris.

Women Protest Against a Manikin

I wonder how many of the fair members of our smart set were asked to sign the big Washington petition denouncing the methods of the prosecution in the case of Mrs. Bonine. The petitions circulated in the East had a tremendous "go" but the one I saw out here the other day had very few names attached to it: evidence that the wave of feminine indignation has not extended this far west. The unique incident forms an up-to-date development in modern murder trials. A short time ago James Ayres, a clerk in one of the Federal Departments, was found shot dead in his rooms in a Washington hotel. When Mrs. Bonine was arrested by the detectives she confessed to being present in Ayres' room at the time he was killed but declared he brought it upon himself in the scuffle over a pistol which was accidentally discharged. On account of the standing of the parties and the mystery surrounding the whole affair the trial aroused intense interest in the East.

The Prisoner Startled

The greatest sensation of the trial occurred two weeks ago when the prosecution injected a manikin into the case. This fictitious body was made of papier mache, of life size and flesh-colored. The face resembled that of the dead man as near as the artist could catch the expression. The limbs, like those of a skeleton, were articulated, so that the figure would retain any position. To all appearances it was a real corpse. As Ayres was very lightly clad when discovered, and was shot in three places, this fac-simile representation of him was anything but a quieting sight for sensitive nerves. When Mrs. Bonine first caught sight of it in the court room she started back with a cry and betrayed deep emotion. Washington women arose in the might of their indignation when they heard of the thing. They declared that it belonged in the murderer's gallery of some wild wax show of the dark ages, and not in a modern court room. They said that such methods showed Mrs. Bonine was being "persecuted," not prosecuted, and that the unfairness was only equaled by the conviction of Mrs. Maybrick in England. Their emotions were crystallized in big petitions which they sent to their friends in New York, Chicago, Boston, San Francisco, Baltimore, Pittsburg and the other big cities in the Union, with prayers to have it signed by protesting womanhood.

Polish by Irwin

Some interesting correspondence of a playful nature passed between members of a local newspaper staff some days ago. It was the result of a joke. A program of a Polish entainment had been received in the office and it being in the Polish language it was unintelligible to the staff. Several reporters, each of whom had been asked to write an item about the entertainment, threw up their hands in dismay. It was finally handed to Will Irwin and he declined to be feazed. This is what he handed back to Clarence Edwords, the assistant city editor:

ROCZNISKY POWSTANIA LISTOPDA

W. Stansky ob W. estanski, W Bnai B'rith Hall, epodsky gnu. Siedendziesuciolintisjowji hordod. Harpasthy Levski Nerve Neromenski, ab eder abendgegeben, ober dellieitowski Fridjojoskitoweser, Tremoe, askjorning a men a scald a eta g rot a dipet ine hjorning a blefa suga pet Schojkvwskoenskifyonjuju geklop.



Keep "Mumm"

P. J. VALCKENBERG, Worms O|R, Rhine and Moselle Wines.
J. CALVET & Co., Bordeaux. Clarets and Burgundies.
FRED'K DE BARY & CO., New York
Sole Agents in United States and Canada
E. M. GREENWAY, Pacific Coast Representative

Pronounced it Rotski

Mr. Edwords returned the manuscript with this note:

Mr. Irwin:

I am instructed by the City Editor to return the enclosed contribution with the information that the local department canot be a party to the exploitation of your ignorance.

If you will permit the liberty, I wish to call your attention to the use of the adverb "Vermenski" in place of the verb "veromenskowski." You also interject the German word "abendgegeben," which is totally inadequate to express the beautiful symmetry of thought necessary in the reporting of so important a dog-fight as the one you have written about. You aptly call the sequence of events following the first tackle "'fridjojojoskitoweser," but I am under the impression that the simpler word "skatowski" would better describe the result.

While Mr. Simpson is loth to have you feel that your efforts as a linguist are unappreciated I am compelled to say, at his suggestion, that your report of the dog-fight is rotski. Yours very respectfully,

C. E. Edwords,
Assistant City Editor.

Irwin Swats Back

Mr. Irwin promptly replied in this caustic manner:

Dr. Clarence E. Edwords,

Dear Sir: Is it possible, Doctor, that you have so far forgotten the use of your native tongue as to fail to recognize the idiom, common in all polite Polish letters, involved in the use of the adverb in place of the verb in all verbs of the "ski" declension? Thus, the great poet, Verastcigenkowski, in his impassioned ode to vodka, which you doubtless know to be the very height of polite and correct use of your mother tongue, says:

"Vlonoemenski bedept ele smerd noevoe,
Howlski belontra londt."

The German element, as you should know, is creeping, year by year, into the language, and is recognized by all of the moderns who are not bound by provincialism on the one hand and classic conservatism on the other. Again, the word "skatowski," simple as it may appear to one trained in provincial Polish, is a colloquialism, no more recognized by the masters than is the banal and vulgar term, "im ele soupski." "Fridjojojoskitoweser," implying as it does a tackle accompanied by the present of a considerable amount of blood and mud, is the right word in the right place.

I am forced to the conclusion, Doctor—a conclusion toward which I have been long working—that your Polish is that of the Rhine provinces, where a debasing Hungarian influence is at work, and not that of the cultured court circles.

Very truly yours, *Bill Irwin.*

Edwords Plunges into Verse

Upon reading the foregoing Mr. Edwords attempted to close the correspondence with the following:

Mr. William H. Irwin,

Sir: While I am disposed to place a most charitable construction on your defense of your rejected article, and attribute your woeful lack of knowledge of the beautiful Polish language to your ignorance consequent upon the inadequate educational facilities of institutions of learning (sic) which you have honored with your attendance, I cannot pass over without rebuke your unpardonable breach of discipline in replying to my communication, which was official, in a personal letter reflecting on myself as an individual.

I wish, in all kindness, also to call your attention to your display of ignorance in that saddest page of the world's history, and also to the geography of the Old World, when you class the Rhenish country as a province of immortal Poland. Possibly my best reply to the scurrility contained in your letter can be found in the following lines from the pen of that great and good poet Siedemdziesiecioletniej, where he says:

"Towarysta otwarcie obchodu wybranie
Kopankewicz declamacya bonczak fortepianie."

In order that I may not draw too strongly upon your mentality I take the liberty of giving this liberal translation:

The idiom that the wise may use,
In the mouth of the idiot becomes abuse.

I beg that you will accept this admonition in the spirit intended and not consider it necessary to flounder deeper into the mire of a literary controversy by replying.

Yours very respectfully,

Clarence E. Edwords.

Irwin's reply was a trifle too realistic for publication.

An Anonymous Letter

Those good Christians of St. Paul's church appear to hate each other with most unchristianlike cordiality. I am in receipt of an anonymous letter from one of them, or at least it purports to be from one of them, and from the contents I should judge that the writer is familiar with the politics of the church. It is my custom to consign the scurrilous correspondence of anonymous cowards to the waste-paper basket, but this one I have kept, thinking that it may be of interest to the church officials, for the handwriting may not be unfamiliar to them. I should take pleasure in assisting in the expose of the author.

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SAN FRANCISCO

Has George Knight a Double?

Either George A. Knight, the attorney, has a double in New York, or somebody is masquerading in the East under the name of that gentleman. In the *Chronicle's* special correspondence of Sunday last, it was stated that Mr. Knight was at the Imperial hotel, and that his had been a familiar figure along Broadway for some days. George Knight has not been away from San Francisco for some months.

More of the Old Timers

A correspondent has sent some additional reminiscences to add to my paragraphs of last week anent the metamorphosis of Old Calvary church:

Editor Town Talk: I enjoyed very much your comments on old Calvary, but looked in vain for reference to the names of some of those that graced the old choir. There were enrolled in that long disbanded choir many names well known to fame. There was old Dr. Crossett, afterwards special teacher of music in the public schools in the late sixties. There was George Pettinos, one of the finest organists on the coast. There was pretty Sally Walkins, the soprano, who as Mrs. Willie Little has been the idol of Oakland, both on account of her voice and social qualities. There was Mrs. Anderson, another sweet singer, whose daughter is one of the teachers in the Jean Parker school. Mrs. Blake-Alverson, the contralto, was frequently heard in the old Presbyterian church, and there were others who have attained prominence in the musical world. Samuel Irving was for a time its Sunday-school superintendent. Among others of the regular attendants were Mrs. Geary Bell and Mrs. Sam Knight, who were widowed by the nitro-glycerine explosion which wrecked the Wells Fargo building in the early sixties. There, too, were the Van Pelts. The father, Captain David Van Pelt, was the favorite nephew of Cornelius Vanderbilt. One of his sons is Captain David Van Pelt, now of the *Ukiah*. And then there were Captain Edwards and his daughter, who married Billy Pierson, the lawyer and dilettante astronomer. What a handsome, straight-limbed lad he was in those days, and how many a mother, vexed with an ungodly son, wished that her boy was such a good young man as Billy Pierson. Among others, too, of the regular attendants, I may mention Mrs. Nesbitt, formerly Miss Bessie Thornton, Judge Provines and his step-son Archie Gunter, the Selbys, Stephen Franklin, the grandfather of Gertrude Atherton, Dr. Scott's family of nine children, with Nick Kittle adoring the doctor's eldest daughter, Mattie, who afterwards became his wife. Her brother, Robert Scott, married the daughter of General Casey, and left Calvary to join the Union army. He afterwards became the government's historian of the Civil war. And I should not fail to mention among the regular attendants, Charles McLaughlin, whose widow's heiresses were Mrs. H. J. Crocker and Miss Dillon, and Harry Newhall, the old-time auctioneer of Leidersdorff street and Long Wharf, who was the wonder of all old Californians by reason of his peculiar manner of crying his auctions. But it would take too much space to recall more of those that have left their imprint on Californian history.

Discovery of a Red Clay in Colorado and its Remarkable Effect upon the Hair

This Clay is nothing more nor less than mud and water, which comes from a mine in Colorado. The Clay is perfectly harmless, will not stain the most delicate skin. Applied to the hair it changes it to beautiful shades, such as no hair dye has ever succeeded in producing. The color is regulated by the number of hours in the Clay bath—light shades from one-half hour to two hours—medium shades from two to six hours—dark from six to twelve hours. Gray hair can be changed to original color without changing the natural color, or the following tints with darker or lighter shades as desired: Black, brown, auburn and Titian red. Peroxide hair will take a rich golden or chestnut. Unlike dyes, the Clay stain is permanent, never wears off; can only be bleached off. The luxury of the shampoo can be indulged in at will as it does not effect the stain in any particular. The Clay never fails to leave the hair soft and glossy, and the one great point we claim for the Clay stain is its perfectly natural appearance. It defies detection. FRANCES C. SHERMAN
Hair specialist, 406 Sutter street

Their Lament

Fritzi's gone, Fritzi's gone!
Yet the season hastens on—
While we linger, she moves East,
Now with others she will feast.
Sad and lonely here we stay,
Wondering how to kill the day—
Fritzi's gone!

—*The Scheff Brothers.*

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The display of holiday goods at S. and G. Gump's, 113-115 Geary street, is the most elaborate and offers a splendid choice of gifts to the intending purchaser.

A Fable Without a Moral

There was once a Woman who had been Many Things to Many Men. She had been Married, but that was when she was Young and knew not what Love meant. It was a Marriage of Convenience and when the man was Cruel to her and finally Deserted her, she revenged herself for her Wrongs by winning Other Men from their Wives, denuding them of their Money and then Leaving them while she Laughed at their Misery.

But in time a Great Love came into the Woman's life. The man in this case did not become one of her Victims at once. He was Indifferent to this class of Woman and besides, he did not care enough for the Sport to bid High and thus climb into Favor. Nevertheless, the force of the Woman's passion finally Drew him toward her and he Succumbed.

As is the way with Women, this one did not desire Possession of the Object Loved. She was satisfied to look upon his Comely Face, to bask in his Smiles and to Hang upon his Honied Words. But he, as is the way with Men, cared nothing for Love without Possession.

The Woman, not pursuing her Method as in her Previous Affairs, would take nothing from him. She loved him for Himself Alone. And for a time they lived a life of Love that seemed like Paradise for both.

But it does not lie in Man to value that which comes to him without Effort. Had the Woman treated this Man as she had the Others, she might have kept his Passion alive. Paying for his Pleasure he might have considered it a Pearl of Price. This Man was no Exception to the Rule. He tired of Love and of the Woman. Another, Younger and Fairer than the Woman, crossed his Path and he followed the new Fancy.

Too Proud to Sue for that which had formerly been Hers without the Asking, the Woman wept in Silence but to the World she was still apparently Happy.

"She will take another Lover," said those who knew her, "and she will Revenge herself on this Man by ruining his Friends, as she did those of her Husband after his Defection."

But they were Mistaken. The Woman did not Die, nor did she return to the Gay Life. She simply turned her Jewels and other Belongings into Bills, went East and came back with a Rich Young Husband. She went in for Charity and was finally admitted into Society, where she mingled on Equal Terms with the Wives of the Men she had formerly Known, and even entertained at a Tea the Fiancee of the Particular Man who had Broken her Heart. And the Men did not dare tell their wives Who she was, for fear they would find their Homes transformed to Hades by the confessions. While the Other Man could not explain to his Fiancee that her Hostess was an Improper Person, without digging up Facts that would lose him his Bride.

Thus the Broken Heart of the Woman with a Past was the Means of bringing her to a Virtuous End, and of making the Cause of It feel Very Cheap. —*The Fabler.*

The well known Fachutar Mandolin School and Orchestra has re-opened for the Fourth Season, 1901-1902. To guarantee promptness, all engagements must be made at the Studio, 718 Post street. Telephone Polk 1575. School hours 10 a. m. to 5 p. m

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT

Tabasco Agricultural Company

Location of principal place of business—San Francisco, California.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 4th day of December, 1901, an assessment (No. 1) of Five dollars per share was levied upon the capital stock of the Corporation payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the secretary at the office of the Company, Room 208 Parrott Building, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Monday the sixth (6th) day of January, 1902, will be delinquent and advertized for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before will be sold on **Wednesday**, the twenty-second (22nd) day of January 1902, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

J. F. BURGIN, Secretary.

Office—Room 208 Parrott Building, on Market street, San Francisco, California.

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Christmas number of SUNSET MAGAZINE now out. Artistic pictures of California and the West. Just the thing for Eastern friends. Published by Southern Pacific Passenger Department; for sale by all news dealers. Contents:

The Cross of Golden Gate (Poem) - - Charles S. Aiken
Christmas in Mexico, the City of Delights - J. Torrey Connor
Legend of the Mission Dolores (Poem) - Ella M. Sexton
Luther Burbank, Man, Methods and Achievements
Prof. Edward J. Wickson
Garden of the Willow-Pattern Plate - - Irene Connell
The North Wind (Poem) - - - - Clarence Urmy
Winter at El Montecito (Poem) - Harriet Winthrop Waring
Carnations by the Sea - - - - Edna Robinson
In the Drifts of the Demshar (Story) - Warren Cheney
The Triennial Convention—A Retrospect - H. Robt. Braden
Pasadena's Flower Festival - - - -

OFF FOR MEXICO

The number of inquiries now being registered at Southern Pacific Ticket Office by applicants for berths on the second annual Holiday excursion to the City of Mexico December 18th, indicates that the trip is going to prove a very popular one.

The old time attractions of Mexico have not been dimmed by contact with outer civilization.

The Christmas Season there is highly colored by many brilliant and imposing ceremonies, both civic and religious, continuing for several days. No better opportunity could be found for making a trip to the Southern Republic.



A Maiden's Diary

Monday: I met my ideal today. It was at the Grill where I was lunching with Mrs. Fly. She introduced us—he is an old friend of her husband's. He told me my eyes were lovely and that they were truly the mirrors of an innocent soul. I told Kitty, my dearest friend, afterwards that I had met my ideal at last. She was not very sympathetic and made sarcastic allusions to mash notes I had written to other ideals—Henry Miller, Faversham, Ernest Hastings and Girardy. I don't think I shall go with Kitty any more.

Tuesday: Mrs. Fly asked me to lunch again today. The Ideal was there. It was at her house. She left us alone after lunch. I played Chopin for him and he said his soul was stirred. He said he had a horrible past but when he looked into my pure eyes he felt that his future would be different. He took my hand—and then Mrs. Fly came in and we had tea.

Wednesday: How absurd all my little infatuations for footlight favorites seem! What a grand thing it will be to be the saviour of a man's soul! Mamma told me today that I must not go to Mrs. Fly's again, for she is not the kind of a woman to be a young girl's friend. Auntie was in this morning and began to talk a lot of scandal. I heard her say that Mrs. Fly had a great crush on somebody and if it came to Mr. Fly's ears there would be a great crash. She said the man was a very fascinating creature, but utterly bad, and yet this passion for Mrs. Fly seemed to be the real thing. I wonder who he is. The only man Mrs. F. introduced to me is the Ideal.

Thursday: He loves me! I was out shopping this morning and I met him just going into his club for lunch. He stopped and spoke, and before I knew it I was sitting opposite him at Marconi's, sipping champagne. 'Twas my first lunch with a man alone, though I have been out two seasons. My first kiss, too—but that is too sacred to write about. He says I will be his guiding star.

Friday: I didn't dare tell mamma about the luncheon. How easy it is to deceive. I feel frightened at my own daring. I dined with him today. Mamma and Papa were dining out and I was supposed to be at Auntie's. He wants me to marry him at once. He says without me his life will be a barren waste. But I don't dare tell Mamma. And I know Papa will object, for my Ideal hasn't a penny to his name. He belongs to all the swell clubs, but that is all he can manage to do. His debts are appalling. I will have lots of money when I am twenty-one, but he doesn't want to wait six months. He says he *cannot* wait. Oh, it is so grand to be loved!

Saturday: My heart is broken. I have lost a friend and a lover. Auntie was right about Mrs. Fly. I was in the Turkish room at the Palace today waiting for Mamma, and as I was sitting in a dark corner behind some draperies, when Mrs. Fly came in she did not see me. I was just going to speak to her when she was joined by a man. It was my promised husband, my ideal. They conversed in not very low tones and as they stood with their backs close to me I heard every word. He said something about obeying her wishes and getting a blind. She said he was a dear boy, and that when he was married he'd have more liberty. Then they both laughed and said "Little fool" about someone, and something about pulling the wool over Fly's eyes. They laughed and then he gave her a little squeeze. Impulsively I rose from my seat, and faced them, but I didn't say anything for Mamma came in just then. My dream of love is ended.

Sunday: Went to church today to see if the service and a look at the new gowns wouldn't rouse me from my grief. Kitty's cousin Dick was there. He is home on leave from his post in the North, such a handsome young lieutenant. Before I knew it, I was taking a walk down the avenue with him and we were talking over old times. I agreed to make one of a theatre party tomorrow night. Dick is *so* handsome, and his mouth is like a Cupid's bow. It came to my mind that a kiss from that mouth would be divine. Dick's chat quite effaced the Ideal's image from my mind. I wonder if, after all it was *love* I was in love with and not the lover? I wonder if Dick kisses as well as the Ideal did.

Techau Tavern...

The most artistic, best lighted and ventilated place of its kind in San Francisco. . . . . For luncheon, dinner or after theatre parties one may be sure of getting excellent service, choicest of oysters and all sort of refreshments. And while enjoying comfort and the artistic surroundings one is entertained by the strains of sweetest music, where Techau, the proprietor, is constantly in attendance to assure patrons satisfactory and prompt service as he always has done in former establishments conducted by him. . . . .

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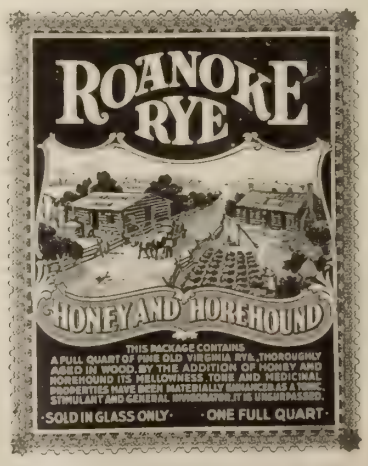
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Dramatic World

De Angelis and "A Royal Rogue"

For the next six months I expect every traveling comic opera company will be bringing us a double sextet or something like it. The second imitation of "Tell Me Pretty Maiden" comes to us in "A Royal Rogue," and might have made a hit had we not first seen the original. It was the same with the Beaux and Belles at the Orpheum. Usually imitations of Eastern hits reach us before the originals, and when the latter come here they find the wind knocked out of their sails. But the "Florodora" double sextet was an exception. "A Royal Rogue" as a musical novelty is a satire on the term. It has a clever plot but the refurbishment of old situations is not done so neatly that one loses sight of the model. The ensembles are full of pleasing reminiscences, the music being in the same category as the plot and libretto. The women in the company have voices of the build of their necks and legs, with the exception of Adella Barker whose attenuation stops with her voice. Gertrude Mackenzie is by far the best of them; her voice is sweet and she uses it with ease. Dungan, who gets a welcome from his old Bohemian friends, and Kelley do nothing cleverly and with some eclat. Norman has a song in the first act, a table d'hote lyric, that is the best thing in the piece. He sings it well, too, in good round tones and with his clear intonation that is always a delight. Norman, Dungan and Kelley are the three razzle dazzle Red Caps. They sing a trio in the second act that is almost as good as the table d'hote song. Mr. Dudley is admirable as the military chappie with a millioned mamma, and Mr. Lawrence puts plenty of life into La Blanc. But all these are but minor details hovering about but not obscuring the star. De Angelis is unlike any other comedian I have ever seen. He simply bubbles over with mirth. There is nothing legitimate about him; he is all horse play. And he can dance—even nimble Ferris Hartman or Edwin Stevens cannot beat him in this. The only funny situation that falls to him is the conservatory scene in the second act. At other times, he makes the fun himself. De Angelis is truly funny. But I'd like to see him scintillate in another vehicle than "A Royal Rogue."

The Calve Others Know

"You didn't hear the real Calve at all," said a visitor from New York to me the other day, "You saw her and found out just a little bit of what she could do in that wonderful Santuzza. And that was all. Yon ought to have seen Calve in 'La Navarraise,' which she gave in New York a few seasons ago. 'La Navarraise' lasts just three-quarters of an hour, but you wish it were twice as long. Calve's Anita is great. The story is of the Carlist war. Anita is waiting for the return of her sweetheart, Araquil, a soldier in the Royalist army. The troops return, but Araquil is not with them. Anita, fearing he is dead, falls on her knees and prays. While she is praying Araquil arrives. In a duet the lovers plight their troth once more. They are interrupted by the arrival of Araquil's father. He is furious to find his son flirting with La Navarraise. Araquil implores his father to consent to their marriage, but the old man says he cannot marry the girl unless she brings him a dowry of two thousand douros. Araquil departs with his father, and Anita, in despair, is thinking of killing herself, when suddenly she hears that a reward of two thousand douros has been offered to the man who can kill Zuccaraga, the leader of the enemy. She hastens to the soldiers and volunteers to kill Zuccaraga. Then she rushes toward the enemy's camp. Araquil returns to hear that his sweetheart has gone to Zuccaraga's tent. The soldiers make a bivouac and fall asleep. As dawn begins to break the sounds of shots are heard. Then comes the booming of cannon. Anita returns. Her hands are dripping with blood. Garrido, the officer, pays her the money. In a sortie during the night Araquil has been wounded. He is borne into the camp. At sight of Anita's bloodstained hands he denounces her. Anita shows him the money; tells him that she has a dowry . He curses her and she falls to the ground. The girl tries to kill herself, and then, with a shriek of maniacal laughter she falls across his prostrate body. She has gone mad. Calve is all blood and gunpowder in that

G. H. UMBSEN & CO.

CONTINUATION OF EXTRAORDINARY AUCTION SALE

OF REAL ESTATE

The following choice and select list of improved and unimproved properties will be sold for the heirs of the late William A. Piper, at our salesroom, Monday, December 16, 1901, at 12 o'clock noon, by order of Gustave H. Umbsen, sole referee, subject to confirmation by the Superior Court.

NORTHEAST COR. SUTTER AND GOUGH STS.

This choice corner would pay handsomely if properly improved. Lot 70x120, three frontages.

1450, 1452, 1454, 1456 & 1458 FRANKLIN ST.

Southeast corner Bush St. This choice investment consists of two corners, with five elegant 2-story and basement houses of 14 rooms and bath each. Rents $315 per month. Lot 120x114.6.

—Also—

Two desirable building lots 25x120 each, fronting on Bush St. and Fern Ave. Will be sold separately.

1212 to 1226 POLK ST.

Southeast corner Bush St. This choice business property consists of two corners, and is close to the transfer point of Sutter and Polk Sts. Improvements consists of eight stores and three flats, with frame buildings, Nos. 1325-1329 Bush St. Rents $390 per month. Lot 120x150, three frontages.

McALLISTER ST.

Near junction of Market and Jones Sts. This choice business property could be made to yield handsomely if properly improved. Lot 123x87.6 irregular.

CITY HALL AVENUE.

Between Leavenworth and City Hall Square. Two choice building lots, 25x100 each.

212 WASHINGTON ST.

Between Front and Davis Sts. Improvements consist of frame building. Rents $60 per month. Lot 22x120 to Oregon St.

POTRERO.

Portion of Block 441, lot 100x400, three frontages.
" " " 466, " 100x400, three frontages.
" " " 492, " 100x300, two frontages.
" " " 513, " 100x400, three frontages.
" " " 512, " 100x200, two frontages.
" " " 475, " 100x300, two frontages.
" " " 514, " 100x400, three frontages.
" " " 520, " 200x200, three frontages.
" " " 518, " 100x150, two frontages.

GIFT MAP. NO. 3.

Elsie St., west line, between Esmeralda and Cose Sts. Lots 364, 366, 367 and 368, 25x70 each.

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Every Week Day, Rain or Shine

NEW CALIFORNIA JOCKEY CLUB

OAKLAND RACE TRACK

Races Start at 2:15 p. m. sharp

Ferry boats leave San Francisco at 12 m., 12:30, 1, 1.30, 2:30 and 3 p. m., connecting with trains stopping at the entrance to the track. Buy your ferry tickets to Shell Mound. Last two cars on train reserved for ladies and their escorts. No smoking. All trains via Oakland Mole connect with San Pablo avenue electric cars at Seventh and Broadway, Oakland. Also all trains via Alameda Mole connect with San Pablo avenue electric cars at Fourteenth and Broadway, Oakland. These electric cars go direct to the track in fifteen minutes.

Returning trains leave the track at 4:15 and 4:45 p. m. and immediately after the last race. THOMAS H. WILLIAMS JR., President.

R. B. MILROY, Secretary.

"Will you join me?" "Well, yes, in a drink of Chapin & Gore."

piece. Her Santuzza is a zephyr compared with her Anita, which is a tornado. Then I heard her in Bizet's 'Les Pecheurs de Perles,' and if you ever heard her sing Leila's role you would not praise her acting and decry her singing. She has splendid vocal gifts. Oh, no indeed, you people out here only looked at Calve through the small end of the telescope. Wait till she comes again in her magnificent best."

She Made a Big Hit

The illness of Helen Lord, Frank Daniels' prima donna in "Miss Simplicity," gave Helen Merrill her chance and she grasped it with such success that the Chicago papers are saying all sorts of nice things about the charming Californienne. Miss Merrill assumed the leading role of Rosalie on short notice with no chance for rehearsal, but the *American* says she "played it with reserve, vim and dash. No one but an actress of skill and experience would have performed so well under such trying circumstances."

At the Orpheum

Last week's bill was barren of sketches. This week there are two of these; the better is that in which Flo Irwin and Walter Hawley appear "Caught with the Goods." Norma Whalley is the whole show in "A Lawless Lawyer," and it doesn't matter that there is really nothing in the sketch, for the audience only looks at Norma, who is as stunning as ever. Mathews is amusing but he is only a side issue. The Dumond minstrels are really remarkable, especially the violinist. La Belle Tortajada is as popular as she was last week and gets several recalls every night. She is unusual and I do not think anybody can afford to miss seeing her.

One of the strongest attractions for the coming winter season will be the concert tour of Madame Charlotte Maconda, who has been such a success in New York. Madame Maconda will make a tour of the coast and will, under the management of Loudon Charlton, give a number of concerts here.

Attractions Next Week

Minnie Seligman's engagement at the Grand Opera House is a noteworthy one. She has already presented two strong plays, and next week will be seen as the Countess Zicka in Sardou's famous "Diplomacy." It will be interesting to compare Miss Seligman's Zicka with that of Jeffreys-Lewis, so well remembered here. Rose Coghlan, also, played Zicka. Miss Hall should make a charming Dora.

At the Orpheum next week Mr. and Mrs. Gardner Crane will appear in the comedietta, "A Happy Pair." Mr. and Mrs. Walter Deaves will bring their novelty, the Merry Mannikins, which are a complete company of marionettes representing all kinds of performers. An orchestra of marionettes is one of the features of this act, and it is sure to delight the children as well as their parents. Rose and Jeannette, ballet and toe-dancers, and the Norwood brothers, "Darktown Gymnasts," are other new features. The Orpheum road show will be the holiday attraction.

Jefferson de Angelis and "A Royal Rogue" will be at the Columbia for another week, when will come Mary Mannering in "Janice Meredith." Louis James and Modjeska in "Henry VIII" are on their way here.

"Christopher Jr." is drawing packed houses at the Alcazar but will be replaced on Monday with a new comedy, "The Gay Mr. Lightfoot" by Louis de Lang and Lee Arthur. It is a rollicking comedy turning upon the introduction of an American Indian into the midst of cultured society. "Charley's Aunt" will be the holiday bill.

The Pollard Juvenile engagement at the Tivoli finishes this week, and Monday evening comes the stock company in a production of Ferris Hartman's newest extravaganza "Little Red Riding Hood." The piece is spectacular and has a gorgeous transformation scene. All the favorites will be seen and several new faces have been added for the production.

"The Electrician" is doing a great business at the Central. "Muldoon's Picnic" comes next week and then "The Silver King."

—*The Playgoer*

A Perfect Train

Sunset Limited will take its first trip for New Orleans and New York, December sixth, leaving San Francisco triweekly thereafter, via the Picturesque Coast Division thro' San Jose and Santa Barbara. Service and equipment will be of highest standard and calculated to merit the best patronage.

AMUSEMENTS

GRAND OPERA HOUSE
Telephone, Main 532.
GRAND OPERA HOUSE CO Lessee.
Matinees Saturday and Sunday
Last two nights "A Wife's Peril." Beginning Monday Eve. next
MISS MINNIE SELIGMAN
In Victorien Sardou's Masterpiece
"DIPLOMACY"
The Greatest Success at Charles Frohman's Empire Theatre, last season
Popular Prices: 10, 15, 25, 50, 75c. Good Orchestra Seat all Matinees 25c

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Commencing Monday Dec 16. The N. Y. Bijou Theatre Comedy Success
"THE GAY MR. LIGHTFOOT"
First time in this city. A laugh in every line. All the favorites of the Excelling Alcazar stock Co. in the cast
Regular Matinees Saturday and Sunday
Seats on sale six days in advance Prices—15c, 25c, 35c, 50c & 75c.
Next Xmas Week the champion laugh provoker "Charley's Aunt"

COLUMBIA THE LEADING THEATER
Tonight, Sunday Night and All Next Week
The Great Musical Novelty Hit
JEFFERSON DE ANGELIS and a superb company presenting
'A ROYAL ROGUE"
Monday, Dec. 23rd—Mary Mannering in "Janice Meredith"

Orpheum
O'Farrell between Stockton and Powell Streets.
Week Commencing Sunday Matinee Dec. 15th
Mr. and Mrs. Gardner Crane Mr. and Mrs. Walter Deaves and their Merry Manikins Rose and Jeannette Norwood Brothers
Irwin and Hawley Dumond's Parisian Minstrels
and the Biograph
Last week—Sherrie Mathews, Norma Whalley, Sam Marion, Wm. McCart
Reserved Seats, 25c; Balcony, 10c; Opera Chairs and Box Seats, 50c.
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★TIVOLI★
Curtain Rises at 8 p. m. sharp
Every Evening at 8 Sharp! Matinees Saturday only at 2 Sharp!
Tonight and Sunday Night last of the POLLARD JUVENILES in
"IN TOWN"
Monday, Dec. 16th — Return of the favorite TIVOLI OPERA CO.
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Second Pasmore Concert

The second Pasmore concert was attended by so large an audience that should the third prove as successful it will necessitate taking a larger hall for future musicales. The program was unusually fine and the audience attested its appreciation by the heartiest applause. The Pasmore trio did as usual very artistic work, giving the "Petite Suite" of Mr. Pasmore as well as some Hungarian dances by Brahms, arranged by Mr. Pasmore, with artistic finish and expression. Mary, the violinist, exceeded all previous work in her selections from Godard's "Concerto Romantique" and Dorothy, the wee cellist, gave some Mendelssohn songs with beautiful phrasing and expression. She gets a wonderfully warm tone for a child. Miss Adelaide Birchler was a surprise to those who have not heard her of late, so great is her improvement. Her voice in the past year has rounded and deepened wonderfully as well as having taken on an artistic finish that makes her singing delightful. Liszt's "Lorelei," Schubert's "Erl Koenig" and two songs by Arthur Fickenscher who accompanied them on the piano were beautifully given. The "Persian Garden" of Liza Lehmann was finely rendered by Mrs. Gardner, soprano, Mrs. Basford, contralto, Mr. A. E. Nowlan, tenor, and Mr. Pasmore, bass, the numbers receiving warm applause. Fred Maurer accompanied the "Persian Garden" in his own inimitable style. Susan Pasmore at the piano showed the same marked improvement in her work noticeable in her sisters. They are true artists, these children, and are making rapid strides toward a future of great promise.

The Minetti quartet, assisted by C. Trainor and William Wirtsch, gave the program for the Saturday club's "Artist's Day" in Sacramento in the assembly chamber of the capitol before a large and brilliant audience last Saturday afternoon, creating much enthusiasm and appreciation for their fine work. Quite a program was rendered and the *Record-Union* spoke of the concert as the "greatest treat in many a long day."

Miss Logan Tooley sang at the Episcopal Old Ladies' Home entertainment given recently in Maple hall of the Palace hotel and won many compliments for her fine work. The selection was the contralto aria from "Samson and Delilah" and was given with a finish and depth of sentiment most creditable for so young a singer and really worthy a professional. The young lady is a pupil of Alyce Gates and under her tuition is working with a professional career in view.

Mr. Emlyn Lewis, late principal of the Virgil Piano School of London, assisted by Miss Mary Carrington, pianist, gave a lecture recital on "Scientific Piano Study" in the Knabe parlor of Kohler and Chase, on Thursday afternoon, which will be reviewed next week.

Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt will give a piano recital next Tuesday evening in the Unitarian church, San Jose. This will be a great treat for the music lovers and piano students of the Garden City.

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Tomorrow evening at the regular monthly musical service at St. Dominic's church selections will be rendered from Handel's "Messiah," by the regular choir composed of Miss Lily Roeder Miss Ella V. McCloskey, Messrs. Frank Onslow and L. van Linghem who will render the solos, and the chorus choir augmented by members of the San Francisco Oratorio Society which is rehearsing the work. Mr. Howe, who is organist and director of the choir, will play special selections on the organ before and after service. At the eleven o'clock service, Howe's Kyrie and Agnus Dei, Lejeal's Credo, Dvorak's Sanctus and Gounod's Benedictus will be sung.

A feature of the Mills lecture at Golden Gate hall on Sunday night will be the two solos by Madame Abbie Carrington, our new dramatic soprano, who will sing "I Will Extol Thee" from Eli and Massanet's "Childhood." Madame Carrington is fast winning her way in public favor and her work is greeted everywhere with enthusiasm.

Finis Opera

With the close of the opera season things have resumed their usual trend, and we will have to settle down to commonplace ways again. The closing

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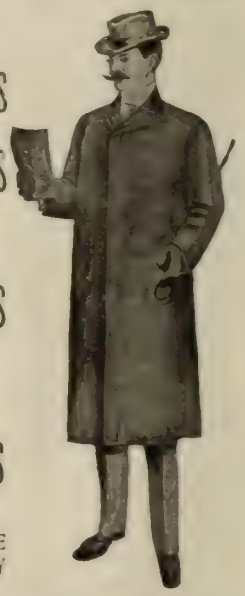
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night of the Grau season will be remembered long by every one of that vast throng who were present to see the last of the artists who had furnished such a musical treat for them through nearly four weeks. Sembrich proved of all the artists the most entirely satisfactory, for her voice seemed always ready for use, and she never disappointed. I have heard that aside from her professional life she is a happy wife and mother, and surely the sweetness of domestic ties and a healthy, happy, rational life go far to help in making a singer great, for nothing can come out of the heart that is not in it, and the voice is invariably a true index of character. Some of the fair songstresses are said to have left in a very disgruntled state of mind; but, all things considered, the reception accorded them was all that they had any right to expect.

Madame Von Meyerinck had the pleasure of entertaining Walter Damrosch and David Bispham at dinner before they left. It was a quiet affair, by the urgent desire of the gentlemen. Mr. Damrosch was warm in his praise of the work of the "Apprentices," and has given Maude Fay the greatest encouragement in her work, promising to take her into his forces at the end of a year's study. Miss Fay is a conscientious student, and her progress is the outcome of her own indomitable perseverance and hard work, under the direction of Madame Von Meyerinck.

Today's Events

This afternoon the new hall at Mills' College will be dedicated and known in future as Lisser hall. A fine program has been arranged, in which Mr. Lisser will take part, playing a sonata for violin and piano, by Raff, with Giulio Minetti. There will be addresses by Mrs. Mills, Prof. Thomas R. Bacon, of the U. C., and Hon. Horace Davis, former President of the University of California, songs by Mrs. Edward Schneider and the choral class of the college. The exercises begin at half-past one o'clock. This afternoon also will be the occasion of an afternoon recital of Mrs. Coursen-Roeckel's juvenile pupils, which promises to be very interesting. The recital will be given at her residence in Fulton street.

The Lachmund Recital

The concert given by Mrs. Ernest Lachmund, on Monday evening, December 2d, was in every way a success, and assured the new-comer of a permanent position in our musical circles. The work, particularly that of the piano, was that of an artist, and gave sufficient evidence of the years of study upon it. Mrs. Lachmund's technique is more than ordinarily fine even for a professional, her grasp being comprehensive, firm and strong, her interpretation intelligent, and her phrasing beautiful. The Bach numbers were given with delightful finish, the gavotte being especially pleasing in its rendition. Schumann's "Dream Tangles," a very difficult composition, was given with charming finesse and expression. I have never before heard it played here that I remember,

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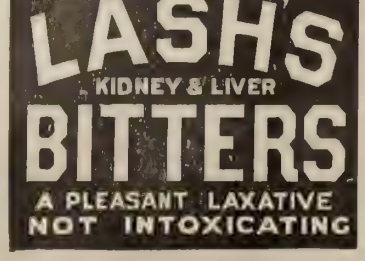
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though it is quite a favorite concert piece in Europe. The Chopin numbers were all given in strict tempo, and showed conclusively the perfect command of her subject. In short, Mrs. Lachmund is a finished pianiste, and takes first rank among those of her profession. Her vocal numbers showed the careful training she has had. Rubinstein's "Du Bist Wie Eine Blume" was given with great tenderness. Pozzo, Mrs. Lachmund's Italian teacher, considered hers the best of the American voices he had trained. Mrs. Lachmund has come to stay and has opened a studio at 802 McAllister street, where she intends in the early future to give some informal evenings to musical friends.

—*The Music Critic.*

A Letter from Chicago

From Chicago Mrs. Anna Cox Stephens writes: What a glory of sound is in an orchestra where viola and celli and harp and trumpet and drum call out exultant to the gathered people; tender or magic as is the wont of the tale it tells in divine accord. For the first time here the Thomas orchestra gave on the twenty-second of November some of the beautiful music of Josef Suk, the Bohemian composer, who like the painter Corot, has the gift of "atmosphere." "Ein Marchen" or its Bohemian name, "Rohadka" is a dramatic legend, and tells the loves and griefs of two royal ones, the Prince Raduz and the Princess Mahulena. In the phantasy of the scenes, love and happiness and grief, throb the notes. In the third movement there is a funeral march to hold one's breath. A choral from afar winds its mystic tones and the march is taken up by wind instruments and horns interflected by violins in ravishing counterpoint, with the violoncello bursting into splendor, then retrocedes to the funereal march again (this time in E flat minor) then the orchestra congregates its tones into an outburst full and grand. Once more comes the march diminuendo and caught up pianissimo by new instruments to die away on the strings. The opening piece was Brahms "Academic Festival" full of magnificence of color. The Beethoven symphony in F major (opus 80) was the transcendent thing which is Beethoven's own. The recitative and aria from "Les Troyens" of Berlioz (first time) was sung by a new soloist, Miss Gertrude May Stein. One felt the effort of the high phrasing—but in the lower notes there was here and there a thrill The Vorspiel "Guntrum" by Richard Strauss has a fine Arthurian atmosphere—a brave chivalric tang like the fire of knightly blood—mediæval in shading. Guntrum with his brothers in deed sally forth to conquer with song and win salvation. The recitative and aria from Tschaikowsky's "Jeanne d'Arc" (first time) was first performed at St. Petersburg Opera for the benefit of Napravink the conductor—the scene selected was where Jeanne bids farewell to her native place to obey what she believes "The Lord's command Himself on me imposeth." This Miss Stein gave with fine feeling, and brought down the house in an enthusiasm that recalled her to the stage many times, and was an insistent demand for an encore, in which she repeated a portion of her triumph.

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—*The Bookman*

Why He Blushed

She [illegible] in the street.
And I blushed as I gazed
At [illegible]
As she slipped in the street.
For her [illegible]
[illegible]
She slipped in the street.
And I [illegible]

—*The Boston Post*

In which [illegible] the poet [illegible] Jessie Wilmot Wheeler.

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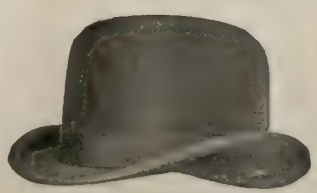
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SUMMONS IN DIVORCE

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

Department No. 5

FLORENCE G. TILTON, Plaintiff
vs.
CHARLES O. TILTON, Defendant

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of sa d Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:
CHARLES O. TILTON, Defendant

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the grounds of defendant's wilful neglect and wilful desertion of plaintiff also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 30th day of October in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and one.

[SEAL.] WM. A. DEANE, Clerk.
By E. M. THOMPSON, Deputy Clerk.

A. W. THOMPSON, Plaintiff's Attorney,
Rooms 567-568 Parrott Bldg.,
San Francisco Cal.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of Ellen Thomas, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Ilene Thomas, Executrix of the last will and testament of Ellen Thomas, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executrix at the office of John J. Barrett, Room 411, Parrott Building, No. 855 Market Street, San Francisco, California, the same being her place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Ilene Thomas, Executrix of the last Will and Testament of Ellen Thomas, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, November 30, 1901.

JOHN J. BARRETT,
Attorney for Executrix, Parrott Building.

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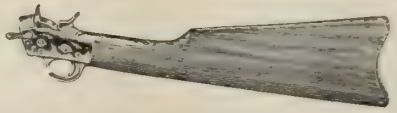
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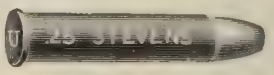
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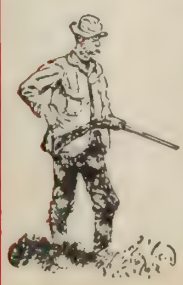
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ASSETS		LIABILITIES	
Loans	$ 10,642,400 61	Capital, paid up	$ 500,000 00
Bonds, Stocks and Warrants	2,191,727.10	Surplus	5,750,000.00
Real Estate	1,665 030.77	Undivided Profits	3,311,290.28
Miscellaneous Assets	12,415 53	Deposits, Banks and Bankers	1,124,165.27
Due from Banks and Bankers	1,104 308 12	Deposits, Individual	8,904,102.62
Cash	3,973,676.04		
	$ 19,589,558.17		$ 19,589,558.17

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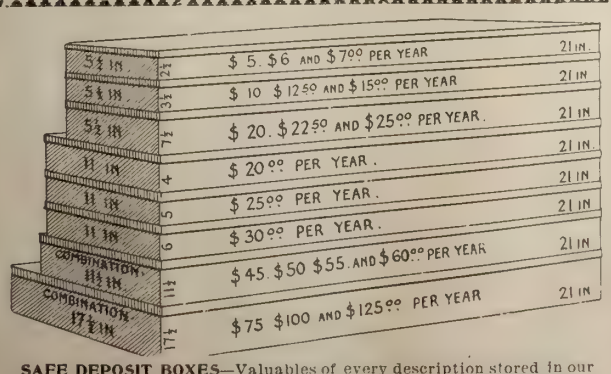
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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, December 21, 1901

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TOWN TALK PUBLISHING CO.

THEO. F. BONNET - - - Editor
CHARLES S. SMITH - Business Manager

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Christmas Reflections

This is the season of the year when man is given to reflection. Why it is so it is difficult to explain. Yuletide is supposed to be the most appropriate period of the year at which to drive away melancholy but somehow its approach promotes cogitation and it is difficult to cogitate and be merry. There is no occupation more conducive to seriousness than thinking. The light-hearted and jovial are those that find it easy to banish thought. But reflection is good for the soul. When we closet ourselves with our thoughts we are inclined to conjure up visions of the past and ponder the mistakes we have made. Good guidance comes from a lively sense of the mischievous blunders that have gone before. The Christmas festival is one, however, that should be observed with gladness. It is the anniversary of the occasion when peace on earth, good will toward all men was proclaimed from on high. And through the centuries that sentiment has been crystallized into a custom which has spread throughout Christendom—the custom of bestowing gifts of friendship. But it is not pleasant to reflect that this year, perhaps, tokens of Christian friendship, in many instances, will consist of articles stolen by Christians from the heathens of China. Yet it is difficult for those of the meditative temperament to escape the reflection. The other day General Voyron, a French commander, made a report on the subject of looting in Pekin. He corroborated the report which was denied some time ago about the ladies of the legations helping themselves to the goods of the Chinese merchants. He declares that immediately after the relief of Pekin the ladies ran to the best shops while the Chinese were panic-stricken, and plundered them of silks, laces, jewelry, gold and silver ornaments of all kinds and rare work in ivory. But the ladies, he says, were insignificant offenders compared to the missionaries. The exact language of his report is as follows:

"The missionaries, no doubt well informed, came to Prince Li's palace on the morning of the 17th with forty carts and two or three hundred native Christians employed as coolies, and began a methodical search. They gathered up the silver ingots and thus collected an imporiant sum.

The *Vossiche Zeitung* declares that the whole of European civilization is affected by the looting of Pekin. It is therefore evident that the missionaries of China will not have to distress themselves much this year in following the ancient Christian custom of making Christmas presents. It is not pleasant to reflect that the conduct of the missionaries was not exactly in accordance with the principles of Christ's teachings, but why indulge in reflections which do not impart to the spirits the buoyancy which should come at yuletide? Let us hasten to the punch bowl's brim, as behooves all up-to-date Christians and imbibe inspiration of the lighter vein. All hail to Santa Claus!

The Spectacular Tolstoi

It was reported quite recently that Count Tolstoi had died, but nothing more than the bare announcement was made, so those enterprising journals which like to be first in the field with a sensation set themselves to working up a probable policy for the Russian government in the event of the titled faker's succumbing to one or the other of the mortal diseases he is from time to time credited with suffering from. It was confidently predicted that the news would be suppressed, that the funeral ceremonies would be curtailed, and that in general "vengeance would be wreaked" by both State and church. Tolstoi has for years made it a point to deny and disavow belief in the essential doctrines of the Greek church, and of late he has done his best in his writings to cast ridicule on the service. The result, and the only result that could be looked for under the circumstances, was his formal excommunication, and that means that he shall not receive the rites of the church in his lifetime, nor be buried with the religious service nor his body laid in consecrated ground. There are some to which such a sentence is terrifying. They believe in the power of the Metropolitan, not only to see that the punishment is meted out in full here on earth, but that he also has the power of keeping their souls out of heaven. There are others, and Tolstoi is one of them, who profess to be independent of the church and its officials, and to care not a jot what is said or done by them, being safe in a final court of appeal in the Almighty himself. The truth about Tolstoi is that he is of very small moment in Russia, and that unless he is instrumental in stirring up a revolt he is not likely to attract any attention from the government. He is too inconsistent to be much of a leader, for his precepts and practice are at direct variance in almost every particular, and he is no more stable than the proverbial weather-cock. He is as fond of "showing off" as any spoiled child, and his late illness, of which so much was made, was the result of too much horseback riding, indulged in for the

purpose of impressing a visitor. As to the Russian church, after the manner in which the Count sneered and scoffed at the ceremonials in his "Resurrection," there was no choice but to excommunicate him. Any society would have been justified in expelling a member for far less. But when it comes to a question of death and burial, there is little reason to doubt but that Tolstoi will make his peace and be buried in the full odor of sanctity. All he wants now is the benefit of the advertisement which was the result of his excommunication.

School Fads

The climax of absurdity in the way of freak education was reached recently in Oakland, where the children of one of the classes absorbed in the fad of nature study were requested to bring some pet animal to school. The result, which any one but a faddist would have foreseen, was that the class room was transformed into a menagerie, and the live stock engaged in free fights. The cats made war on the white mice, and the dogs went for their hereditary enemies, the cats, and there was a joyous time all round. It is about time that a line was drawn at some of this foolishness, and that an expensive school department had something to show in the way of results, better than smatterings of this or that science or idiocy. Cats and dogs, mice, rabbits, guinea pigs and poultry are not such rare fauna that children brought up in California are apt to gain any great additional knowledge from seeing the animals in strange surroundings on a single afternoon. It is easy to sympathize with the teachers who are compelled to conform to the requirements of a modern course of study. Little by little, first one fad and then another is introduced into the school department. Some teacher tries an original plan of instructing her class, and if she be one of the ambitious kind, or if her experiment happens to take the fancy of a director or a superintendent, straightway every teacher is commanded to follow suit. It is only a question of time before poker and bridge whist will be considered essential branches for a common school education. Meanwhile, the three R's are more and more relegated to the background, and spelling has become a lost art. As to reading, an authority recently declared that there are only six people on the American stage whose English is a delight to the ear. They are Mrs. Fiske, Miss Julia Marlowe, Mrs. Sarah Cowell Lemoyne, Richard Mansfield, Otis Skinner and Sothern—not a very extensive list when one considers the vast army of stage folks and the large proportion of them claiming to be regarded as stars. Writing is another antiquated accomplishment. There is no time to devote to that when water-coloring is so much more showy. One seldom sees a legible manuscript any more, and the clerk who once took pride in his copper-plate script is superseded by the writing machine. Last week, in Chicago, it was only by superhuman efforts that a life was saved, the patient being a victim to the undecipherable handwriting of a physician. He probably was educated under the new rule, which takes it for granted that children will learn the elementary branches "somehow," so it is not worth while to waste school time on them. The mania for distracting the attention of children must have reached its limit by now, for there seems to be nothing left in the way of decoration which can be introduced into a school-room. Long ago a map hung on one of the walls was considered both useful and ornamental, and quite sufficient. Little by little there have come in, the flag, the picture of Washington, of Lady Washington, the White House, and the other presidents and statesmen. So far, well enough; but these were followed by copies of famous pictures, then merely pretty pictures, then bits of any thing which could be made to look ornamental. Meanwhile, a window garden has been growing, and there has been introduced a cabinet of minerals, one of insects, and in some of the "progressive" schools, teachers are commanded to provide aquaria and start colonies of earth worms, in order that the infants may become interested in biology. The school room, instead of being a place for study, has become a sort of museum of clutter, where the infant mind, instead of being trained to concentration and attention, is distracted at every turn.

Do They Lack Opportunity?

Miss Jane Addams is a woman with a reputation for good judgment, and she has not a very exalted opinion of her sex. She asserts that women are better than men only because they have not the same chance to be bad. Despite her reputation for good judgment Miss Addams has the Max O'Rell and Ella Wheeler Wilcox habit of saying things just to be sensational. She doesn't always believe what she says. Yet it is not unlikely that having noticed that her shortcomings are the same as those of other women, she has concluded that she is a fair type of the average woman and shares with her the inclination to be bad when opportunity presents itself. But such is not the inclination of the average woman. If it were not for the moral superiority of woman the world would be in a bad way. The woman who is good through lack of opportunity to be bad is an exceptional individual. The average woman not only ignores opportunity but resists temptation. In the majority of instances women that forsake virtue are actuated by sentiment rather than passion. Miss Addams is of the opinion that enfranchisement would demoralize the sex because to widen woman's field would be to increase opportunity. Town Talk is not in favor of bestowing the franchise on women, but not for the reasons that have influenced the judgment of Miss Addams. We believe that woman is good because nature endowed her with an instinct to which badness is repugnant, and that when she is naturally bad she is a mistake.

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The Boers' Christmas

BY GEORGE HOMER MEYER

(It is rumored that the Boers have planned a sharp Christmas surprise for the British.—Despatch.)

Now bring to me, lad, my cartridge belt,
And reach me my rifle down;
For the war once more sweeps red o'er the veldt
And blackens o'er farm and town;
And before I die
Once again mine eye
Shall be laid to that barrel brown.

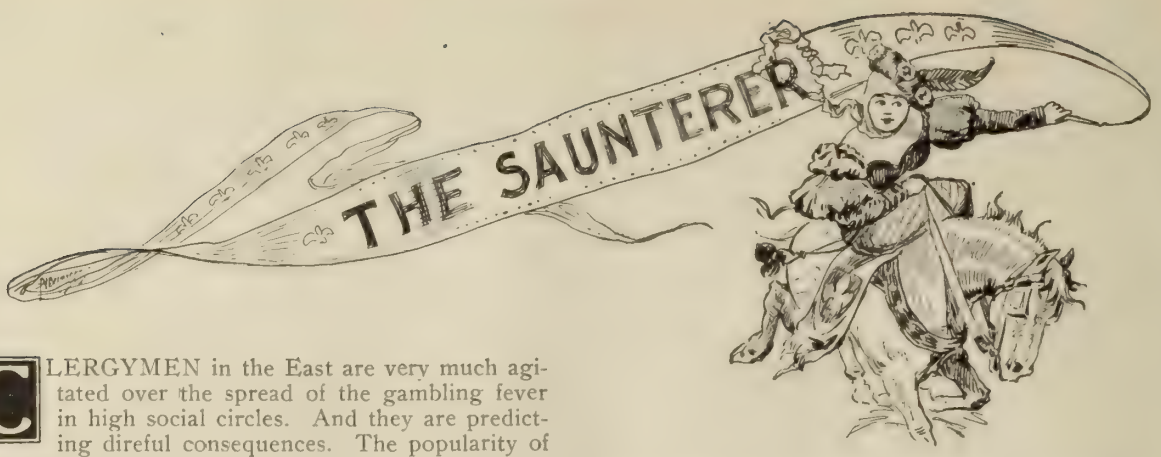
And ride thee thyself to the Christmas feast,
Thou son of mine own son—dead!
For the guests come swift from the west and east,
And the banquet board is spread.
Ah, the grim good cheer
When one's hour is near,
And the meek Christ turns His head.

The Christ! What thought for a seared old brain
Or a sireless son's like thine.
Who spoke of Him when my boys were slain—
Shot down in the foremost line?
Some fled, they have said—
But my lads lay dead—
And there lives no son of mine.

I have held thee back, my dead son's son,
Bold though thou art and tall;
I had given thy kinsmen, both as one,
At the word of our stern old Paul;
But that word comes still—
And his will's my will,
And now I shall give him all.

Then haste we away with our Christmas gifts,
For the east grows gray with dawn,
And shamed were we when the red sun lifts
To be here, and our comrades gone.
'Twas never our way
On the Christmas Day
To be last when the feast is on.

And I ride at thy side, thou last of our name,
Last of our death-swept line.
No firmer grip can thy young hand claim
On a gun's brown stock than mine.
And this hair of snow
May as well lie low
In the red war dust as thine.



CLERGYMEN in the East are very much agitated over the spread of the gambling fever in high social circles. And they are predicting direful consequences. The popularity of bridge-whist is especially deprecated because that exciting game seems to appeal with more force than any other to the fancy of the gentle sex. But pulpit excoriation of the votaries of the fickle goddess makes little impression on them. It is hard to discourage the speculative spirit. It is akin to the ruling passion. And though it is more or less demoralizing it is not frowned on by all clergymen. There are ministers of the gospel in this city who hazard a little money in stocks occasionally, and I have heard of one or two that play the dogs and the ponies. Far out on the Mission road, in a somewhat palatial residence, lives a priest of the Catholic church, Rev. Father Brady, a stout and breezy Irishman, who loves a game of cards, and sees no harm in the pastime even though a considerable sum of money is staked on the result. Draw poker is his favorite pastime, and he has demonstrated his skill in the manipulation of jack-pots in games with some of the most expert card players in town. It has cost more than one club man a little money to discover that Father Brady was possessed of more than ordinary card sense. I don't suppose that the archbishop has discovered it yet, but the probability is that when he does the little poker game on the Mission road will be discontinued. Father Brady has a very large parish, and I believe he is popular with his parishioners. He managed a church fair out therea year or so ago, the ostensible purpose of which was to build a church, and such was the priest's popularity that he netted over ten thousand dollars. That wasn't enough to build a church, but it was sufficient for the erection of a residence for the Rev. Father, and he accordingly built himself a house. It is a fine residence. Being a broad-minded man, and sensible of the obligations of citizenship, Father Brady always takes a hand in politics, and I have heard that he is "close-up" to Mayor Schmitz.

Where Chauncey Draws the Line

An impending event of international social interest is the marriage of Chauncey M. Depew, United States Senator and millionaire railroad magnate. Mr. Depew contemplates making a trip to Paris, and getting married during the holiday week. Ever since his engagement to Miss Palmer was announced, the newspapers have been discussing the match, and Chauncey has encouraged them by talking about it himself. Chauncey has always courted newspaper notoriety and he doesn't mind how much discussion his marriage provokes. But he does draw the line at some things. A club-man who returned from New York the other day states that Chauncey told a reporter recently that he didn't care how the newspapers handled the marriage if the Sunday Supp editors would kindly overlook his wife's lingerie. "I object," he said, "to giving every Tom, Dick and Harry a peep into my wife's boudoir."

He Will Tell Her Stories

The disparity in the ages of the aged Senator and his fiancee was discussed in one paper, and Chauncey remarked that if he couldn't interest a bride with the fervor of his love he could, at least, tell her funny stories. And now even his gift as a raconteur is derided. But after all there are not many that can tell a story as well as Chauncey M. Depew. One of his best stories was told some years ago at a Chamber of Commerce banquet. It was about a fisherman's wife who was told that her good man was drowned. She wept bitterly and could not be consoled. They told her that the body was in a frightful condition.

"Tell me the worst," said the weeping widow.

"Your late husband," they replied, "is covered with eels."

"Covered with eels?" she exclaimed.

"Yes, madam, we hated to tell you but it is so. He's covered with eels."

The widow dried her tears and said, "Well, set him again."

A story of ingratitude comes to me from my Stockton correspondent. Everybody knows that Captain Weber gave to the city of Stockton its waterfront, public squares, church sites, school sites, courthouse square, public market place and race-track as well as

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sites for a hospital and a convent. This year it was decided to purchase a new site for a high school, and the Board of Education selected a tract of land owned by Miss Weber, daughter of the generous Captain Weber. She was to attend to the formality of having certain streets closed but the city council has been throwing obstacles in her way, and threatening to stop the sale. The Webers can no longer afford to give sites away, but the officials of Stockton are not influenced by gratitude, especially when their personal interests are involved. There are other property owners in Stockton who have sites to sell.

At the Club

"I married for Goethe's reason," said the first smoker—"to obtain respectability."

"I married to spite my relatives," said the second man, "same reason that Wycherly did—only he married a servant girl."

"Well, I married because I fell in love," said the third smoker.

Then they all looked at the fourth man. He said nothing.

"And you?" they chorused.

"Well," he said, "I won a diamond solitaire in a raffle."

"What had that to do with it?" he was asked, as he paused to strike a match.

"Everything. I didn't know anybody to give it to and I thought I might as well use it as an engagement ring. It fit the lady who is now my wife."

Dewey's Verdict

It appears that Rear Admiral Sampson was very unfortunate in being in the hands of his friends. In seeking to gain for him more glory than he was entitled to they undertook to disparage Schley, and they precipitated the investigation which enabled the hero of Manila bay to deal the enemies of the much-abused officer a hard blow. Though Dewey's report is the minority one, his is the only verdict which the people cared to hear. The other members of the court are merely tea-going admirals, and many people never heard of them until they were selected to try Schley. Their report reminds one of the old Irish adage that the best hurdler is the chap that sits on the fence. They are of the opinion that if they were in charge of the squadron they would have displayed greater wisdom than was exhibited by Schley, but they admit that he made a gallant fight. Prior to the investigation the heated friends of Sampson were contending that Schley was a coward, that he bombarded the land batteries at an impossible distance and that the famous loop was made through an abundance of caution that savored of fear. Those charges are now conceded to be without foundation.

Sampson Wasn't In It

From Dewey's report it appears that Sampson, the disaureoled, should never have figured in the controversy. He eliminated himself when he went ashore to confer with the land forces. Dewey declares that Schley was the senior officer in charge of the squadron when the battle was fought and that he was entitled to all the glory. That ought to settle it. Sampson wasn't in it. Therefore he should have gone away back.

They Know How to Entertain

The Brigham ball was fully the success that was expected, and nearly all of the two hundred and fifty invitations sent out for the affair were accepted. The Brighams are among the few that know how to give a ball that will give pleasure to dancer and chaperon alike. I remember a cotillion they gave some years ago when the elder daughter was a bud. They invited all their old friends as well as the current smart set and everybody had a good time. The favors were beautiful but not of too great value, as the Brighams do not believe in vulgar ostentation. Kate, this year's debutante, is a bright, lively girl and like her sister has been splendidly educated. The Brigham home is one of the most artistic on Broadway and commands an extensive view of the Golden Gate. The garden is enclosed by a hedge that conceals its beauties from the passer-by. It is a lovely garden, Dr. Brigham being an authority on horticulture. His collection of pansies numbers, I believe, every known variety.

"The Imperial Government of Germany has just issued an edict condemning kissing as being 'highly dangerous.'"

"What a pity they didn't wait till after Christmas—nobody'll dare hang a mistletoe now."

Society at the Symphony

There was not such a huge showing of society people at the first symphony concert as I expected to see. But it was a bitterly cold day and the Brigham ball being scheduled for the evening, probably the buds and belles did not wish to run any risk of catching a cold that might prevent them from attending the gayer function. Those of the swim who were there were the advanced music-lovers and they hugged their wraps close about them and gave themselves up to the symphonic strains with a disregard of the frigid atmosphere that was almost heroic. The players seemed sleepy during the opening number and the first movement of the symphony but Steindorff soon waked them up and by the time Wotan made his entrance the men were all as interested as their leader. I noticed William Alvord and Mrs. Alvord in one of the orchestra rows and they appeared to enjoy every minute of the concert. Miss Ruth Loring was there, also Miss Ebbets. Both are enthusiastic musicians. Mrs. James M. Goewey, Miss Nellie Dore, Miss Mamie Kohl, the Palaches, Mrs. Charlie Wheeler, Mrs. Frank Johnson, the Hechts, Miss Dean, and Miss Pillsbury were in the audience. Both Mrs. Phoebe Hearst and John Parrott are among the large subscribers for the season.

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THE WORLD OVER

LORD TEMPLE
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And the Lawyer Blushed

That was an ill-chosen question propounded by one of the attorneys in the Kerschow will contest the other day. The witness was the woman to whom the gay and reckless Kerschow bequeathed the bulk of his estate. Or, perhaps, to be more exact she is the woman who appears as the principal legatee under the disputed will. During the life-time of the deceased she was his chere amie, and she did considerable swinging round the tenderloin circle. The question was propounded by one of the attorneys who are seeking to break the will. He is a young member of one of the leading law firms of the city.

"Where did you first meet the deceased?" was the question he asked as soon as the woman had been sworn.

"In the same house where I first met you," was the reply.

The attorney blushed, and Colonel Kowalsky nearly fell out of his chair with laughter. The Colonel is now suspected of having put up a job on the opposing counsel.

An Old-Time Bohemian

A journalist of the old school, a genial fellow, a kind friend, and a man possessed of the true spirit of camaraderie, passed away when Sands Forman died. Forman was a newspaper man in San Francisco in the early sixties, and it was upon his suggestion that the Bohemian club was founded. That suggestion was made in a beer hall in Bush street opposite the old California theatre. Forman was then a reporter, and he had been talking with some friends shortly before in front of the theatre box-office. They had witnessed the efforts of an impostor to secure seats on the representation that he was a newspaperman. Forman denounced the fellow, and later on when discussing the incidents over a stein of beer he suggested that newspapermen should organize, and that they should endeavor to wipe out the frauds that posed as journalists. A few days later Forman, Joe Irwin and a few other kindred spirits called a meeting and launched the Bohemian club.

His Awful Affliction

Sands Forman was a graduate of Georgetown university, and he was a classmate of James V. Coleman with whom a life-long friendship existed. He was for a time in the newspaper business in Virginia City, Nevada, and he was the associate of many men who afterwards became famous in the world of letters. Among them were such men as Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Arthur McEwen and Ned Townsend. Forman was a cultured man, and his literary work attracted considerable attention before he became a victim of the disease which shadowed so many of the later years of his life. He was seized with locomotor ataxia fifteen years ago when the medical profession knew very little about the disease. He went to Europe to be treated, and was experimented upon by several famous specialists. Though his sufferings were most excruciating at times necessitating the use of liberal doses of morphine he bore up bravely to the end.

There is nothing in the world more delightful than a drink of good whiskey—and Jesse Moore is good whiskey.

Has Had the Excitement

Few men on the sunny side of fifty, with a dream of childhood unrealized, are allowed by Kismet to grasp their hearts' desire when hope is nearly gone. Coming to San Francisco on the wind jammer *Roanoke* from New York, by way of Honolulu, is one of the best known lawyers and litterateurs of New York city. Born within sound of the sea in Maine, John Winthrop Fiske longed all his boyish days to sail the ocean—not in an unromantic steamer, but in a great, square-rigged clipper,with real sailors aboard, and with all the dangers and sensations of a trip around the Horn. But Fiske was forced to still his longing, and to be a lawyer. He is a graduate of Amherst, a Psi Upsilon member, and a handsome man, six feet tall,with pointed white beard and snowy hair. He is an authority on French and Spanish literature and much sought after by the lights of letters in the East. A few months ago, with a comfortable fortune amassed at the bar, he made up his mind to be again a boy. He engaged a cabin on the *Roanoke* from New York to San Francisco, and was bidden adieu by many friends who laughingly voiced their hopes that he would get the excitement he sought. Certainly Fiske got it. The *Roanoke* put into Honolulu a fortnight or so ago, having been on fire for two weeks and having been leaking badly for two months. They had escaped death by the narrowest chance and Fiske had his fill of peril. In Honolulu he has been much feted and doubtless will receive considerable attention from acquaintances here when he arrives.

Sued by a "Purple She"

Southern California sentiment stands between sense and spookery. Intense interest has been aroused by the doings at the theosophist corral at Point Loma, near Los Angeles. "Jigadier Brindle" Otis, owner of the *Times*, has been sued for fifty thousand dollars by Mrs. Katherine Tingley, the high priestess of the Universal Brotherhood, for an article accusing her of

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fostering the giddiest of mummery, and of preaching the creed of free love to the scores of men and women who have given up all outside things for the fascinations of the Point Loma life. Mrs. Tingley calls herself the "Purple She" of modern theosophy, and enforces absolute obedience to her will among those who seek Nirvana under her guidance. Matters have been brought to a crucial point by the moan of a husband and father who says his wife has learned to swear like a clubman since dwelling in the spiritual community managed by Mrs. Tingley.

A Deserted Husband

He is a rich Chicago merchant and for four years has suffered through his wife's craze for Better Things. His dinners have been cold and lonely while she chatted with a Yogi in the parlor, was initiated by an adept in the recesses of the music room, or was taught the movements of the soul in Karma by a handsome, bewhiskered Swami from India. Finally she persuaded her husband, John J. Bohn, to take her and her two children to the California seat of inspiration. Bohn was surprised to find the Point Loma grove surrounded by a high fence, and to hear the blowing of bugles and challenging of sentries when he or others not of the Inner Altar approached the place. He saw all the inmates wearing ghostly hoods, and when his wife hurried him from the gate, she told him she was to dwell forever amidst the Possessors of the Truth, and for him to try to find the Real by himself, and to remit regularly, care of the "Purple She". Bohn has gone to court and Los Angeles is promised a pretty scandal.

Wouldn't this be a nice world if we could put all the pessimists in a dark cell, or cut them off from life entirely?

An Injustice to an Infant

All Oakland is chattering and gossiping over an affair recently aired in the courts by the suit of Dr. Eva Harris against young Willie Hopkins for medical services rendered the latter's wife. To be sure, Willie Hopkins and his wife, who was before her marriage a trained nurse, have been divorced but the alimony granted to the lady is not of such a princely character that she can afford expensive illnesses, and moreover one should think that a man would be quite willing to pay for the bringing into the world of his own and only child. But not so with young Hopkins, and he pleaded his decree of divorce as a bar to the action. The court sustained this technical but cold-blooded view of the matter, but it strikes me that the judge ignored the rights of the infant. There is an issue involved which was not raised, and it suggests the question whether a father can escape the obligations of paternity by a decree of divorce rendered prior to the birth of his infant. It is surely an injustice to a child to shoulder it with the responsibility of beating a doctor's bill. When the alimony order was made it was for the benefit of Mrs. Hopkins, but no provision was made for the Hopkins babe.

The Hopkins' Families

The Hopkins marriage was a hasty and ill-advised one. The youthful husband is the son of the late Orrin K. Hopkins who was a brother of E. H. Hopkins, I believe, and this branch of the family owns the St. Ann's building and some other fine city property. Neither Mrs. Hopkins, the mother of young Hopkins, nor his sister Miss Mabel is so exclusive as their cousins Mrs. Gus and Mrs. Will Taylor and Miss Georgina Hopkins who is to marry into the exclusive McNear family. They are less Puritanical in their way of living and I believe they are not on the calling lists of their reserved and dignified cousins. The widow of Orrin K. Hopkins has a pretty good time with her money. She is a charitable woman and is generous to struggling professional men. Miss Mabel is a dashing young woman and is not so sedate as her cousins. The Hopkins' have been divorced some months but the little boy who has just arrived couldn't help that, and as there is no denial of his paternity it seems rather queer to compel Dr. Harris to put the account down to profit and loss.

The brummagen Chesterfield always hates the genuine Sydney. He recognizes the difference and feels the altitude he can never reach.

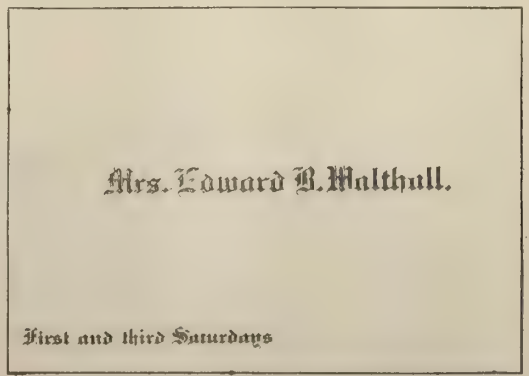
The Effect of Grand Opera

Two stories have come to me dealing with the grand opera season. Major General Shafter had a season box. He slumbered peacefully through a number of the productions, waking up at intervals to wet his whistle, but when "The Meistersinger" was put on, he found it hard to sleep on account of the terrific rolling of the drums and the general characteristics of Wagnerian music. After a quarter of an hour, he gave one loud, "Gurt——gwock," and awoke. "Why don't they begin to play?" said the hero of Santiago, "they've been tunin' up ever since I sat down."

Colonel Howell took an acquaintance from Los Angeles to hear "The Valkyrie." The friend is rich but of humble origin and a business acquaintance of the popular police commissioner. Howell noticed that during the rendering of the overture, which is about the noisiest bit of music one hears, the Angeleno's face was unmoved.

"Doesn't this magnificent volume of sound affect you?" asked Howell, annoyed at his sangfroid.

"Not a bit of it," said the Southron, "I used to be a boiler-maker."



This is the latest size and style in Visiting Cards—A suggestion for a Holiday gift. A. B. Pierson, 318 Post Street,

Not Married Yet

Why I should have had the impression that Mrs. Jack Wilson and Dr. Thorne were married I do not know. But it was so strong as to be tantamount to conviction. Perhaps it was due to the fact that the rumor of their engagement has been current so long, and was authoritatively announced so many weeks ago. At any rate I had the impression and referred to them last week as though they had been married. I was promptly called to task over the phone by Mrs. Wilson, who appeared to be indignant that I should have married her prematurely.

"What a charmingly independent bachelor maid Miss Neverwas is!" said Edythe.

"Yes, and all the charm so hopeless," added Maude; "she's walked beneath the mistletoe four times and not a man noticed the circumstance."

An Incident

A few weeks ago, passing through the Palace court to the ladies' grill, I noticed a trio sitting at one of the little tables outside. There was nothing remarkable in their appearance, the trio consisting of an old gentleman, an old lady evidently his wife, and a young woman. They appeared to be Germans of the bourgeois class. But the young woman was smoking, quite nonchalantly and as if it were the most natural act in the world. She was puffing at her cigarette between sips of her coffee, and reading a newspaper meanwhile. There was nothing fast about the looks of any one of the group. Now a few years ago such a sight, a woman smoking in public, would have drawn a crowd of gazers, but only a passing glance was vouchsafed this feminine smoker. I only record this incident as an instance of the march of progress in feminine independence.

Mr. Cohen Objects

Away in the manger, no crib for his bed
The little Lord Jesus laid down his sweet head;
The stars and the sky looked down where he lay,
And little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay.

Truly, this is an innocent bit of poesy to raise a big row. But it has divided all Los Angeles into opposing camps and caused columns of controversial and caustic contributions to the papers of the southern city. It seems that in the Tenth street public school of Los Angeles one of the little boys who was drinking deep of the Pierian fountain was named Cohen. It would be pleasant to record that his first name was Ikey but in this case it would be untrue. I believe, indeed, that it is Solomon. Young Cohen went home from school a few days ago and when his proud father asked him what he had accomplished, he showed his notebook in which had been inscribed the above verses. The elder Cohen drew out that Solomon's teacher had written the lines on the blackboard, and ordered her pupils to copy them. Cohen pere hastened to Rabbi Hecht and soon a terrific storm was howling about the ears of Miss McFadden, the Tenth street schoolma'am who taught Solomon Cohen. It was claimed by Rabbi Hecht, Rabbi Edelmen and other wise men of the Los Angeles synagogues that it was a plain attempt to cram Christianity down the throats of the little Cohens, and other non-gentile scholars. Superintendent Foshay of the Los Angeles public schools was taken to task, and pleaded that it was hard to select music for Christmas time and eliminate all reference to the Master. But the edict has gone forth and at future Christmases in the public schools of the City of Angels, such appropriate songs as "Bobby Shafter's gone to Sea," or "Shoo! fly, don't bother me," will be rendered.

Society Belles to be Barred

The dailies all over the country have devoted a deal of space of late to the plans of reigning society belles who intended to be present at the Coronation of Edward VII, and one New York paper stated that the reason why Queen Alexandra had the Koh-i-Noor set in her crown was that she feared the prospect of being outshone by some Yankee guest. It is with regret that I am constrained to announce that the ambitious American belles are doomed to disappointment. It appears that their plan was to secure seats at the ceremony by purchasing the birthright of mercenary representatives of the British nobility. From a private correspondent I learn that the King has decided to frustrate the plans of his American cousins. He has decreed that the Coronation shall be a British family party with no outsiders except distinguished foreign representatives; also, that if any seats in the Abbey be bought and sold the buyer shall be barred and the seller shall forfeit his right of admission.

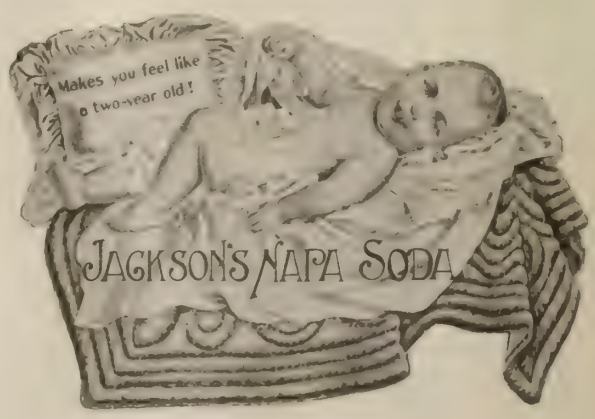


Most ladies hold the reins well. Perhaps it is not bad that they do.

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Sensational Santa Cruz Cossip

Life is so monotonous in Santa Cruz in the winter season that the fair matrons of that somnolent city beguile the time mainly by rehashing the morceaux of gossip gathered during the summer. They assemble periodically during the slow and dreary winter months ostensibly for the purpose of playing whist, but they never fail to avail themselves of the opportunity to exchange notes. It was at one of those Santa Cruz whist parties that the story was sprung quite recently of an impending divorce which is to operate advantageously for two people who wish to change their mates.

People of Prominence

The story as it comes to me is that the wife of a San Francisco attorney has become infatuated with an officer of one of the Santa Cruz banks, and that as the latter is a married man the two have deemed it expedient to return to single blessedness preparatory to a new matrimonial deal. The precedent for that sort of thing has been so well established in the ultra-fashionable circles of all the big cities, and so clearly approved of by the highest dignitaries of clashing Christian sects, that I should suppose one may give currency to rumors of such somewhat premature engagements without being charged with the most demoralizing practice of scandal-mongering. What presumably decent and cultured people are doing every day without exciting adverse criticism must be regarded as being within the proprieties. Nevertheless I believe that if the principals of this domestic drama carry out their reported intentions they will cause a big sensation. For they are very prominent. The San Franciscan and his wife are scions of families that have figured conspicuously in the political and social history of this State.

Chat About the Pope

Anent my recent paragraph about the frequency of newspaper reports of the serious illness of Pope Leo and his approaching death, a Californian who recently returned from Rome informs me that on the day after the publication of the latest of those reports the venerable Pontiff received successively a large Swiss deputation, the librarian of the King of Portugal, the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, and the editor of a French newspaper. He addressed the Swiss pilgrims at considerable length, and to each of the others he accorded a private audience of from twenty minutes to an hour's duration. Two days later he received two English Bishops. He is not even confined to one room as some reports have alleged. He makes a special point of receiving the various deputations in different halls of the vast Vatican palace. "That is the advantage of living in a big house," he once said to a visiting prelate, "one can get exercise and change of air without putting one's nose out of doors."

Queen Wilhelmina

The domestic scandal of a royal household is always of world-wide interest. Hence the dailies have exploited at considerable length the troubles of pretty Queen Wilhelmina of Holland who had the misfortune to wed the dissolute Duke Henry of the Grand Ducal House of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. From a gentleman who was formerly in the Britfsh diplomatic service and stationed in Holland I have learned that Duke Henry has made the life of his Queen miserable since the first week of their marriage. He is a rake and a boor and he is never content except in the company of women of easy virtue. Queen Wilhelmina is a modest woman and a very popular queen. She is also a careful and industrious executive. She never signs a paper unless it is accompanied by all the necessary information about the matter for which her signature is required. And if necessary she summons ministers or experts to her presence to obtain the fullest kind of information.

Unlike some sovereigns she can leave her dominions when she likes, without permission from the legislature, and she has traveled incognito all over Europe. Her latest row with her consort is reported to have taken place at dinner. At all their meals the royal couple are attended by three ladies and three gentlemen-in-waiting.

Too Much Church Scandal

It is most unfortunate that at this period of the year, just as we are approaching the anniversary of the peace-on-earth proclamation, two of our churches should be engaged in bitter internal strife. San Francisco is seldom without her church scandals, but now we are afflicted with two. As it is customary for us to credit and blame our climate for all the good and the bad that we have, perhaps it may not be unreasonable to charge it with responsibility for church discord. It is a singular coincidence that the troubles of both St. Paul's church and the Church of the Advent are due to differences over financial matters. The pastors of both churches have been accused of jug-

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gling church funds. It is unfortunate that such matters are not adjusted without publicity. There is no scandal so demoralizing as that involving church affairs.

The Cause of a Row

The row in St. Paul's church appears to have been due entirely to feminine jealousy. The wives of two prominent members dislike each other. Many years ago the husbands of those women were in humble circumstances. The two men were friends. Each changed his sphere of activity, and one became very wealthy but the other plodded along slowly doing fairly well but never cutting any figure in the financial world. They met again as members of the same church congregation, and owing to the vastly superior wealth of one of them the wife of that one was enabled to outshine the wife of the other socially. The rich man's wife was given prominence in church affairs. Consequently the storm broke.

This is not the age when the rejected drowns his woes in a suicide's grave. No, he looks out the next day for a new market and becomes the wooer of an heiress.

One Way to Become Great

Samuel Parker, the rich and handsome Hawaiian who was a member of Queen Liliuokalani's cabinet, and who was defeated for Congress by Bob Wilcox, passed through San Francisco a few days ago on his way from Honolulu to Washington. Sam is ambitious and would like to be famous among the statesmen of the United States, and during the short time he was here he asked the advice of a friend about the wisdom of paying a thousand dollars to have his picture and biography in a "History of Great Men." He said that a solicitor had made him a remarkable offer. The book is to include the lives of all the foremost men of all times, and is not to be arranged chronologically,but at the will of the publishers. Sam was told that he could choose his own neighbors in the volume and pay according to position. "He said that for one thousand dollars he would sandwich me between George Washington and King Kalakaua," said the Hawaiian, "and that the scale was distinctly a sliding one. For twelve hundred and fifty dollars he would guarantee that my biography would be next to Roosevelt's and for two thousand dollars they would sacrifice the choice position of the whole book and have me follow the life of Napoleon and be followed by that of Julius Cæsar."

A Few of the Great Men

Parker's friend agreed to look into the matter for him. He hunted up the solicitor and presented himself as a candidate for admission to the history. The agent glibly rehearsed the names of the most distinguished living patrons—including among Californians Harrison Gray Otis, Irving Scott, Moses Gunst, Julius Kahn, Judge Treadwell, Dr. O'Donnell and many others whose names I will not mention for fear of bringing down on them other inflictions. Pinned to the facts, the solicitor confessed that he would accept anyone who had the ready cash or whose contract could be discounted, and who was not actually serving time. Parker was advised to keep out of the book.

The Tragedy in a Doctor's Life

From legal circles comes the story that Dr. Herzstein has recently made a will leaving the bulk of his property to his ex-wife. If the story is true it is something far outside of the prosaic doings of the artificial people of the day, something to take rank in the Ruskin line. She was a Miss Wallace and the fervor and constancy of the doctor's passion from the day he met her was the marvel of all their friends. He lavishly responded to all her whims and wishes but despite everything he could do she cooled towards him and ended by getting a divorce and marrying another man. The doctor provided her with a generous sum to start her home in the South, where she is now living with her second husband. One touching tribute to her memory records the lasting impression she made on the doctor's affections: it reads like a chapter out of Dickens' "Great Expectations." Under no circumstances will he allow anything to be touched in the room she formerly occupied as a wife under his roof. The various articles occupy the exact positions where she carelessly placed them on the day she left the room: a hairpin on the floor, a half-read book turned face down on the dresser, a lace handkerchief resting on the back of a cushioned chair. Nobody but the housekeeper Francis is ever allowed inside the door and her iron-clad instructions are never to disturb anything, but simply to air and sun the room. Fond Jewish mammas have spent many disquieting hours angling for the attentions of the successful doctor, but so far their best efforts have been in vain. His heart seems to be wrapped up in thoughts of the deserted room and woman who occupied it.

The Latest Mrs. Martin Story

Some club wag spends a lot of his leisure time inventing amusing stories about Mrs. Eleanor Martin. The purpose of them appears to be to show that she is a good financier, and as that is to her credit she probably enjoys them as much as anybody. Whether the latest story is a creature of the imagination I do not know, but I would not vouch for the truth of the yarn. The story is that Mrs. Martin volunteered quite



recently to supply the funds for the completion of St. Brigid's church in Van Ness avenue. The basement is the only part of the church that has been completed, and therein the services have been held for years.

The Condition Precedent

Mrs. Martin is reported to have sent for the pastor, Father Cottle, the other day and to have asked him in her casual way how much he needed to complete the church. He told her. "Show me how the money is to be spent. I'm interested in the matter." Father Cottle was only too willing. It was a long, long while since any one showed an inclination to listen to details of completing the church. After an hour's penciling over specifications and figures and costs and contracts the two straightened up and Mrs. Martin remarked, "Well, Father, I think I understand everything. It's the holiday season and a time to do good. I'm going to give you a check for the amount needed to finish the church. Marie," and she called to her maid, "bring me my check-book." The Father heaved a sigh of relief, the first he had given since he had grappled with the great problem of completing the church edifice. With check-book open and pen poised above it Mrs. Martin sat steadfastly regarding him for a moment. "There is one condition to go with this check," she said, "it's something I've set my heart on."

"What is it?" he asked.

"That you inter the body of my son Andrew in the church."

"But that is impossible," he protested, "the church does that only in the case of its saints."

"Then make Andrew a saint."

The Father gently and kindly explained the utter impossibility of doing so. Mrs. Martin closed the check-book with a sigh—a sigh of disappointment—and the incident was closed, too.

"Why do you have the mistletoe hung so low, Edith?"
"Because I'm so short—and so is Tom."

An Old Worry Revived

The question of the impropriety of Sunday afternoon teas is only a tempest in a teapot, so to speak, and is absurd on its face. The Sunday tea is no new thing to begin with, and has been a matter of course with many hostesses for the past four years. Mrs. Burns Macdonald gave a large reception shortly after her marriage, in honor of some visiting friends, and the affair took place on a Sunday. To the Joliffe sisters, the Sunday "at home" is a matter that was known to the youngest of them in their infancy. A well known physician's wife years and years ago used to receive on Sunday evenings, and there are many other San Francisco women, some of whom are church-goers, with whom the Sunday at home is a time-honored institution. But just because a few society girls have lately taken it into their novelty-hunting heads to give teas on Sunday, and because their friends dub the fad "so very bohemian," their less daring intimates have raised a great hue and cry about it. When they find that the men don't care to frequent Sunday receptions with any greater zest than that they displayed over the week-day affairs, there will be less enthusiasm among the young hostesses who are now showing so much vigor in introducing the Sabbath tea.

Barnes' Bad Scare

Captain "Billy" Barnes has been in the Army, and is not a man to be easily alarmed. He is lymphatic by nature, and his avoirdupois assures one of the solidity of his nerves. But he confesses that he was scared half to death a few days ago by a stranger who entered his office. The Captain told his experience to a group of friends at the Press club a night ago. "I was at my desk absorbed in an abtruse legal problem," he said, "when the door was opened abruptly, and an old fellow with anarchistic whiskers walked in. He had a wild look in his sunken eye, and carried a queer-shaped satchel. He ambled up close to me, set the satchel on the floor, and said in a hoarse whisper:

" 'Interested in explosives?'

"You could have knocked me over with a whisk broom. I looked at the fellow to try to hypnotize him into forbearance but he had already begun to open the mysterious bag on the floor. I calculated the distance to the door but realized that dynamite or any other of the new-fangled inventions would make mincemeat of me before I could move. Suddenly the man dived into the grip and yanked out a package. Then he began to pace up and down the room. I thought of telephoning, shouting, kicking him, and all sorts of plans for escape from the impending flight through the air, when he continued:

" 'Costs only eight dollars down and one dollar a month. Mind you this entitles you to a complete set of Maroni's 'From Gunpowder to Lyddine', fully illustrated, bound in half morocco.' "

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To the regions where the Righteous dwell in everlasting peace,
To the House of Many Mansions in the skies,
Where the Halls of Heaven echo to the songs that never cease,
And the dawnless day in darkness never dies;
Where the prophets, priests and martyrs, and the saved and sainted stray
Through the golden streets that like to crystal gleam,
Once my spirit, in a slumber, burst the shackles of the clay,
And I passed the pearly portals in a dream.

There I saw the Shining City with its walls of precious stone,
Jasper, jacinth, chalcedony, chrysolite;
And the crystal river ever flowing forth beneath the Throne,
And the trees whose leaves are balm for every blight;
Heard the clear celestial chorus and the never-ending hymn,
And the harps that never know a tuneless chord;
Saw the princely six-winged angels and the shining seraphim
Hide their faces as they bent before the Lord.

Like the sands upon the sea shore, or the stars that gem the sky,
Did that multitude exceed all human count;
There the vilest who find mercy when the last dark hour is nigh,
As the thief who hung beside Him on the Mount,
Stand with legions of the chosen, gleaned from every clime and creed,
With a pardon purchased by the Paraclete.
Some by faith oft find salvation, and some gain it by a deed,
Like the woman of the town who kissed His feet.

There I saw her and saw many who had loved like her and erred,
And among them one who had from childhood grown
Like a pure and peerless lily, till the serpent's hiss she heard
In the flowers that along her path were strown;
Then she rose, like her of Corinth, for her faultless form and face
Made sin seem a thing to worship and to bless;
She was wooed by Wit and Wisdom, Rank and Wealth sought her embrace,
And men journeyed from afar for her caress.

Much I marvelled when I saw her, and I bade her tell me how
She had washed her scarlet raiment into white,
How she stood among the Ransomed with a halo on her brow,
How her sinful soul had reached that Realm of light?
As she turned and looked upon me, from her lips the story came
Of the sacred spark that sometimes smouldering lies
Deep in sin, then like a phoenix through the ashen heaps of shame
Bursts in beauty and on wings of Mercy flies.

"It was Christmas Eve," she told me, "and the night was wild and cold,
I was speeding through the darkness unto one,
Whom I loved, not for his bounty, though he gave me gems and gold,
But there is no word in Love's long lexicon
That can tell the burning torture of the thirst that often craves
In the hearts of hapless women who are thrown,
Like to waifs upon the waters, but at last across the waves
See the saving sail of rescue to them blown.

THE REDEEMED



By Louis A. Robertson

"Thus my soul was thirsting for him, and my heart began to beat
With the hope that he would call me 'wife' at last,
When I looked and saw a woman crouching in a darkened street,
And I heard her moan with anguish as I passed;
As I heard that wail of sorrow, quick from pleasure's path I turned,
And soon bent above the sufferer where she lay;
She was faint with pain and hunger and I saw that she had learned
The dark lesson of the love that leads astray.

"Little cared I for the Levites that passed on the other side,
Or for those who quickly gathered round me there
I a sinner turned Samaritan and helped her when she cried,
As God heard, ere many days, my own last prayer;
Then I flung my robe around her, took her home, and she was laid
In my bed, by which I watched her until morn;
As the cold gray dawn of Christmas o'er her pallid features strayed,
On a sinner's couch a sinless soul was born.

"With her child upon her bosom soon in sleep I saw her lie,
Then outworn I sank in slumber there by them;
Then I heard an angel chorus rolling through the winter sky,
'Twas the herald hymn they heard in Bethlehem;
And my dreaming senses drifted through the years unto the time
Of my girlhood and the place where I was born,
As I slept I fancied that I heard the once familiar chime,
I had often listened to on Christmas morn.

"Once again within the little village church I seemed to kneel,
Once again the blessed anthem seemed to hear;
And a peace that passeth telling o'er my spirit then did steal,
And I woke and saw God's saving purpose clear.
Though 'twas He who called my soul from sin unto salvation when
The poor sufferer cried to me, I knew it not;
It was woman unto woman, sinner unto sinner then,
'Twas the sympathy by impulse oft begot.

"But ere many days the icy darts which first I did not feel
When I gave my cloak to shield her from the blast,
Were soon burning in my bosom, and I saw the Spoiler steal
Through the gloom and stand beside my couch at last;
Then the lips that Sin had silenced unto prayer began ro plead
For forgiveness as life swiftly ebbed away;
Then I cried aloud for mercy in my soul's extremest need,
And I heard a Voice these words of comfort say:

" 'I was sick and I was hungry, I was naked and ye came
In My misery and ministered to Me;
Inasmuch as you have done it to this woman you may claim
The salvation that from sin shall set you free.'
Then the gloom began to gather, but a Hand in mine I felt
As my spirit through the shades of darkness passed,
But soon woke and saw the shadows in a deathless glory melt,
And beheld my Saviour face to face at last."



Elizabeth's Present.

By Theo. F. B.

"WHAT'S ailin' you, Bill? You couldn't look glummer if you were wearin' an Oregon boot."

The speaker was a young man, thin of visage and pale. He looked like one accustomed to soothing his nerves with a powerful narcotic. He addressed a man some years his senior and of somewhat seedy attire. They had met in a saloon, one of those cheap groggeries south of the slot where congregate the denizens of the slums and where the honest laborer rubs elbows with the crook and the vagrant.

The man addressed raised his eyes from the table upon which they had been riveted in sullen reverie, and slowly turned to the speaker. A flash of recognition came into the eyes and their owner jumped up and grasped the young man's hand.

"Tom Dalton!" he ejaculated, "damned if I ain't glad to see you, Tom. When did you get out?"

"Sh!" cautioned the young man, "I'm not proud of having been in. I don't care to have it announced on the bulletin boards that I'm once more ready for business. I'm glad to see you too, Bill. But this is Christmas eve and I'm surprised to see you looking so glum. What's the matter?"

Tom Dalton sat down beside his friend Bill Jaynes, and sought to cheer his erstwhile companion in crime. Dalton had just finished a term of five years at San Quentin whither he was sent for burglary. It was a safe-cracking episode and Jaynes assisted in the affair but was not caught. About that time his wife died in childbirth and the shock effected a metamorphosis in Bill Jaynes. He swore by the dead body of his wife that he would never again do aught that might disgrace their baby girl. And he had religiously kept that promise. The reformed burglar became a most industrious man, a good citizen and a devoted father. Little brown-eyed Elizabeth was his idol and he reared her tenderly.

Jaynes was not long in explaining the cause of his dejection. He was out of work and that night when he was leaving home little Elizabeth told him that she had hung up her stocking.

"I have no money to buy her a present," he said and the tears came into his eyes as he conjured up a vision of his little girl with a face saddened with disappointment.

"Well, I'm broke too," said Dalton, "but that doesn't worry me. I won't be broke long unless the whole town is bankrupt. Come with me and I'll bet that we do a profitable job before morning."

"I've quit the business," said Jaynes.

"What!" exclaimed Dalton, "you've quit?"

"Yes, I've quit for good. Haven't any conscientious scruples but I quit for my little girl's sake."

"Oh, you did. Well I'm sorry for the little girl, for Santa Claus is going to give her the overlook just because her father is good. You ain't treating her right, Bill. Is your credit good here? If it is I wish you'd buy a drink."

Jaynes' credit was good and the two men were soon gulping down strong liquor. Presently Tom Dalton began to urge his old friend to join him in one of their old-time escapades.

"Turn over a new leaf," he said, "what's the use of hovering between drudgery and vagrancy? A man should be either a bank president or a burglar."

Bill Jaynes evinced not the slightest inclination to be tempted.

"Well," continued Dalton, "it's a bad father that drives Santa Claus from the door. I'm damned if I'm going to see Bill Jaynes' daughter go without Christmas presents—not if I can get into a toy shop."

The suggestion caught the ear of Jaynes and seemed to stimulate him to action. He arose from his seat and accompanied Dalton out into the night. It was early, the store windows were all aglow and the streets crowded. Along they sauntered until Dalton called a halt and pointed at a window filled with toys of all varieties.

"Let's go in and see some of the pretty things. We may want to make some purchases," said Dalton blandly, and he stepped in followed by Jaynes who seemed to move like an automaton, but whose thoughts were far away in the humble home where little Elizabeth lay dreaming of an overflowing stocking.

It was the typical toy store, crowded with people and glittering with all sorts of vari-colored devices that appeal to the juvenile fancy. The two men had not gone far before Jaynes saw his clever companion surreptitiously slip a wooden jumping-jack from a table into his pocket. Later a big ball disappeared followed by a tin wagon and a picture book. Jaynes was beginning to feel exhilarated, and it suddenly occurred to him that it wasn't right to permit his friend to take all the chances in the interest of little Elizabeth. Presently his attention was attracted by a large doll. Little Elizabeth doted on dolls and Bill Jaynes was seized with an overpowering desire to possess that pretty image.



"I've quit the business," said Jaynes

Suddenly he recalled the oath taken by the side of his wife's dead body.

He hesitated.

Then came the vision of sleeping Elizabeth and the little stocking.

He hesitated no longer. One hasty glance was cast over the throng and then the doll jumped under his coat. He started for the exit and hugged the doll to his side. As he did so a piercing, metallic scream startled everybody near him. It was a crying doll. In another moment Bill Jaynes was in the hands of one of the private detectives employed during the holiday season to watch for shop lifters.

Shamefaced and overcome with emotion, as thoughts of his lonely child flooded his mind, the reformed burglar surrendered the stolen property, the evidence of his guilt. The arrest caused a scene in the store, and the patrons of the establishment flocked round the detective and his prisoner. The emotion that filled the soul of the unfortunate man prostrated him. It wasn't the fear of punishment but the father's love for his child. Through the blinding tears that came into his eyes he could see no one in that vast throng. The face of little Elizabeth smiled up at him, and none other could he see.

"I stole it for my little baby girl," he exclaimed, "and now what a lonely Christmas she will have."

The words were almost inarticulate for they were punctuated with sobs, and those that heard them felt that they were from the heart. Even the detective hesitated.

At this juncture a slender, well dressed young man pressed his way to the side of the detective. It was Tom Dalton.

"I know this man," he said, "he is a neighbor of mine and I know him to be a poor, hardworking man. What is the value of the doll?" he asked.

"Ten dollars," was the reply of one of the clerks.

"Well, here's the money. Give him the doll and let him go. It's for his little motherless girl. Stealing a doll isn't a capital crime."

The clerk accepted the money and Jaynes was released. He took the doll and left the store closely followed by Dalton. When they got outside Jaynes' first question was:

"Where did you get that money?"

"I dipped an old guy with a big wallet just as the doll cried," was the reply.

The Contented Holiday Spirit

I don't mind the winter so much as I ought,
For I manage to keep warm all day
By steeping my mind in the gay, happy thought
That scares the blue devils away.
I've moved to a place where no one has sought
To press me a back bill to pay.
To be sure I've no fire, like wealthier folk,
Therefore, early to bed I adjourn.
My health is all right, wherefore should I croak?
There's no better direction to turn.
My golf rig and nice summer suit are in soak,
For the nonce I have money to burn.

—*The Bohemian.*

Her Throat was Scrawny

"I'm disenchanted," cried Cholly Millions, as he ordered brandy and soda for two, and threw himself down upon the divan with a sad sigh.

"Why, what's the matter?" asked Billy Toady.

"Why, I thought Edithe a beauty and had worked myself almost up to the proposing point—till last Saturday."

"Well, what happened?"

"Why, it was at the Railers' tea—Edithe wore one of those collarless gowns."

—*The Modiste.*

The well known Fachutar Mandolin School and Orchestra has re-opened for the Fourth Season, 1901-1902. To guarantee promptness, all engagements must be made at the Studio, 718 Post street. Telephone Polk 1575. School hours 10 a. m. to 5 p. m

The Flame and the Moth

A FABLE

With apologies to the old but erroneous idea concerning the relative culpability of the Moth and the Flame.

The flame burned strong, as a strong flame should:
And the moth sought the flame, as moths ever would.
"O, please, keep away," to the moth said the flame,
"Or your wings you will singe, and I'll get the blame!"
But the moth only laughed, and tittered, "Tee-hee,
Such conceit in a flame I never did see!
Don't think, Mr. Flame, I'm entirely blind,
And let me assure you, I know my own mind!
The truth is, I like you, and yearn to be near,
But I'll not get too close; O, no, never fear!
I own you attract me; I like your bright glow;
But burn my poor wings! O, not I! O, no, no!"
So, she fluttered and flirted, now thither, now here,
While the flame kept on burning, strong, steady and clear.
She darted in, close as she dared, then away,
And back once again, in a manner quite gay.
"O, it is delightful to play touch and go
With flame so conceited, as flames are, I know!
The very idea that I cannot take care
Of my own pretty wings; such conceit, I declare!"
So, she fluttered and flirted, with hop, skip and jump,
About the hot flame; till, suddenly—plump—
She fell into the flame for which she had yearned
And dropped to the earth with her wings sadly burned.
And, then, as she lay, she looked upward and sobbed,
"O, flame, cruel flame, of my wings I am robbed!
O, heartless! O, cruel! why did you this wrong
To me who was helpless, while you were so strong?"
And the flame answered thus: "It ever is so;
A flame is a flame and it must burn, you know;
A moth is a moth, and it seeketh the flame;
And so it will be to the end of the game!
I don't like to burn; but, what else can I do?
If some one should give you some wings, strong and new,
You'd come, once again, to get into my flame,
For moths are, forever and ever, the same!"

R. C. MacDonald.

December, 1901.

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The Belle of the Leper Settlement.

By Frederick O'Brien.

KOPENA'S CHRISTMAS luau was done. The last lingerer by the bowls had begun to puff at his or her pipe, and the whole company had edged away from the mat on which the feast had been spread. Kopena squat on a fine piece of straw, looked happily at his guests. His eye fixed on Pualoha, his daughter. He went back to the day of her birth. Kopena was a man in his forties then; now he was past sixty. He had seen much in the twenty years he had been there.

He pulled his beard, shifted his position, and began to think when Pualoha first came to him. He had followed his wife to the leper settlement when she was brought there by the health men of Hawaii. He had gotten leave to live there and care for her as a kokua or nurse, as was and is still the custom on Molokai. He was Clean and God had kept him so. After a generation in the Colony of the Dead he was the same, strong, well grower of taro as when he first saw the giant precipice of Kalaupapa loom up in the dawn from the deck of the dancing craft which had brought him from Honolulu to live out his life among the officially accursed.

Kopena smiled in his dreaming joy. How his wife had cried when she saw him! She had not dared hope for such faith in her husband though her heart had yearned for him in her weeks alone among the lepers. In four months the babe was born. In half a year the first sorrow was theirs after the leper hunters took the wife from Kopena's side and sent her to Molokai; the child was torn from them and sent to Honolulu for the seven years of watching. The doctors had laid it down that if after seven years the leprous taint did not show, the little ones of the lepers were as the children of others, and they were given the paper of freedom, and might be taken by their kin from the House of Search

As the deceiver of Esau for the fair one of Laban, so had Kopena and his wahine longed for their child. They had called her Pualoha—Flower of Love—in the passionate kanaka way, and often they talked of her future. Would the devil of disease send her back to them or would she go out from the place of detention Clean?

As the years went on the wife began to die. Kopena was good to her; often he thought her passing must take him, too, to the unknown. One day the doctor told him she would not live a week; sightless, unmoving, she spent her hours on the lanai of their little cabin, listening to the chatter of her kind.

The day the steamer was to bring the regular supplies for the settlement from Honolulu, she died. Just as the hoarse whistle brought out the colonists to see the vessel, Kopena kissed her dead eyes and wept for the spirit fled.

He had caught her last whispered word of self-comfort that Pualoha was not to know her sorrows; not to die the death in life of the leper. Kopena clasping the mangled hand whose fingers had long ago forsaken the gnarled palm, had thought of things to come. He would go before the doctors and tell them his wish to go back to the world. They would look over him and feel him, and seeing him Clean would let him away from Molokai. In another year Pualoha would be free. He would get him a piece of ground in beautiful Manoa Valley and when the child was his, would dwell in peace with her.

He would watch her grow as the flowers in his garden; she should learn all the haole's books, and should marry a rich man. Kopena looked down at the dark, roughened face of the dead, and rose to make ready for burial. On Molokai the dead are not long above earth.

As Kopena stood on his feet, Father Damien entered the hut. He led a little child, and putting his arm about Kopena's neck, he said:

"Kopena, the babe is to take the mother's place. God is with us all."

And there while the priest smoothed the shroud of the wife, the father saw in the eyes of Pualoha the smile of the



PUALOHA THE LEPER BELLE

bride he had wedded in the long ago. The child looked into his face and clung to him. The priest motioned him to his



A HAWAIIAN LUAU

knees, and with Pualoha nestling at his feet, Kopena listened while Father Damien said the prayers for the departed.

The old kanaka was brought to the present by a soft arm stealing around him. Pualoha whispered gayly:

"Where do you live, father, with your face to the mountains, and your pipe unlit?"

He gazed down the long line of his guests and laughed merrily. The speaking was about to begin, and he must hear it all. First rose the leader of the band and in flowing syllables of the musical Hawaiian tongue told of their enjoyment of the feast. He spoke in turn of each dish—the baked pig, the raw fish, the delicious seaweed, the poi, the taro, and all the other delights of the luau. Then others took up the talk and chanted the praises of the host. Kopena was well satisfied. He was the richest man in the leper settlement, himself not a leper, his taro fields stretched away from where they sat, and his daughter was the priceless pearl of the jewels of his joy. Though at six years of age the child had been declared Unclean, her face and body were as smooth as the polished wood of his best calabash. Her hair was like satin, her form matchless among the thousand lepers of Molokai, and her heart as light as the smoke that ringed to the blue sky from his pipe. A grown woman, she was the pride of the leper village, and many times he had seen the glances of the white men who came curiously once a year to the colony fasten on the fair girl.

At the other end of the mat sat Bila Huga. He was tall, a hapa haole, with the blood of an American sea captain in his veins, and on him leprosy had made no mark that one might see. Bila was a breaker of horses, a daring fisherman, and a marvelous player on the ukulele. Now he took his home-made instrument up and sang to its music a song of the settlement. He was a poet as are many of the natives of Hawaii nei, and as he twanged the strings, he chanted the doings of Kopena.

He spoke of his strength, his courage and skill, the greenness of his fields and the extent of his wealth. Then he pictured the beauty of Pualoha, his daughter, her grace and merits of soul. Artfully he told how he had first seen her, and how since then his heart had borne the impress of the wounds made by her starry eyes.

Then bursting into full-voiced melody, Bila Huga flung his heart at the feet of Pualoha, and cried that if she were not to be his he would scale the frightful escarpment behind them, and perish as had the thousands driven by Kamehameha over the Nuuanu pali.

Up to his feet leaped Kopena and called for his daughter to speak her mind. Coyly she moved to the side of Bila Huga and boldly he embraced her. They plighted their troth then and there.

The mele singers began a hula harmony and the wild dance was on.

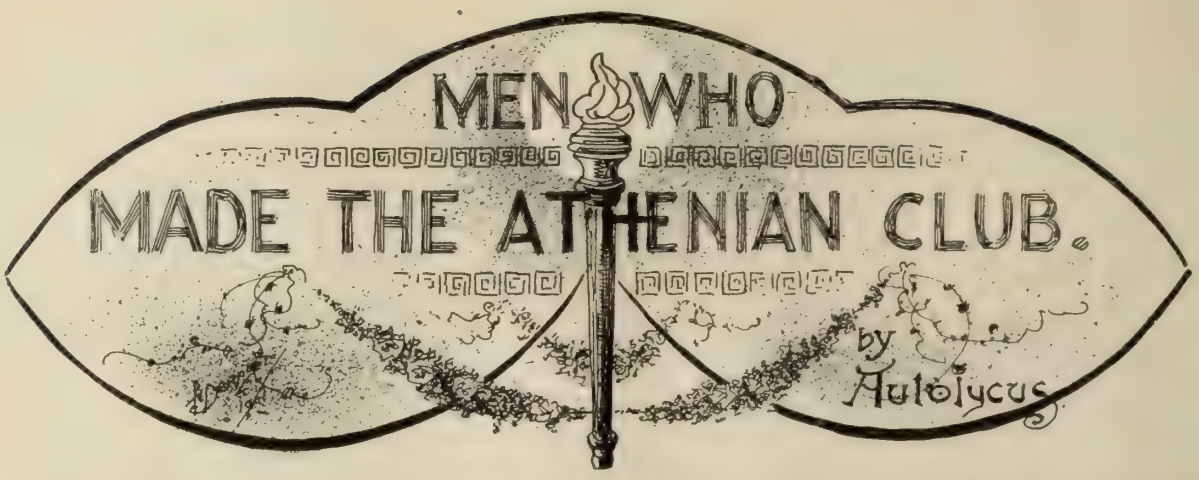
So Christmas came to the lepers on the island where all is not happiness and yet not all horror.

One Woman

BY EUSTACE CULLINAN

Spirit of Beauty, breath divine
That animates the great Design,
Temples a million shelter thee
And I have found the golden key—
Lo, all thy doors before me swing
And all thy aspects pleasures bring;
Lo, thou hast bade me to thy feast,
Ordained me poet and thy priest!
I love thee in the red, red rose,
In Shelley's verse, in Ruskin's prose;
I know thy favorite Rembrandt head
(It hangs, in steel, above my bed)
And, under many a Gothic spire,
I've worshiped thee and felt thy fire;
I love thee in fine Raphael's art
And in the clean-kept human heart;
In sad Beethoven's lingering notes,
In caroling wild birds' reedy throats,
In meadow land or covert green
Where, Beauty, thou art heard and seen;
Thou lurkest in the mountain brake,
Thou playest by the mountain lake,
And often by some shadowed pool
I've caught thee, napping, in the cool,
Like some sweet maiden by ill case
Surprised in her retiring-place:
Thy haunts, wild wood or shaven lawn,
Thy hours, soft evening, noon or dawn;
The towered city is thy fane,
Thou goest down the wide champaign—
In every shape, in every mood,
Thee, Beauty, I have loved and wooed;
In all things passive and in life,
In peace and in heroic strife,
Obedience and sacrifice,
But chiefly in One Woman's eyes
I love thee, Beauty; there thy seat
Is permanent, thy visage sweet,
And when my lady smiles on me
The heavens and earth are bright with thee!





It was some time in the early eighties that Dr. E. H. Woolsey and John M. Lathrop, then of the Oakland *Tribune* staff, conceived the idea of organizing a club in Oakland. The town was, at that time, as indeed it is now, not exactly a hospitable field for club life. It was called "the bed-room of San Francisco," and it seemed as if the townspeople worked to live to the name by going to bed with the chickens. It happened, however, that there was in Oakland at the time an unusually clever lot of newspaper men, and W. E. Dargie had gathered around him on the *Tribune* the best small staff that ever worked on a Californian newspaper. It is sufficient to mention the names in proof. There was E. H. Hamilton, now of the *Examiner*, and its brightest light. With him was E. H. Clough, later of the *Examiner*, and now the gay and festive philosopher "Yorick" of the *Evening Post*. John M. Lathrop subsequently became city editor of the *Examiner*, and in Philadelphia had risen to the seat of managing editor of the *North American*, when ill health compelled him to give up the work. Charley Miel, who is now the Episcopal minister of the Sacramento parish and one of the ablest clergymen of that denomination, was then on the *Tribune*. With these were Edward F. Cahill, now of the *Examiner*, Harry Melvin, now a Superior Court judge in Alameda county, and that strange, erratic genius, William Churchill. Charles G. Yale, although not regularly on the *Tribune* staff, was a constant contributor. All these men cooperated to make the young Athenian club a success, and they were assisted by Fred Henshaw, now a Supreme Court justice, Fred Stratton, the present collector of the port of San Francisco, J. C. Martin, the famous railroad lawyer, since deceased, John A. Britton of the Oakland Gas company, E. H. Benjamin, the mining expert, and other witty and able men.

The idea was to give evening entertainments on the plan of the jinks that made the success of the Bohemian club of this city. These evenings were described in the invitations as "chirps," which was rather a weak imitation of the Bohemian nomenclature. They ought to have carried out the Athenian idea and called the festivities symposium, which would have been all the more in character, as the presiding officer of the evening was called the Archon.

The musical end of these festivities was attended to by Sigmund Beel, who has recently captured the London world by his violin playing, George Carleton, the wonderful basso, Harry Melvin, Henry Clay Wysham, Charley Miel and other good musicians. Pictorial art was altogether neglected. It is a curious fact that the Athenian club has never had an artist on its roll, which may help to account for its uniformly peaceful character. The "chirps" were a notable success. They put the club on its feet. George C. Perkins was the first Archon. Senator Perkins, despite the disadvantages of a neglected education, has a very notable social and humorous gift. No man can tell a story better although these gay narratives sometimes run to breadth. One remembers with amusement the flutter in the Oakland dovecotes that he caused one evening by telling to a mixed audience of men and women at a political meeting in Germania hall the famous old story about the gondolas.

"Misther President," said the New York alderman, "I'm in favor of economy. We don't want to waste the public money buying a score of gondolas. We only want to buy a pair—male and female—an' then let nature take its course."

The women gasped. The men were dumb for an instant and then the house broke into a roar that nearly ripped the roof off. But the ladies were a little shy about going to hear the Senator after that. Of course that was before he became Senator.

In those days the Oakland bar had many distinguished men. There was, for instance, A. A. Moore, who has few equals in California, and no superiors in the conduct of a case before a jury. Mr. Moore is not much of a club man, and almost the only form of social life that he indulges in outside of his family circle is the part he takes or formerly took before he moved his office to San Francisco in leading the picturesque festivities of the small knot of lawyers and newspapermen who meet daily to lunch at Barnum's. Mr. Moore, of course, is a member of the Athenian club, and he once made a speech against time on a club night, and time got the worst of it. J. C. Martin, who was the cleverest and the laziest lawyer in California, took a warm interest in the Athenian club. He was a natural wit and the evening that he presided as Archon is memorable. One remembers with a chuckle his appreciation of the weighty obligation which this country owes to Ireland as "the native land of the American police."

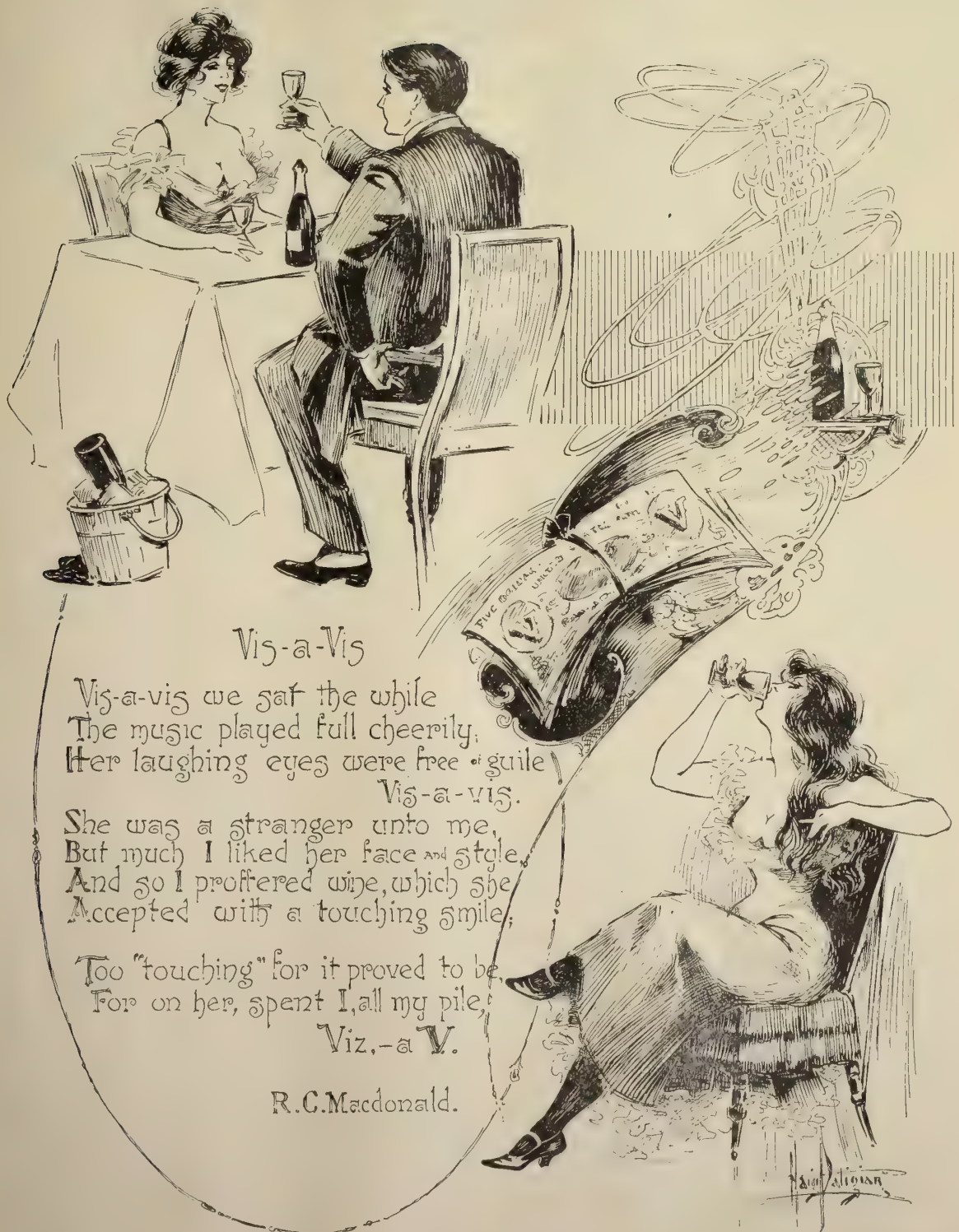
John A. Britton was at that time secretary of the Oakland Gas company. He is now president. This is the only corporation in California endowed with a soul, and it is suspected that Britton furnishes the soul. He was always a moving spirit in the Athenian club and is now its president. On the whole the club owes more to him than to any other one man, and to him is largely due the handsome new building now in process of erection for the club—to him and to Walter Mathews, commonly called "Eph."

Most of these men who assisted in the early life of the Athenian club are gone from Oakland. Some are dead and others have scattered away to the four winds, but the club lives on and is prosperous. There never was a pleasanter club for the reason that it never has grown big and unwieldy and the members are like one large family. The trouble with most of the huge city clubs of today is that you don't know half the men and don't want to know the other half.

Too Far to Walk

She asked me why I did not come
To keep my tryst 'neath mistletoe.
I could not say I stayed at home
Because it was too far to go!
She's angry—yet I could not say
That I had spent my only dough—
My last coin till the next pay day—
And she lives thirty blocks away!

—*The Impecune.*



Vis-a-Vis

Vis-a-vis we sat the while
The music played full cheerily,
Her laughing eyes were free of guile
Vis-a-vis.

She was a stranger unto me,
But much I liked her face and style,
And so I proffered wine, which she
Accepted with a touching smile;

Too "touching" for it proved to be,
For on her, spent I, all my pile,
Viz.,—a V.

R.C.Macdonald.

THE COST OF HER VANITY



BY CAL. K. BRION

"Will she come?" asked Trotter, lighting another cigarette.

"Will a bird fly?" returned Raymond, screwing up his chin before the mirror, as he gave the finishing touches to the tying of his cravat, "watch this."

Going to the window he pulled aside the curtain and, after the manner of the deaf and dumb, he began to spell on his upraised hands and fingers, "Are you going to-night?"

Across the street, behind one of the broad windows marked "Frapoli, Modiste," a slender girl, with a fair, delicate face framed in masses of fluffy, red-brown hair, sat sewing rose petals on a "fancy dress" costume. Some telepathic sense seemed to warn her of the signal from the club-house opposite for she suddenly looked up and smiled. She caught the meaning before the words were spelled out and gayly nodded.

Raymond waved a hand, laughed lightly, and pulled the curtain back into place. "Are you as sure of your brunette typewriter?" he asked.

"She's all right," returned Trotter with confidence. "She loves a good dinner and a warm time. Rover's had her out two or three times; he says she's a thoroughbred."

"So far so good," said Raymond, glancing at his watch. "We don't pick up the girls till nine, so we've four hours to kill. How about our skirmish for the supper after the ball?"

"Let's settle that over a game of billiards," and discussing the point they passed downstairs to the cafe.

* * * * * * * * * * *

No fingers were so nimble, no touch so deft in all Frapoli's as Fleurette's. She had been working full time, more frequently over-time, ever since Society had received invitations for a fruit and flower ball at the Haloran country stables. Just now she was busy on a gown of Miss Peyster's. Miss Peyster had worn the garment to a quiet dinner the week before and was delighted with its fit. She insisted to Frapoli that something striking be done to transform it into a garment she could wear at the stable ball. Frapoli shrugged her hard-worked shoulders, shook her big blonde head at "this sudden economy" and suggested "sprays of beautiful red roses." She knew Miss Peyster's weakness. So the gown was turned over to Fleurette for adornment. Her clever little brain had added the idea of incrusting each of the vivid silken petals with a sparkling dewdrop. The gown was to be "positively" delivered at six o'clock the following evening as Miss Peyster wished to take the special train for the Halorans'. So Fleurette's busy fingers plied the needle, while her errant thoughts flew as swiftly from Ted Raymond to the French ball, whither she had promised to go with him, "provided others went along, too." With this understanding Ted had engaged to bring Sam Trotter and his friend, Miss Maybrick. Fleurette glanced impatiently at the clock: it was almost six. In twenty minutes she wanted to be on her way to dinner; then to dress for the ball, and then—then handsome Ted Raymond to whirl her waltzing through the gay scenes. She had never been to a masked ball and she wondered if it were as wild and wicked as she had been told. "Wicked?" Would not Ted be there to protect her from harm while she safely looked on?

"Fleurette," suddenly called out a voice, dispelling her charming dream, "Fleurette, can you finish that Peyster gown by six tomorrow?" and the stolid-looking forewoman came across the room to examine the work. Before the girl could answer, she continued, "But we won't take any chances: work overtime on it tonight."

Fleurette smothered a gasp. "Work overtime!" That meant no masked ball and the end of the inviting dream. She colored in her disappointment. "But, Madame, I—I am sure I can finish it without working tonight," she said. Then brightening, she added, "I will come down earlier in the morning and work. It will be the same thing."

Just then the clatter of dropped tools sounded in the hall doorway. The forewoman started at the sound. "The carpet layers," she exclaimed, "I forgot them. You can't work here, tonight. They're going to tear out this room and lay new linoleum." She considered a moment. "Fleurette," she said, with the air of one who settles everything, "Fleurette, take the dress home, work on it there, and be sure you deliver it at the Peysters before six o'clock tomorrow. Don't fail, or you'll lose your place, mind that."

Visions of the splendors she should see at the ball filled Fleurette's excited mind all the way to her room on the "fourth flight." In that band-box of a home bright apparitions danced around her while she brushed her soft warm hair till it glinted with gold. Vanity filled her soul and she saw herself the midnight Cinderella amid the dazzling throng. Ah, if she only had a handsome costume instead of the frump of a blue domino she had borrowed for the occasion. Then, as if touched by some fairy's wand, her eyes rested on the Peyster gown reflected in the mirror from where it lay on the bed. "Dare she wear it?" She flushed deeply at the bold thought. She took up the gown with a sigh and lovingly fingered the soft petals. By a little clever stitching here and there to protect certain places Fleurette knew that she could safely snap her fingers against any chance of detection.

Ten minutes later she was excitedly tacking an underlining into the bodice, to shield the silk lining from rubbing against her stays. A little later, when the closed carriage with Ted Raymond and his companions picked her up at the corner, she hopped in with a triumphant little laugh. A long cloak concealed the beautiful gown. Her heart beat high and her blue eyes sparkled with elation, as in her vanity she thought of the admiration it would create. Ted smiled to

himself as he noted her rich color and gay spirits. "Fleurette," he said, patting her hand familiarly, "you don't require any wine to warm you for this kind of a lark. Plain anticipation of the ball is plenty good enough for you." And he began to sing, "She never saw the streets of Cairo"; Sam and Miss Maybrick lifted their voices enthusiastically and the carriage went clattering up to the Pavilion entrance.

And then the ball! A burst of blazing lights over a scene rioting in color; rippling waves of music that fairly lifted one's feet into the dance and through sheer prankishness swept the laughing, joyous, romping crowd into a whirl of mirth and madness. At first it seemed only confusion. But Fleurette soon found herself floating above it all—oh, so happy. Wondering, jealous women's eyes followed the "Red Rose" that paled their costumes into tawdry finery. Men clamored for a dance with La Belle Rose. Never before in her hungry, humdrum life had her vanity enjoyed such a splendid triumph. In the flood of exultation was swept away any anxiety over the risk she was taking. To crown her happiness, Ted grew more ardent in his attentions. "Little Peacock," he called her. "Little Peacock," he said, "what a stunner you are in your fine feathers. These brigands," and he nodded at the crowd roundabout them, "these brigands will steal you if I leave you a minute. So let's go to supper and then dance, dance, dance, till—well, till we go to supper again," and he looked at her and laughed significantly. She laughed, too, but in sheer joy, and danced along close beside him. He found a seat for her next Miss Maybrick. Then, with Trotter, he dived into the jostling, joking crowd in an onslaught on the tables. From several forays they produced various scraps and spoonsful of bouillon, salad, fragments of cold ham and chicken and a sip, just a sip of champagne. These spoils of war were recklessly spread before the two girls. They were eating and interchanging comments on the grotesques around them when Ted reached Fleurette's side with a cup of coffee. On his left a clown and a cavalier were in a heated dispute over possession of a plate of salad. Suddenly the cavalier bumped against Ted and the coffee splashed over a set of roses on the Peyster gown. The awful penalty of her indiscretion struck Fleurette like a galvanic shock. Ted, muttering maledictions on the fleeing clown and cavalier, didn't note the pale, tense face as he clumsily tried to wipe out the defacing stain. At last she put her cold hands on his. "Don't," she said, in a dry, strained voice, "it's too late. Take me home."

He vehemently expostulated, tried to reason with her, told her the fun was only just beginning and that within an hour he and Trotter were going to take Miss Maybrick and herself to a jolly little private supper down town. But she wouldn't listen to him.

"Take me home. I must go home," she kept repeating.

He yielded finally, with ill-concealed annoyance. "Oh, well, if you insist, why, come along. But, remember, you're spoiling our fun."

* * * * * * * * * *

He left her at the door of her lodgings. She resolutely refused to allow him to accompany her up to her room. That he left her in great ill-humor made no impression upon her. Somehow she painfully ascended the long stairway and flung herself in a wretched stupor upon the bed. She lay there dazed till the gray light of dawn began to creep over the housetops and windows. Then for the first time she stirred as if coming to consciousness. Through her distressed mind struggled one forlorn hope: if she could somehow replace the ruined flowers and deliver the gown in time it would still be all right. She arose, carefully removed the gown, and bathed her fevered face in the wash basin. A few minutes later and she was around the corner rapping impatiently on the shop-door of "Felix, Maker of Artificial Flowers." "Bogey" Felix, the girls called him, on account of his hard, penurious, irascible nature. Presently her persistent knocking brought him to the door. Early as it was he was about, alert, keen-eyed, and snuffing the morning air, like a hungry fox, in hopes of finding some pick-up bone of a bargain. He stood shuffling in his worn carpet slippers while he waited for her to speak.

"M'sieur Felix," she began anxiously, "have you any more red rose petals, the same pattern you sold to Frapoli last Thursday?"

He smelled a purchase and instinctively wrapped his threadbare coat about him more closely, as if to safeguard his interests. Then he said, hesitatingly feeling his way, "Oui, one set; but zey are so good as ordered by Madame—mais, que voulez vous," and he shrugged his lean shoulders—"ze name is no mattaire."

"I will buy them," put in Fleurette, eagerly.

"Ee," hesitated the old curmudgeon, vainly trying to guess the cause of her eagerness. "You are from Frapoli's, eh? Ees it for Frapoli, or for—for—?"

"Yes-s, no—that is, it is an outside piece of work," explained the confused girl. "Oh, Papa Felix," she cried, beseechingly, her tense feelings giving way, under the strain, "Sell me the flowers, please do, and let Madame wait for the next ones. I must have them at any price."

"At any price!" repeated the old wretch, his eyes glistening at the prospect of usurious profit, "Ah, zat ees quite different, Combien—I mean, how much, for instance?"

"All my savings—twenty-four dollars and thirty cents," said Fleurette, eagerly, producing her little bag.

The old skinflint impulsively reached to grasp it; by an effort he controlled himself. "Ah, but madame has offered sixty dollars," he croaked. "Eet ees a special order, as I say, so eet ees worth the seventy-five dollar."

Fleurette's last hope was crushed at the price; despairing tears flooded her eyes. For a moment Felix regarded the dejected figure with the keen look of avarice, then he added, "Eh, bien, suppose—suppose, my dear, you give me ze note for ze balance and—and from your wages make to me a payment each week. How ees eet? Do you say, yes?"

"Oh, I will, I will, I will," exclaimed the relieved girl, tears filling her eyes as she clapped her hands in sheer joy.

And all that day, without a moment's respite, without even seizing time for a mouthful of food, she slaved under driving pressure to finish the gown. At half-past six o'clock she delivered it at the Peysters'. Then she returned home, and, without thinking of nourishment, flung herself completely exhausted on top of her bed and fell fast asleep.

* * * * * * * * * *

Fleurette never recovered from the nervous shock of that day. She might have done so had she been able to take time to rest and recuperate. But rest was denied her by her rapacious taskmaster. He never ceased to harass her with ceaseless demands for "ze payment, make ze payment." By adroit questioning the crafty old screw quickly learned her secret. He threatened to betray and so ruin her in the dress-making trade unless she paid him by a certain date. Her strength was sapped, not so much by her ceaseless industry as her neglect to take proper nourishment. In order to save every penny possible for her voracious creditor she cut down her meals till she actually lived on the border of starvation. In less than two months she became so weak that she was obliged to take to her bed. Then came more threats, added worry, and the strain ended in her collapse with brain fever. Oddly enough, in all this new distress the only one who came to her relief was Papa Felix.

* * * * * * * * * *

Holiday week was approaching a year later when Ted Raymond and the smartly attired Miss Peyster left the shopping rounds of Chinatown and took their way towards Papa Felix's establishment. Some months before Miss Peyster had accidentally discovered the place whence Frapoli "imported" her flowers and she was now saving fifty dollars on a gown by doing her own "importing." She told Ted of her discovery of Frapoli's "outrageous charges."

"I wish I could make fifty as easy," he said, and rallied her on her business acumen.

Miss Peyster was delighted with the progress Papa Felix was making with her order.

As she was preparing to leave she suddenly broke out in her lively fashion. "Oh, Monsieur Felix, may I see the girls at work on the flowers? It must be so interesting. I do so love artificial flowers," and she beamed her most supplicating look on him.

Papa Felix fidgeted hesitatingly. Miss Peyster was proving his best patroness; she had already directed several other good customers to his shop. "But your order ees a special," he explained, "only the one girl ees to work on eet."

"Well, let me see her then, just this one and just this once, please?" with a long-drawn sigh of exquisite expectation and a beseeching look in her deep blue eyes.

The old harpy shrugged his shoulders. "Eh, bein," will mademoiselle be pleased to follow then?" and preceding her and Ted Raymond, he shuffled along a narrow uncarpeted hallway to a small room in the rear of the house. Flower designs were pinned all about the broken plastered walls and

over the floor were scattered scraps of silk cuttings. Before a window, deeply engrossed in a cluster of red rose petals, sat Fleurette—Fleurette, wan, worn and aged, the ghost of the pretty Fleurette of a year before. She glanced up as Papa Felix opened the door. The moment she caught sight of Miss Peyster she started up with a sharp exclamation of dismay. "I will have the dress finished by six o'clock," she exclaimed vehemently, wildly gazing at Miss Peyster; "truly, I will have it finished by six. See, it is almost done," and she pointed excitedly to the flowers. "See, I can easily finish them in four hours. Oh, believe me, madame, I will deliver it by six o'clock," and she began to wring her hands in great distress.

Ted touched the startled Miss Peyster on the elbow. His lips were tightly pressed and there was a slight moisture on his brow. "Let's get out of this," he whispered. Miss Peyster hesitated a moment. "Where have I seen that face before? Surely, she isn't the girl who brought my gown for the Harolan ball? I remember she made such a profuse apology because it was half an hour late."

"Imposeeble," hurriedly interjected Papa Felix, "imposeeble, madamoiselle; she ees my niece. Ah, eet es so sad a case," and the old hypocrite sniffed, "so ver' sad. I adopt her when she was seex; my seester was joost died. I have ze care for her evair seence. Mais, pauvre enfant, she suffers so here," and he touched the thin gray hairs on his head. "I do my ver' best for her, mais. Mon Dieu, her passion to work ees like one grande madness. She work, work, work, as you see, an' always ovair ze fleurs. Eet ees her life to work on ze fleurs. Sacre nom—pardon, mademoiselle, pardon, monsieur, but I weesh I could make her not to work so fast," and he regarded his machine with apparent solicitude.

"Doesn't she ever say anything?" asked Miss Peyster.

"Mais, oui" nodded the old task-master. "Eeet ees always she says such nonsense: 'Eeet must be done by seex; ze work must be done by seex.' Ah, but she will eemprove, zay say. Le bon docteur, he assures me on his honeur she will eemprove."

"What doctor?" asked Raymond, sharply.

"Dr. Sa—Sau—oh, I cannot pronounce ze name. He ees removed from ze city now an' he doctor her by mail. But he himself do admit eet eez a sad case."

"Poor girl," put in Miss Peyster. "I hope she will recover. Let some else do the flowers, Monsieur Felix, if it affects her health in any way. Only," she added, hastily, "be sure and have them done in time and done well, of course."

"Certainement, mademoiselle, of a surety, have no more fear. No one can do ze fleurs so beautiful as my niece. She will do ze piece in time even eef she work all night," and a sly look flitted across his sharp face. "Bon jour, mademoiselle; bon jour, monsieur. Be sure ze fleurs will be delivered in good time," and he bowed profusely as they walked out the door.

"Ted," said Miss Peyster, as they reached the sidewalk, "I wonder if he mistreats his niece? I think he looks like an old wretch."

"Well," said her companion, vehemently swinging his stick, "there are others who may not look the part so well."

A Modern Love Tale



She loved him, yet she said him nay,
And married Croesus the next day.
Then he, after she'd shown the way
While sun was shining, to make hay,
Did yoke his youth to millions gray.

* * * * *

In time their partners turned to clay
And to their last homes passed away
Leaving them both armed for life's fray
With loads of shekels. Then one day
They met, 'twas at a function gay.
"How pleasant this is," both did say,
"Quite like the climax of a play!"
Said he, "A heavy price to pay,
It was, for it caused this delay."
She answered, "But 'twas the best way,
Far better plain good sense obey;
We might have seen a rainy day—
For love takes wings but shekels stay!"

—*The Materialist.*

The Story of a Curse

BY EUGENIA K. HOLMES



Much there was of romance in the life of Frank Pixley, founder of the *Argonaut*. Understood by few, indifferent to the opinion of the many, he went his way, a man of brilliant mind, a cynic, a cultured pessimist. There were those who thought he led a double life, and that he was weighted down with some great sorrow or haunting foreboding of evil. He died, and brief were the biographical sketches published by the dailies. He was followed by his wife, and when her will was read speculation became rife as to the mystery that lay at the bottom of it all. This was the clause that excited curiosity:

I insist that the house now occupied by me be torn down, no one having occupied it but my own family.

Long before its destruction the Pixley residence was numbered among the haunted houses of San Francisco, but why should a fine house of twenty-nine rooms go to the dust-heap? It was a strange and unusual testamentary behest, but surely it was not prompted by any sentimental regard for the wraith of the old editor which is said to have frequently appeared in the wooded shades he loved so well. True, trusted servants, who remained in the rambling old mansion after the hammer of leather-lunged auctioneers had fallen upon the bronzes, lanterns, vases, jardinieres, Persian rugs, Gobelin tapestries, Bagdad portieres, pictures, swords, statuary, armor, ebonies, candelabra, screens, camphor-woods and silver sets that combined to make a rare collection of household gods, tell of tappings and rappings, steps stealthy, sudden and untraceable; whispers, varied by voices, heavy and hoarse; laughter that was mirthless; and sobs that could not be stilled, in the abandoned ball and banquet hall, where Mr. Pixley, in his years of mental lustre and monetary opulence, held generous and most memorable wassail. To the skeptical, this may seem but the sheerest vagary of some hair-brained scamp, who seeks the coinage of filthiest lucre hatched from a shredded theme; but the more reflective may, from the mention of these ghostly visitations, glean meat for fruitful meditation.

But there was another vision that appeared in those wooded shades long before the advent of the wraith of the picturesque journalist. And one night that vision presented itself to Pixley himself. It was on Christmas eve, many years ago. The editor was in his study alone. A spare bent woman of wintry face and thin hair that made ashen strands in the chill trade winds that blow over the Presidio from the Golden Gate, cast her gaunt shadow athwart the Pixley threshold and thus did she harangue:

"Son of Isaac, the Apostate Jew, long have I waited this opportunity. Accursed be the ground beneath your feet, accursed be the house that gives shelter to the father of my child. No child in wedlock will be born to you, but should seed of yours bring issue the mark of Cain will be upon it. In the days to come the friends of your affluence will know you no more. Demented you will die, and may the God of Israel deal with you as you have dealt with me and mine. By our ancient and unalterable faith, I demand of you, eye for eye, tooth for tooth, heart for heart."

* * * * *

Over in the foothills of Contra Costa county there dwells a lonely woman, long ago by the world forgotten, who avows with convincing vehemence that this was not the only curse which followed the pale form of Mr. Pixley, out where the crimson shroud encircled it, in the white corridored columbarium. More vital than vengeance are the issues immured within the breast of this modern Rachel, sitting in sorrow and desolation, mourning for her children and refusing to be comforted because they are not. Those children, the younger Pixley heirs, and hers by the holy rites of love, are removed from her, not by the hand of God but by the more cruel mandate of man. Perhaps the curse of that strange woman hurled at the head of Pixley one Christmas eve in the long ago in no way inspired that singular clause in the will of the editor's widow, but that it was woven into the mystery which enshrouded his life and which doomed to destruction that quaint old home, there should be no doubt. True, Frank Pixley was not a sentimental man. Since the early fifties, when as a youthful adventurer he led his gray mule over untrodden fastnesses, in search of a place to camp and secure unto himself freedom of speech, a human habitation and a name, Mr. Pixley's plans were original, fearless, irrepressible, and the final disposition of his effects is in keeping with the eccentricities of his character. To the end that facility of expression might be acquired, it was his habit, each day, to record, not merely the actual



events of that day, but the thoughts, aspirations, desires and projects conceived between the hours of waking and sleeping. Did he perform manual labor? Each stroke was noted. Did he enter into a business transaction? Each detail was audited in such exactitude as never inked a public ledger. Did he form an acquaintance? The name and scope of it went into the personal records. Did he take a journey? Every moment and mile was incorporated in the journal. As his life widened into activity and acquisition, these journals became a subject of care, somewhat more serious than their author had, in the beginning, anticipated. What a drawered desk sufficed for, at a circumscribed stage in his career, gradually grew to proportions calling for much greater space, a certain system and more security of keeping—as they were not, in their original text, intended for indiscriminate perusal. With the evolution of his residence from two rooms to twenty-nine, safes, vaults, closets, cabinets, and shelving were constructed, so located and screened by sliding panels, interior decorations, etc., as to evade detection; thus the house came to be literally honeycombed with receptacles for private papers. Instead of curtailing those records with the varied activity of business, their author elaborated, the habit having fastened itself, his plan being eventually to revise, segregate, and publish them in book form, after his retirement from the journalistic arena—a task which would, doubtless, have been accomplished, had he remained to the end in full possession of his faculties. Long before he was mentally stricken, however, his pen hand became palsied and he could not successfully dictate.

Not only were those "confessions" niched in welded walls, rich in personal reminiscences, but they may be said to have contained much of the private, unpublished history of San Francisco, as the names of his associates figured in them. Surviving ones among that sturdy, and alas! fast diminishing company, make the bold assertion that those "confessions" if published would have incriminated not only their clever custodian, but others upon whom the penalty of prominence hangs.

In those "confessions" undoubtedly was the story of that Christmas eve visitation. Perhaps the old Pixley home was haunted, but whether with the spirits of the departed or the ghosts of a buried past, who can tell?



RESIGNATION

(VILLANELLE)

A bruised reed He will not break
  Though bitter blasts around it roar;
His faithful He will not forsake.

Yea, though the weary brain may ache—
  The fainting flesh its fate deplore,
A bruised reed He will not break.

The bravest heart, at last, may quake,
  The raven locks be frosted o'er,
His faithful He will not forsake.

Though winter winds the oak may shake
  And wreck it as they round it roar,
A bruised reed He will not break.

Though unto grief each morn we wake,
  Let's not forget the Cross He bore;
His faithful He will not forsake.

If we obey the words He spake,
  And walk the way He went before,
A bruised reed He will not break,
His faithful He will not forsake.

DAMARIS



1BEL: How would a nice broiled kidney, a seventeen-minute duck bathed in the juice after judicious dessication and several frappeed bots strike you this balmy Christmas morn? Answer. *Ned.*

The note was delivered by a messenger boy. When Mabel Greenwood read it she opened her eyes in astonishment. She looked at the messenger boy as though she suspected him of being the tool of a practical joker. Then she read the note again and scrutinized the handwriting closely. Finally she reached the conclusion that the chirography was genuine and she went to her little writing desk and penned a reply. An hour later Mabel Greenwood and Ned Trapping met in an upper apartment of the Maison Marchoni.

"Looks familiar," he remarked as he noticed her eyes wandering over the room and through the portieres that divided the apartments.

"Yes," she replied. "Four years ago tonight we dined in these rooms." There was a touch of melancholy in her tone.

"We had duck for dinner," he remarked with a nonchalant air, as though he were merely trying to stimulate her recollection.

"And today you have suggested duck for breakfast," she added.

"A little out of season, you think?"

"Yes, but you know I relish the bird at all hours."

"I thought it would tempt you."

"I needed no temptation. But if I did I should prefer to be tempted by a drake."

Ned smiled. "I see that you're the same Mabel I knew some years ago."

Mabel smiled reproachfully. She was a tall, slender woman, gowned simply. Her darkening eyes just flickered between defiance and tenderness. She was the sort of a woman that puzzles men. As she removed her hat, she seemed intent upon a long season with Trapping. Her dark waves of hair scented and heavy, were flossily smooth save where the mad little wisps curled quivering in dainty riot round brow and ears and neck. She carried her head well back with a fetching tilt, and as she sank gracefully into a chair she threw her chin in air and its destructive dimple seemed to invite a kiss. But Ned Trapping made no demonstration of affection. He had greeted her cordially but there was no such warmth as ordinarily might be engendered by the meeting of two erstwhile lovers after an absence of four years.

An absinthe frappe had the effect of exhilarating the two and long before the broiled kidney appeared they were chatting blithely, and Mabel Greenwood was once more the vivacious woman of the world, as captivating of tongue as of form. She had a trick of half closing her eyelids, then raising them slowly, languorously, in a most inviting fashion. But Trapping was quite self-possesed.

"Were you surprised when you received my note?" he asked.

"Yes," she said, "I thought you were in Europe."

"Aren't you curious to know why I sent for you?" he asked.

"Curiosity is a sin I shall never have to answer for. I never stopped to think that you might have some special reason. In the old days you sent for me to beguile the hours away. Four years ago today you sent for me to break the news that your affections had been alienated." Her smile was one of bitterness.

"Yes," he said, "and it required a great deal of nerve on my part to make the confession."

"You expected a terrible scene, I suppose. You feared an hysterical demonstration." There was the suggestion of a sneer in her tone.

"It wasn't the prospect of a scene that deterred me. It was the thought of the shock to your feelings. Though I believed that I loved another, I had a tender regard for you. I thought, perhaps you would grow despondent."

"Yes, I always knew that you were a bit conceited. You had a tender regard for me but were quite willing to cast me off," she said.

"That's a rather harsh way to express it."

"It's the true way . And with all your tenderness of heart you selected Christmas day on which to break the crushing news." And Mabel Greenwood laughed somewhat hysterically.

Ned Trapping winced and poured more wine into her glass . She seized the glass and poured the sparkling liquid into her throat.

"But it didn't appear to be very sad news to you," he said.

"Because, like you, I thought I should enjoy a change. All men and some women are polygamous. I thought I was one of them."

"Aren't you now?"

"No, I never was except in fancy; and now I am at the age at which a woman of the world begins to realize that it is merely egotism that instils the desire for variety."

"But you loved another in those days," he said, half inquiringly.

"With a woman's intuition I knew, weeks before, that you were drifting away. I began to prepare myself for the denouement. I accepted the advances of another but I was loyal to you to the very last. I did admire Tom Clifton and he begged me to leave you. I would have done so had I the nerve to invite you to a dinner to break the sad news."

Ned winced again. "So I made it easy for you by calling it off," he said.

"And I made it easy for you by not creating a scene. And by keeping my eyes dry I played havoc with your conceit."

"Well, I can't acquiesce in that," said Ned.

"Because frankness isn't your besetting virtue. But, you started in, I believe, to tell me why you sent for me today. Have your affections been alienated again? Are you preparing to be untrue to *her?*"

"There are no strings on me. We drifted apart three years and ten months ago."

"You are more fickle than I had supposed. How many times have you been in love since?" she asked, with a saucy smile.

"I have not been in love since," was the reply, made in a somewhat solemn tone.

"Have you just broken out of a monastery? Perhaps I am taking desperate chances here today," and she threw a

startled glance in the direction of the portieres.

"No, I have done nothing but travel. I wanted to be as far away as possible from San Francisco."

"False even to your native city," she exclaimed, dramatically. "Then why did you return?"

There was an interval of silence.

"I heard that you were alone," he replied.

A rippling laugh greeted this statement. "And you came all the way across the ocean to carve a duck for me for a Christmas breakfast. What a dear old chap you are. When are you going away again?"

"Tomorrow, if you will be my Christmas present today."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

Ned Trapping raised her up in his strong arms, kissed her fervently and said, "I will start for Japan tomorrow if you will accompany me."

"But, supposing you should leave me in Japan?"

"I've sounded all the shoals and depths of love and passion, and know there is only one sweetheart in the world worth having."

Mabel Greenwood put her arms around his neck, drew his lips to hers and yielded up her soul in the warm embrace. When it was over Ned Trapping, in a dazed sort of way remarked:

"This isn't a bad place to start a honeymoon."

"Then," said Mabel, with a sigh of ecstasy, "why not have a wedding dinner a deux? It's growing late."

"Yes," said Ned, "it's Christmas day. I carved a duck for a late breakfast. I'll carve a turkey for dinner."

Misplaced Sentiment

Scene: Ballroom of Smarts' house during progress of Christmas ball.

Characters: Miss Pet Moore, a bewitching belle with a taste for coquetry; Mr. Tom Dear, deeply in love with her, Lieutenant Sweet, ditto.

Tom (approaching Miss Pet): Ah, this is our two-step, isn't it?

Lieut. S. (approaching from opposite side): My dance, Miss Moore?

As the latter will not be done out of his dance, Miss Pet goes off on his arm leaving Tom glowering.

Tom (a little later): Oh, she has dropped an orchid from her bouquet—a white one, that was the one I sent her. I believe she did it on purpose, so I would know she did not really want to go off with Sweet. (Picks flower up from floor and surreptitiously slips it inside his waistcoat).

Later when Tom's turn comes to dance with Pet he is all smiles and she wonders what is the matter. In the whirl of the valse, the flower drops from its hiding place and is swept into a corner by the swishing skirts of the feminine dancers. The dance ended Tom resigns his position and feels for the orchid. His face falls as he finds it gone. He starts a search for it along the ballroom floor. Other men not dancing fancying Tom has lost a valuable, aid in the search without asking its object.

All at once Tom spies the bloom. At the same moment, the Lieutenant, who has also been hunting for a lost article, sees the object of his search.

Both hands close on the orchid at the same moment.

"This belongs to me," says Tom.

"Beg pardon," returns his rival, pointing to the place where his boutonniere had been earlier in the evening, "I dropped it some time ago, and only just had time to look for it."

Tom feels sure he is right but cannot very well call as a witness Pet who he knows was the donor of the flower. 'Tis a situation that would appeal to a dramatist.

Enter upon the scene Miss Pet Moore.

Miss Pet: Oh, you found it at last (to the Lieutenant); well, you made enough fuss about an old flower!

The Lieut. (crowing proudly as he notes Tom's dismay): Yes, I wouldn't have lost it for the world!

Miss Pet: You see (to Tom and the others) I pinned it in myself—took it from my own bouquet. I might as well tell you—Mr. Sweet and I are engaged. (To Tom, again) And it was dearly sweet of you to send me that bouquet—just as if you knew—real bridal orchids. You *did* know, didn't you? On Christmas, too!"

"Oh yes, of course I knew," but there was a very bitter-sweet look in Mr. Tom Dear's face as he offered congratulations and best wishes and saw his lady love vanish with his triumphant rival. —*The Chaperon.*

A Popular Dancing Academy

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And then I turned – beheld the Age
Of ostentation – vainest strife,
And there the Maid in Mammon's Halls –
A mimicry of Love and Life.
I saw her kneel at Cupid's shrine,
And heard the strain of music there
Uplifted from a dollar sign –
A liar, true – but not so fair.
And thus, when Money makes the Man,
It makes the maid make – – – – – all she can!

Elmore Leffingwell



The Year in the Drama.

BY THE PLAYGOER

This has been a notable year for us in a dramatic way, for the reason that one of the world's stars—Sarah Bernhardt—and the greatest American actress—Minnie Maddern Fiske—visited us. But we have suffered somewhat from the effect of the big Eastern Theatrical Trust, which has vouchsafed only a few crumbs from its well-loaded table. Still there is consolation in the thought that the old stock system has come into favor once more in this city, and that we don't have to depend altogether on the generosity of the Trust. The stock theatres have supplied us with fairly good attractions, and whenever we were shy on good dramatic material we could always fall back on first-class vaudeville at the Orpheum and a capable opera company at the Tivoli. One of the best bits of theatrical news that has come to the surface during the year is that arrangements have been about completed for the new Tivoli opera-house. To the Tivoli's management the music lovers of this city should be deeply grateful for past favors, but a new house for stock opera is devoutly to be wished. The greatest dramatic treat of the year was given us by Mrs. Fiske, who appeared in "Becky Sharp" and "Tess of the d'Urbervilles," playing for four weeks to crowded houses. At the Columbia were seen "Way Down East," Kidder and James in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Leslie Carter in "Zaza," "The Highwayman" with Loie Fuller as a side show, Blanche Walsh in "More Than Queen," Blanche Bates in "Under Two Flags," Margaret Anglin in "Mrs. Dane's Defense," Henry Miller in a repertory of fine plays including Oscar Wilde's comedy, "The Importance of Being Earnest," Stuart Robson in a revival of "The Henrietta," Mrs. Le Moyne in "The First Duchess of Marlborough," "Sag Harbor," "Florodora" and the famous double sextet, Jeff de Angelis, and some other good attractions. At the Grand, beside Bernhardt and Coquelin, were seen several excellent plays produced by the Frawleys and the home stock company. A system of one strong star with local support had Melbourne Macdowell as its first exponent. All of the late Fanny Davenport's Sardou repertory were produced, Florence Stone proving a remarkably promising leading woman. Charles Erin Verner in Irish plays, Walter Perkins in farce and Minnie Seligman in Sardou dramas were other stars appearing at the Grand. The Alcazar had two successful stock seasons, and Florence Roberts also played two strong engagements. During the second she produced a new play by a San Francisco playwright—Charlotte Thompson—"Silver Mounted Harness." Joseph Kilgour and Lila Convere made a great hit at the Alcazar in "The Conquerors" and in "Judah." A most artistic production was "Madame Butterfly" with Juliet Crosby as the Japanese wife. The Central's star production of the year was "The Voice in the Wilderness," in which Robert Downing had the leading role of John the Baptist. The Tivoli gave us "The Wizard of the Nile," "The Wedding Day," "The Idol's Eye," a new version of "La Poupee" called "The Toy Maker," and closed in October a remarkably successful grand opera season with an array of stars that would shine brilliantly at a higher priced house. Boito's "Mefistofele" was one of the novelties of the season. The grand opera company was succeeded by a season of musical comedy by the Pollard company of clever juveniles. At the Orpheum, the flying Jordans, the amazing Agousts, Dorothy Studebaker, Bettina Girard, Idalene Cotton and Nick Long, McIntyre and Heath, Katherine Bloodgood, Marie Wainwright, Lillian Burkhart and A. L. Guille were but a few of many brilliant vaudeville turns. Others who pleased San Francisco playgoers this year were the Neills in "Barbara Freitchie" and repertory. A noteworthy dramatic production was given at Santa Clara college, on the occasion of its golden jubilee, when was given the drama especially written for the celebration by Clay M. Greene. This was the passion play—"Nazareth."

Christmas Attractions at the Theatres

There will be all sorts of good things at the local theatres during the holiday season. Looking over the list of attractions I see not one dull show. Everything is worth seeing. At the Columbia "Janice Meredith" will be sure to draw large audiences. The novel from which the play was drawn is still one of the most called for books at the libraries, and the play has been popular all along the line. Mary Mannering, last seen here with Hackett in "The Prisoner of Zenda," made a great hit at Wallack's, New York, in this play.

"Charley's Aunt," one of the most popular farces ever staged, will be revived at the Alcazar and will prove a strong Christmas attraction. This farce has been translated into all



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the modern languages and is one of the highest royalty comedies on record. Frank Bacon will be Babberly, the Aunt, in this production and the other roles will all be in good hands.

At the Central a melodrama that never loses favor, "The Silver King," will be the Christmas week's bill. It will be splendidly mounted as are all the plays at this theatre.

We have not yet seen Olga Nethersole's Carmen, or that of her successor, Sadie Martinot. We saw Florence Roberts' idea of Merrimee's cigarette girl in the drama and now we are to see Minnie Seligman in the role made famous in the operatic version by a succession of Carmens from Calve down the line. Miss Seligman's version will be of decided interest and she is sure to put plenty of life and warmth into her interpretation. "Carmen" will be a powerful drawing card at the Grand Opera House next week.

The Tivoli's Christmas piece has the genuine holiday flavor, and "Little Red Riding Hood's" run will likely be an extended one. Its material is catchy, the dialogue in Ferris Hartman's brightest vein, and the jokes are all jeune-siecle. All of the characters are full of individuality and are well cast. The burlesque on the "Florodora" sextet is one of the most amusing features. Nobody should miss seeing "Little Red Riding Hood."

The big Orpheum Road Company will supply the bill for Christmas week at the Orpheum. The Union Gatling Guards are the striking novelty—a company of young men who saw service in the Philippines and who are past masters at Gatling gun drill. They enact a battle scene, but the spectators are in no way inconvenienced by the firing, as the guards use smokeless and odorless powder. The clever McIntyre and Heath who made such a hit earlier in the year will appear in "The Men from Montana." Joe Welch, a Hebrew impersonator who has made a name equal to Dave Warfield's; Elizabeth Murray in new gowns and new songs; W. C. Fields, eccentric juggler; George Macomber and Nan Engleson, travestists, in a funny farce; the Aglos trio, a man, woman and big boar hound, in a balancing act; and a feminine quartet, "The Serenaders," are the features of the holiday bill.

There will be matinees at all the theatres on Christmas day and the Orpheum will have an extra matinee on Thursday, December twenty-sixth.

Future attractions at the Columbia will be Modjeska and James in "Henry VIII," Marguerita Sylva in "The Princess Chic," and Viola Allen in "The Palace of the King."

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—The Tailor.

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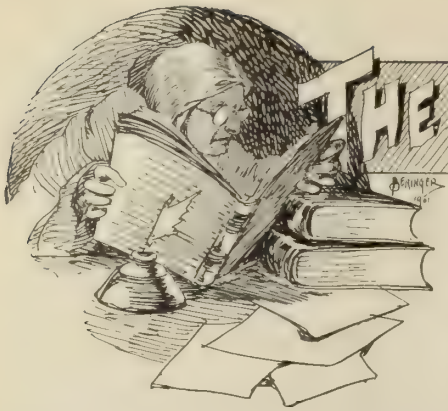
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THE YEAR IN LETTERS.

BY THE BOOKWORM

A retrospective glance over the literary field for the past twelve months makes it apparent that though California cannot take rank with the older communities in respect to the number of books brought out, she can at least lay claim to consideration in the matter of quality, and if the saying "Once a Californian always a Californian" is applicable, some of the best literary ventures of the year are the works of her sons and daughters. Not all, nor many, have been "boom books," but Californians, of all people in the world, have best reasons for attaching small importance to booms. Setting aside text books and technical works and confining ourselves to the lighter forms of literature, without adhering too rigidly to the dates on title pages, but guided more by the period in which the different books were fresh in the hands of the reading public, I recall in the early part of 1901, two novels dealing with different phases of life in San Francisco. Geraldine Bonner's "Hard Pan" put before us a type fast fading from view, the mining speculator, impecunious to the last degree, but still hopeful of "making another pile," and meanwhile living on the more or less voluntary contributions of friends who had been more fortunate in their stock deals. Emma Wolf's "Heirs of Yesterday" dealt with a different type and a different social community. Hers was the story of a young Hebrew, educated abroad, and returning with no sympathy for his co-religionists or the class from which he had sprung, the Jew peddler who, by thrift and economy has raised himself to be one of the foremost merchants. In both of these books there is more of the real atmosphere of San Francisco than in a score of the usual attempts to picture a cowboy community or a gambler's retreat. Another book, also by a woman, "A Heritage of Unrest,' by Gwendolen Overton, attracted widespread attention, passed through several editions almost as fast as the presses could turn them out, and was as well received in England as in the United States. And since I have yielded place to the ladies, I may also mention here Florence Finch Kelly's tale, "With Hoops of Steel," which not only attracted a share of attention, but was highly praised for its fidelity by the class of whom it treated, the "cowboys" themselves. One of the strongest books of the year, and one which will grow in importance as time progresses, is Frank Norris' "Octopus," the first of his trilogy of wheat. It has been praised and blamed, condemned and exalted, but little matter what emotions it has excited, for it is one of the books which insist on being *read*, not skimmed lightly over for the sake of the sentimental interest. It, too, like "A Heritage of Unrest," claims an extensive English audience, and the circumstance is the more notable because the topic, the oppression of California farmers by the railroad company, is so purely local that the book hardly received fair treatment from Eastern reviewers, who were so evidently unable to comprehend the situation. Jack London's second volume of Klondike stories, "The God of His Fathers," was the equal of his earlier book. He has evidently not exhausted his field. His tales have interest both for those who have made the northland journey and know whereof he writes, and for those who have remained at home and have curiosity to satisfy. "Days Like These," Edward Townsend's novel of New York society, is another of the notable books of the year. Bret Harte, who, though he repudiates California and says hard things about us, still owes his best inspiration to the State, also brought out "Under the Redwoods," and Gertrude Atherton, who though she has shaken our dust from her feet and wiped her shoes, must still remember California, is enjoying additional fame from her "Aristocrats," which, though brought out in 1900, was published anonymously. The divulgement of the the authorship at this late date has had the effect of reawakening interest, and the book is having the novel experience of a second boom. Philip Verrill Mighels has produced two books, both brought out within the year, and both good of their kind. "Nella" received widespread attention, because of its design to settle the everlasting servant girl problem. Mr. Mighels' suggestion of a solution was in the formation of a union, and whether or not that idea originated with him, it certainly has become an established fact in some sections of the country, where it is not working so smoothly in fact as it did in fiction, for the mistresses now have to make war not only on the maids, but on the unions as well. His second essay is in an entirely different field, that of imaginative adventure. "The Crystal Sceptre" resembles Rider Haggard's "She" "by reason that they are so different," for the only resemblance is in the daring originality of the conception Leigh Irvine's "Affair of the South Seas" is another story of adventure, but in a different vein. It is not only probable and possible, but quite within the bounds of actuality. It is an attempt to solve the problem of the crowding of cities and the massing together of the unemployed by colonizing the islands of the Pacific. In the matter of juvenile literature it is safe to claim that "The Golden Chimney," by Mrs. Elizabeth Gerberding, will prove the best of its class, let the comparison be with whom it may. Like Miss Wolf and Miss Bonner, Mrs. Gerberding has written of the real San Francisco, and not some imaginary city. What has been universally hailed as the best story of college life that has yet appeared is the one entitled "For the Blue and Gold," the work of Joy Lichtenstein, an ex-student of the University of California. "In the Footprints of the Padres" is one of the rare volumes from the pen of the veteran Charles Warren Stoddard, and contains interesting reminiscences of early days in California. The "Speeches and Addresses" of D. M. Delmas, though naturally more interesting to lawyers than to the world at large, is none the less a book to be reckoned with in making a summary of the literary output of the year. In the matter of poetry, though this is an eminently prosaic age we have not been behindhand. Early in the year a volume of the poems of Dan O'Connell was brought out by A. M. Robertson. It was to some extent a memorial volume, and it was gratifying to know that the production was well received. Locally it was one of the best selling books. Quite recently another volume of poems, that of Louis A. Robertson, "The Dead Calypso," has received the same tribute of appreciation, and what is still more worthy of note, it is one of the most frequently called for of books at the libraries. Lionel Josephare, another local poet, has published two volumes of verses, "Turquoise and Iron" and "The Lion at the Well," and Lorenzo Sosso, whose daily work is far removed from the realms of poetry, has also made his contribution, "In the Realms of Gold." Gelett Burgess' little volume of ballades found pleasant recognition East and West, as did Wallace Irwin's sonnets in slang. "Jingles from Japan" is a strikingly artistic production, verses by Mabel Hyde, and illustrations in brush work in Japanese style, on Japanese paper, by Helen Hyde. Edwin Markham, whose "Man with the Hoe" created such a furor that he sought a larger and more cultured audience in the East, has not allowed his pen to rust, and has recently brought out another volume of his verses. On the whole, Californians and ex-Californians have had an appreciable share in the literary harvest of the year just past.

The display of holiday goods at S. and G. Gump's, 113-115 Geary street, is the most elaborate and offers a splendid choice of gifts to the intending purchaser.



And Fifty Years Of Musical Progress In the Life of San Francisco

By Mrs. A. Wedmore Jones

Almost simultaneously with the settlement of San Francisco,

"In the days of old—the days of gold,
—The days of forty-nine,"

was the beginning of matters musical in the then small mining town that has in a half-century's time grown to be the third city of musical importance in the United States. One often hears from men who left old ties in the East to seek their fortunes in the new Eldorado of the primitive music of those infant days in our city's life. Hardly a tent or cabin was without something with which a "tune" could be made to while away the hours, when darkness forced a cessation of the fascinating hunt for gold. Guitars, banjos, accordions, even jews-harps.all boon companions of the native fandango, each and every one attested the inherent love of music in the roughest human breast. Later on pianos made their advent and concerts began to be a feature of amusement among the early settlers.

In '49, San Francisco had with a mushroom growth become a city of no little pretensions and it is here that we have record of the very first musical organization in the history of the metropolis. The musical element of the town became possessed of a desire to emulate well remembered times in homes the other side of the Rockies, and out of a quartet composed of solo voices grew the first oratorio society. There are some still living among us who remember Laura Jones, lovely of face and voice alike, who was once very popular in New York, Beutler the tenor and Stephen Leach the basso who figured very prominently in musical matters of a later date. After these came Mrs. Marriner and Elizabeth Northrup; after them Katherine Hays, to hear whose wonderful singing people were willing to pay thirty dollars a seat; then Rudolph Herold, who became an important figure in the musical affairs of the city. A pupil of Mendelssohn, he was an excellent pianist and still better, director; under his supervision was instituted the first symphony concerts on the Pacific coast. Then came Louis Schmidt, who was the organist of "Old Trinity," now passed into history, which used to stand, a land-mark, at the corner of Powell and Post streets, but which some years ago stepped down and out to give way to the press of commerce, and has been superseded by the beautiful structure at the corner of Bush and Gough streets. Louis Schmidt was really one of the best violinists who ever settled in San Francisco, and his pupils are many of them at the present day among our best local violinists.

Of good pianoforte teachers in early days Arnold Kuhne and R. Schumacher must be reckoned first, and both did good work for the advancement of music here. Both are now numbered among those who, having finished their allotted tasks, have passed into the Great Beyond. Soon after these came Oscar Weil, still an important figure in the local music world. He came to California with totally different ideas in view than those he ultimately pursued. Having his hands seriously hurt in what was then the "late war" his idea was to engage in some sort of business, but the fates decreed otherwise. Rudolph Herold gave to Mr. Weil his two young sons to prepare for European study. Later Herold decided to go abroad with his boys and turned over his advanced pupils to Weil. It was thus that Oscar Weil had his vocation decided for him. He was thrown in with Louis Schmidt and for several years the two gave symphony concerts which were personally conducted by Weil. Together they instituted the first series of chamber music concerts, which were given in the old Mercantile library hall, and finally established the first musical conservatory in San Francisco.

Through these records I have of course passed over a period of years in which one of the important features was the Civil war. But music had been steadily developing and while local affairs were in progress San Francisco was visited by many musicians of note and some of world-wide reputation. In '52 we have records of Biscacianti's concert engagement in the new Music hall at Montgomery and Bush streets. In '57 came the "Pennsylvanians", in '58 the Bianccis and later on the Lyster English grand opera troupe with Rosalie Durand, prima donna assoluta, Georgia Hodson, contralto, Fred Lyster, baritone, Ada King, mezzo, Frank Trevor, tenor and F. B. Bondivot, basso. In 1860 came Parepa Rosa, the great American soprano over whom the population went wild. In the same year Madame Pelegrini, the greatest contralto of her times and the mother of Mademoiselle Speranza, sang before a San Francisco audience.

The excitement incident to the war caused a halt in greater musical matters but after the close of the war there was a period of great musical activity in San Francisco and a great deal also of earnest study of the right sort, nor during this time had music lovers been without opera for the town was visited by Italian and English opera companies,many of them very good. In 1866 a company came here with Elvira Boambilla, a woman who afterwards achieved a world-wide reputation. She it was who created "La Juive" (The Jewess) and in that role was the greatest prima donna in the world. With her came Morelli, Mancusi and Milleri, also Sbriglia who afterward developed into the most important

singing teachers in the world. He it was who taught Jean de Reszke, who in '83 was doing baritone parts on the London stage. Sbriglia discovered in De Reszke's voice the pure tenor quality, and working along those lines, turned out and gave to the world the first tenor voice of the operatic world today. 1868 saw the advent of Madame Anna Bishop, who was followed by Katherine Hays, Gottschalk, the piano-composer of immortal fame, Paul Julien and Parepa Rosa, who will never be forgotten by any who heard her in the full zenith of her glorious achievements. In this year also came Signor Susizini, one of the greatest basses of his time. Attilio Parolini, a splendid baritone from South America, who came here with the Bianci-Montaldo troupe. Madame Zippili-Vilani, the contralto, came here from Mexico and hence went to Italy, in La Scala, Milan, having a great success as Amneris in "Aida." With Adelina Patti, whose successes are legendary, came Madame Siozzo, a celebrated mezzo-soprano. Baldanzo, a great tenor, created a furore at this time at the California theatre in "Il Trovatore." He died a victim of intemperance and was buried in pauper's ground.

Domenico Speranza, who came here about this time, was Adelina Patti's first leader in New York. Miska Hauser, the violinist, came to San Francisco on a concert tour about sixty-nine, with Lola Montez, the famous dancer, and stayed a year. In 1878 Contini made his appearance; also Fulvio Rigo, singing at the Metropolitan and at Maguire's opera house. Their names were well known at that time. Both died miserably. Contini, who was one of the best opera singers of his day, died in the poor house in San Francisco, and Rigo committed suicide and was buried by friends. He was a great basso. Catalini, the husband of Madame Bernardi, was also well known at this time.

Coming back to purely local matters, Henry Heyman, who had completed his studies abroad, returned home and became a factor in local musical affairs. Then the children of Louis Schmidt—Louis and Clifford—who had become excellent violinists, and Alice, who was a fine pianiste, returned home from study abroad. Eighteen hundred and seventy brought Joseph Trenkle, a pupil of Tausig and a favorite student with that very "difficult" person. He settled in San Francisco and proved to be a teacher of uncommon ability and one whose influence was strongly felt in musical circles. Among the principal local musicians at this time were Lisser, Bender, Mrs. Marriner and Walter Campbell. An interesting event of this period, the early seventies, is a concert given by a distinguished trio, consisting of Teresa Carreno, her then husband Sauret, now one of the leading violinists in the world, and Ilma di Murska, who was one of the greatest singers the world has ever seen. They were concert-touring in company and doing very beautiful work, but so ill-prepared was the public at this time to receive them that they came and went almost entirely unnoticed. Camilla Urso, who appeared at the same period of time, had a brilliant tour and made a lasting impression everywhere. This was about 1871.

Looking over an old scrap book full of ancient looking, yellow programs, one finds the interesting announcement that "The Second German Jubilee Concert" took place in August, from the twenty-second to the twenty-seventh, 1861, given by the singing clubs Harmonie and Eintracht. Singing clubs from the interior arrived on the Sacramento steamer and were escorted by a torchlight procession to Turn hall, at Bush and Powell streets, where they were received by the Festival President, Charles Ruhl, and bidden welcome. The performances took place in Metropolitan theatre and were con-

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ducted by Rudolph Herold. Jacob Stadtfeld, whose sons now do their part toward musical matters, was one of the singers.

The Cecelia Society gave some important concerts that year in November, Schiller's "Song of the Bell," with music by Stromberg, being spoken of as one of the features. The concert was given in Platt's hall. At their second concert in May, '62, the tenor Shraubstadter took part and Beethoven's "Symphony in D" was heard for the first time here. Then came the Handel and Haydn Society in the first sacred concert, March twenty-ninth, '62, the oratorio of "The Creation" being given in Platt's hall. The soloists were Miss Lizzie Parker, soprano of the Handel and Haydn society of Boston, who sang Gabriel, and who afterward became Mrs. Northrup; Stephen Leach, the local basso, and Mrs. Cameron of Boston, who sang Eve. They were assisted by a chorus of two hundred and fifty voices. The organist was Gustav Scott, so long organist of Calvary Presbyterian church that like old Trinity has passed from the ken of man and been reduced to a pile of bricks. Gustav Scott has, like the old church, passed away. On March twenty-fourth, 1864, the concert of the Starr King monument fund was given in Union hall, conducted by Rudolph Herold. The talent were Signor and Signora Bianci, Marton Simonsen, the distinguished violinist, Ernest Schlott, French horn, and Joseph L. Schmitz, first violin and concert master.

In these early '60's there was much animation musically and the work done in San Francisco was of a superior order as private records show. It was then that Paul Julien, the celebrated violinist, came to this city with Caroline Richings, who afterward married Bernard, the opera singer, and Edward Seguin, also well known in operatic roles. The concert was conducted by George T. Evans, the well-known organist and conductor. About that time Ernst Hartman, the great pianist, made his first appearance in San Francisco. In April, '69, Madame Jaffa's name appears on a concert program, with Signor Morley as tenor. In the same month a benefit concert was tendered the guitar virtuoso, M. Y. Ferrer, who was considered one of the few who really make guitar music one of the fine arts and was a master of the instrument. Mr. Ferrer is still a citizen of this city, one of the few who live to tell the tale of early days here in their relation to professional music. His son now occupies the position in musical circles once held by the father.

In June of '69 Madame Lucy Escott and Henry Squires gave their initial concert shortly before Camilla Urso, in her concert in which she assisted by "the twelve." In December of '69 Urso gave another concert here with Brignoli, the great tenor, Ginza conducting. Afterward Brignoli brought out his own opera company.

The year 1870 dates a jubilee week given by Urso for the benefit of the Mercantile library, which was given at the Mechanics' Pavilion, with a chorus of twelve hundred voices. Gustav Scott was organist and Rudolph Herold conductor. Then came Ole Bull, who gave some concerts in Platt's hall. A centennial anniversary event was given according to another ancient looking program, on December seventeenth, 1870, at Platt's hall, with Joseph Trenkle pianist, Louis Schmidt, George Koppitz, and George Evans conducting and "General Barnes delivering the oration." In '75 Henry Heyman was receiving recognition in Leipsig and in '77 he returned home after seven years study abroad. On December thirteenth, '77, Mrs. Marriner gave a concert, having just returned from Europe. On the program is the name of George J. Gee, pianist, and also conductor. George Gee was one of the most thorough musicians and was in his time unexcelled as a local pianist. He was many years gathered to his fathers.

Orchestral music seems to have developed into a degree of prominence in '78, and we have record of Herold's orchestral concerts, that of March twenty-second having on the program Spohr's ninth violin concerto, played for the first time in San Francisco by Henry Heyman. This year brought Inez Fabri-Muller, and later David Nesfield, who was in the zenith of his success as a baritone singer. This is not so far back that many do not still remember with pleasure the grand festival arranged by Sumner W. Bugbee, who was manager, and which was given at Mechanics' Pavilion. It was carried out on a large scale and had for directors Carl Zerrahn of Boston, Rudolph Herold and John P. Morgan of San Francisco. Among the singers were Myron Whitney,

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Anna Drasdil, the famous contralto, Mrs. Helen Ames Billings, besides some prominent local talent.

After this Karl Formes, the famous basso, and Madame Zeiss-Dennis, contralto, appeared in concert. In '79 Rudolph Herold, who had been one of the most active lights musically in San Francisco, retired from public life, having been active in musical affairs since '54. The year 1880 brought Henry Kitten, the poet-pianist and composer, whose concerts were a great success throughout the State, and in '81 Rafael Joseffy. The latter was the direct means of the organization of the first Philharmonic society in San Francisco, his suggestion being acted upon by two prominent musicians, and their first concert being given at Platt's hall, Friday evening, December ninth, 1881. The same year brought Mrs. Tippett (Clara Beutler), the vocalist. In 1881 Julie Rive King made a very successful concert tour throughout the State. In '75 was inaugurated the first regular season of grand opera here, when the Hess English opera company came here and gave six weeks consecutively of repertoire, the first half at the Bush street theatre, the second half at the California, which could not be had for the first part of the engagement. The people of the company were Caroline Richings-Bernard, Zelda Seguin, Will Carleton, Mr. Peakes, Mr. Seguin, George Conly, Mr. Bernard, Mr. Hall, Joe Maas, Mr. Marson, Lizzie Annandale, Mrs. Brand, Julie Rosewald and Miss Beaumont. At this time Julie Rosewald, having had her trial in an unrehearsed performance of "Faust" before a Toronto audience with the Kellogg opera company, was making her debut proper as a young opera singer under salary, before a San Francisco audience, and this was her first salaried position. Her success was assured from the first night when she appeared as Marguerite and her subsequent retirement at the height of her career was from devotion to her husband, J. H. Rosewald, the violinist and conductor, to whom she was devotedly attached and from whom she could not be separated when failing health demanded his retirement. Rosewald died quite suddenly in 1895, and his widow still remains among us, one of the most successful exponents of the vocal art we have ever had, and one whose pupils are numbered among the sucessful vocalists of operatic and concert stage. Joe Maas, who appeared with the Hess company, one of the world's greatest American bassos and the greatest Mephisto who ever appeared on an American stage, was drowned but a few weeks after his appearance here, in Massachusetts, while trying to save the life of a colleague. The Kellogg opera company visited the city in '76 with Rosewald alternating with Clara Louise Kellogg as prima donna. This is the year the Loring club was organized.

In '84 occurred many things of interest, Joseffy's second concert tour, and among other things the Rosewald introductory concert, a benefit concert tendered Madame Le Hardy by the Gounod Musical association, a concert for the "Four Charity Kindergartens" and on February twelfth the production of Edgar S. Kelley's famous "Macbeth" music which has since made such a stir in the world of music. 'Eighty-six brought Alice Rees the famous Australian prima donna, Max Voygrich the celebrated composer and pianist, and John Radcliffe, the noted flute virtuoso, in concert. Friday evening, February twelfth, at Odd Fellows' hall, Haydn's "Seasons" was given by the San Francisco Oratorio Society, under the direction of J. H. Rosewald. On Good Friday of '87 was given for the first time in San Francisco the famous Good Friday aria for contralto, "Lord Have Mercy," which was sung by Mrs. Westwater. This year saw the first appearance of the famous Swedish soprano, Madame Louise Pyk. In April of '87 was the home-coming concert of Sam Fabian after a six years' absence in Europe. A concert of October thirtieth has on its program the name of Charles Heywood, the tenor now many years "ceased from his labors," but in his time known for his surprising vocal work. A Mansfeldt Conservatory concert of the date February fourteenth, '89, at Spencer hall, has a duo for two pianos between Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt and Eva Crowley, now Mrs. Oscar Mansfeldt, and one of our leading pianists. September nineteenth, '89 a benefit concert was given by the leading artists and singing societies of San Francisco and Oakland, for the benefit of the San Francisco Polyclinic. The concert was given at the Grand Opera House and Madame Sanderini, lately arrived from London, took part, also Camilla Urso and many others. The wonderful "Toy Symphony" was given under the direction of H. J. Stewart, with Mrs. Stewart, now numbered among those who are missing, presiding

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R. B. MILROY, Secretary.

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT

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Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 4th day of December, 1901, an assessment (No. 1) of Five dollars per share was levied upon the capital stock of the Corporation payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the secretary at the office of the Company, Room 208 Parrott Building, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on **Monday** the SIXTH (6th) day of January, 1902, will be delinquent and advertized for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on **Wednesday**, the twenty-second (22nd) day of January 1902, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

J. F. BURGIN, Secretary.

Office—Room 208 Parrott Building, on Market street, San Francisco, California.

at the piano. 'Eighty-nine brought Ovide Musin, the great Belgian violinist, also Madame Trebelli in concert. 1890 saw the advent of the Bostonians with the original company. In August of that year Marie Barnard's farewell concert took place and in November Adele Ausder Ohe played in concert at Irving hall. Then came Arditi and the Hess opera company with Francesca Guthrie and Pauline L'Allemand, supported by a fine company, and Albert Guille the great tenor. The company was billed at the Orpheum Opera House

This brings us to almost the immediate present and the events of the past ten years are too familiar to everyone to need particularizing on minor points. This period has really marked the

"Tide in the affairs"

of San Francisco's musical life. It has given us such famous musicians as D'Albert, Rosenthal, Bloomfield-Zeisler, Paderewski, Teresa Carreno, Sauer, Godowski, Lachaume, all pianists of world-wide reputation; Ysaye the violinist who made a sensation with his wonderful handling of his instrument, and Girardy, the cellist, all in the past few years. In the past year alone we have made great strides. The Tivoli Opera House has been no small factor in the education of San Francisco. It has given us many voices that would do credit to the best opera combinations, notably Salassa whose genius should give him a world-wide reputation, Barbareschi, Repetto, Collamarini, Russo, Agostini, Dado, all people above average talent and some of them real artists. Under Paul Steindorff's direction the little Eddy street house has taken on a higher tone and works have been given that have grown yellow with age waiting for the public to become educated up to them. In the past year alone there have been wonderful push and progress here as well as elsewhere and a good work has been done inside the walls that in a twelvemonth more will give place to a newer and more pretentious edifice. The year has given us back for a time Rose Adler, known to the operatic stage as Rose Relda, who is now winning laurels abroad; it gave to us in concert Carreno and Godowski, two of the greatest technicians in the world, Antoinette Trebelli, or as she is known, Antonia Dolores, a most delightful vocal artist; Strauss the eccentric, and his orchestra of finished musicians. It brought to this coast for the last time the Henschels, those delightful artists whose song recitals were a never-ending source of enjoyment, and whose "Good-by" has proved too truly to be as they said, "For good." But a little time since the light went out forever in the bright eyes of the little wife, and the voice that had charmed thousands was hushed forever. This has been one of the sad events of the year, for one cannot feel reconciled to the fact that so much of the really artistic in life and sweetness in true womanhood should be taken out of the world forever. With the close of the year we have had our second season of the Grau grand opera company, which has really been an event in San Francisco musical growth, as it has made it possible for us to hear the world's greatest voices. Nordica, Sembrich, Eames, Gadski, Schumann-Heinck, Ed de Reszke, the basso brother of the celebrated Jean, Bispham, Plancon, Scotti, Van Dyke, de Marchi, Tavecchia, Dippel, Campanari, of the greater lights, and Sybil Sanderson, besides many more that the future will return to us as stars. Suzanne Adams, Fritzi Scheff, Louise Homer, are all names associated with artistic work in difficult roles, and in the hearing of it all we have been learning our lesson and have grown accordingly. The symphony movement is one of not a little interest and importance and on the results of this venture much future success hangs. The moment is big with interest and never before has San Francisco felt so strongly the pulse of musical life as now, when she stands with her feet upon the very brink of a future golden with promise and of glorious possibilities. It is ours to have and the spirit of progress has really taken hold of our musical population, forecasting results that will place us "ere many moons have passed" among the very foremost cities of the world. It has not been possible to name all those who have figured in the musical growth of our city, but those who have been mentioned have all builded for good and have really helped to lay a secure foundation for the superstructure that is yet to be. There are still earnest, conscientious spirits who are endeavoring to raise the ideals and elevate the tone of musical work, and some of these are really helping to ennoble and strengthen the advance of musical progress.

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Among other important steps in musical advancement is the organization of a society for the pursuance of the study and presentation of the highest class of all branches of music, embracing concert, oratorio and operatic works, in the last of which Wagner's works will be an important factor. The prime mover in this new venture is Arthur Fickenscher, already well known to the musical public and destined to be yet better known through the medium of his compositions and instrumental works, also. Mr. Fickenscher graduated from the Munich Conservatory of Music in 1892. In '96 he came to San Francisco, after making several concert trips through the United States, over a year's duration, with Anton Schott. He is now organist of St. Paul's church, Oakland, and as a composer has a future. His works have been highly commended by Henschel and Schumann-Heinck, who is to introduce two of his songs. His compositions are already well known throughout the East and Germany. Carrie Brown-Dexter, the soprano of the combination, was raised in Oakland, where from girlhood she has been associated with music. Mrs. Dexter's voice is a pure lyric soprano and her work has won her high rank as a soloist. On a recent trip East she studied with Oscar Saenger, and on her return to Oakland won the position of soprano in the First Presbyterian church of that place over many competitors. She is well known as a concert singer on both sides of the bay. Mrs. J. E. Birmingham was born in Hamilton, Ontario, Canada, where at fifteen years of age she was known for her deep contralto voice. At this age she sang in Ontario and held church positions. Her mother's family name was, oddly enough, "Chanson," which means song. As Lillie Kraft Mrs. Birmingham is well remembered in several leading cities of Canada and in Buffalo, N. Y., where she sang the leading contralto solos in "The Messiah" when only fifteen against professional singers from New York, her work presaging a great future for her. A few years later she came to reside in San Francisco, her pure rich contralto immediately winning for her a first place in music and the position of contralto in the First Unitarian church, which she held up to the time of her departure for Europe. Her studies abroad were pursued with Jacques Bontry of Paris and in London with Georg Henschel. Her position here is that of one of our most valued vocalists. Algernon Aspland, the tenor of the quartet, studied first in Victoria, B. C., with W. Edgar Buck. He came to San Francisco in 1894 and immediately secured a position as tenor of Holy Cross church and sang at Saint Luke's (Episcopal) later on. He left this city in '96, going to New York where he was for some time tenor in the Church of the Transfiguration. Afterward he joined the Del Conti Italian opera company and later the Castle Square company. In '98 he left music and joined the army, going to the Philippines, whence he returned in 1900. On his return he was appointed tenor of the First Presbyterian church, Oakland, which he only left recently for a similar position in Trinity, San Francisco. At the age of nineteen he sang the tenor role in "Il Trovatore" and in '95 made his debut in San Francisco in the Carr-Beel concerts. Harry H. Barnheart, the basso cantante of the new quartet, has but recently joined our forces, but his superior work has won him first place as a soloist. He was born and raised in the vicinity of Pittsburg, Pa., where he received his first vocal training from William Stevenson. While attending the Pennsylvania State college he still kept up his music and became a local light in musical circles, doing a great deal of professional work also. Four years ago he left Pennsylvania and moved to Los Angeles, where he studied with Madame Genevra Johnstone Bishop, who was there for the winter, taking up oratorio principally. Since then in pursuance of his art, he has been twice to New York and Chicago, going with Madame Bishop's party to Italy and thence to all the principal cities of Europe. He studied in Italy with Cortesi; in London with Randegger, Frederic Walker and Edgardo Levi, the latter having written for him some charming songs. He sang with Victor Herbert's orchestra as a soloist, and was solo bass in Dr. Thomas' church in Chicago. His teachers all predicted for him an unusual and brilliant future.



The San Francisco Chronicle.



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There is probably not a city in the world of its size that contains more real talent musically than San Francisco. Men like Fred Zech, Louis Lisser, Otto Bendix, Hugo Mansfeldt—these are all possessed of talent and training acquired in the old world and came early to San Francisco, and have grown with its growth. Of these Lisser and Mansfeldt have been here longest. Hugo Mansfeldt has been identified with the music of this city for more than thirty-five years. His family after him are all musical, and occupy the highest positions in the musical life here. Mansfeldt himself was a pupil of the great Liszt, and early mastered the secrets of piano technique which he has given to the world in book form. He has composed many beautiful things for the piano, which have been published, and he numbers among his pupils some of the bright and shining lights of the world. It is said of him that his work is as prominent on the European side of the Big Pond as here. One of his pupils, Albert Elkus, bids fair, through his compositional talent, to achieve great things in the future. His mother, also a pupil of Mansfeldt, is a splendid technician. It is well known what his star pupil, Alma Stencel, has achieved, as the papers on both sides of the continent and in Europe have been full of her praises. Since the days, sixteen years past, when Otto Heyner, Josef Hofmann and Paula Szalit made fame for themselves by their prodigious performances on the piano, there has not been before the public a thirteen-year-old pianist of so mature interpretation, splendid technical achievements, and of so much promise for future accomplishments as this same little Alma, whom Mansfeldt has made his model and has presented to the world as his masterpiece of skill in musical development. Mansfeldt is himself noted for his pianistic technical feats, as well as being famous as a teacher—not alone in America, but throughout musical Germany, Berlin and Vienna.



HUGO MANSFELDT

A prominent musician, though a new-comer, is Louis H. Eaton, the present organist of Trinity Episcopal church, and successor of Dr. Stewart, who was sixteen years one of our leading musicians. Mr. Eaton is a worthy successor of Stewart, and his ability has in the short time of his residence among us proved to be exceptional, not alone as an organist, but as a pianist and director. His is the temperament that exacts obedience, and gives in return the best he has to give. Mr. Eaton began life in Yankee land, in Taunton, Mass., and has all the American vim and activity. Coming of a family of musicians on both sides of the house, he began serious study with his father at the age of six years. At twelve years he was already an accomplished musician, and had developed a great love for organ music. So great a mastery did his love of this king of instruments develop for him that, unknown to his father, he secured a position as organist, and when finally discovered was firmly fixed, with a modest but comfortable salary. As a child he also studied the cello with Wulf Fries, first cellist in the Mendelssohn Quintette Club in New Bedford, and continued his musical studies, working hard to master everything he undertook till he was nineteen, when he gave some concerts in New Bedford, with an orchestra of fifty musicians from the Boston Symphony Orchestra, all friends who helped him very materially in his career, and a large chorus. At this time he also directed a choral society in Falmouth, to which he went once a week, besides teaching a class in Bedford. In 1884 he married, and in '85 went to Milwaukee, where he was made assistant to Tomlins, in teaching his children's class at that place. He was then elected to the position of organist of Emanuel Presbyterian church, which he held for one year, when he accepted a similar position in St. Paul's Episcopal church, where he was organist for nine years. After he had been two years with St. Paul's, he founded what grew to be one of the finest boy-choirs in the country and was so successful he was invited to perform a similar service for St. James, the next largest church in Milwaukee, where he was afterward organist at a large increase in salary, being paid the largest salary of any organist in the West. Most of the Milwaukee organists studied under Mr. Eaton. He has done a great deal of conducting, being leader of the Elgin Schubert club; also conducting in oratorio, symphonies and chamber music concerts. He gave Wagner's "Parsifal" music with an orchestra of eighty-six pieces and a chorus of one hundred and thirty men and boys. He was also conductor of the Philharmonic. In '98 Guilmant came to Milwaukee and after studying with him while there Mr. Eaton followed him to Paris, secured a pension at Meudon, across the road from Guilmant's dwelling and began to study with him there. He landed in Paris on March 29th and by April 5th was settled in his pension and practicing hard on his first lesson. Here he studied steadily for a year, hearing all the fine artists who visited Paris during the Exposition. Then he returned to New Bedford, where his family resided. He expected to go to the Fifth Avenue Collegiate church in Forty-eighth street, New York, but as they were not willing to pay his price he entered into communication with Dr. Donald, rector of Trinity church, Boston, and it was virtually decided that he was to be Trinity's organist, but Dr. Hutchinson, who was asked his opinion as to the choice between Stewart of San Francisco and Eaton of New Bedford, knowing Mr. Eaton only as leader of a boy-choir, replied that "if it was a director for a choir of mixed voices, Stewart was the man they wanted, but if for a vested choir of men and boys by all means Eaton." It was a mixed choir, so Stewart was engaged for the position and Dr. Clampett, rector of Trinity, San Francisco, who was East at the time seeking some one to fill Stewart's place here, asking Mr. Locke, organist of St. Paul's church, Boston, to recommend some one, was sent to Mr. Eaton, and in this manner one of the foremost organists of the East has taken up his residence among us.

Of the teachers of vocal music in San Francisco, probably no one occupies a more prominent position, or has been more successful than Senor Fernando Michelena. Born in Venezuela in 1857, a countryman of the immortal Carreno, he began the study of music when he was six years old, and at nine years sang the first soprano parts in the difficult masses written for the Roman Catholic church. During the period when his voice was changing he studied the violin, becoming a proficient performer on that instrument. When he again took up the study of the voice it was found that he had developed a tenor of unusually beautiful quality. Being heard by Gasman Blanco, then the President of the Republic, his interest was aroused and through him that of the government, which sent him to Italy, where he studied three years with Ranicro Baragli in Milan. His debut was made as Carlo in "Linda di Chamounix," after which he returned to his native country as manager and leading tenor of a splendid grand opera company, which his government had authorized him to bring back with him to Caracas to participate in the celebration of the centennial of Simon Bolivar. His career in this country has been a notable one, winning for him the reputation of one of the first tenors upon the operatic stage. His magnificent voice and fine stage presence, added to his splendid dramatic ability, gave to each of the characters he represented the realism of the true artist. Tamagno has been called the finest tenor ever heard in Amer-



FERNANDO MICHELENA

ica, but Michelena is considered his superior for the same conscientious endeavor was to be found in everything Michelena undertook. His voice possesses an intensely sympathetic quality peculiarly adapted to tenor roles, which he has sung as leading tenor with Emma Abbott, Emma Juch, Emma Nevada, with the Hinrichs grand opera company, with Morissey's grand opera company, J. M. Hill's "Fencing Master" company, with Anton Seidl, Philip Sousa, two seasons with the Tivoli grand opera company, where his work was greatly admired by San Franciscans in a diversity of roles, his last appearance here being with the Melba company as Canio in "I Pagliacci." For four years Senor Michelena has been teaching his art with great success in San Francisco, making a specialty of voice placement and production, correct articulation, control of the breath and solfeggi. He finishes pupils for opera, oratorio and concert, several of his pupils being now engaged singing in opera, others in churches in this city and those adjoining San Francisco. He has a large class of promising voices, two of his most talented pupils being his daughters, Vera and Beatrice, whose talents are very pronounced and who are studying with grand opera in view. Senor Michelena prefers his domestic life to that of the stage, and is very happy in a work that he thoroughly enjoys.

Carl Sawvell has for over fifteen years been identified with vocal music, which he has successfully taught. As a youth he passed his life in the East, and while his career was mapped out for him in other lines, he was on his own account studying music, and early developed a bass voice of uncommon beauty of quality with unusual power and of fine range. After coming to California his attention was entirely given over to the practice of music as a profession, and he has handled some of the finest voices in San Francisco. His method is based on the Italian school, but he has, through experience, studied out lines of his own through the teaching of which he develops for his pupils a pure, round and free tone. Mr. Sawvell has, in his career as a teacher and singer, given much time to composition, though as yet he has published comparatively little, but since moving to his elegant new quarters at 841 Hyde street, he has furnished one of the most artistic studios in the city, where he hopes to be able to give more time to this branch of music. Mr. Sawvell has at the present time sixteen songs ready for publication, of which the words and music are his own, and is now at work on a set of marches which he will put into print when finished. He has completed a one act opera, which has been sent East for production, and has a three act opera almost completed, while a third is in process of construction. Within the last year and a half Mr. Sawvell has had seven librettos offered him to set to music. He is very earnest in his work, and is one of those musicians who seek for the highest and best in Art.



CARL SAWVELL

Leah McKenzie-Cadanasso, now one of the finest dramatic mezzo-sopranos in San Francisco, might, had she chosen, with her talents, have had an operatic career. Born and raised in San Francisco, and coming of a musical family, she studied first, as Leah McKenzie, with Benjamin Owen when but seventeen years old, and began singing before San Francisco audiences at that age. From Owen she went to Madame Valerga, and afterward studied with Bianchi. As a young girl she was connected with many notable the mezzo-soprano role in "Masque Pandora," and singing with Madame Zeppeli in her concerts. In '84, at Sacramento, Miss McKenzie married Cadenasso, the artist, and since that time has studied operatic roles with Signor Michelena, having been very successful in "Il Trovatore," which is well adapted to display the dramatic quality in her voice. Mrs. Cadenasso sang for some time in the church of the Sacred Heart, and is now soloist in the choir of Notre Dame des Victoires. She is also a pupil of Mansfeldt and an accomplished pianiste.

Among our musicans one of the most talented is Mrs. Ernest Lachmund, once known as Mabel Gray, who has but recently returned from Berlin and opened a studio here. Her first study of music was pursued in Helmuth college, under Thomas Martin, a Leipzig graduate and great favorite of Reinecke, to whom she attributes much of her present success as a pianiste. After leaving college Mrs. Lachmund went directly to Leipzig, and for several years studied under Zwitscher the celebrated techinician. Then she studied with Reinecke himself, and later with Krause. After returning home she went abroad a second time to study in Berlin with Fraulein Emma Koch, who ranks very high as a concert pianist and teacher, and was a great favorite with Liszt. Mrs. Lachmund's husband is one of the finest cellists in the country and has been highly honored in Berlin as a composer. Her father was John D. Gray, a New York man, who came to California for a milder climate and settled here. Her brother, Lee Gray, is well known in the Bohemian club, of which he is a member. While in Leipzig Mrs. Lachmund occupied a church choir position, and in many cities of the East has played and sung with success. She is an accomplished vocalist, and is a pianiste of great talent and highly developed and finished technique.

Percy A. R. Dow is also somewhat of a newcomer compared with the argonauts who are still in our midst, but his work in a comparatively short time has told materially on the musical atmosphere of San Francisco. The foundation of Mr. Dow's musical education was laid in an institution in Maine, during five years' study. He was afterward engaged as a teacher of the voice in the same institution, coming to San Francisco in 1893, and while pursuing further study with W. E. Bacheller, now one of New York's favorite tenors and most successful teachers, was chiefly occupied in teaching music in the public schools of Alameda county, in conducting choirs and choruses and in private vocal teaching. From '96 to '97 Mr. Dow was in Europe studying specifically the thorough methods for true voice building. During this time he was under Vannini in Italy, Henschel in London, and studied with several teachers in Munich whose specialty was the German lieder and chorus conducting. After returning to America Mr. Dow spent one year teaching in Oakland, then removed to San Francisco, where he has for three years been regarded as one of our most successful and conscientious teachers of vocal music. His is one of the prettiest studios in the city and is fitted with every requisite to further the advance of the art he professes. He has a very complete music library which embraces works by authors ancient and modern, from Italian, French, German and English schools of music. The whole atmosphere is identified with music, and here he has given some of the most delightful musicales that have been given in any of the studios in this city. He numbers among his pupils some of the best solo voices among our vocalists and many of them are actively engaged in public work. Mr. Dow is a man of particularly pleasing personality and is possessed of that courtesy of bearing which goes far to make teaching one of the fine arts. He is an enthusiast in his work, endeavoring to develop all that is best, highest and truest in connection with music as a profession, and as balanced against the drudgery of mere technique. His "pupils' evenings" have been a feature of the studio work and chronological programs rendered by the pupils with explanatory remarks by Mr. Dow himself make these events of great interest as well as profit educationally.

One of those who have been most active in the musical life of San Francisco in late years is James Hamilton Howe, who came here some years ago from Boston, where at an early age he became a student in the Boston University College of Music. Among other branches of music he devoted himself to the study of conducting under Carl Zerrahn, the veteran conductor. Later he was a student of the methods of Georg Henschel, and William Gericke and Arthur Nick-

isch, who were at different times conductors of the Boston symphony orchestra. Mr. Howe was also associated with Anton Seidl, Wagner's assistant at Beyreuth, which experience he values highly as he was with him for seventy concerts and had free access to his extensive library of valuable scores. Since completing his studies Mr. Howe has directed many oratorio societies, being for six years conductor of the San Jose Oratorio. He led at one time a chorus of sixteen hundred voices and has been connected with several prominent choirs. In 1897 Mr. Howe was director of a symphony orchestra and has brought out in San Francisco all the prominent oratorios. As a composer Mr. Howe has produced several very fine works, this being probably his highest musical gift. He is now organist and director of St. Dominic's church choir and of the Pacific Grove Summer School of Music.

Louise Marriner-Campbell has for years been foremost in the musical progress of San Francisco. Coming to California in 1864, she immediately stepped into the position of leading vocalist while the city was yet scarcely out of swaddling clothes, a position that she held steadily as long as she cared to do public work. Since her retirement she has given to others what she has so arduously studied and won for herself and has been probably the most successful vocal teacher we have ever had here. Mrs. Campbell's has been an interesting career and her musical talent is a matter of heritage, as she comes of a musical family, her mother holding for thirty years a choir position as leading soprano. When Mrs. Campbell was ten years of age, an alto being needed she filled the position and held it till she was fifteen. Her talents developed early and from childhood she was able to read at sight anything that was placed before her. For some time she sang in the First Parish church in Portland, Maine, and from there was married and came a bride to California. Mrs. Campbell refers to those days with a great deal of feeling, as she says in Sacramento particularly, where she sang in concert, the people received her so kindly and immediately warmed her heart to the State that was to be hers by adoption. After five years residence in San Francisco Mrs. Marriner returned to New York city, where she sang in Christ church choir, Fifth avenue, for one year, studying meanwhile with Erani and Albites, and taking every opportunity to hear good music. She then returned to San Francisco and resumed church and concert work here. Shortly after this Madame Anna Bishop of operatic fame came to San Francisco on a concert tour, and took Mrs. Marriner with her to Victoria, B. C., and all through Nevada and Oregon, giving concerts. She remained a year in this city, during which time Mrs. Marriner studied constantly with her, books of oratorios used at this period containing many marginal notes in Madame Bishop's own hand which Mrs. Campbell now prizes among her choicest possessions. She was a great artist and Mrs. Campbell considers the instruction she received from her the most valuable she has ever had. A year and a half after this were passed in European study, principally in Paris and London, and she received much benefit mentally and physically from her sojourn. This was in '78 and in the height of the season Mrs. Campbell was in London and had the delight of hearing Patti, Nilsson, Albini, Gerster and Teresa Tietjens, who were all in their prime. London that year had the most unusual musical season ever known there, Wagner being there with his Beyreuth festival singers, Materna, who was at the height of her fame, Richter, who conducted, Wilhelmj, the great violinist, a three-week Wagner festival being given at Aloert hall, making a season that was never equaled before or since. Mrs. Campbell has since been twice to New York to keep in touch with the progressive musical ideas. She has received the largest salary ever paid by any San Francisco church choir, also for concert and oratorio engagements. Mrs. Campbell expects to make another European trip in the spring in the interest of her work, but as she says herself, she has always learned all she could in San Francisco, and we have had the best artists in the world right here. She is a zealous teacher and a constant reader of musical literature, and in addition to all she has had in the past still makes it a point to keep in touch with everything that points to musical progress.



MRS. MARRINER-CAMPBELL

One of the younger and rising vocalists is Ella V. McCloskey, one of the finest contraltos in this city. She is a native daughter, not alone of our Golden West, the sunset land of California, but of the city beside the Golden Gate, San Francisco itself. Although Miss McCloskey has at different times extended her visits through the Eastern States her musical education has been received right here in San Francisco, her first teacher being Alfred Kelleher. After studying for some time with Mr. Kelleher Miss McCloskey went to Madame Julie Rosewald, with whom she remained for quite a period. Desiring to take up the study of the oratorio, she went to Dr. H. J. Stewart, under whose training she worked along classic lines with great benefit. When Georg Henschel came here concertizing Miss McCloskey was one of the first to secure lessons from him, going to him every day with the most beneficial results. Mr. Henschel was so impressed with the dramatic quality of Miss McCloskey's voice, as well as its power and range that he strongly advised her to go upon the operatic stage. She has however elected to cast her lines in home places and her work in the church choirs of this city as well as her concert work have won for her a position accorded only to a few. During the time that she has been in public life Miss McCloskey has been connected with the choirs of Calvary, St. Paul's, Holy Cross, and the First Unitarian churches. She is now the solo contralto in the choirs of St. Dominic's and the Taylor Street Synagogue. Her studio is at her residence, 1451 O'Farrell street, where she resides with her family and receives pupils. Her voice is one not alone of dramatic quality but of rare sweetness and sympathy, and in the rendering of any class of vocal work her interpretation and fine enunciation give her listeners the keenest pleasure and her singing an artistic value not often to be found even in cultivated voices.



MISS ELLA V. McCLOSKEY

During the recent session of grand opera quite a little sensation was made by the selection, by Walter Damrosch, of five of the pupils of the Von Meyerinck School of Music to take the part of the apprentices in the "Meistersinger." Great interest was manifested on the opening night as to the first appearance of these "novices" as the result was surprising even to those who were prepared in a measure by a knowledge of the training they had received. The opera glasses were necessary to identify these San Francisco buds from the veterans who had for years been in the work. The ease and absolute self-possession with which they acquitted themselves was a cause for comment even among the regular forces of the Grau company, and after the performance the "young apprentices" were showered with compliments for

themselves and for the school they represented. The young ladies are, as represented in the accompanying picture, Miss Estelle Davidson, Mrs. Godaird-Adams, Mae Cullen, and Helen Colburn-Heath, beside Mr. Muller, coach and teacher at the Beyreuth School for Artists, "Kunstschule" and Madame, or as she was known in Europe, Baroness von Meyerinck, the head of the school here. Underneath the picture are the words in the autograph of Walter Damrosch, "Bravo, Madame von Meyerinck. Your 'little girls' did splendidly. Many, many thanks. Walter Damrosch." Above is the name of David Bispham in his own hand and a staff with the notes "D. B." Mr. Muller took one of these pictures with him to present to Frau Cosima Wagner at Beyreuth on his return, to show her the "Lehrbuben" he drilled in far-away San Francisco. Miss Lulu Friedheim, though one of the apprentices, is not in the picture. The Von Meyerinck school is the only one of its kind in San Francisco and credit must be given the energy and push of its principal and head, Madame Anna von Meyerinck, for making it what it is today. Coming here in 1894, Madame von Meyerinck immediately started teaching, and seeing the future possibilities of such a movement, in '95 established the Von Meyerinck School of Music, with the vocal work alone. The dramatic work being found necessary to the work she was doing this was soon added under Mrs. Mary Fairweather, and in '97 the piano department was established with Arthur Fickenscher at its head. Other departments have been added as need required them—physical culture, language, violin and viola—till now it stands the most thoroughly equipped "school" in the truest sense of the word on the coast, and one whose pride is that it turns out the singer ready for the operatic stage. Walter Damrosch has said that any pupil pronounced ready by Madame von Meyerinck will be taken in hand and placed on the operatic stage by himself. Maude Fay is one of those whose work has been pronounced finished by Mr. Damrosch, and after one year abroad in the constant hearing of opera Miss Fay will be placed on the grand opera stage by Mr. Damrosch. Miss Helen Heath will probably be the next as Mr. Damrosch gave her work the highest possible praise. It is not a small thing that these advantages may be obtained in San Francisco without the need of going abroad and severing family ties in the search for them, and it is only one more milestone on the road of progress for our beloved city, whose position today is attracting the attention of the musical world and whose future is an assured one from every point of view.



One of the greatest enthusiasts and most earnest workers in the field of vocal art in San Francisco is Alyce Gates, daughter of Justin Gates, once prominently identified with business interests in Sacramento, where Miss Gates was born and lived to girlhood. A pupil for many years of George Sweet of New York, where Miss Gates went to master his method, she has brought the art she studied to the West and in a silent but very effective way has been imparting to students here the art she uses in the handling of her own beautiful dramatic soprano, which one day will probably be far better known and recognized as a power than now. Her work is to teach the quality and natural production of poetic and dramatic tone, the ease and beauty of which speaks in time to the pupil's developing sense of criticism, both as to eye and ear, as he learns how to understand artistic singing and what constitutes *a singing artist.* A science is contained in the word *How.* How to reflect in outward form, the sound representative of inward emotions, making of it a moving picture as it is in its inner form. Through sound one echoes the sense of things internal; so by attitude and expression, the singing tone must convey the deeper and more subtle meaning of vocal color in the character presented. Around true idea and fire have been built a frame-work of lofty sentiment and in connection with the technical part of the work as given through this method, teaches nature's rhythm. The result is a round, resonant tone, perfect flexibility, charm of attitude and perfect interpretation of sentiment, and this is Art—the art Miss Gates has learned through years of assiduous practice and is now teaching to others. Her striking personality, her magnetic temperament, her talents, all tend toward a career in which her friends hope ere long to see her launched, and for which Nature and her own intelligence and hard work have eminently fitted her. She is an artist in the fullest sense of the term and the operatic stage should be the ultimatum for a talent and accomplishment like hers. She has in her class many voices of rare quality that stand as the perfect model of her work and she has materially aided progress musically in our midst, but for herself individually there is assuredly a future full of promise and possibilities, which we hope one day to see fulfilled.



MISS ALYCE GATES

Robert S. Atkins' New Venture

It will please the many friends of Robert S. Atkins to learn that this popular young man has entered the business world in his own behalf, and the good wishes of all who know him will attend him in his new venture. Mr. Atkins, whose specialty is gentlemen's furnishing goods, has established himself at 113 Montgomery street, having succeeded Mr. James B. Duggan, whose stock and good will he recently purchased. Fully understanding the needs of those who are correct in dress—the demands of fashion being as exacting in regard to linen, neckwear and hosiery as to clothing—Mr. Atkins made personal selection in New York and elsewhere of the latest novelties in his line, a task for which a thorough training in the past has fitted him. His extensive and intimate acquaintance with the better element in San Francisco's fashionable society should insure him the liberal patronage he deserves.

Leaders of the ton prefer Chapin & Gore's old Reserve Bourbon and Rye Whiskies to any other brands.

The First Symphony

The opening symphony concert of the Steindorff series was given on Friday afternoon to a fair-sized audience although there were not too many for comfort and there was plenty of standing room. The fact that a hoodoo day had been chosen for the initial concert did not seem to occur to the management, which is not perhaps superstitious, but it was Friday and the thirteenth of the month so if the new symphony movement is not a success, we shall be able to trace the reason of it. The program at this concert went off very well however, and if there was a preponderance of precision and not enough sparkle to the work it was not because the men did not know their business, for most of them are old hands at this sort of thing, and many of them played some of these same numbers under Scheel's magnetic baton. There was nothing to enthuse one—no sublime effects, no illustrations, no pictures—but the work was correct as to rhythm and went off as if marked by a metronome, which is not a bad point in orchestral work if you are not overstocked with imagination and are not particular about the pictures in the music. In short Steindorff, while a clever man in many ways and a thorough musician, is not magnetic and that was the missing link in the work on Friday afternoon. One admired the work from an abstract point of view, but to feel the sublimity of the heart of the woods with their mysteries, their eerie folk and deepening shadows, the thundering hoofs of mysterious horsemen, and finally the glory of breaking day—it was not there *That* is painting gorgeous tone-pictures in colors so vivid that the picture stands before you with no effort of the imagination to bring it. Raff's wood symphony was not complete because the reading did not bring out the fulness of the composer's idea. Moszkowsky's Spanish suite was well done—the swing of the Spanish music carries everything with it. The orchestra won an encore for this and Steindorff had his players repeat it. It is the vital spark that was missing at this coneert perhaps because the work was new. The second concert will be a better test of the leader's merit.

Bouvier and Greenbaum announce as their first attraction to be presented by the new managerial combination Madame Nordica, who will give some song recitals here in February, and in the same month the Chicago Symphony Orchestra with four soloists, Jan van Ordt the violin virtuoso, Franz Wagner the well known cellist, Madame Ragna Ligne the Scandinavian soprano and E. C. Towne the tenor who made such a hit with the Genevra Johnstone-Bishop company some years ago in a concert tour to this city.

Mr. and Mrs Emlyn Lewys, (Madame Abbie Carrington) with Miss Mary Carrington will spend the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. Raymond of Pasadena. After returning to this city they will be at home to their friends as usual on Tuesday, December thirty-first, at their residence, 1712 Bush street. Mr. Lewys contemplates giving some more lecture recitals, with Miss Carrington at the piano, on his return from the south.

The engagement was recently announced of Miss Grace Carroll, the contralto, and Mr. F. N. Elliot of this city, the wedding to take place in June of '92. Miss Carroll has been identified with music in Oakland since she was a little girl and comes from a musical family, her sister Mrs. Carroll-Nicholson being also a well known contralto and their father and mother both having been singers before them.

A very delightful musicale was that given last Saturday afternoon at the residence of Madame Ellen Coursen-Roeckel. The participants were members of the juvenile choral class, and some of them did remarkably clever work, all showing the results of admirable teaching. Little Mario Roeckel made the decided hit of the program in the lullaby written for him by his father, of which a baby's cry forms the motif. Mario has a superior voice for such a young child, and one predicts a future for him.

The Usual Falsehood

"Grandma," asked Tommy, "how old are you?"

Thinking to please him, grandma answered: "Oh, a couple of hundred, I guess."

Tommy gazed at her a few minutes in silence, then:

"Foh, you're more than that, I know," he said.

—*The Bonne.*

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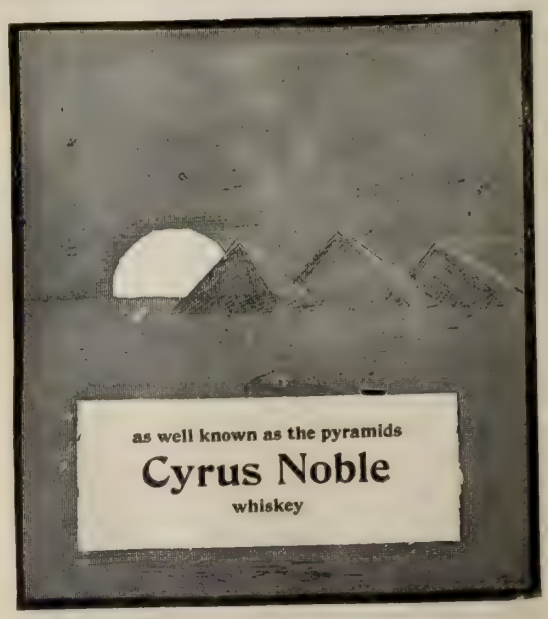
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BY THE PRATTLER

TO THE OBSERVER of the social life of San Francisco the past year has been remarkable only for one circumstance — the entrance of the wealthy upper middle class within what had formerly been the very strictly guarded portal to the inner circle. This was no doubt due to the rapid dwindling of the smart set, many of whose numbers refused longer to remain there and preferred to secede to what in London is known as ultra-Bohemia. To retain life in the corpse of the smart set those have been permitted admittance who had before been not too politely told that their room was better than their company. I shall not particularize, for the facts and faces—and possibly the figures—are too well known to be pointed out. Blood, pride of race, count for little in this twentieth century. Money is regarded as better, when that possession is coupled with a readiness to entertain. *Entertain*—that is now the pass-key to the fortress. Even respectability is not so necessary as it once was. If the dinner be well cooked, the wines above reproach, the hostess witty and the service irreproachable, what does a past more or less matter ? This is something in which San Francisco but copies London and New York

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A bank note can break open many a door that once was barred against all intruders. As some one cleverer than I has said, "Royal wine is taken into stomachs meant for plebeian beer; and pate de foie gras is munched by mouths created for Dutch cheese and good red herring." But, after all, there is no reason to suppose the wine and the pate are unappreciated by those not born to them. Culture can be attained by the stomach as well as by the mind.

I write this from no spiteful motive. It is the truth. To those old aristocrats deluding themselves with the idea that we have "an exclusive set" must be said that they are in palpable error. The army of erstwhile ineligibles who have pierced the armor of the smart set has doomed its exclusiveness forever. And this is as it should be. To be too exclusive is to be un-American.

Another fact that does not need more than comment, owing to its evidence, has been the encouragement of the stork's visits in homes whence the long legged bird had formerly been "shooed" away. Whether this latter fact has any connection with the above-mentioned dwindling in the smart set, I do not know. However, it is safe to say that our fashionable families are not in danger of dying out so long as the stork's welcome is made so general as is now the case.

The principal event of the year was the visit of the late President McKinley, a visit whose social features were less prominent than they would have been had not the illness of Mrs. McKinley precluded overmuch festivity. This visit was coeval with the social rise of the Henry T. Scotts, who attained a position on the pinnacle of swelldom through the circumstance of their close connection with the President's party.

Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish and a gay party of Newporters paid us a visit and in the company was the richest bachelor in America—"Silent Jim" Smith. Then May Yohe, the Marchioness of Hope, passed through our city on her way to the Orient, having in her train Bradlee Strong, U. S. A., and a string of blooded canines. The great Lord Bishops of the Episcopal church held their convention here and J. Pierpont Morgan, the world's greatest financier, was with them and engineered the proceedings of the church-lawmakers.

The most talked of marriage was that of Cornelia Baxter of Denver and Hugh Tevis, the wedding being followed by a bridal trip which had a sad and sudden ending in Japan where the bridegroom died of appendicitis. Another marriage that gave the newspapers something to chat about was the more recent one of George Pullman, Jr., who married his brother Sanger's sister-in-law in Reno, Nevada, on the eve of his divorce from his late wife, Lynn Fernald Pullman, who had once been Sanger's fiancee. Young Pullman's death occurred a few months after the marriage.

The smartest wedding of the year was that of Mary Scott and Walter Martin at Burlingame which was to have been followed by a trip around the world, but the latter program was changed and the young couple remained at home. Among other prominent weddings were those of Lottie Cunningham and Lieutenant Kessler, Caro Crockett and Lawrence Scott, Anna Voorhies and Tom Bishop, Belle Van Vlack and James Bishop, Carrie Lilienthal and Milton Esberg, Beatrice Steele of Oakland and T. H. Williams, Jr. Mary McNutt and Ashton Potter, Beatrice Sachs and Julius Ach, Lillian Follis and Frank Griffin, Ethel Dimond and Will Sherwood, Mollie Thomas and Latham McMullin, Edna Hopkins and Will Taylor, Margaret Cole and Lieutenant Crimmins, Mrs. Bessie Grimm and Carroll Cook, Mrs. Daisy Uhlhorn Craig and Eugene Deuprey, Mrs. Aleece Uhlhorn Van Bergen and Ashton Stevens, Bertha Foote and Stanley Jackson, Maud Mullins and Dr. Clark, Lottie Gashwiler and J. M. Rebledo, Mrs. Goad-Martin and Robinson Reilly, Agnes Simpson and Bishop Partridge, and the just celebrated ones of Norman Preston and Worthington Ames, Marie Zane and W. Northrup Cowles. These were but a few of the marriages in which society was interested. Hymen never had a busier year than this now passing toward its end.

Two San Francisco men of wealth and position chose brides from the stage. Hugo Toland married Gertrude Tidball and Lila Convere became Mrs. Francis Bruguiere. A marriage that was of interest to us, though the bride was not a resident, was that of Mary Condit-Smith and Richard Stewart Hooker. Also of local interest, owing to the fact that the honeymoon was spent in this city, was the marriage of Miss Zimmerman of Cincinnati and the Duke of Manchester. Henry Oxnard, brother of Robert Oxnard, shocked the swim by marrying Marie Pictou, his sister-in-law's ex-maid. However, society was never called upon to decide a question much debated in the papers at the time: whether or not to call upon the bride. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Oxnard did not settle here, and the opportunity for decision was lost.

New engagements announced were those of India Willis Scott and Arthur Spear, Edith Preston and Willard Drown, Lily Oelrichs of New York and Peter Martin, George Hopkins and Fred McNear, Ethel Keeney and Mr. Tomlinson, Juliet Williams and Alexander Lily, Emma Butler and Mr. Breedon and some others. The Oelrichs-Martin engagement afforded much material for the social scribes all over the country, owing to repeated postponements of the wedding day. At this time of writing, the date of the marriage is still in abeyance, awaiting an increase of the bridegroom's dot.

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Some charming functions were the Mardi Gras ball, the Willie Bournes' valentine party, the Winthrop Lesters' ball and the Yale ball. The Brigham ball was also a delightful affair. The grand opera season was made occasion for many pleasant preceding dinner and after-supper parties. Madame Eames, Gadski, Fritzi Scheff and Sybil Sanderson were among the honored guests at dinners, teas and luncheons.

Death called three popular clubmen—Phil Remillard, Ed Sheldon and Robert Grayson. Others gathered by the sharp sickle that cannot be turned aside were Judge Boalt, Mrs. Gwin, Colonel Granniss, Lloyd Breckenridge, Ben Holladay, Marie Messer, Judge McKinstry, George Pullman, Jr., J. W. Allyne and Mrs. Margaret Crocker.

Among topics the tabbies had to talk about were Mr. Beylard's turning coachman, May Hoffman's escapade, Ethyl Hager's illness, departure for and return from Japan, the Doctor's Daughters' vaudeville, Mrs. Will Crocker's sponsorship of Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson, and Mrs. Alice Meynell the Tobins' distinguished visitor. But nothing caused so much dicussion as did Edith Preston's being declared the most beautiful girl in San Francisco by Sarah Bernhardt's beauty doctor.

A good many of our society people have built new houses for themselves this year. Some are ready for occupancy and some almost so. Among those who have erected new and elegant homes are the John D. Spreckels', "Billy" Irwins, Sam Buckbees, Mrs. R. T. Carroll, Richard Spragues and James L. Floods.

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The Party at Jose's .

BY SARAH WILLIAMSON



When the great, tall, half-breed lad walked up to the little schoolma'am's desk, she did not know what to expect. This was the first time Josie had put in an appearance, and from what Miss Wells had heard about Jose from former teachers of the Lomas school she knew that his first time had usually been his last.

Jose's little brother Augustin had been one of the first to enroll himself among the eleven half-Portugese children under Miss Wells' tuition. He was a "spunky" little fellow and Miss Wells liked his spirit, because with his audacity he combined quickness of comprehension.

Jose moved his six feet of bulk about from one side of the teacher's desk to the other before he said, in answer to Miss Wells' question whether he desired anything:

"Yes, to speak with you I would like."

Encouraged to proceed, he added:

"I like to tell you, be not afraid of Augustin."

Said Augustin, by the way, was just six years old and about the size of Chiquita, the Cuban midget.

"My brother he very cross, very spunk. Never mind he disoblige you very often. I see he will not spell. My father says you be not afraid."

Miss Wells thanked big Jose, but did not coax him to come to school. His six feet and his big black eyes were rather appalling to her, in contrast with her own five feet two and slender blondeness.

However, Jose came to school every day after that. He chose a time near the recess hour, and he usually fortified himself with a huge bouquet of mixed blooms. The father of Jose and Augustin was the richest rancher in the country and owned the only greenhouses at Lomas.

It was about the third week of Miss Wells' assumption of the school that Jose celebrated his twenty-first birthday, and the event was seized upon by the youth as an opportunity to give a ball.

Receiving a special invitation from Jose's small brother to attend, Miss Wells agreed to go, though Jose's bouquets and attentions had by this time become oppressive. Knowing the Portuguese-American character now, somewhat, from personal experience, she had begun to be a trifle afraid of what might happen when Jose should understand that his admiration was not appreciated. His bulk and his big black eyes frightened her sometimes, even when flanked by that angelic smile and the bouquet of mixed blooms.

But she went to the party. It was interesting to her as being her first Hispanio–Californian ball. During the week before the function the young men who were invited left their Sunday clothes, by instalments, at Jose's house. The garments were left in their parcels and stowed away until the great day's arrival.

As the guests arrived in their jumpers, they were shown into a small back room to disrobe. Before long the room became crowded and, as most laundered linen looks alike, some disputing arose. The noise resolved itself into a babel of many tongues, the prevailing one swear-Portugese. All at once the door opened and a guest cried:

"Jose! Jose!"

Thereupon the host went in, but was unable to quell the disturbance. In about five minutes he came out again, and whispered to his sister Juanita. Juanita marched into the little rear room; thence shortly issued sounds of a commanding voice. An instant later all was calm.

The beaux came forth arrayed in gorgeous plaid trousers and salmon-pink and sky-blue ties. They were magnifi-

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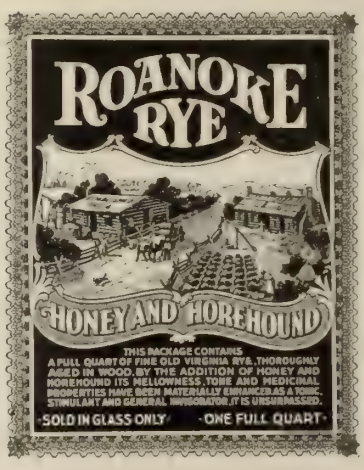
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cent. The belles were gowned for the most part in duck skirts, trimmed with bands of blue or pink above the hem, and elaborate shirt-waists with gay ribbon belts and stocks.

Miss Wells had never seen anything like it before, and would have enjoyed the ball immensely if it had not been for the attitude displayed by the host toward herself. If another man approached the little schoolma'am Jose glared. When she was dancing with anybody else, Jose refused to dance with another woman, but stood by the doorpost, his huge arms folded and his black eyes moodily cast down.

He insisted upon leading her down to supper, ignoring the reigning belle of Lomas, who was Miss Wells' star pupil, and whom she found a most refractory one thenceforward. About four o'clock in the morning, Miss Wells expressed a wish to go home, though there was no cessation in the festivities. The dancing seemed to be going on as vigorously as ever. No one apparently, was tired.

Miss Wells lived only a few houses up the road, about four miles away, perhaps. She had ridden down on a ranch horse and was not afraid to go back alone. It was broad daylight, albeit still a trifle gray. A servant fetched her horse, and she mounted with his aid. But when about halfway homewards, she heard a horse's steps behind her, hard-ridden evidently from the sound. She had no wish to be overtaken, so she whipped up her steed.

Stupid animal! he would not increase his speed. The other rider was soon upon her.

"Be not afraid," said Jose, "why run away from me?"

He put a restraining hand on her horse's rein and stopped his own beside her.

"You did not wait," he said, "you did not wait for hear from me the words I speak now."

Miss Wells did not wish to hear, but she had to listen. His hand was on her horse's rein.

"I wish marry to you. I now twenty-one. My father money have. Our ranch no other bigger. I wish you—my wife."

It seemed dangerous to answer such a proposal in the way she must. Never had Jose's six feet looked more appalling. And never had his big black eyes looked at her with more alluring gaze. Nevertheless she felt that she must put a damper upon his devotion, however difficult the task. She put on her most pedagogic air, and refused him kindly but point-blank. She need not have feared his hot "Portugee" temper. The great, tall fellow put his head down on his horse's head and cried just like a baby. Jose was really only a big baby.

For three days after the ball Miss Wells trembled in her guilty little heart, fearing she knew not what. Before accepting the Lomas school she had studied up books on Spanish-Portuguese character, and had found revenge mentioned as a chief characteristic. But Jose showed no sign of retaliation. Little Augustin, though, acted like the very diablo himself. He was so much more "spunky" than usual one morning just before recess that Miss Wells felt like giving him up as a bad job, and herself to a good cry.

Nevertheless, feeling that the eyes of the reigning belle of Lomas were upon her, she retained her composure. She turned to the blackboard and began writing out an exercise. A subdued titter, in chorus, from the class made her turn around.

Standing before her desk, shifting his six feet of bulk from one side to the other, and with a shame-faced look in his big, black eyes, was Jose. He carried a bouquet of mixed blooms in his hand, and Miss Wells began to fancy what had happened during the past four weeks was a dream, when he said:

"I like to tell you be not afraid of Augustin."

The little schoolma'am smiled encouragingly, and he finished his sentence:

"My father say you be not afraid. He sent me to tell you so. Augustin no be cross, no be spunk no more. I watch him."

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The number of inquiries now being registered at Southern Pacific Ticket Office by applicants for berths on the second annual Holiday excursion to the City of Mexico December 18th, indicates that the trip is going to prove a very popular one.

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San Franciscans of Long Ago

BY THE RACONTEUR

THE social columns of our papers teem with accounts of gay theatre parties, receptions and cotillions. Here and there appear the names of some of the old-time families that graced San Francisco in the early days, recalling to many an old Californian the memories of more than one social function of brilliancy, times to be remembered not lightly to be forgotten.

Perhaps the social butterflies of today would be surprised if they could be transported back to those old times. They would note, first of all, that the social functions were held in hotels, or in the famous hall in Virginia Block, for the reason that there were but few private residences large enough to contain or even to admit the passing through of their acquaintances. The parlors of the old Oriental were always the scene of fashionable affairs, and could tell many a tale of those who "danced down the middle." The large dining salon was transformed into a supper room—and the suppers were on a par with all that the early Californians did in the way of hospitable entertainment, on a grand scale. Among those who entertained at the Oriental were Mrs. Ira P. Rankin, Mrs. Squire P. Dewey, Mrs. A. Ritchie, Mrs. Henry Haight and Mrs. Hitchcock. Later, among the Oriental's guests were Mrs. Greenough and the beautiful Mrs. Samuel Ward. Colonel Frank Washington also resided there

The International hotel was the scene of many social triumphs. The hotel was kept by the affable John Haley, who afterwards became the Southern Pacific's right hand man for left-handed politics. His wife was a major domo in herself. The Brannan house, Wilson's Exchange, the Carswell and the Rassette all held their quota of smart entertainers in the early fifties. One of the finest of the old-time hotels, in '54-'55, was the Tehama house, kept by George W. Frink. Here the Army and Navy sets had their residence. General then Captain—McClellan, Lieutenants Whitney, Derby, Gibson and Stevens, Colonel Casey, Captain Julian McAllister, Dr. Shorb and Don Carlos Buel were among the Tehama's guests. The balls and parties held at that hotel were among the most brilliant functions of our social history .

As for Christmas festivities they were, if the bull may be pardoned, chiefly at New Year's. It is well known that society was dominated by the New York element. True, the Southern contingent was large and influential but they had a fashion of herding together at hotels, where they could use the parlors or each other's sitting rooms with that community of interest in the property of the one wealthy or well-to-do member of their set which has ever since characterized them. But while there was certainly some observance of the day, some parties on Christmas eve, it was on New Year's day that San Francisco—following the custom of New York—kept open house, and there were but two sets of people in the fashionable circles, those who kept open house and those who made New Year's calls.

Among the hostesses were the ladies of Judge Tingley's family, whose home was in Powell street near Clay. One of the daughters is now Mrs. Mary V. Lawrence, the custom house inspector, a lady well known in society and a talented writer. Then the late Mrs. William Gwin was an oasis in the desert of Southern impecuniosity and brewed a punch that even to this day is remembered as one of the best ever made in a private house, and so "insidious" that no modern "tangle foot" can be compared with it for "heady" proclivities. In those days Mrs. Gwin was assisted by her daughter Ella, whose little cavalier—Billy Botts—was most attentive. Ella became Mrs. Evan J. Coleman.

The Middleton home was also the scene of much festivity on New Year's day. Maggie Middleton, who afterwards married John Morrison of the California bank, was one of the most popular young women in San Francisco. Tall, graceful and a beautiful dancer, she was always one of the belles of the ball.

But in those days there never were any wall-flowers—the gentlemen so greatly outnumbered the ladies that they were never left to sit out a dance. Instead they had to share their dances or else engage themselves several times deep for the one dance and then take the one first on the spot. Indeed, those were the days when a girl could have more than one string to her bow.

The home of Captain Roberts, then, as now, located at the corner of Stockton and Washington streets, was the scene of open house on New Year's day. The Captain's pleasant wife and his two daughters were always sure of a large number of callers. Mary Belle Roberts, afterwards a talented artist, married William Higgins, and about a year ago she died leaving one son, a soldier in the Philippines. Gracie Roberts, who was then too young to be in society, is now Mrs. Moore. The sons of the house of Roberts are Captain Martin Roberts, who by the recent death of his father became a wealthy man and one of the most eligible catches of San Francisco, and Theodore Roberts the actor. Of course they did not figure largely in affairs until long after the early days.

The Stoddard family of Powell street were also among the early entertainers. Sarah Stoddard and Charles Warren Stoddard the poet being well known in society. By the way the telegraph has told us that Charles Warren Stoddard has just resigned his chair in the Catholic university at Washington after an incumbency of thirteen years.

Near the Stoddards but separated by the large garden belonging to the corner house, was the home of Joseph F. Atwill, one of the pioneer merchants of San Francisco, and President of its Board of Aldermen. Here New Year's day was kept in true New York style in this spacious mansion by the ladies of the family, consisting of Mrs. J. F. Atwill, the mother and the four daughters—Sarah, now Mrs. W. H. Keith; Eliza, the late Mrs. H. D. Reynolds; Josephine, now the widow of the late Dr. Thomas H. Pinkerton of Oakland, and Augusta, the widow of the late J. G. Bloomer.

Hall McAllister, after his marriage with Louise, the daughter of one of the Hermann brothers, entertained most lavishly, as also did William Ralston, the prince of entertainers who married the niece of Colonel J. D. Fry. Dr. Harris, Controller of San Francisco, and his son Will, were well known among the exclusive set. The son was an admirable dancer and quite a beau. Kate Harris, the daughter of the old doctor, was one of the most popular women in the city. She had tact, charming manners and a gift for entertaining so that no social function ever lagged when graced by her. She married Henry D. Carleton and their only son married one of the Misses Theobald of St. Luke's church some ten years ago.

Another family renowned for hospitality was that of General Estell who first lived in Third street not far from Market. After his departure to his own home in Green street near Stockton, David Colton became his successor. Miss Betty, the charming daughter of the General, married young Will Garrison, the son of old Comodore Garrison who at one time was Mayor of this city. Her father built a double house, or rather two houses adjoining each other, one for his own family and one for the newly married couple. But before two years had passed, young Garrison took his bride to New York whither his father had preceded him, and General Estell sold his Green street property to Joseph Clement.

"Joe" Clement as he was called in those days lived a varied career. He was the most popular school director San Francisco ever had and one of our finest schools bears his name. He will long be remembered for his many kind-hearted acts. His wife was a stately dame whose caps with towering laces and flowing ribbons were the admiration of the neighborhood. With them lived their widowed daughter, Mrs. William Plume, who died some years ago, and whose daughter Mrs. Henry Underhill has lately announced the engagement of her daughter Clara, the great-granddaughter of Joseph Clement, to one of our young men. There, too, lived

that genial gentleman Mr. Cronise, who afterward married the widowed Mrs. Plume, and whose son has been twice married. Next door to the Clements lived their married daughter the wife of Tom Poulterer, the famous auctioneer. Years ago she died in Philadelphia. Her daughter Sallie married an Englishman named Ewen and Emma became Mrs. Brown of Nevada. Joe Poulterer was the first husband of Mamie Williams the daughter of General Williams, father of Tom Williams the horseman.

At the corner of Mason and Filbert streets stands a house that was a mansion in the old days. It was built by Captain Van de Water, whose wife was popular in society. His doors swung wide, and his halls were the scenes of many a holiday festivity. Poor man! he was found dead in his bed. His wife survived him, a hopeless, helpless invalid for many years. The Macondrays were another old time family who entertained a great deal. The Captain was a most genial and pleasant host and his daughter Lavinia was greatly admired. She died soon after her marriage to Horace Davis.

Others among the Southern set who had homes wherein to entertain were the McKees. The daughter, Sadie, was a lovely girl who married N. Duperu, a French-American. Their children are yet with us. Reddick and Angelo Duperu are fine fellows. One daughter married Johnnie Spring, and lives in the East.

The Woodworth family whose daughter became Mrs. Wethered was also well known in early times.

Among the gentlemen who could always be depended upon for an early call on New Year's day were the New Yorkers, Harry Livingstone, the society man, and William Jewett the artist and portrait painter, some of whose work is hung in the most exclusive homes in San Francisco, and was seen during the famous portrait loan art exhibit at the Hopkins Art Institute some years ago. There, too, were handsome Eugene Dewey, Theodore Payne, the father of Theodore Payne who married Miss Coleman, niece of O'Brien the liquor man, and Warren Payne the genial club man who doesn't care, and sometimes doesn't know whether he is going home—so good a comrade is he.

"Johnnie" Orr was another of the gallants of the period; so was his brother-in-law, Charles Webb Howard. Both the gentlemen married Shafter girls. "Charlie" Howard was one of the most graceful dancers and most agreeable partners who ever led a lady through the measures of the dance. Other familiar memories are of Judge Freelon, Captain Weeks, Senator Rod West, Henry Schmiedel, afterwards uncle by marriage to Charles Rollo Peters the artist, Dr. Galen Burdell the dentist, nephew of the victim of the murder mystery of New York known as the Burdell case. Dr. Arthur B. Stout was one of the most familiar figures in those days. Never very popular because of his repellant manner, yet he was a physician of unquestioned skill. He built a fine house and office in what was then a business part of the city, but what is now the very heart of Chinatown. It was at the corner of Washington and Ross streets, and so did the doctor's personality dominate the neighborhood that in the vernacular of *hoi polloi* the little street much to the disgust of the doctor, became known as Stout's alley.

Not only did the intimate friends and the social acquaintances feel they had a welcome awaiting them at the houses they were wont to visit during the year, but all the business acquaintance, the political adherents of the men of the family, paid their respects to the ladies on the first of the year. But those were days when everybody was sure of his and her position, and there was no fear of losing caste by acknowledging an acquaintanceship with some one not in the set. There was less exclusiveness and there was also less snobbishness.

"You would not enjoy Jack Tar as the piece de resistance of your Christmas dinner," said the Grand Vizier, "why he's an uneducated, unpolished common sailor."

"Well, there'll not be a bit of him left without polish when *I* get through with him," said the Cannibal King, "prepare him for the feast," and he sharpened his teeth with a bit of ivory, while his eyes sparkled, "I believe in culture."

Charles Lyons

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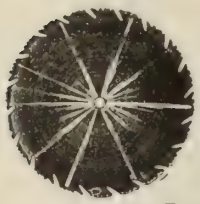
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Great trembles shook my body. My harp dropped from my nerveless hand. I felt my soul pulled toward the earth by a thousand strings. On my knees I begged the Master to let me visit once more the sphere I had left one hundred and ten years before.

"Go," said the Master, and a smile illumined His countenance, "thy soul will be rejoiced at what thou findest there."

Wafted on the invisible wings of the cloud-birds, I was borne earthward. Down, down, down we went through miles of space I hoped to visit Vienna, the scene of my most bitter struggles, triumphs and defeats. But some invisibl power carried me elsewhere.

I was set down in the midst of a vast throng in a theatre. The first bars of the overture were played. Ah, what memories it invoked!

I saw myself again in the Old World. On the first of May, one hundred and fifteen years before, my opera "Le Nozze de Figaro" had its first production. The music was all my own, the libretto adapted from Beaumarchais by l'Abbe da Ponte. Its premier was most successful, its reception enthusiastic. But directly after it received the same treatment accorded my other works. 'Tis written in the annals of music.

I saw myself in the palace of the Archbishop, treated like a menial and the very dependents sneering at my poverty. I saw my beloved wife by my side, encouraging me to continue my work and telling me fairy stories to keep me awake in the nights when "Don Giovanni" was under way. I heard again the verdict of Hasse—"This boy will cause us all to be forgotten." Yet I died in poverty and was buried in a pauper's grave!

"Thy soul will be rejoiced at what thou findest," had said the Master.

And indeed 'twas a royal reward. After one hundred and fifteen years to hear my opera thus rendered; to know that thousands were being swayed by the melodies composed so long ago.

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No. 78,402

SUMMONS IN DIVORCE

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

Department No. 5

FLORENCE G. TILTON, Plaintiff
vs.
CHARLES O. TILTON, Defendant

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:
CHARLES O. TILTON, Defendant

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the grounds of defendant's wilful neglect and wilful desertion of plaintiff also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 30th day of October in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and one.

[SEAL.] WM. A. DEANE, Clerk.
By E M. THOMPSON, Deputy Clerk.

A. W. THOMPSON, Plaintiff's Attorney,
Rooms 567-568 Parrott Bldg.,
San Francisco Cal.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of Ellen Thomas, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Ilene Thomas, Executrix of the last will and testament of Ellen Thomas, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executrix at the office of John J. Barrett, Room 411, Parrott Building, No. 855 Market Street, San Francisco, California, the same being her place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Ilene Thomas. Executrix of the last Will and Testament of Ellen Thomas, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, November 30, 1901.

JOHN J. BARRETT,
Attorney for Executrix, Parrott Building.

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TOWN TALK

VOL. 10—NO. 487 SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 28, 1901 PRICE, 10 CENTS

LORD TEMPLE



SEE PAGE 20

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The S. S. ALAMEDA sails for Honolulu, Saturday, Jan. 4, at 2 p. m.
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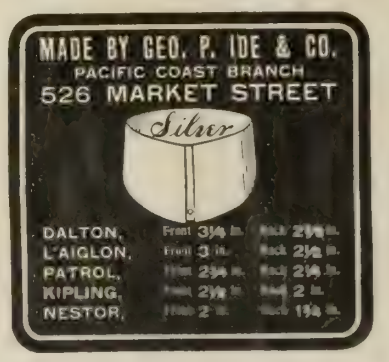
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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, December 28, 1901

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THEO. F. BONNET - - - Editor
CHARLES S. SMITH - Business Manager

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OUR OPINION

Our Independent President

President Roosevelt is a puzzle to the Washintgon politicians. Because he doesn't take them at their own estimate, and sizes them up for what they are really worth they regard him as a sort of a freak, and they are beginning to talk about beating him for the nomination in 1904. But Teddy Roosevelt pursues the even tenor of his way, conducting the affairs of the nation as he thinks they should be conducted, getting farther away every day from the party machine and closer to the hearts of the people. He is not intent on smashing the machine or suppressing the practical politician, for he is an esthetic reformer, but he isn't permitting himself to be directed by a clique. He believes that there are politicians in the country outside of the Hanna machine who are entitled to consideration, and he listens to them and when he believes they are right he heeds their suggestions. He has all of the independence of Cleveland without being inclined to disorganize his party, or to create a political aristocracy. William Marion Reedy, editor of the St. Louis *Mirror*, spent a few days in Washington recently, and he has this to say:

There is no priggishness, no pomposity, no smugness associated with the personality of Theodore Roosevelt. The people who meet him are at first amazed at his frankness. He says what he thinks, apparently before anybody, yet he does not say anything he should not say. Pompous persons tell you they thought him patronizing, but his manner stops short of that. His method of discussing affairs seemingly is brusque, but it is not in the least offensive. He doesn't like to be talked to like a public meeting, hates the set speech greeting of the visitor. He gets down to business instanter, and he knows when he has heard and when others have said enough. In a social way, conversationally, the President is a miracle, and I have heard some of the best conversational talkers in the world.

In other words, President Roosevelt is just the sort of a man we should imagine the Rough Rider hero to be. He is unlike many of his predecessors who trained with politicians all their lives, and who were accustomed to conciliating men of influence and promoting harmony for their own welfare. Since Roosevelt entered the White House the entrance is no longer guarded by the millionaire and the plutocratic Senator. The grumbling of the disgruntled is heard on all sides in Washington, and no doubt there will be a combination against the President ,but Roosevelt is a fighter and the people are with him.

Start the School of Agriculture

In view of the fact that penologists have abandoned the theory that illiteracy and degeneracy are responsible for crime, and have reached the conclusion that it is principally due to a lack of early training, the project of Rev. Father Crowley of the Youths' Directory for the establishment of an agricultural school and model farm should receive more serious attention than has been given it. This is a project that should interest all public-spirited citizens. There is no philanthropic enterprise that should more urgently appeal to people anxious for the uplifting of their fellow-man. If Andrew Carnegie were to donate a few thousand dollars to the establishment of an agricultural school, on some suitable stretch of farm land, he would accomplish more good and render a greater service to society than could be achieved by erecting a library in every city in the world. Father Crowley's project has met with warm approval from every quarter, but he requires more substantial encouragement than that inspired by words of commendation. That he is the right man to handle such a project, his record as Superintendent of the Youth's Directory should attest. The management of that institution has won the confidence of people of every creed. Father Crowley was the first man on the coast to impress the public with the necessity of providing homes for neglected boys, and now he proposes to direct their footsteps toward the farm. All the cities are being congested by the steady flow of people from the country to the manufacturing centres. If an enterprise such as the one contemplated by Father Crowley were started in every State in the Union it would have a powerful tendency toward turning the tide.

Fitch and His Dolls

De mortuis nil nisi bonum is a beautiful sentiment, but there are many people who would rather be knocked after death than during lifetime. The only dead men that are entitled to protection from caustic criticism are those that lived exemplary lives, but it frequently happens that the evil that even good men do never comes to light until after separation from the mortal coil, and such men should not be immune from caustic criticism. During his lifetime, Robert Louis Stevenson was pretty generally admired, but his most intimate friend knew of a few of his weaknesses, and he has lately taken the public into his con-

Leaders of the ton prefer Chapin & Gore's old Reserve Bourbon and Rye Whiskies to any other brands.

fidence. It was rather a cruel thing for him to do for he was indebted to the deceased for many acts of kindness; but if Stevenson had his choice in the matter he would probably have expressed a preference for the post-mortem knocking. And no doubt if he knows anything about it he is grateful to his friend for having deferred the exposure of his vanities and his foibles. William Clyde Fitch, the playwright, surely considers himself worse off than Stevenson, and Oscar Wilde would no doubt have liked to have gone to his grave without blushing for his sins. A former classmate of Playwright Fitch has told of some of the latter's eccentricities the discussion of which is not pleasant. He states that Fitch was the life of the undergraduate theatricals, but that his success was in woman's parts. Heroine, injured lady, soubrette—all roles were alike to young Fitch so long as they were of the feminine variety, and now it is said that in rehearsals of his own plays no woman can approach Mr. Fitch in look, manner, and above all in voice. The other thing for which Mr. Fitch is remembered by his classmate is his wonderful collection of dolls. His rooms were filled with them. They were of all sizes and kinds, rejoiced in all sorts of associations and a few of them had pasts. Now it is evident that Mr. Fitch is somewhat of the Harry Lehr temperament. How unfortunate for Mr. Fitch that the revelation could not have been delayed until after his death!

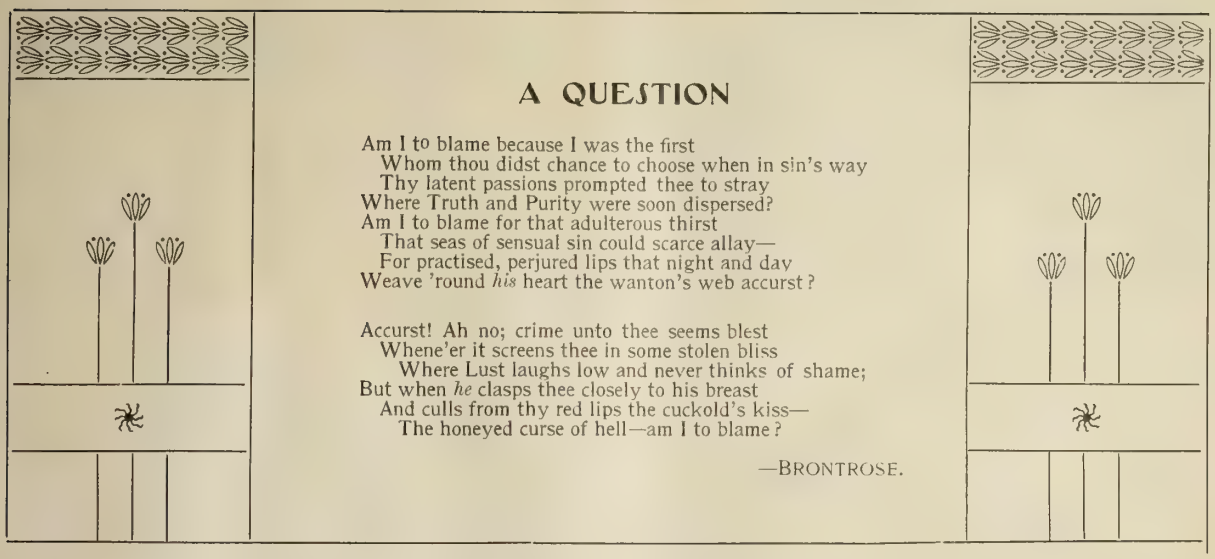
The Much-Maligned Corset

Some of the ardent dress reformers of Paris have run mad in their zeal. Of course it is women's dress that is to be reformed, and the first point of attack is of course the corset. Dr. Phillippe Marechal leads the present movement and his idea is to have a bill introduced into the Chamber of Deputies which will make the possession of a corset by any woman under thirty years of age little less than a crime. Possibly he is relying on the reputation of women for denying their years to have it appear that there is not a woman in the Republic old enough to wear the article, for there does not seem to be any reason for drawing the line of prohibition there. According to Dr. Marechal's assertion, twenty-five per cent of the women who wear corsets die of consumption or other pulmonary disease, which is little short of saying that one-fourth of the women in France, or at all events, in Paris, are consumptives, and if he can convince the Chamber of Deputies that he is right, imprisonment for three months will be the fate of the contumacious female, and if she be a minor, a fine of from five dollars to fifty dollars will be imposed, in addition, on her parents or guardians. Makers and dealers will be obliged to take the name, age and address of all purchasers, and fines and confiscation of business will result from illegal sales. Having settled the fate of the corset, similar drastic measures are in contemplation with reference to high heels, pointed toes, tight gloves, and other fashions and fancies which the reformers disapprove of. It is doubtful, in the first place, whether any such bill as the one proposed could ever become a law, for it would be but the entering wedge for sumptuary legislation, and the day has passed when anything of the kind will be submitted to in any civilized country, but setting that aside, there is really no need for all this warfare upon the corset. Women, at this age of the world's development, may be supposed to know at least to some extent what is good for them, and if one-fourth of the sex were suffering from pulmonary disease as a result of wearing corsets, the other three-fourths would need no legislative enactment to compel them to discard the disease-breeder. There are three classes who keep up the howl, the doctors who are in search of notoriety, dress reformers who have some substitute, to all practical intents and purposes a corset but which they call a waist and which they are anxious to introduce; and a third contingent, mostly of the male sex, who look at fashion plates, in which the designer invariably makes necks and waists of a size, and forgetting to observe the world of reality, jump at the conclusion that women either are, or are aspiring to emulate the forms of the paper divinities. Our Puritan ancestresses of blessed memory and many reputed virtues wore corsets such as no modern woman ever saw outside of a museum. Not only that, but children of both sexes, mere toddlers of three and four years, were incased in veritable coats of mail. It is part of the stock argument of dress reformers to point to "our grandmothers, straight as a ramrod, who never wore a corset in their lives," but the granddaughters who are fortunate enough to have inspected the dress waists of their progenitors worn in the middle of the last century have their own opinions concerning the causes of the aforesaid uprightness. True, the good dames wore nothing called a corset, but the "boned waists" which took the place of the much-maligned modern garment, were as stiff and rigid as a solid wall, and the number of bones sewed into a single dress would answer now for a whole wardrobe. Because there have been, in the past, women foolish enough to lace themselves to the last point of endurance is no more reason why the corset of the present day should be placed under the ban of the law than that all people should be condemned to walk barefoot because some are silly enough to wear shoes a size too small. The argument of what "nature intended" with regard to the female form loses its value when one contemplates the form when left to the tender ministrations of Dame Nature. Young girls may be all the artist can demand, but no sooner do they reach maturity than they begin to degenerate, and the squaw who has passed her first youth is accurately described by the familiar comparison to a feather bed with a string tied round it. Instead of making war on the women, it would better behoove men to make due comparison between themselves and women of the same age, and determine whether some similar attention to their own wardrobe might not be an improvement. As a preserver of life, the corset steel takes high rank. It has deflected as many bullets as the sweetheart's picture or the mother's Bible.

If you want a GOOD drink, call for GILT EDGE WHISKEY, for there is ONNE better. WICHMAN, LUTGEN & CO., Sole Proprietors, S. F.

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A QUESTION

Am I to blame because I was the first
Whom thou didst chance to choose when in sin's way
Thy latent passions prompted thee to stray
Where Truth and Purity were soon dispersed?
Am I to blame for that adulterous thirst
That seas of sensual sin could scarce allay—
For practised, perjured lips that night and day
Weave 'round *his* heart the wanton's web accurst?

Accurst! Ah no; crime unto thee seems blest
Whene'er it screens thee in some stolen bliss
Where Lust laughs low and never thinks of shame;
But when *he* clasps thee closely to his breast
And culls from thy red lips the cuckold's kiss—
The honeyed curse of hell—am I to blame?

—BRONTROSE.

The Saunterer

Letters from His Sweetheart

That it is dangerous to write letters many men have discovered, much to their sorrow. Treasured missives have won many breach of promise suits for jilted women, and "Dear wife" letters have determined many suits brought to establish the mutual assumption of marital rights and duties. But it is seldom that one hears of a man preserving the love letters of his sweetheart, and of those tender epistles haunting the writer long after the passion that inspired them had turned to hatred. There is a sentiment in the feminine breast that prompts preservation of everything that stimulates fond recollection of the romances that have imparted piquancy to life, but men are of a different temperament. Affairs of the heart come so thick and fast that they usually find it expedient to efface evidence in the shape of exhibits as quickly as possible. Mr Sam Cheyney, mining engineer, of the Pacific-Union club, appears to be an exception. He is now being sued in Judge Sloss' court for maintenance, by an erstwhile country maiden formerly of Los Gatos, who avers that they enjoyed the relationship of husband and wife. To disprove her claim he has introduced about two hundred letters written by her to show that they were merely engaged in an illicit amour, and he has been having them read in court.

Her Expense Account

Mr. Cheyney's example should serve as a hint to young men who are incurring the risk of some day being sued for maintenance. But I doubt whether the average young man would care to have the letters of his ex-sweetheart read in open court, especially if they revealed so much of the character of the man to whom they were written. The Cheyney letters give evidence of the fact that the defendant conducted his amour on an economical basis which is rather surprising in a Pacific-Union club man. In nearly all the letters that I have read it appears that the plaintiff was always worrying over being a tax on her lover's purse. This is an excerpt from one letter: "Can and will you send me an extra twenty-five dollars this month, and take out five dollars each month until it is paid back? My doctors and drug bill have run up to that amount. * * * I am in more worry and trouble than I can express over being obliged to ask this favor." In another letter she accounted for various small items of expenditurs. In another she apologized for having bought three undershirts with money which had been set aside for the purchase of curtains. "My extenuation," she said, "is my love of pretty things."

Mr. Bierce on Love

Some of the letters are quite eloquent and philosophical, especially a few in which the young woman discusses a Mr. Bierce who lived near Los Gatos, where, by the way, Mr. Ambrose Bierce spent many months a few years ago. She says of him, "I never met a man with so rare a fascination. The hours sped as moments in his presence and he did not hide his deeper thoughts from me because his listener was a woman. I have promised to correspond with Mr. Bierce: also that we shall be close friends. Among his words touching many topics those that stand out

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clear in my memory are, that neither fame nor riches nor all the coveted things of earth equal one minute of love, be it of parent, brother, husband, or lover; that of woman for man and man for woman is the gem of jewels outshining all others as does the diamond the delicate pearl. I am merely putting his sentiment in my words. Love has been so plentiful with us, dear, should we not be thankful? Love is all there is open to me, for sin and shame will be my path where're I walk. All day there has been intermittently running through my mind this: to be as the butterfly, sipping honey from every flower, or as the moth staying to destruction at its first light."

Mr. Hoffman on Jealousy

From another letter it appears that they had agreed that it was not worth while being true to each other. In this letter another clubman, Mr. Ogden Hoffman, figures:

Last evening we were speaking of jealousy. The remark was made that a woman was always more or less jealous of the object of her affections. I contended that it was not so, and to corroborate my assertion stated that I knew a man and woman who loved each other, that they had agreed to be as friends, that each was to have entire liberty, that the man had taken ladies to places of amusement, and had told of it, also of flirtations, and that he had made love to one girl when the other was absent, and took them to the Carnival, and didn't even ask his beloved (?) one if she would like to go, asserted that he had three girls and commented on the possibility of choosing one of them. I also stated that he had the habit of turning around and looking back and openly admiring pretty women he chanced to meet while on the street or in public places with the object of his declared affections, and yet up to date the heroine of this recital had not felt the slightest pang of jealousy. At the end of the recital Mr. Hoffman declared that if such was the case the lady did not love the gentleman, but I think there can be love without jealousy, don't you? By the way Mr. Hoffman—Ogden Hoffman is his name—is an old acquaintance of yours.

She Might Have Been an Actress

A dramatic number was contributed to the charity bazaar vaudeville program last week by Mrs. Joseph Belleau Coryell, but few that applauded the fair reader remembered that she once nearly became a professional actress. That was when Mrs. Coryell was Mabel Lloyd Jessup. She had studied for the stage and had appeared in several amateur dramatic productions with large success, in Sacramento and Portland. But Miss Jessup could never quite make up her mind to become a professional. A favorite society girl of the Southern set, she was feted, her talent praised, and she was urged by her friends to make her debut, but she never did. Instead she became engaged to an Eastern man, but the engagement was broken off and she was married to young Coryell. Since her marriage she has traveled a good deal, and between trips resides at the Palace. She is a real beauty with great brown eyes and red-brown hair, and resembles in feature her mother, the widow of the late Dr. Isaac Jessup. Mrs. Clem Horst is her cousin. Unlike many clever women who resign thoughts of a career for the quiet domestic life, Mrs. Coryell is very happy. She uses her talent now to give pleasure to her friends, or in an occasional charity entertainment.

It is Kahn's Bill

The press despatches led me astray in reference to the bill for a Custom House site appropriation. Senator Perkins has written to friends in this city informing them that he did not introduce the bill. According to his statement he fathered the bill of last session which provided merely for an appropriation for a new building. It appears that the new measure on which I commented was presented in the House by Congressman Kahn. That astute statesman seeks to have a commission appointed to select a new site for the Custom House. I have not heard of anybody or of any organization complaining about the present site, but I have no doubt that the economical Mr. Kahn knows some people who have a choice piece of real estate to unload.

Tattooed by Sol

The latest fad among college girls is to have their sorority letters or sweethearts' names tattooed on them by the sun. Beauties who have envied the India ink designs on the arms of their men friends have solved the problem of procuring the adornments without marking themselves for life. They covet the romantic tracings but have in mind the horrible examples of men who have inscribed upon their bodies the initials or names of fair ones of youthful days who vainly tried to remove love's insignia when other charmers entered on the scene. So these wilful maidens have resorted to a simpler method and let Old Sol take the place of needle and ink. A correspondent at Coronado Beach writes me that the fashionables at the big hotel there were surprised a few days ago by the appearance in the swimming tank of a San Francisco girl, bearing on her left arm a heart and three initials apparently done in white on the brown background. There was much curiosity about the odd exhibit and she was soon the centre of a grop of her acquaintances. "How did I do it?" she exclaimed, "why, I cut the letters and heart out of court plaster and stuck them on my arm, and then sat with it exposed to the burning sun for an hour. I paid well for my signs."

Didn't Recognize Her Mother

That was somewhat of a left-handed compliment paid to Orrin Peck at the art exhibition last week, by the baby daughter of Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler. Mrs. Wheeler's portrait painted by Peck was hanging close to that of Benjamin Ide Wheeler and many people were under the impression that she was the wife of the college president when in reality her husband is the well known attorney. One day last week Mrs. Wheeler took all her children and their nurse to the exhibition, and one little girl looking at the picture of the attorney's wife remarked that it was pretty.

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"But who is the lady, mamma?" she asked. Then the nurse hastened to tell her that the lady was her mother.

The Christmas Jinks

, Frank Deering, president of the Bohemian club, will sire the annual Christmas high-jinks, to come off tonight. This is his invitation issued to the members, and illustrated by Gordon Ross:

Hail, Bohemians! Know ye this is the month when the Big Brown Owl rejoices, for the dull minutes of the light are short and the gladsome hours of the dark are long. What boots it that clouds surge from the South, sombering the day with grey; they redden with delight as the setting sun speeds the coming dusk. What care we that the breath of old ocean blows chill from the West; pulses throb with good-fellowship, for kindness is abroad in the land. Then button your great coats about your ears on the evening of December twenty-eighth, 1901, and brave what storm may rage, for at nine o'clock of that night we celebrate Christmas and jollity will be abroad in Bohemia. What though the rain whip your casements and the wind whistle about the eaves, we shall warm our souls with the best in verse and song. Aiken, Burgess, Chismore and Field will bring you gifts of thought. Lisser will waken music the harpsichord never dreamed of. Pan will enjoy the pipe that Levison will play upon, while Somers leading a host of singers, with Hopkins and Wendell, will make the hours vocal with sweetest harmonies. Then, lest the mirth shall flag, Mizner has come from the North; with him the choicest moments, the small ones of the morning, will pass in never-to-be-forgotten merriment.

Spare the Xmas Trees

Those who are interested in forest preservation would do well to take heed of the destruction caused by the innocent Christmas tree custom. According to J. Sterling Morton, the founder of Arbor Day, the State of Maine alone shipped last year four hundred and eighty thousand young trees to supply the Christmas demand. This is equivalent to the destruction of forty-eight thousand acres of grown timber. At this rate the destruction in fifty years would amount to two million four hundred thousand acres. I have no statistics to show what the yearly destruction in California amounts to, but it is no doubt considerable. It may be asked if this is not too much to sacrifice to a mere custom. The Christmas tree is derived from the peoples of northern Europe and is, like many other customs, a pagan survival. Its origin may be traced back to the sacred ash tree (Ysdiagil) of the Scandinavian legends. As the sacred ash tree was cut down and burned when the gods of Valhalla passed away, so every year the true German consumes his domestic Weihnachtsbaum in the family stove, though perhaps he knows not why.

Polly Dunn's Marriage

From Honolulu a correspondent writes me. "The wedding of Miss Mary Lowrie Dunn and Harry Macfarlane was one of the prettiest that has ever been celebrated here. It was an evening wedding, at the Macfarlane home in Punahoa street, which is very large and well adapted for entertaining. The bride wore a lovely gown of white silk and point lace applique, with veil and orange blossoms. She was attended by Miss Mae Colburn as maid of honor, in pink, and three bridesmaids in blue, the three Macfarlane girls, Gardie, Helen and Lady. The little Macfarlane boy and the Dowsett boys acted as pages. The best man was H. A. Wideman and Robert Atkinson, Southard Hoffman, Tarn McGrew and Walter Dillingham were the ushers. The bride's brother-in-law, Mr. Dutton, acted as 'papa' and gave her away. The house was beautifully decorated after the Hawaiian mode and supper was served in a tent on the lawn while the Hawaiian band played and Mrs. Alapai and Miss Keliiaa sang Hawaiian love ditties. There was any number of Macfarlanes present—Mrs. Henry, Mrs. Fred and others of the clan; but Mrs. Eliza—'grandmamma'—couldn't come as she not long since fell and hurt her hip and is not yet able to be about. The happy pair went to Ahuimanu for the honeymoon—that, you know, is the Macfarlanes' country-seat. When they return to San Francisco, the Fred Macfarlanes are going, too, to spend the winter there."

Miles' Bad Break

General Miles has been talking too much again. And nobody familiar with military ethics is surprised at the "call-down" to which he was subjected. Miles is undoubtedly a good soldier but his great weakness has always been his looseness of tongue. He likes to see himself in print. He has too high an appreciation of the power of the press. He reminds me of the bright attorney who fights most of his legal battles in the newspapers. General Miles has always talked too freely for publication. And he has made himself such a popular hero that none of his superiors ever had the backbone to rebuke him. But President Roosevelt was not awed by his popularity. Roosevelt is a disciplinarian, and he knows something about the ethics of the soldier's profession. When Miles expressed his opinion concerning the verdict in the Schley investigation he committed a gross breach of military ethics, and even the cadets at West Point were surprised. The War Department could not afford to permit such a bad example from so high an official to go unrebuked. If General Miles is incapable of appreciating the enormity of his offense he should be forced to retire.

Dr. Jos. W. Henry, Resident Physician & Surgeon at St. Mary's Hospital, will open offices at 500 Sutter St. corner Powell on January 1st.

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They Took Off Their Frocks

The Mason girls were among the passengers on the steamer *San Rafael* when the collision occurred in the bay, a few weeks ago, and I have been told that they were very plucky. They had been making the rounds of the teas that day, and were in their best bib and tucker; but when the steamers collided they divested themselves of their frocks, expecting as they did to swim for their lives. The Masons live in Sausalito, and have a residence on the hill. They are athletic, and pride themeslves on their skill as swimmers. Their father was the British Consul here, and though he did not leave them a great deal of money they are as happy as though they had millions.

Mrs. Kincaid's Reason

Mrs. School Director Kincaid is doing politics these days, and she has become most amiable to the school teachers, many of whom worked for Asa Wells in the hope that in the event of his election she would be removed. It is related that School Director Mark, who was on the anxious seat for a time, decided to save his bacon by securing the principalship of the Horace Mann School. Mrs. Kincaid, however, proved a stumbling-block. She declined to vote for him, and he asked her reason. "Because I consider you incompetent," she replied. Mrs. Kincaid is a conscientious woman.

What Dewey Said

A friend of mine just back from New York brings two good stories which he heard in a Brooklyn club. Captain Joseph Coghlan, formerly commander of the *Raleigh*, and a chum of Admiral Dewey was talking to a group of Navy men about the Manila Bay battle.

"There's nothing in the story that Dewey said, 'Damn the torpedoes!' when he sailed into the bay," said Coghlan, "he believed he could avoid the mine field by sailing in close to the forts, and he did. But when he started to fit out for war in Hong Kong, the Admiral did say something like that. He had received a telegram from Roosevelt, at that time Acting Secretary of the Navy, saying that in the event of war with Spain, his duty would be to prevent the Spanish fleet from leaving Manila. He called his captains together, and read them the orders, and we all began to fit out so as to be ready at once when the word came. And this is what Dewey said: 'Get whatever you need and get it quick. Damn the red tape! You can make out your requisitions afterward." Some of the stuff I loaded on in Honk Kong, I remember, I made out requisitions for three months after the battle of Manila Bay. And they were honored and the stuff paid for them, too."

Aitken the "Infandel"

Robert Aitken, the young sculptor, who has been mixed up in a fight for the commission to execute the McKinley memorial statue for the city of San Jose, is an aggressive chap, and always has a chip on his shoulder. Some days ago he lost the chance to make a fat fee from a desolate widow who wanted a monument to commemorate the virtues of her recently deceased husband. Aitken was in his studio when she called by appointment. "I want a nice monument in the graveyard," she said, "something that wou'd please my husband if he could see it. I don't care just how much it costs if it suits." Aitken asked her if she had made up her mind as to the style of the monument, and she said she had. The dear departed was a sincere Christian, she said, and just before he went over the river, he had whispered to his weeping wife: "These bones shall rise again." "I want a big marble statue," she said, "and I want it to stand for the Resurrection. I want—"

Aitken interrupted her.

"I don't believe in the Resurrection. That's all monkey-business," he exclaimed, warmly.

"Monkey business!" shrieked the widow. "Lord have mercy on you! You must be one of them infandels." She hastened from the studio and gave the job to a marble-cutter without opinions on scriptural subjects.

An Apology Offered

That was a most unfortunate blunder made by the clerk in Hale Brothers' dry goods store, who caused the arrest of an innocent woman on a charge of petty larceny. The firm sought to make reparation in the shape of an apology, but not until shame had been heaped upon the woman. The dailies told of her disgrace in the usual sensational style, and mentioned the apology in a few lines. The victim of the unfortunate blunder is a woman of such eminent respectability that it would have been difficult to have convinced a jury of her guilt even though there had been strong evidence against her. Perhaps a poor woman of obscure social status would have been prosecuted, for the unlawful arrest of a person involves considerable liability.

Insufficient Reparation

I do not know whether the apology of the dry-goods firm has been accepted by the lady from Woodland in full satisfaction of all claims she may have by reason of her unlawful imprisonment, but in my opinion an apology in a case of that kind is not sufficient. An action for damages should follow, and the firm should be compelled to pay for its error. Otherwise



Most ladies hold the reins well. Perhaps it is not bad that they do.

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many people that read of the lady's arrest may never know that her innocence was confessed. Moreover, if the firm of Hale Brothers is permitted to escape responsibility in this case the feminine patrons of cheap department stores will continue to be at the mercy of small salaried clerks and of the cheap incompetents who, after being dismissed from the regular police force, obtain jobs as private detectives in just such places as Hale Brothers' establishment.

He Wouldn't Dare

They are telling a story on one of this year's debutantes, or, rather, she told it on herself a few nights ago at a swagger dance attended by most of the society folk of San Francisco. She went into one of the big dry goods stores to buy some trifles and was waited on by a tall, hollow-chested young man.

"What can I show you, miss?" he asked.

"I want a pair of garters," said the deb.

"What kind?"

"Rubber."

"Oh, I wouldn't dare to do that here. I'd lose my job."

Mrs. Colton's Brood

My Washington correspondent writes me that Mrs. Colton and Mrs. McLean Martin have arrived in that city and are occupying their beautiful home there; also that Mrs. Martin is as vivacious and charming as ever, and is surrounded as usual by a flock of admirers. I have yet to see a woman past the forty-year line who exercises such powers of fascination over men of all ages as does Mrs. Martin. Mrs. Martin is not in the least embarrassed by the circumstance of her being the mother of two grown-up beauties nearly six feet tall—Theodosia, who will make her debut this season, and Katherine, who is to come out a little later. Theodosia Cook Martin has recently come into a considerable fortune from the estate of her father, Dan Cook. Katherine will have only the Colton money, for Henry McLean Martin, son of the famous Dr. Martin of Boston, though a charming man, had no idea of finance, and went through with a great portion of his wife's wealth. Mrs. Colton, like Mrs. Parrott, the head of the Parrott clan, keeps her money in her own hands, and her children find it advisable to keep in her favor. She is anxious for her granddaughters to make wealthy marriages, and it was largely through her tact that Helen Thornton, daughter of Crittenden Thornton, married Sigmund Schacher. He is an enormously wealthy man, the son of a Berlin banker.

Is it a Serious Crush?

From out the dove cote comes the coo that a great crush exists between "Jack" Wilson and Therese Morgan. Under the new order of things among the smart set the Wilson divorce has in no way chilled the social position of either party. Mrs. Wilson blithely looks forward to her marriage to Dr. Thorne and cheerfully goes her attractive way while her ex-husband is enthusiastically giving little dinners to fashionable folks. The time spent on the invitation list shows he is ambitious to cut out a strenuous career for himself in society. Unlike the very learned Episcopal Bishops he doesn't believe that divorce should be a bar to other hopes and hearts. I a mtold that some of his recent dinners have been a great success with the elect and that soon there will be "doings." Dame Gossip has the story in stock that had Ben Holladay lived there might have been a match between him and Therese Morgan. Just how far the young folks inclined to each other I don't know but I do know that Holladay's mother, Mrs. William G. Irwin, used frequently to speak of another very well known and charming society girl as her daughter-in-law. The remark was always made playfully but the occasion indicated only too plainly the fond wishes of her heart. None but the most intimate friends of Mrs. Irwin realize how deeply she was wrapped up in her son's fortune. To them she grieves in quiet over her great loss.

Polite Miss Morgan

It is not generally known that Therese Morgan ranks higher as a diplomatist than as a golf player or horsewoman. She has her gowns made at an extremely expensive dressmaker's here and Madame like most of the contouriers of the Blingum set has caprices of her own. If a lady wants a dress for a special occasion she must get down on her knees and offer up prayers to the modiste and all the gods. Miss Therese had stacks of frocks made for the opera and they were all from the establishment of the capricious dame, but how she got them on time is another story. One morning Mademoiselle entered Madame's place of business and said, "I am afraid you are not well. It is too bad. You should have a little fresh air." Madame was touched by the kind solicitude of the handsome, dashing girl, and quite amazed when Miss Morgan asked sympathetically, "Won't you take a drive with me tomorrow morning?" Madame accepted the invitation and the seamstresses began betting that the society girl would not materialize. But she did, and they went for a drive through the park in Miss Morgan's private carriage. And Miss Morgan got her dresses on time.

Don't drink Jesse Moore Whiskey unless you want the best.



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Forthcoming Big House Balls

The John D. Spreckels' are going to give a big ball in their new Pacific avenue mansion on New Year's eve. It will be quite the biggest and most swagger affair they have undertaken. It has been launched on a scale that certainly promises a dazzling success. The invitations have been out only a few days but already a large number of very magnificent gowns have been planned to grace the occasion. A glance at the invitation list shows that the intention is to give the assemblage a more exclusive air than that of the occasion when the two daughters of the house made their debut. There has been great cutting and pruning of that much-discussed list. The decorators have planned very elaborate garnishments for the interiors and the music, supper and surroundings will be all that great wealth can supply. The indications are that we shall have a number of these large house balls during the winter. I know of a number of families that are talking over the advisability of giving them and the chances are certain that several of these discussions will be transformed into something more substantial than thin air. Of one such entertainment society is certain. When the Huntington girls return they are going to give a house ball in honor of their cousin, Edith Huntington.

"I'm going to swear off this year, and I swear I'll keep the resolution."

"What?"

"You see last year I fell in love with a soprano in a choir, and I broke my resolution half a dozen times. She's married now, and I guess I can keep it."

"Drinking?"

"No, going to church."

Edith McBean Engaged

I hear on very good authority that Miss Edith McBean is engaged. For "don't tell" reasons, I promised my informant not to give the name of the lucky man, but my conscience will let me say with good grace that he is an army man and that the girls call him "Custard." Now, if you're in the swim you ought to guess the name of the Prince. When the news of the engagement becomes generally known the fair fiancee will receive simply heaps and heaps of heartfelt congratulations. She is the last to become engaged of that select and particular little coterie of chums who flocked together almost from the nursery to the altar. Caro Crockett, Mary Scott and the Hopkins girls are all engaged or married, and by the grace of Cupid and the officiating clergyman Edith McBean soon will be. She acted as bridesmaid at the wedding of nearly all these chums, and is even now preparing to act as bridesmaid for Georgie Hopkins. The wedding of Miss Hopkins has just been postponed till March. Wouldn't it be odd if by some freak of circumstances Edith McBean should be married first, after all? There was a jolly wager on just this point made at a merry luncheon many moons ago. That was when the Taylor boys were pressing their suits, and it looked as if Dan Cupid had taken a mortgage on the Hopkins mansion and proposed to dispose of all the marriageable hearts before he quit the premises.

Others Tried to Snare Her Heart

Like the other girls among her cronies, Edith McBean has several times been reported in the snares of love-lorn swains. Notably was this the case when Lieutenant Sweet, known to the girls as "Lillie Sweet," was paying her devoted attention. But Miss McBean, as she did in numerous other instances, evaded him lightly, heart-whole and fancy-free. The suitor whose chances made the greatest impression in the smart set, and the least on Miss McBean, was "South Africa" Williams, he of the Genevieve Goad notoriety. The tea-tabbies have always insisted that the directing forces in the McBean household smiled approvingly on his suit, and were very much disappointed when he turned his attentions toward the Goad fortune. Of course, they were as delighted as the rest when the libel suit showed his standing in its true light. Through all that exciting period Edith McBean steered her heart's course cooly and unswervingly. When she goes out on the Presidio golf links now the bugles play a different air to her than they did in the old days when she wandered over them with Lieutenant Sweet.

The Schmitz Program

Mayor Schmitz is sawing catgut these days with considerable vigor, but he isn't saying much. What the Mayor's plans are nobody seems to know, but the impression of those "close up" is that he purposes making a clean sweep of the commissions and filling the vacancies with members of the labor unions. As I am

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not in the confidence of Mr. Schmitz, I do not know what his plans are, but I am quite certain that he is going to make many blunders. And yet I do not wish to disparage him. The fact is that the task before him is a perplexing one, and whatever course he pursues he is bound to excite distrust. His followers undoubtedly expect him to make places for them, and if he fails to do so they will denounce him as an ingrate. On the other hand, if he should assume the right to remove all the commissions, he would be condemned by the conservative friends of the charter.

A Bad Precedent

Perhaps the Mayor, as some lawyers assert, has the right to fill all the commissions with men of his own selection, but unquestionably the people that voted for the charter had no intention of conferring such authority on the city's chief executive. The most enthusiastic advocates of the charter believed that it would have a tendency to elevate the municipal government, and raise it beyond the reach of political sharks. But if it gives every Mayor the power to change the whole complexion of the city government by putting his own henchmen into office we are no further removed from the old system which conceded the spoils to the victor than we were in the days of the much abused Consolidation Act. I am not an admirer of Mayor Phelan's commissioners but I should dislike to see the courts establish a bad precedent by conceding to the Mayor-elect the right to remove commissioners at will.

A Woman's Poker Club

Though it is pretty well known that many women of this city of fairly good social status are inveterate gamblers, the existence of a club of females whose only excuse for existence is loyalty to the fickle goddess is not a matter of common notoriety. There is such a club, as I discovered the other day, and its members are matrons whose respectability has never, to my knowledge, been questioned. If they indulged their favorite pastime in a private residence I should not be surprised, for it is not unusual for women to gamble in their homes, but the members of this particular club have a downtown rendezvous, the Maison Alladio, where they assemble once a week. They congregate ostensibly for the purpose of enjoying a luncheon, but very little do they eat. Poker is their game, and the limit is a trifle below the ceiling. One of them is a grandmother who lives in Van Ness avenue, and who is driven to the restaurant in her private carriage. The wife of an army officer at the Presidio is also a member of the club, and for several weeks past a young matron whose husband is the high-salaried employe of a big firm has been the angel of the coterie. It is surprising that these women should have selected a down-town restaurant as their rendezvous. By so doing they invited gossip. Even the waiters in French restaurants indulge in confidential chat once in a while.

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Butler-Breedon

Emma Butler is to become the wife of Manager Breedon of the Standard Oil company's local agency, in Plainfield, N. J., today. Miss Butler's people came from Plainfield, and I believe it was there that her friendship for Mrs. Emilie Schneely Brett originated. Miss Butler will some day inherit from her mother's father a fortune that will make her the richest woman on the coast. She was always afraid of being married for her money. Several times there were rumors of her engagement to army officers and she was one of the girls who was believed to be destined for the army. She often shocked men by assuring them that the man who obtained her hand would never get a cent. One chap told her that if she became his wife he wouldn't want her money, but that she would have to engage some one to manage her fortune because he wouldn't have a real estate agent for a wife who talked sewers with the soup and plumbing with the pousse cafe. Mr. Breedon has a fortune of his own, self-acquired. I understand Mrs. Butler is to take up her abode with the new Breedon menage, and people are wondering how she will compare with Mrs. Moody the former mother-in-law of Mr. Breedon. I believe Mrs. Butler has a will of her own.

New Year's at Blingum

A select portion of the swim will congregate next Wednesday at the Burlingame Country club, a very entertaining program having been arranged for the day. A members' golf handicap, at eighteen holes, medal play (foursomes) for trophies offered by the club, will begin at ten in the morning. Entries will close tomorrow and must be made singly, as the handicapping will consist, if possible, in the assignment of partners. There will be a handicap pigeon shoot for a trophy given by the club and a meet of the San Mateo Hunt club.

Latest advices are to the effect that Major and Mrs. John A. Darling are in New London, Connecticut, but Mrs. Darling writes her friends here that she expects to be at home "at the dear old Occidental" about the middle of January. Mrs. Darling's handsome daughter-in-law, Mrs. Clinton Hastings Catherwood, will accompany her to the coast.

A REMOVAL AFTER 27 YEARS

G. W. Clark & Co. the well known wall-paper dealers of 653 Market Street have removed to their new quarters, 304-306 Post Street, in the Pacific-Union Club Building—where they will be pleased to meet all their old friends and patrons. They intend to carry, as formerly, the choicest things made in French, English and American papers,



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OAKLAND RACE TRACK

Races Start at 2:15 p. m. sharp

Ferry boats leave San Francisco at 12 m., 12:30, 1, 1:30, 2:30 and 3 p. m., connecting with trains stopping at the entrance to the track. Buy your ferry tickets to Shell Mound. Last two cars on train reserved for ladies and their escorts. No smoking. All trains via Oakland Mole connect with San Pablo avenue electric cars at Seventh and Broadway, Oakland. Also all trains via Alameda Mole connect with San Pablo avenue electric cars at Fourteenth and Broadway, Oakland. These electric cars go direct to the track in fifteen minutes.

Returning trains leave the track at 4:15 and 4:45 p. m. and immediately after the last race. THOMAS H. WILLIAMS JR., President.

R. B. MILROY, Secretary.

Of the Vanderbilt Clan

Allen Wallace who is the first real, live Vanderbilt that has spent any length of time in San Francisco in some years, came hither to rest his nerves. The girls, however, seem determined that he shall have little repose. He is in great demand even though he does wear clothes that give him the air of a Petaluma farmer. He has been quite bewildered by the number of pretty girls he has met here. His favorite remark when he meets one that pleases him has a patronizing flavor.

"I say, do you know, I think I'd rather like to cultivate you."

He gave a dinner the other evening to the survivors, as they call themselves, of the Holbrook drowning.

The Imperturbable McAlllster

To hear those survivors discuss their experience, by the way, one might imagine that to go out on a tug-boat and not fall overboard, is something like returning from the charge at Balaklava. Apropos of that bay incident a story is told illustrative of Judge Ward McAllister's Vere de Vere repose. He was just about to put away a high ball when told that Harry Holbrook had fallen overboard. McAllister paused long enough to remark: "Poor fellow, how uncomfortable!"

"Did they have many callers at the Nob Hills' New Year's 'At home?'" asked Mrs. Pacific Avenue, "was their house full?"

"No, but Mr. Nob Hill was," announced Miss Style, who had assisted at the function.

Joullin's Return

Amedee Joullin is back from Mexico where he spent eight months with the Indians. His reappearance puts an end to the many rumors concerning him that have been in circulation. One story was that a wart on his face had evidently turned into a cancer and that he was dying. Another yarn was to the effect that he had been hanged for horse stealing. When they heard the story some of the local grisettes went into mourning for a week, but the big artist is back again and they are all happy.

How Mary Became a Star

Not everybody knows the real reason why Mary Mannering was made a star. It was Daniel Frohman's cruelty, exemplified in a rule that he made some years ago. Mary Mannering had the misfortune to fall in love with James K. Hackett when she was playing Flavia to his Rupert in "The Prisoner of Zenda," and Rupert had an attack of the same malady at the identical time. Their affection deepened when they were on tour, and when they returned to New York to appear in "The Princess and the Butterfly," a rumor spread over the Rialto that they were married. This did not at once reach the dogmatic Dan's ears, not at any rate till Hackett fell ill and Miss Mannering took up her quarters in Mrs. Hackett Sr.'s house, to nurse the latter's son. Of course, James and Mary denied their marriage, but it turned out to be true, after all. Then Frohman decided the only thing to do was to separate the married lovers. He sent Hackett about his business, just as he had done with Robert Taber when the latter married Julia Marlowe, and then he made Mary Mannering a star.

The Secret of the Opposition

Frohman simply will not permit husband and wife to act together in the same play. He says half the value of a leading man lies in his power of appealing to the matinee girl, and he will not ruin his financial chances by letting a stage lover make love to his own wife. When Julie Opp came over from England, she was the bride of a day, but she was compelled to leave her bridegroom on the other side. There have been other instances. But I am told that Mary Mannering registered a big protest when she was separated from the handsome Hackett. They had been playing lovers' roles ever since Mary came over from London to appear in "The Courtship of Leonie" at the Lyceum. On the other side, by the way, Miss Mannering is known as Florence Friend. The late John Bonner told me he considered her the most beautiful woman on the American stage.

The Final Night

The Bohemian club art exhibition closed in a blaze of glory, an immense throng attending the final reception last Thursday night. The sale of pictures was very good, all things considered. Breuer's large canvas sported the sold sign very early in the exhibition. On Thursday night there was little opportunity to view the paintings, the crowd was so great, but everybody managed to catch a glimpse of Mayor-elect Schmitz and Amedee Joullin who were among the visitors. Mr. Schmitz towered among the other men like a tall pine among scrub oaks, and Colonel Walter Martin in full evening regalia was quite obscured by the big, bearded city official in ordinary attire. Joullin,

There is nothing in the world more delightful than a drink of good whiskey—and Jesse Moore is good whiskey.



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who did not get back from the south in time to have any of his new works hung, was able to criticise his confreres' exhibits, but his verdict of the most of them was "Bueno, bueno!"

An Interesting Problem

Why is it that the public takes such an interest in the society bachelor? Why is it that when a wealthy bachelor gives a dinner, a supper or a tea, that every woman he knows is anxious to be among the invited? Probably it is because there is something mysterious about the society bachelor. As there is no apparent reason for his single state, there is about him the suggestion of a hidden romance or of a love affair upon which fate frowned in its infancy. Whatever the reason the bachelor of means who prefers to live a single life, when a beautiful bride is available for the asking, remains one of the most interesting species of mankind.

Tales about Bachelors

And there are so many stories extant about the bachelor, tales that make him doubly interesting to women. There is that little story, for instance, of the college man who invited some young ladies, properly chaperoned, of course, to take afternoon tea at his chambers. They came, and inspected his quarters. They looked at his collection of photographs and admired. They praised his taste in porcelain. They fell into raptures over his exquisite array of cushions. And then, even the chaperon gazed at him askance—and they all went away without tasting the dainty repast his man had served. The bachelor wondered what was wrong. He looked about his walls—no, not an objectionable picture among them. He looked at his cushions, and there he discovered the secret. The cushions were odorous with musk. His college chum had played a joke on him. For, of course, only a certain class of feminine ever uses musk.

Then there is the story of the ancient man who called upon a young collegian. The collegian's sister was also calling upon him, and fearing an unwelcome visitor when the old man's knock came, he hid her in the closet. But we all know the verses, which end with the discovery of the girl in the cupboard, the collegian's explanation and the old man's chuckle: "Same old lie; same old lie." Yes, no doubt it is because the bachelor has the name of being very wicked that such a halo of interest hangs about him and his domicile. Not that, by rights, this should be, for because a man abjures matrimony he is not necessarily wicked. But he gets the reputation of being so though in reality he may be the soberest, most moral citizen of the city wherein he lives. He is single, probably, because he likes to order his house to suit himself, to choose his own menus, and to be, in short, comfortable and happy.

Some of Our Bachelor Hosts

There are plenty of bachelors in San Francisco who possess sumptuous quarters and entertain so delightfully and hospitably as to arouse to envy those less favored single men who know not how to get out of a boarding-house existence. First and foremost among our bachelors in society is Winfield S. Jones, whose home in Hyde street is perfectly appointed in every way. Mr. Jones has a corps of servants to administer to his comfort. He entertains like a prince when it suits his mood. Arthur Spear, another bachelor entertainer of years past, has changed his views and is to take unto himself a bride next year. The same is said of Mr. John W. Twiggs—but that is an old story.

Where Chauncey M. Shines

Chauncey M. St. John is a bachelor par excellence. He is assistant Collector of the Port, and he finds his work very agreeable and his home very pleasant without the addition of a wife. He has beautiful rooms in the Occidental hotel. Among the most highly prized of his belongings is an autograph letter from Professor E. S. Holden of the Lick Observatory, thanking him for his description of a brilliant meteor which was observed on July twenty-seventh, 1894, and a water color drawing of which was forwarded by Mr. St. John in his capacity as member of the Pacific Astronomical Society to the observatory. Mr. St. John is a home body. He is never seen "going down the line," and his spare time is occupied in water color painting and reading. He would make a model husband, but it is said that the turns a deaf ear to all maidens who sing, "I don't know why I love you, but I do—oo—oo." It will be a clever girl who catches Chauncey.

They Don't Want to Marry

Another bachelor living at the Occidental is George Hooper, son of the proprietor of the hotel. Mr. Hooper is young, rich and handsome, and will not likely always be content with his single state. Nevertheless, just now he takes pride in his title of bachelor, and his rooms are fitted up in true bachelor style. He entertains liberally, his favorite mode of dispensing hospitality being the theatre-party with after-theatre supper, and the dinner. He gives charming dinners. Mr. Hooper, like his mother and sister, is an ardent lover of horses. He is a fearless rider and driver. Edward M. Greenway, Oracle of Society, is a con-



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firmed bachelor. His rooms at the Bohemian club are well-furnished, but he does not entertain there. He gives theatre parties and dinners, and his guests are invited to dine or sup in the club's red room. George E. P. Hall, western representative of the Ottoman Empire, occupied the D. H. Haskell residence at the corner of Webster and California streets all last year. His mother presides over his menage, but rumor says that since his chum, Northrup Cowles, has deserted to matrimony, Mr. Hall will follow his example.

The Financial Catches

Mayor James D. Phelan has his own home, and he is one of the most sumptuous entertainers in this part of the world. When he gives dinners, however, he presides over the table in the Bohemian club's red room. Harry Holbrook, another of society's bachelors, lives at his father's residence in Van Ness avenue. His particular apartments are beautifully furnished and filled with antiques. Mr. Holbrook has traveled a great deal and has collected many rare bits of bric-a-brac and tapestry during his wanderings. Harry Tevis, his particular friend, lives at his mother's home in Taylor street, and shows no intention of marrying.

Donald de V. Graham, eligible bachelor still, used to entertain in days gone by, but his bachelor teas have passed into tradition. The tenor no longer "keeps house." He is a hard worker these days, and when his City Hall duties are over, he takes his dinner at the club or at a French restaurant. There are other bachelors in society, but they either live with their parents, or else in hotels or boarding-houses, or at their clubs. If they entertain one does not hear of it. They are not that elusive, delightful personage, the bachelor who "keeps house." And it is he that will be the most exciting game for the spinster sport in 1902. How many will fall?

The Mystic Shriners

The traditional banquet, in memory of Abdoo'l Wahab, born 1200 A. H., founder of the sect of Wahabees, "smasher of images," who "destroyed beautiful works of art without regret," will be pulled off tonight. The Marysville Mystic Shriners will have the honor of entertaining the nobles from San Francisco on this occasion. The invitations issued for the event are very amusing in their get-up. One of the "Agonies" that appear is:

"'Tis Shrine night, dearest, don't sit up,
I may be late, you see;
I hardly know what friends I'll meet,
And then I have my key."
"All right," she answered with a smile—
Her words were always few;
But she suggested ere I went
That I take the keyhole too.

Barnes and Harrison Make Up

The Olympic club presented a very handsome tribute to Mr. John D. Spreckels Christmas day in recognition of his generosity to the club, and there was a feature of the very pleasant affair to which I desire to call special attention. I refer to the fine compliments paid by General Barnes, the orator of the occasion, to William Greer Harrison, president of the club. It may be remembered that some months ago when it was publicly announced that a breach had occurred in the friendship existing between Barnes and Harrison, I predicted that it would not be long before those two cronies embraced and made up. The cause of the breach was the failure of Barnes to appear at an anti-Boer meeting held by the Sons of St. George to apotheosize the British. Harrison mounted the platform and said some unkind things about the General. The latter thereupon wrote him a letter of a very caustic nature and declared that the friendship of a quarter of a century "was off!"

The General's Bouquet

I knew the General would relent. I was confident that an affectionate pat on the back would do the trick. General Barnes is a man of peace. He is quick to forgive. William Greer Harrison invited him to shineat the Spreckels' presentation, and Old Man Eloquent was Johnnie-on-the-spot. In the course of his eloquent tribute to Mr. Spreckels he reserved a little bouquet for Mr. Harrison. Here it is: "And so founding the observation on this text we may say that the Olympic club, if not a church, is very near one, and William Greer Harrison, if not a reverend, is all the same revered." I consider that as choice a bit of soft-soap as the General ever used on the pregnant hinges of the knee.

The Fee Did It

Governor Jim Budd is usually quick to acknowledge the value of services rendered by associate counsel in a case, but the other day he declined to concede that he had received any assistance. His client was a woman, for whom he had secured a very satisfactory compromise in a matter that threatened to develop into expensive litigation. They met to settle on the fee and the lady remarked that God had been very

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kind to her in her trouble. Budd told her that God's time was engrossed by so many important matters that He didn't bother much about lawsuits. "Well," she said, "He moved your heart to enter this case."

"He may have moved my heart to enter the case," said Budd, "but it was really the prospective fee that enlisted my services."

The De Youngs Abroad

The De Youngs are to make a trip through Russia this winter as guests of the Prime Minister. They will spend the season later on in London, where Miss Helen will be presented at court by Mrs. Mackay. She is a very handsome and cult red girl and like all the De Young children speaks French and German fluently. When the De Youngs return home they will give a big ball and Miss Helen will be formally presented to local society.

Wallace's Big Scoop

Grant Wallace has been one of the best newspaper artists in the West for a number of years. On the *Examiner* and the *Chronicle* he has had high rank, and a good salary whenever he offered his services. A month ago he asked the City Editor of the *Chronicle* for a position as reporter. He was without experience, but editors have learned that geniuses now and then turn up who reverse precedents, so Wallace was told to take his seat in the "local room." He was tried out on a church scandal, and surprised the copy readers by handing in an excellent story, brilliant, breezy and brief. When the Sunset train was wrecked last week and lives lost, the City Editors fell over themselves in efforts to get the best accounts from the injured, and rushed all available men to meet the trains arriving from the scene of the horror. Grant Wallace was sent to the Third and Townsend streets station to wait the coming of the specials. A dozen reporters from the three morning papers were also there. When a train puffed in there was a mad dash by the newspaper men until it was discovered that it had none aboard worth interviewing. Wallace learned that Engineer Coffey had been taken to his home and he started for an interview. The next morning the *Chronicle* printed the most striking bit of writing seen in a newspaper in several years. It was Coffey's confession that he had forgotten his orders to stop at Upland. Wallace pictured the remorse, terror and dejection of the wretched man in the style of a Zola. Little else was talked of in the newspaper offices for several days. Wallace had scooped his contemporaries and was the hero of the week. Above the startling story was a portrait of the engineer, also made by Wallace, which was itself a marvelous example of realism. Wallace has been overwhelmed with the congratulations of his fellows.

McEwen's Return

Arthur McEwen is once more on the staff of Mr. William R. Hearst. The Prince of yellow journalists has a high appreciation of the ability of the man with the trenchant pen, and I have no doubt that in luring McEwen back to the *Journal*, the golden bait used was of a most tempting character. When Hearst offered McEwen his first job the latter was writing editorials for the *Post*. He became an editorial writer on the *Examiner*, and later was managing editor of that paper. One day he disagreed with Hearst on a question of policy, and then started out as a free lance journalist and publisher of the *McEwen Letter*, which had a brief but brilliant existence. He joined Hearst again on the *Journal* and later on took charge of the Philadelphia *North American* for Wanamaker, which under his management has become one of the most valuable newspaper enterprises in the country.

A Big Check Returned

The story drifted out here recently that, after the shooting of McKinley, when Hearst was being abused by his enemies all over the country, he went to Philadelphia and asked McEwen to write an editorial in reply to his defamers and in defense of his newspaper policy. McEwen did so, and the editorial covering nearly a page was published in each of the Hearst papers. In a letter of thanks to McEwen, Mr. Hearst enclosed a one thousand dollar check. That was probably the highest price ever paid for an editorial, but McEwen returned the check saying that he had written the editorial in a spirit of friendship and he did not expect remuneration. I presume it was that incident which led to the re-engagement of the clever journalist.

American Gentlemen Like It

Hunter Baltimore Rye is well called "the American gentleman's drink." Wherever gentlemen are gathered, and for the purpose of making the social chat general drinks are ordered, the call is always for "Hunter Baltimore Rye."



The Smythes' Dinner Dance

"I suppose you know all kinds of swells?"

Mr. J. Burlington Smythe's new private secretary looked up at his employer.

"I fancy I know a few people," he answered, with a half-smile.

The old man went on somewhat timidly, as if he were feeling his way.

"Well, my wife wants to give a ball on New Year's eve."

"Yes?"

Dick Gordon, with all his powers of intuition, failed to comprehend what his employer was driving at. It made it hard for Smythe.

"I thought you might be able to help her out—oh, hang it! what I mean is, Mrs. Smythe wants to have some swells at the ball. I thought you could arrange it. It's been done before, I know."

"Oh, that!" Dick wasn't quite sure, even yet, what the old man wanted; "well, I'll go up and see her—shall I?"

"Wish you would; wish you would. And see here—if you manage to fix it up with the old woman, 'twill be worth a good deal to you."

Gordon was not super-sensitive. He understood the old man's meaning well enough, and did not object to it. It cost something to live these days and everything was fish that came to one's net.

"I'll go up tonight—no, this afternoon," he said, "and I think it will be all right."

* * * * * * * * *

"Best lark out," laughed Ducey, "oh, say, Dick, let me get a shy at the heiress, won't you? Is she very impossible?"

"I don't know," answered Gordon, "I didn't see her. The mother and I had the talk."

"Well?"

"I switched her off from the ball idea and she's going to give a dinner dance instead. There'll be just thirty-six present, and they'll sit at three tables. Oh, 'twill be a swell racket."

"Do you think the invitations will be accepted?"

"They must be—I'm sure of the men, anyway. And tomorrow I'll ask the women. My sister's going to help."

"Mrs. Gatling? Why, will *she* go?"

"She will," but Gordon did not say that his widowed sister's presence and aid were appraised at a check with three ciphers.

* * * * * * * * *

Mrs. Gatling honestly meant to earn her money, and to earn it honestly—two very different propositions, if you study them. She went to work immediately and asked fifteen of the smartest women in her set, and it was not her fault that every one had a previous engagement.

But Mrs. Gatling would not resign the big check without a fight. She wrinkled her brow and thought and thought—and then an idea came to her. She struggled against it for awhile, put it from her more than once with a sigh, and then—yielded to temptation!

"All's fair in love and war," she said, "and what's a worse war than that against poverty—and duns?"

She shuddered, but went to the telephone and called her brother.

"All right," she said, "have your men there, and the women will be on time. I'll take my check in advance, please."

* * * * * * * * *

"But mamma," suggested Fairy Smythe, "I think we ought to ask a few of our friends. Why, they'll be so hurt if we give a party and don't ask them."

"You just keep your ideas to yourself," returned Mrs. Burlington Smythe, "I ain't going to spoil our first swell party by inviting any people outside the swim. They won't assimilate," and she heaved a sigh of satisfaction as she repeated the word Dick Gordon had used when she had made the same observation that she had just cried down when coming from her daughter.

* * * * * * * * *

"Gad, this is a lark!" exclaimed Ducey, as he found himself in the Smythes' drawing-room on New Year's eve; "where'd you get the women?"

Dick Gordon's brow was dark as he went to his sister's side.

"What do you mean?" he whispered; "what's all this?"

He indicated several pretty women who were pairing off for the hegira to the dining-room.

"This?" She affected ignorance of his meaning.

"Yes—what are these?"

"Well—they wouldn't come, the others, you know—and, oh, Dick, the Smythes need never know, and I did need the money so much!"

"It must stop—I'll tell them directly."

"Oh, no, please don't—the names are all right. They have been introduced and all is going off so well. *Please*, Dick!"

The chance for explanation was gone. Mrs. Smythe came up to Dick. He was to lead her in and occupy the place of honor at the festal board.

"Oh, I am so grateful to you," whispered his hostess, "and to Mrs. Gatling. Ain't she stylish? Fairy's just in love with her. There's two reporters here," she added, "in the breakfast room. It'll all be in the papers tomorrow morning."

But Dick excused himself during the progress of the soup, and went out to see the newspaper representatives. He found them chuckling over a bottle of champagne. Dick knew them both well; they were club comrades.

"'T will be worth a column, with pictures," said one.

"Lord! ain't I glad I got the detail?"

"Let's never cut society details again," laughed his companion, "we may lose a good story—like this."

But Dick, after a chat with the butler, was persuaded the "good story" would never get into the papers—not through his two friends. They were to have sufficient champagne to prevent their getting their copy to the office in time. As the entree came on Dick resumed his seat at the table. He was beaming, for he had just done a good deed. He had despatched a waiter to two newspaper offices with interesting accounts of the Burlington Smythes' dinner. In his haste, no doubt, he had failed to give the list of names of those present.

* * * * * * * * *

Mrs. Smythe had told the orchestra to play only classical music. "I understand the smart set prefers that kind," she said to Dick, who answered that he did not think they would object to a little ragtime.

Therefore, with the coffee and liqueurs the orchestra piped up coon melodies. The effect was magical on some of the guests.

"Ah want you, mah honey; ah want you, mah honey," Ducey began to hum, and the girl at his side—a tall blonde, who answered to the name of Mrs. Billy Saylor—put her hand on his shoulder and joined in the chorus with him.

"I've always heard that she was very jolly," Mrs. Smythe remarked to Dick, though in her heart she was somewhat scandalized.

The dance was a trifle livelier than the dinner. The guests called for cake walks and Miss Ethel Berry, whom Mrs. Smythe called "one of the belles of the swim," indulged

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in some high steps that caused Mr. Smythe to clap his hands in delight.

"Your swell friends are all right," he said to Gordon, "this party's the best I was ever at," and he added significantly, "'tis the best stroke of business you ever did in your life."

Dick blushed through his swarthy skin. He had just been into the breakfast room and satisfied himself that his two scribbling friends were safe in the land of dreams.

"Hooray!" cried Ducey, two-stepping past him with "the charming bud, Miss Pearl Flanders," on his arm, "you're the king of entertainers, Dick!"

But Dick was mournful. He looked at his hostess' daughter, and he hated himself. She was the nicest girl he had ever met, so kind, so refined, and so utterly lovely. He felt the awfulness of the deed for which he was in a manner responsible. He sought the darkened library to meditate on his misdeeds. As he stood gloomy and alone, apparently gazing at a shelf of rare old books, a timid hand was laid on his arm.

"Not dancing?"

It was Miss Fairy Smythe that asked the question.

"No, I'm tired," began Dick, and then he was driven to confession. "Oh, say, Miss Smythe, I want to tell you—" it was not so easy, after all, with those clear brown eyes looking into his guilty blue eyes.

"Tell me—what? Oh, it's a fine party, Mr. Gordon—papa and mamma are so *grateful* to you."

Was it imagination that there was a gleam of mischief in her eyes as she emphasized her gratitude?

"Grateful—they ought to hate me," cried Dick, "oh, Miss Smythe, I want you to believe—" and then he stopped. A man cannot expose his sister's weakness. He must bear the brunt of it himself.

"Be assured it wasn't premeditated. The real guests—the smart women, you know—had other engagements, so—well, those girls were willing to personate them, just for the fun of the thing. They're from the Rivoli chorus—and they'll never tell. 'Twould lose them their jobs if they told."

"Oh, Mr. Gordon, how could you be so cruel?"

Her back was turned, and sobs shook her slender frame.

"I know it was—devilish, Miss Smythe. Oh, I can't say a thing—I can't explain."

Mrs. Gatling came to the rescue. Searching for Dick, she arrived just in time to save her brother from embarrassment.

"It was not my brother's fault at all," she said, "and I feel that it *was* a mean thing, though Ducey says it is the biggest joke of the season. But, oh, Miss Smythe, you don't know what it is to be tempted—to be poor, with duns constantly after you, while you try to keep your head above water. And that check was *such* an inducement. I really intended to do the right thing, but my friends were going elsewhere. *Do* forgive me, and forgive Dick, who wasn't the guilty one anyway. He didn't know until he came here this evening."

Fairy's slight figure was still trembling. She still had her back turned and her head was sunk in her hands.

"'Twas a mean thing, yes," she said, "how could you fool my mother so? And poor papa, so generous and kind."

Dick's feelings nearly overpowered him. He could have wept aloud. "Oh, what can we do?" he said.

"Oh, nonsense!" cried Miss Smythe, turning around, "do nothing, of course."

She had been laughing, and her face was still dimpled with smiles.

"I knew all the time. Why, I went to school with half those women—I mean the real ones that didn't come. Papa knows, too, but mamma doesn't, and never shall. But we aren't going to entertain the *swim* any more—unless you," to Mrs. Gatling, "care to come. We have some good old friends of our own."

Then she turned to Dick.

"*You* must come frequently, for—" with a charming smile, "mamma will want to talk over the dinner dance, you know, with somebody that is familiar with the 'inner circle!'"

—*The Femme de Chambre.*

The well known Fachutar Mandolin School and Orchestra has re-opened for the Fourth Season, 1901-1902. To guarantee promptness, all engagements must be made at the Studio, 718 Post street. Telephone Polk 1575. School hours 10 a. m. to 5 p. m

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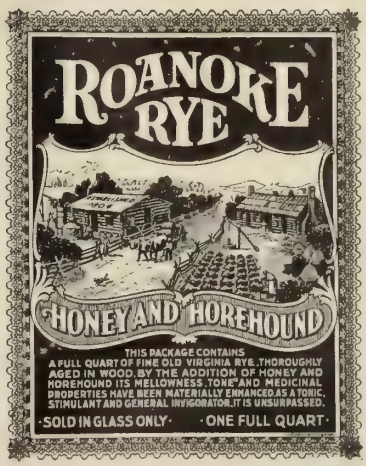
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CHARLES C. HOAG, Editor and Publisher — 225 Post St., San Francisco

Dramatic World

"Janice Meredith"—Novel-Play

If Mary Mannering lives a century, and if her triumphs cover appearances in many lands, she will yet never forget the warm welcome she received last Monday night at the Columbia. Many in the audience remembered her former appearances here at the Baldwin, but none was prepared for the delightful art with which Miss Mannering invested the title role of the play. I never could see what there was in the character of Paul Leicester Ford's heroine to awaken the enthusiasm of so many thousands of readers. If you put Janice in modern attire, she would be nothing more than a bare-faced and rather common little flirt. And the most ardent admirers of the novel must grant that it makes a very inadequate play. Except for the climax of the second act, where Janice gives "George Washington" as a toast to the British officers, and that brilliant situation in the third act where Janice takes down Brereton's message and feigns faintness while she casts it to the intelligent outward air, there is nothing especially provocative of thrills. And an American revolutionary drama should thrill—it is its sacred office. The plot of "Janice Meredith" never runs far afield of the novel, except for purposes of condensation. All the prominent people of the book are there—the two Squires, Brereton, Clowes, Mowbray, the Hessian colonel, Tabitha, Philemon and the rest. They all succeed in making their parts stand out distinctly and are conscientious and earnest in their conceptions. A very neat bit of work is done by the guard who is set to watch Janice in the third act. Robert Drouet comes close after the star in favor. His Brereton is a fine piece of work. Miss Mannering is Janice to the life. Before I saw her, I wondered why an English girl had been chosen to portray an American heroine, but no one would fancy Mary Mannering was anything but a patriotic American girl. She throws her whole soul into her work, and Janice seems a part after her own heart. She is an immature woman who loves to coquette more than she loves her lover. In her scenes with Philemon, Clowes and Colonel Rahl, she is a flirt to the core—but how tender and lovely is she when the man of her heart is in danger. Her two or three serious scenes balance the fun, and show that Janice is really deeper than she appears. There is no use in trying to analyze Mary Mannering's Janice. She *is* Janice, as the author and playwright intended her. She is going to play Camille next Thursday afternoon, and then we can compare hers with other interpretations. Her Janice is her own.

A New Carmen

Minnie Seligman's Zicka was clever; her Carmen is more than that. It is absolutely lifelike. Miss Seligman has the beautiful face and the sinuous grace of Merimee's heroine. She has also that suggestion of something oriental that most Carmens I have seen lacked, but which is surely an essential. One understands how the heartless, conscienceless cigarette girl attracted with her peculiar charm and the "evil eye." Miss Seligman's Carmen is a fine creation. She dresses the role with accuracy, in the second and last acts looking remarkably beautiful. The stock company gives efficient support, Mr. Mayall being very good indeed.

He is Versatile

There is nothing new about "Charley's Aunt" except Frank Bacon's Aunt. Mr. Bacon is one of the best character actors I have ever seen. His success in old men's roles stamps him an artist, and now he adds another to his many successes. Instead of an old man, he is a youth masquerading as an old woman. As Babberly he is full of youthful vivacity and as the Aunt he is dignified or amusing as the situations require. The remainder of the cast is up to the high Alcazar standard.

There seems to be no cessation of interest in "Little Red Riding Hood." Old and young enjoy it. Annie Meyers and Ferris Hartman are the stars of the piece, but the minor constellations do their share to make the splendid perfect whole.

The Passing of Morosco

Walter Morosco was the second of the San Francisco managers called away during the year now passing to its close. First, Mark Thall; then, Walter Morosco. The former was taken from active service; the latter had for some time been a man of leisure. I do not think that Morosco was ever happy after he retired from the theatrical field. Indeed, he was never the same man after he yielded to per-

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Matinees Today and Tomorrow Last Two Nights of
"CARMEN"
New Year's Week Starting Monday Evening Next
Special Holiday Matinee New Year's Day
MISS MINNIE SELIGMAN
In an Elaborate Production of
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"There never is a minute
When Auntie isn't in it"
A Splendid Cast . . . . A Surpassing Production
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Regular Matinees Saturday and Sunday
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Matinees Saturday and New Years Day
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SPECIAL—Matinee Next Thursday, Dec. 2, Mary Mannering in "Camille"
Jan. 6—Modjeska and James

Orpheum O'Farrell between Stockton and Powell Streets.
Week Commencing Sunday Matinee Dec. 29th
Special Matinee Thursday, Jan. 2
Picolo's Liliputians Ritter's Trained Dogs McIntyre and Heath
Joe Welch Elizabeth Murray W. C. Fields The Union
Gatling Guards and Les Agios
Reserved Seats, 25c; Balcony, 10c; Opera Chairs and Box Seats, 50c
Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday

suasion and permitted a grand opera season to sever the hitherto uninterrupted sequence of melodramatic productions he had given at his theatre. Morosco's patrons were the kind that liked melodrama. They had supported him in his theatre farther south and when he moved nearer to Market street they brought their enthusiasm for melodrama and their hard-earned dollars to the new Morosco's—the Grand Opera House. If it had not been for the little rift within the lute, that first grand opera season, the Grand Opera House would still have been packed every night with the old kind of audiences, and Walter Morosco would not have passed his last days in a role that he did not enjoy, that of a man of leisure. —*The Playgoer.*

Attractions Next Week

Picolo's Liliputians will make their first appearance in San Francisco next week—four clever little men, aged from twenty to twenty-six—and looking like babies. Their cheeks and hands are as soft in texture and color as a child's and but for the expression of their faces and a few wrinkles about their eyes they might pass for mere children. They come from Berlin, where they have been the sensation for several seasons. They are not related and their parents are all of normal size. They give a Salvation Army characterization, followed by a series of very wonderful acrobatic feats, and in silver and purple tights they give an exhibition of strength that is really marvelous. Otto Lindner, the star, lifts objects twice as heavy as his own weight, which is thirty-nine pounds, and a triangle is formed in which he supports the other three, a combined weight of more than one hundred pounds. Ritter's trained dogs will also be new here. Joe Welch, McIntyre and Heath, Elizabeth Murray, the Union Gatling Guards and the Aglos trio of equilibrists will all be on the bill. Miss Murray has a new song—"Gracie." A special matinee will be given on Thursday, January second.

The last week but one of Minnie Seligman's engagement at the Grand Opera House will be devoted to a production of "A Lady of Quality." This play was the means of introducing Julia Arthur to a New York audience as a star and also served to crowd Wallack's theatre for an entire season. Eugene Blair presented it to us. Miss Seligman may be depended upon to give a perfect interpretation of the role of Clorinda and the balance of the characters will be portrayed by the very efficient stock company. The action of the play is in the period of 1700, and it is full of dramatic interest, offering many opportunities for picturesque illustration, none of which will be overlooked in this production.

The Tivoli holiday offering, "Little Red Riding Hood," will go all next week. Arthur Cunningham's new musical number, with male chorus, "How the Irish Beat the Band," goes with enthusiasm. The scenic features are much appreciated. There will be a special New Year matinee. The management announces a number of new productions after the holiday piece, among them "The Ameer," "The Serenade," and "The Singing Girl."

The interesting announcement is made that Consul Mrs. Booth-Tucker will deliver a lecture next Monday evening on "Love and Sorrow," at the Alhambra theatre. Reserved seats will be fifty cents. The lecture will be illustrated by living tableaux. Mrs. Tucker is one of the most able speakers in the Salvation Army, and the lecture promises to be very dramatic in its features. There will be accompanying music by the Army's best soloists.

"Charley's Aunt" will be continued all next week at the Alcazar. "The Silver King" will be followed by "The Two Sisters" at the Central.

Mary Mannering will continue "Janice Meredith" all next week at the Columbia.

There will be New Year's matinees at all the theatres.

The second of the series of symphony concerts under the auspices of the San Francisco Symphony Society will be given at the Grand Opera House Friday afternoon, January tenth. Director Paul Steindorff with his orchestra of fifty-five men established himself as a conductor of ability at the opening concert and his coming program is more attractive than the first. It includes the Beethoven symphony, No. 5, in C minor, the prelude to "The Meistersinger," a symphonic poem of Saint-Saens, the scherzo from Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" and an overture by Lassen, which will be played for the first time in this city. Seats will be ready at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Tuesday morning, January seventh.

An Ideal Dining Room

Abstemiousness does not always go side by side with disregard for luxury. A man may enjoy a good dinner and yet not require that the viands be washed down with wines. Many a famous epicure abjured wines from his feast. Our Puritan forefathers did not, as a rule, drink wine in any form. Therefore, the Puritan Dining Room, at 413 Market street, is well named. This is the cafe presided over by that veteran caterer and manager, Mr. E. J. Clinton. The Puritan is an ideal restaurant. It is laid out on modern plans and its pure foods commend it to every lover of good eating. The service is perfect, quick and neat, courtesy being a marked quality. There are no wines on the Puritan's bill of fare.

Notice To Creditors

Estate of Annie Griffin also known as Anne Griffin, formerly Annie Kenny.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executor of the last will and testament of said deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executor at the offices of Lent & Humphrey, Rooms 167 and 168 Crocker Building, corner of Post and Market streets, City and County of San Francisco, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

PETER C. YORKE,
Executor of the last will and testament of Annie Griffin, also known as Anne Griffin, formerly Annie Kenny, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, December 28th, 1901.

Lent & Humphrey, Attorneys-at-law,
167-168 Crocker Bldg.

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT
Tabasco Agricultural Company

Location of principal place of business—San Francisco, California.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 4th day of December, 1901, an assessment (No. 1) of Five dollars per share was levied upon the capital stock of the Corporation payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the secretary at the office of the Company, Room 208 Parrott Building, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on **Monday** the sixth (6th) day of January, 1902, will be delinquent and advertized for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before will be sold on **Wednesday**, the twenty-second (22nd) day of January 1902, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

J. F. BURGIN, Secretary.

Office—Room 208 Parrott Building, on Market street, San Francisco, California.

DIVIDEND NOTICES

SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 101 Montgomery street, corner of Sutter—The Board of Directors declared a dividend for the term ending December 31, 1901, at the rate of three and one-eighth (3⅛) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes and payable on and after January 2, 1902. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of dividend as the principal from and after January 1, 1902.

CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cashier.

THE CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION, 222 Sansome street, has declared, for the six months ending December 31, 1901, a dividend of 8 per cent per annum on Classes "A" and "F" stock, 6 per cent on term deposits and 5 per cent on ordinary deposits, free of taxes. WILLIAM CORBIN, Secretary.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, 532 California Street, corner Webb. For the half year ending with the 31st of December, 1901, a dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of three and forty-two one-hundredths (3:42-100) per cent on term deposits and three (3) per cent on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, January 2, 1902. LOVELL WHITE, Cashier

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THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 526 California Street. For the half year ending with December 31st, 1901, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three (3) per cent per annum on all deposits free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, January 2, 1902.

GEORGE TOURNY, Secretary.

CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST COMPANY, corner California and Montgomery Sts. For the six months ending December 31st, 1901, dividends have been declared on Deposits in the Savings Department of this Company as follows: On Term Deposits, at the rate of 3 6-10 per cent per annum, and on Ordinary Deposits, at the rate of 3 per cent per annum, free of taxes, and payable on and after Thursday, January 2, 1902. Dividends uncalled for are added to the principal and bear the same rate of dividend as the principal from and after January 1, 1902. J. DALZELL BROWN, Manager.

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO—For the half year ending December 31, 1901, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three (3) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, January 2, 1902.

GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier.

"THE GIANT POWDER COMPANY, CON. A dividend No. 37, of Seventy-five Cents (75c.) per share on the issued capital stock of the Company has been declared payable at the office of the Company, 435 California Street, San Francisco, on January 10th, 1902. Transfer books close January 3rd, 1902, at noon.

A. A. SPARKS, Secretary."

The leading art store—Gump's, 113–115 Geary Street.

Modern Photographic Portraiture

There is a great deal nowadays that goes to the making of a modern photograph that was unknown to the camera artist twenty, ten, or even five years ago. Time was when the subject expressed satisfaction if his portrait bore even a remote resemblance to himself. A stilted pose, unnatural and ungraceful, was considered a trifle not worth worrying about. But all that has been changed. Contrast the *carte de visite* of thirty years ago with the modern photograph, and note the difference. Photography has made such vast strides of late years that it has truly become an art that ranks with that of the portrait painter. The most delicate miniature work is done by means of the camera, and enlarged photographs have to a great measure superseded the painted portrait. The modern photograph is a beautiful work of art, which fact is appreciated by newspaper and magazine publishers the world over, who find photography an aid to their business that cannot be overlooked. The general advance in culture, also, is largely due to the art of photography.

As photography has progressed through the march of knowledge, the camera artist has modeled his studio on new lines. He finds it no longer possible to do his work in cramped quarters, as did his predecessor a few years ago. The modern studio is a beautiful place. No better example of the modern photographic artist's headquarters can be indicated than that of Boye, San Francisco's leading artist, who has just moved into the new building at the gore of Market, McAllister and Jones streets. Boye's studio is on the top floor, and it consequently has the best light of any in the city. There are several rooms en suite, all finished in hard wood, and the prevailing color scheme is gray and brown. The furnishings are early colonial, quite in harmony with the woodwork.

What immediately interests the visitor is the playroom. A playroom in a studio? Yes, and this innovation is an outcome of Mr. Boye's observations during his recent trip to Europe and the Eastern cities. It is hard to photograph children in natural poses after the ordinary method. Therefore, the Boye studio has its playroom, which is provided with toys and fitted up for juvenile amusement. Then, when the little ones become interested in their play, snap! goes the camera, and their best expression is preserved. This is a decided novelty in photography, and to Boye belongs the credit of introducing it here. The studio proper is an enormous room, and contains every detail necessary to the production of perfect photographs in natural poses. The dressing-rooms are fitted up with all the aids to beauty and little things that men and women alike find requisite in preparing for an artistic pose. The studio is decidedly the most modern in every respect of any in this part of the world.

A Work of Art

The 1902 Calendar issued by Jackson's Napa Soda to its patrons is a work of rare beauty. On a gray background is a bas-relief of the famous "Love's Dream" by W. J. Martens, showing a beautiful woman kissed by Cupid in her sleep. It has all the effect of marble, and is a splendid work of art.

The Publican's Petition

FOR BETTER TIMES IN 1902

Make this old town, please, wide open,
Let the side door stand ajar;
What's the good of this precaution—
What morals have *we* to mar?
Grant us just this jot of freedom,
Keep our business up to par;
And call off the police vigil
On the patrons of the bar.
Make this good old town wide open,
Let the side door stand ajar!

—*The Bar Tender.*

History Repeats Itself

Temple, Sir William, an English statesman, was born in London in 1628, and died at Moor Park, Surrey, January twenty-seventh, 1699. He was the son of Sir John Temple, Master of the Rolls of Ireland. His literary works are mostly political, and are of considerable importance. His fame rests, however, far more on his diplomatic triumphs than on his literary work. He was debarred both by his virtues and his defects—by his impartiality, his honesty, and his want of ambition—from taking an active part in the disgraceful politics of his time. But in the foreign relations of his country, he was intimately concerned for a period of fourteen years, and in all that is praiseworthy in them he had a principal hand. He will be remembered as one of the ablest negotiators that England has produced, and as a public servant who, in an unprincipled age and in circumstances peculiarly open to corruption, preserved a blameless record—Lord Temple cigars are on a parity.

"Are you going to pay calls on New Year's day?" asked the club man.

"Not in the same way, but it will amount to the same thing. I'm going to send cards around by my valet, and I'm going to get drunk at home."

A Perfect Train

Sunset Limited will take its first trip for New Orleans and New York, December sixth, leaving San Francisco tri-weekly thereafter, via the Picturesque Coast Division thro' San Jose and Santa Barbara. Service and equipment will be of highest standard and calculated to merit the best patronage.

The Wreden-Kohlmoos Company sends out a handsome calendar this year to keep before the eye the virtues of their Old Reserve Bourbon and Rye whiskies, and Extra Reserve Old Tom gin. The calendar shows a pretty girl in red, gracefully posed.

Music World

Percy A. R. Dow gave one of his successful "Pupils' Evenings" at his studio, 1511 Larkin street, on the evening of December tenth with a very interesting program of which Mendelssohn was the subject for interpretation. There were numbers from the oratorios of Elijah and St. Paul, and the Hymn of Praise, besides several songs from the composer who was the subject of the evening's work. Those taking part were: Mesdames Robb, Fuller, Hunt, Mendenhall and Taylor, Misses Morray, Bartholdi, Gyle, Koenig, Barrows, Churchman, Coyle, Lavalee, Lynch, Monges, Greninger, Hipkins and Alderslee; Messrs Kent, Corder, Kincaid, Lawrence, Webb, Bay, Batten, Wood and Mattern; accompanists, Misses Levinson, von Manderscheid and Marrack.

Carmen's Costume

Any one who entertained serious doubts as to the proper costuming of Carmen would have had those doubts thoroughly dispelled had they seen Tortajada at the Orpheum in her recent engagement. The picture she presented to the audience was perhaps not refined enough to meet the approval of those who took exceptions to the Carmen of Collamarini, but it only went to prove what a faithful picture of the common cigarette girl Collamarini had painted for us. The costume was identical with that of the Tivoli's favorite, and her castanets were carried in the palm of each hand and were used to emphasize her singing in true Spanish fashion. This woman is said to be of Spanish birth and hailing from Grenada, in which case the truthfulness of her representation can hardly be disputed.

Josef Hofmann, whom Rubinstein declared to be his successor, is to come to us in two piano recitals on January twenty-eighth and thirty-first, which open his Pacific Coast tour, after which he leaves for the Northwest. Hofmann's reputation is such that it needs no comment, his remarkable tour of fifteen years ago being still fresh in the minds of music lovers. Probably no artist is more popular nor a greater public favorite than this young musician who though only in his twenty-fifth year, enjoys a world-wide reputation, having been in the public eye for fifteen years. His return to this coast will be anticipated with more than the ordinary interest.

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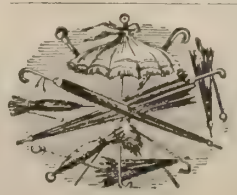
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To Whom It May Concern: This is to certify that I was very ill last summer from the effects of a severe cold I had caught, and which settled on my lungs, causing tuberculosis. I treated with Dr. Tong Po Chy for seven weeks, and was thoroughly cured. Dr. Tong Po Chy lives at 727 Washington street.

T. J. HOUGHTON.

Church Music

Special Christmas music was rendered at the Park Congregational church on Sunday morning, under the direction of Mrs. Jessie Dean Moore, in which a number of prominent vocalists assisted the regular choir in the following program: Anthem, "O, Holy Night," Adam; solo, "Sleep My Jesu," Bartlett; offertory, "Nazareth," Gounod, solo taken by Dr. J. A. Brown; solo, "It Came Upon a Midnight Clear," Sullivan; anthem, "Great and Wonderful," from Farmer's Mass; "The Light of the World," Stephen Adams. The offertory was sung by Mrs. Taylor. Special music was given at St. Dominic's at the five o'clock service, "Asperges," Lejeal, "Noel," Adams, and at the eleven o'clock service Mozart's Twelfth Mass entire with orchestra. Offertory, Veni Creator, Monti, Adeste Fideles, Expulta Zion, Hammerel. Postlude, Hallelujah from Handel's Messiah. At 7:30 in the evening, Overture to "occasional" Oratorio, Handel. Veni Creator, Howe; offertory, "March of the Magi Kings," Dubois; "O Salutaris," Palmer; Ave Maria, Marlois; Tantem Ergo, Faure, and postlude, "Triumphale," Lemmens.

The Loring Concert

TheLoring club's Christmas program was thoroughly enjoyable throughout. The choruses were given with a greater degree of animation than has marked their work of late and appreciation was proved in repeated encores. The Folk Song by Kremser was uncommonly good and was sung with fine effect. There is still noticeable the lack of good high tenor voices and it seems a needless fault in so fine a chorus of men's voices, as there are good tenors to be had for the asking. Herbert Medley improved on his previous rendering of the solos in "King Olaf's Christmas" which was repeated by request from the last concert and was encored on this occasion till part of it was repeated. Dr. Smith's solos also went well and the number was greatly enjoyed. Mrs. Birmingham was in splendid voice and her solos were all given with fine effect. The number I enjoyed the most was her encore, "Sleep, Holy Babe," which was given with exquisite tenderness and displayed the velvet quality in her low tones as nothing else did. It was, taken all in all, one of the best and most thoroughly enjoyable concerts ever given by the club.

On the same evening at Sherman-Clay hall the California Conservatory of Music gave a piano recital in which the most advanced pupils took part in a superior program finely rendered. Miss Rose Woolf's playing of the Liszt fantasia on "Rigoletto" was a fine technical effort and deserving of special commendation. Miss Lily Hansen and Miss Toklas have been winning laurels during the past year for their fine work and Miss Edna Drynan also reflected great credit on Mr. Bendix for her execution in the Andante Spianato and Polonaise of Chopin. The work was a decided evidence of great progress on the part of those who have taken part in previous recitals and great encouragement should be felt by the faculty and pupils alike in the superior work shown at this recital. Those whose names appeared on the program were Misses Amy Peterson, Lydia Rheinstein, Josie Coonan, Lily Hansen, Alice Toklas, Rose Woolf, Edna Drynan, Mrs. Awylwin and Chas. A. Rohrbacker.

The Ensemble club of this city, composed of Miss Lily Roeder, Miss Grace Carroll, Mr. Elliott, Homer Henley and James Hamilton Howe, gave a successful concert in Vallejo last week that was attended by one of the largest audiences seen at a public gathering in that town for some time. The program was well received, every number being encored, and the hope was expressed that the combination would return to give another concert at an early date. The club was assisted by Miss Catootje Barbe, a young violiniste of great talent residing in Vallejo whose future probably holds more than the ordinary promise for a young musician and of whom, or rather for whom, great things are predicted.

The Mansfeldt Recital

Hugo Mansfeldt's piano recital took place on Thursday evening the nineteenth instant and was attended by a large and thoroughly appreciative audience. The program was well arranged from Beethoven, Bach, Schumann, Chopin, Liszt and Rubinstein and in its rendering Mr. Manfeldt showed much that he has gained by his European trip.

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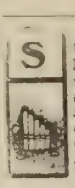
The change has done him good in many ways and his music will profit by it. The Beethoven sonata was given with a depth of feeling seldom displayed in Mr. Mansfeldt's playing to such an extent and in the Bach numbers there was a delightful delicacy of phrasing and expression. The three Schumann numbers were given with the poetry and sentiment demanded by the true interpretation of the writings of one who was perhaps the most poetic writer of his times. Many of the numbers in Mr. Mansfeldt's repertoire he has rearranged and the difficulties have been increased thereby but the effect is delightful. In the Bach gavotte from the English suite in G minor, the movement is taken by Mr. Mansfeldt in octaves and the effect is very brilliant. Owing to the illness of Mrs. Oscar Mansfeldt, who was to have taken the second piano in the Liszt concerto, the number was omitted and Mr. Mansfeldt substituted a Rubinstein number, the melody in B major, Balfe's Maerchen (Fairy Story) and the Wedding March and Fairy Dance from Midsummer Night's Dream (Mendelssohn-Liszt). An announcement is made of a series of four piano recitals to be given January seventeenth, February fourteenth, March fourteenth and April eleventh, 1902. These concerts will be given by Mr. Mansfeldt and Mrs. Oscar Mansfeldt, assisted by some of the best local artists in ensemble works. Both are so popular and well known that these concerts will be welcomed as an opportunity seldom met to hear high class music rendered in its perfection by two such artists.

Sam Bollinger recently received a very complimentary letter from Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler regarding a piece of manuscript music sent her by Mr. Bollinger and dedicated to her. She speaks in the highest terms of Mr. Bollinger's work and as she has said that she will some time play it in public, the gentleman is to be congratulated on his good fortune.

The Zech Quartet

The concert given by the Zech quartet last Thursday afternoon was one of the most delightful events of the season so far and the program was marked all through by the same unanimity of phrasing and expression that has been their strong point on former occasions. The Borodine quartet in D major with which the program opened and which was played for the first time in San Francisco, was a delightful number, the Notturno movement being particularly lovely. The Tschaikowski quartet in D major was also a fine number and beautifully rendered, the *scherzo* being a charming movement. The quartet has reason to feel pleased with the reception its work receives and if the members continue to hold together as they have done and the work improves in proportion it will in time be the first string quartet in the city. The work is now of a quality that makes the entertainments a delight and the rest of the series is looked forward to with pleasurable anticipation. Miss Belle Claire Chamberlain is to assist at the next concert. —*The Music Critic.*

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WORLD OF LETTERS

An Original Sensation

Though "Glass and Gold" has nothing to do with medicine or surgery, the story was the outcome of an operation for appendicitis. The author, Mr. J. O. G. Duffy, used the period of his convalescence to put into shape the tale which he had long projected but had not found time to write. The title is taken from a line of Browning's poem, "The Worst of It," and though the theme may seem improbable, the main incident occurred substantially as related by Mr. Duffy, in one of the minor religious communities in Southern California a few years ago. An ambitious girl, the only child of a wealthy fruit-grower, and motherless, being desirous of obtaining a "higher education," is sent by her father to an Eastern college under the management of his sect, the Pauline Christians, since he is unwilling to have his child risk the undermining of her faith by attending any of the private or public schools on this coast. The girl falls a victim to the president of the college, who stands at the head of his community and is regarded by the church as little less than a saint. Her father dies and leaves her a fortune, and she decides to lose her identity. Miranda Pettigrew disappears but a dashing young widow, Miranda Prescott, makes her appearance in New York society. She next storms the British aristocracy, and the potent golden key again unlocks the doors of the inner circle. The several occasions on which her past confronts her at untimely moments form the main chapters. The book is a study of the growth and expansion of a character, and in some sort a refutation of the generally accepted opinion of the world at large that there is no redemption for the woman who makes a false step, even though extreme youth and ignorance are her chief failings. How it might have fared with Miranda Pettigrew, had she been poor and uneducated, and dependent upon the work of her hands for a livelihood is quite another question. We have pictures of New York society, Eastern summer resorts, British aristocracy at home, yellow journalism and Sunday Supp. enterprise placed before us. One of the most interesting characters introduced, though he is but a minor incident in the unfolding of the story, is De Colima, ostensibly a teacher of Italian to the 400, but in reality a purveyor of gossip. [J. B. Lippincott company.]

Cable's Latest

War novels with a background of sentiment, and love stories with a military setting, historical novels, and novels whose only claim to relationship with history lies in using historical names, have crowded fast on the literary horizon of late years. It might seem that the subject of war, in all its bearings, had been completely exhausted, and the last word said, but as in other things, the last may prove the best. George W. Cable is not a prolific writer. In these days of "while you wait" authorship a writer of less quality might find himself forgotten in the intervals between the appearance of his books. But Mr. Cable is sure of a waiting audience, and the announcement of a new work from his pen will find his readers awaiting its issue. "The Cavalier" concerns itself with a troop of Confederate cavalry operating in Southern Mississippi and Louisiana during the latter part of the Civil War, and the story is stold by one Richard Thorndyke Smith, a youthful

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cavalry man, but the love story he tells is not his own, though it goes without saying that he has one. It it not the only love affair, nor is the story devoid of stirring events other than those connected with the battles of Cupid. There are skirmishes and surprises, captures and escapes, and all the incidents and episodes that belonged to that stirring period. One fairly holds one's breath while young Smith, in the hands of the jayhawkers, lies still and feigns sleep while the bogus despatch is stolen from under his pillow. There is nothing more daring in the whole range of war literature than the invasion of the Union camp, when a flash of lightning reveals the prowler to the visiting patrol. Mr. Cable was himself one of the youthful Confederate volunteers, and must have a wealth of reminiscences to call upon. It is not unlikely that the types he describes in "The Cavalier" are drawn from life. No one else can equal Cable in describing the Creoles and Southern ladies, and Southern life. The busy reader, intent on keeping up with current books, can better afford to overlook any half-dozen of the so-called historical novels rather than this one. It does not pretend to be historical but it is all the more truly, history. [Charles Scribner's Sons.]

Is there any end to Carlyle literatuure? Some one has discovered that one of Mrs. Carlyle's ex-housemaids had preserved the letters written to her when her engagement was under consideration. At present they make only a magazine article, but when the commentators get hold and they are reproduced fac simile, with photographs of mistress, maid and master, and a proper quantity of foot notes, it will be hard luck if they cannot be padded out to fill a volume.

Apparently the time is near at hand when writers desirous of claiming the productions of their pens will be obliged to resort to commercial devices, "trademark registered," "none genuine without the author's name blown in the glass," or some such "trespassers beware!" notification. Quite recently some one wrote for the name of the author of a popular ballad, and if he had had fifty curiosities on the subject instead of merely one, he would have been gratified. His query brought forth no less than forty-eight claimants, and there are still foreign lands and back counties to be heard from before the plagiarist hunters get in their work. The particular ballad about which the inquiry was made is not specified, but being designated as "popular," one may make a fair guess as to its merit.

"Drifting," a recent anonymous publication which represents England as on the high road to the bow-wows, has attracted a good deal of attention and discussion in that country. The author steadily refuses to disclose his identity, for he claims to want to direct attention to his book and not to his own personality. Anonymity is the popular fad of the hour, and it has more than once served to float a meritless production on the sea of literature.

—The Bookworm.

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